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L'ADORAZIONE DE' MAGI

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN
HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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La Vierge au Baiser.*

BY THE REV. F. C. KOLBE, D.D.

I.

IF ever in my days of tears,
When childish dread was at its worst,
Some sweet or toy was given to soothe my fears,
My mother kissed it first.

II.

Now when rare joy at Thy command
Comes to the heart Thy grace hath nurst,
Thy blessing is the sweeter, Baby Hand,
Since Mary kissed it first.

Essentials and Nonessentials of the Catholic Religion.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

I.—Faith and Practice.

THERE can be no doubt that misapprehension of what the Holy Catholic Church demands of her children in regard to faith and practice keeps a large number of persons, who are really people of good-will, outside the true Fold of Christ. They are attracted, and often strongly attracted, by all they know or see of our holy religion. The venerable history of the Church; her beautiful liturgy and ceremonial, so well adapted to express the sublime truths which she teaches, and to impress them deeply upon the minds of all; the very authority with which she delivers her message to the world, without fear or favor; the evident holiness of so many of her children, and the entire self-devotion which she can at all times command from them in the exercise of works of charity, whether on foreign missions or amongst the poor, in the fever hospital or on the field of battle, all these strongly attract to her many souls, who remark that elsewhere such things are either not to be found at all, or only in a very inferior degree.

Yet many remain where they are, outside the Ark of Salvation (at least as regards visible communion), because of some strange misunderstanding of what they would be expected to believe and to do if they submitted to her authority. It is in the hope of helping such souls that this series of papers is written. Let me say at the outset that nothing is further from my mind than any desire to dilute or minimize in the slightest degree the obligations of Catholics in matters of faith or practice. To do so would be not only most disloyal to the divinely-appointed authority of the Church, but also a very foolish and shortsighted proceeding, which could produce only disastrous results.

No greater mistake can be committed than to persuade people into the Church by concealing from them the obligations which they will assume by becoming Catholics. The natural effect of the inevitable discovery that they have been misled would be an indignant repudiation of such obligations as they had not understood from

* See the miniature at the top of this page.

the first to be binding upon them. Thus the so-called converts would go to swell the ranks of indifferent or bad Catholics. Every word which the Church speaks to us as the teacher of truth, every command which she lays upon us as the guide of our conduct, is the word and command of God, who has said to her pastors: "He that heareth you, heareth Me; and he that despiseth you, despiseth Me."* But there are false views amongst even the best educated of non-Catholics as to what the Church really does teach and command; and if these views can be rectified, the path to the Church will appear plainer to many. No better way, it seems to me, could be found to dissipate mistakes in this connection than a clear statement of the obligations of Catholics in matters of faith and practice. To give such a statement will be my endeavor in these papers.

I have given the series the general title of "Essentials and Nonessentials of the Catholic Religion." By this I do not mean to imply that anything, whether connected with faith or practice, which has received the stamp of the Church's authoritative approval, is to be regarded as superfluous, useless, or even unnecessary. Everything that has received such sanction is thereby declared to be useful, good and salutary, and, it may be, sometimes even necessary under certain circumstances of time and place. But that sanction is of different grades, ranging from precept down to the mere declaration that there is nothing contrary to faith or morals in the matter in question. Not all that the Church approves does she thereby impose as essentially necessary for salvation. Some things she strongly recommends, others she commands; others she simply declares to be free from any danger to faith and morality, leaving it to the faithful to adopt them or not according to the spiritual needs and bent of each. By "essentials," then, I mean those beliefs or practices which the Church demands from all as necessary for salvation; by "nonessentials" I mean, not anything that may be with impunity belittled, much less condemned, but simply points of belief and practice not made of strict obligation for all.

This having been said to obviate misconception, it will be well to consider first what is meant by "faith" and "practice," and what is the relation between the one and the other. By faith we may understand either the body of doctrines held and taught by the Church, or the mental act of the believer by which he gives assent to them; or, lastly, the virtue of faith, which is a gift of God and resides as a habitual disposition or quality in the soul. It is with the first of these meanings that we shall be chiefly concerned; and by the term "Catholic Faith" is to be understood the body of truths authoritatively taught by the Church, and imposed upon her children as to be believed. In other words, it is the subject-matter of that intellectual assent which we call the *act* of faith. By "Catholic Practice" we shall understand all those religious acts which, whether authoritatively commanded or simply approved or recommended, are found to be in habitual or frequent use wherever the Church has children faithful to her teachings. Faith and practice are intimately related. Practice, whether obligatory or optional, follows from what we believe, according to the earnestness of our belief. It is because we believe in God that we worship and obey Him. It is because of our belief in the divine mission of the Church that we receive and act upon her teachings as the oracles of God.

Belief is an act of the intellect, prompted indeed by the will and affections, so that no one will be able to

* St. Luke, x, 16.

believe who persistently sets himself against believing; but still an act properly belonging to the intellectual faculty, since it is an assent to truth, and truth is grasped by the intellect. Practice is an affair of the heart and will directed by the belief of the mind. Holding most surely by faith great truths about Almighty God and His dealings with men, we are thereby moved to devotion, and to the outward expression of that devotion in acts of obedience and voluntary practices of piety. If faith does not thus lead to right practice, there is something wrong with our religion. The fault may lie in the holding of wrong doctrines, which either paralyze action or result in wrong action; or it may lie in the defective faith of him who holds, indeed, the truth, but neglects to carry out into act the faith that is in him,—his faith, "without works," is a dead faith.

Correspondingly, any religious practice which does not find its justification in some religious truth, and its motive in a living faith, is equally to be condemned. Men do not act without giving some reason to themselves for their actions, and a wrong act will be accounted for and justified by some false principle; while those who give themselves up to inaction will soon forget those principles which ought to issue in practice. So it is in religious matters. As wrong belief will produce wrong action, so a wrong practice, or no practice at all, will be sure to react harmfully upon belief. Thus religious practices can not be neglected or divorced from sound teaching without harm to faith, any more than false doctrine can fail to issue in wrong practice.

What we are to believe, and what we are to do as a consequence of our belief, are, therefore, questions of primary importance in the affair of salvation. And as regards both, the Catholic Church is our divinely-appointed and infallible guide; teaching us the truths committed to her; laying upon us certain essential duties which follow from those truths as obligatory upon all; now determining the particular way in which some general precept is to be fulfilled; now guiding us by her approval or disapproval in such practices as the devout consideration of her teaching suggests to the faithful. By listening to her voice we can be sure that our faith will neither be harmed by wrong practice, nor our religious practices be the outcome of wrong belief.

I purpose in these papers to put and answer the four following questions:

1. What are Catholics bound to believe?
2. What are Catholics free to believe or not?
3. What are Catholics bound to practise?
4. What are Catholics free to practise or not?

It is obvious that the reply to these questions might take the form of a complete course of dogmatic and moral theology. As, however, the object of these papers is to present a statement, as brief as may be, of the obligations of the Catholic religion, the answer must inevitably take a more or less general form. I hope, nevertheless, to be able to show that the Catholic Creed is, after all, a short one; that the believer is not required to know explicitly every decision of the Church as to every question and point of doctrine upon which, in the course of centuries, she has found it necessary to pronounce; that without knowing all this a man can still hold, and hold in its entirety, the faith once delivered to the saints, and be as good a Catholic as the most learned theologian. I shall hope also to make it clear that the Church has no secret and hidden doctrines proposed to the initiated only; and, finally, that not one of her children, simple or learned, is required to accept

the Church's teachings blindly and unreasonably, or in any way to abdicate that sovereign faculty of reason which raises man so high above the level of all other created beings upon earth.

II.—The Act of Faith.

It will be necessary, as a preliminary to answering the four questions put above, to consider the nature of that intellectual act of assent or adherence to truth which we call faith,—the act which we signify by the words "I believe." Unless we are clear as to what this means, the position of the Church as the teacher of divine truth can not be rightly understood, or our inquiry into Catholic faith and practice be satisfactorily conducted. The kind of misconception which it is the purpose of these papers, if possible, to remove, arises in great measure, I think, from a misunderstanding—or, rather, from the want of a clear conception—of the nature of divine faith, of the grounds upon which it rests, and of the position of the Church in regard to it.

One who knows what divine faith is, and what is its necessary subject-matter, will not be kept out of the Church by imagining that belief, for instance, in the reality of certain alleged modern miracles or private revelations is made a condition of membership of the Church. What, then, is an act of faith? In other words, what do we mean when we say "I believe"? There is a conversational use of the phrase which makes it mean, "I *think* so and so, but I am not sure"; as when a man says, "I believe I have seen you before." Clearly this does not express a true act of faith. Again, I may say, "So-and-so, who is a great astronomer, predicts that an eclipse of the sun will take place next month, and I believe it." This does not express an act of faith in the sense in which we shall use the phrase.

What, then, is it which essentially constitutes an act of faith? It is that I accept, on the word of one who from his qualifications of knowledge and truthfulness has authority to speak, some truth which I do not know by virtue of my own personal investigation. I believe that the eclipse will take place because my friend the astronomer, whose knowledge and veracity I have good grounds for trusting, assures me that it will. I take his word for it. This is a true act of faith in a human matter: an act of *human faith*. Transfer this to something that is told me not by man but by God Himself, and add that the saving assent to what God reveals is made not by our own unaided intellect but under the influence of a divine and supernatural assistance, and we have an act of *divine faith*.

An act of divine faith, then, is an assent given by us, with the help of God's grace, to some doctrine revealed by Him, because He, whose knowledge and veraciousness we know to be simply perfect, teaches us that doctrine with authority. This a Catholic expresses by the well-known formula of our catechisms: "I believe firmly whatever God has revealed, because He, who can neither deceive nor be deceived, has revealed it"; while the truth that such an assent, in order to be faith of the kind that is pleasing to God and meritorious of eternal life, must depend on divine grace, is expressed in the definition of the virtue of faith commonly given: "Faith is a supernatural gift of God, which enables us to believe firmly, without doubting, all that He has revealed."

The act of divine faith, then, is taking God's word for a thing: a submission of our intellect to His,—a submission which He helps us to make, and which, far from being an abasement of our understanding, is its noblest perfection, since by it we are made cognizant,

with the highest certainty, of divine facts utterly beyond the reach of our unaided faculties.

Let us see now what is the position of the Church in regard to the act of divine faith. She is simply God's messenger, who comes to us with claims to that office which are entirely unimpeachable, and tells us what is the subject-matter upon which we are to exercise faith,—tells us, that is, what God has said, and what we must, in consequence, believe and do. God might have chosen to speak directly to each individual soul. He has not done so,—that is to say, He has not chosen that way as the normal and regular means of making known to mankind the truths of salvation, but has committed them to His Church. We believe her doctrines because they come from God, who speaks by her mouth. She is the intermediary through whom He makes them known to us.

From this it is clear that the Church has not an unrestricted right to impose upon us any belief whatever upon any subject whatever. The terms of her commission are defined. She is the custodian and teacher, not the originator, of divine revelation. Her primary duty is to hand down unaltered the faith delivered to her by the Apostles. It is true that her office of infallible custodian and protector of the Faith requires that she shall be able, when occasion arises, to define infallibly other truths connected with, or necessary to, the defence and safeguarding of revealed doctrine; and when she does so, she is entirely within her province.

The consideration of this class of definitions will, however, find its place in other articles; so that for the present it is sufficient to insist upon the Church's position as God's messenger, bringing to us the doctrines she has received from Him,—doctrines which we unhesitatingly and firmly accept.

(To be continued.)

Young Mr. Bretherton.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

I.—The Expected Happens.

MILLBROOK was a typical American town of the suburban variety; its streets pleasantly shaded by elms or chestnuts; its dwellings painted snow-white, dark red or brown. Lawns or flower gardens, of varying sizes, were inclosed in prim hedges and shaded from the roadside by rows of trees. In the business portions of the town, these substantial dwellings were interspersed with more or less ornate shops, constituting likewise the family residence; for it was not at all uncommon for a flourishing proprietor to live above his place of business.

A delightfully picturesque diversity was made by "the brook," a narrow stream overarched by willows and bordered by clumps of alder bushes. It served as an adjunct to the almost inevitable mills of a country town, which in summer showed their red brick walls through interlacing foliage, and in winter stood out gaunt and grim and decidedly utilitarian. The mill, by the ceaseless clamor of its machinery and the periodical ringing of its bells, disturbed the quiet of the neighborhood. It gave the name to the town, in conjunction with the brook, which meandered away to join the Merrimac, rippling over pebbles, laving the green banks with a pleasant murmuring.

Apart from the business streets proper, and those neighborhoods which commerce had invaded wholly or in part, there was a district known, from some forgotten association of ideas, as the Thorneycroft Road. It stretched away, in aristocratic seclusion, into the actual country,—a very wilderness of sweets, bordered on either hand by villas

handsome enough in their way, and surrounded by ornamental grounds. In presence of "The Manor," however, they were all as satellites around a greater planet. That handsome colonial mansion was securely embowered in thick, shading trees, so as to be quite isolated from Thorneycroft Road itself. It was, so to say, lost in the mazes of a winding avenue, doubly inclosed by boxwood hedges and rows of the all-pervading elm tree. The formidable iron gates which gave admission closed with a clanging sound, which sent a thrill of guilty terror through the frame of the uninvited intruder.

Here the Brethertons dwelt; here they had dwelt for generations, and, consciously or unconsciously, given the tone to the whole of Millbrook and its surroundings. They stood for conservatism, for high social ideals, and for the graces and amenities of life. The men and women of the Bretherton family, and in general those families with whom they had intermarried, represented the fine flavor of American culture. They disclaimed ostentation or parade of any sort, and stood with dignity upon their long and unbroken line of ancestry, which had some links of its chain in the Old World as well as in the New.

Bretherton Manor was an epitome in stone of the traditional glories of the race, and a solemn reminder of the long line of ancestors, going back to the very foundations of the colony for the sanction of their existence. The names of many a scion of prominent New England stocks and numberless historical personages appeared upon the family record. One could almost imagine their impressive shades marshalled upon the lawn in moonlit midnights, or stalking with melancholy remoteness amongst the ancestral trees in the whiteness of some early dawn. The pre-eminence of the family was universally conceded. The inmates of the Thorneycroft Road villas had no prouder boast than that some of their members had intermarried with the Brethertons; whilst the sturdy commercial classes of Millbrook had much the same pride and interest in the Manor and its occupants as they might have had in the possession of a museum or a gallery of historic paintings.

Hence it is little wonder that the town was stirred to its depths by the intelligence that young Mr. Bretherton was coming home. He was the only representative of his generation; for several brothers and a sister had died in their childhood. A lonely father and mother had inhabited the Manor for many years, while their son had graduated at an American university, carrying off high honors. He had been sent thence for a special course to Oxford, and had gone from there to Heidelberg, following up these collegiate experiences by a year of travel on the Continent.

This procedure had been exactly carried out in every generation. It was a family tradition, which was the most cogent reason for its being adopted in each individual instance. Some condemned it as un-American, a mere waste of time and energy. But it remained the custom. The Brethertons set a very special store by intellect, regarding not so much the needs or possibilities of Millbrook as that wider ambition which had animated many men of the race, and which included the halls of Congress, the Senate, or at least the gubernatorial chair.

At any rate, Millbrook was in a state of great, if suppressed, excitement in those August days, when young Mr. Bretherton was expected home; and perhaps the excitement was all the greater that it could not find formal expression. Any public demonstration was felt to be altogether out of place,—displeasing to those whom it was intended to honor, and derogatory to

the dignity of Millbrook's substantial citizens. So the expected arrival was marked chiefly by the increased tidiness (if such a result were possible) of the outside of dwellings: the application of new paint, the polishing of windows and the scrubbing of piazzas, with the trimming of vines and hedges; as if the newcomer had been given some kind of commission to inspect the details of each particular freehold and to make thereupon an exhaustive report.

The masculine portion of the community displayed, moreover, an unusual restlessness; while the women, and especially those who were still, by the favor of the gods, in the bloom of youth, paid quite a noticeable attention to their toilets. Many a dainty gown or profusely trimmed hat owed its origin, or at least its premature appearance, to the expected arrival of young Mr. Bretherton. The feeling of the impending event was in the air, as an electric storm might be, only with the contrary result—of brightening, invigorating, refreshing, and promoting an extraordinary spirit of activity.

Thus it was computed that, during that week of suspense, Tommy Briggs had arranged the show-windows of Stubbs & Co. (dry-goods merchants) in at least half a dozen different ways. That ingenious youth, who had the soul of an artist and a vein of poetry as well, made wonderful festoons of flannel in various hues, and wonderful fabrications in lace and cambric, employing to the best advantage the variety of material at hand.

In the principal department store—which answered very much to what was formerly called a "general," and which was unquestionably the chief local place of assembly and of gossip—the barrel of cider had run dry; and as for the beer on draught which had been consumed, no estimate was ever made public.

There had been an effort on the part of Reuben Jackson, who acted in the capacity of the shop-boy, though he was a son of the proprietor, Smith Jackson—to emulate the enterprise of Tommy Briggs by arranging in sugar and other wares the time-honored word "Welcome." But this the father had resolutely opposed; and the chief frequenters of the store supported his opinion that such a greeting would be entirely too personal, and would in some sort infringe upon young Mr. Bretherton's right to come and go as he pleased, with a quite unfettered action and without reference to public sentiment in Millbrook. If, as everyone agreed, he had been coming home from war or from a triumphant electoral campaign, the aspect of affairs would have been totally different, and the local brass band and the Millbrook militia would certainly have had a share in the demonstration. But, under the circumstances, such manifestation would have been totally misplaced, and of this Millbrook was very properly convinced.

The popular effervescence, however, seemed to grow and increase by the delay; and it would be hard to say what form it might have ultimately assumed had not the period of expectation been terminated quite suddenly by an unexpected event,—or, to speak more correctly, the unexpected happening of a long anticipated event. Young Mr. Bretherton came home. He did not arrive in the glow of the morning, when the sunlight, all-pervading, glorified even the alder bushes down by the brook; when the hay-drivers upon fragrant loads, or the market folk driving in with their produce, would have rejoiced at the appearance of the young magnate; or, when the shopkeepers, taking down their shutters, had for weeks past looked expectantly in the direction of the railway station. Neither did he make his entry when the afternoon leisure brought forth busy

housewives to knit upon the doorsteps, or charming damsels arrayed in unusual finery to parade the principal street of the town or bend their steps toward the station.

No news had come forth on that memorable day from behind the iron gates and newly-trimmed hedges of Bretherton Manor, though ex-Governor and Mrs. Bretherton had driven through the town at noonday. The latter, as some afterward remarked, looked as nearly flustered as it is possible to appear when one is done up in an elaborate costume, and is being driven in a carriage that has successively held generations of Brethertons. Her husband never moved a muscle, unless it were to return with marked courtesy the salutes of the principal townspeople whom he chanced to encounter.

The old lady made a trifling purchase or two at Smith Jackson's; and the assembly in the general store craned their ears, thinking that the nature of the investments might point to the probable return of her son. But no. She inquired, in her slow, deliberate fashion, for cap-wire and a certain kind of starch, and various shades of yarn for knitting; holding quite a little dialogue with the proprietor himself, who would yield to none the privilege of waiting upon her. Mr. Bretherton, "the Governor," as he was invariably called, with placid patience waited outside in the coach. Then the carriage rolled on its way, and presently vanished through the iron gates, which closed with a clang, and followed the windings of the avenue up to the great hall-door. The old couple passed within the portals, and the door, in turn, was shut upon the outside world without having given any sign.

Yet the mighty secret was fermenting within those four walls, and resulting in an unwonted stir and bustle, especially in the larder and kitchen, to which Mrs. Miriam Oliver, the housekeeper, devoted most of her energies upon that day.

Toward evening it began to rain,—a fine, drizzling downpour, which gave no hope of any cessation, and drenched the whole landscape into absolute dreariness. The pavements were thoroughly wet, and the rain splashed against the windows of the closed shops. Occasional lights gleamed out from above these commercial emporiums, or from the dwelling-houses intrenched behind rows of tall bushes or prim hedges.

Such was the aspect of Millbrook when young Mr. Bretherton came home. He was driven swiftly from the station in a buggy, wherein sat Nort Jenkins, the stableboy, who was of the same age as the Governor's son, and had joined with him in many a fishing excursion or other rustic expedition. He had ever since remained attached to his young master by links stronger than steel. Nort was, however, an inarticulate soul, and expressed his gratification at the young magnate's return, for which he had been long looking forward, by a grunt and an awkward attempt at a greeting, which had somewhat the appearance of a military salute.

Not a soul was upon the road as the buggy dashed through the rain; not so much as a dog barked, most of those quadrupeds being securely housed from the evil weather; not even the most inquisitive nose was thrust forth, till the iron gates had been closed upon young Mr. Bretherton, and Millbrook remained in blissful ignorance that the great event had really happened.

(To be continued.)

A MOST certain way of obtaining holy joy and of making the most irksome duties of life sweet and pleasant is to hear Holy Mass every day.

—*Henry Potter.*

A Lost Friendship.

BY YMAL OSWIN.

'TWAS not alone, sweet friend, that thou didst fall
From the fair promise of thy future, hoped by all:
But that in swerving from the course of truth—
I know the world scarce deems such weakness fault,—
Feigning a double part in very sooth,
Thou dealt a blow at Friendship, nor didst halt
To wound a heart that loved thee, knowing well
That from these blanchèd lips no plaint would rise.
Yet mourns that heart, and still with grief doth swell;
For never more unstained Love's record lies
Of troth unbroken; nor the mirror bright
Of thy fair eyes can ever image back
Its former purity in rays of light;
And somewhere in God's universe, a track
Of bale and ruth was laid; and *thou*, alas!
Beloved through all, didst bring this thing to pass.

I know thy fate brought penalty full soon,—
Too soon to let thee taste the sweet, which, grasped
By hand too eager to attain the boon
Thy fancy dreamed, too swift enclasped
Thy heart with myriad disappointments drear,
And growing sorrow, to have striven for this
Most hollow mirage—*wealth*, held far too dear.
I know thou yearnest for youth's early bliss,
Hiding a wound thou madest another feel.
I *know*—but I rejoice not! Rather share
Thy tears, beloved, and pray that they may seal
With suffering's crown, a conscience once more fair.
Yet sometimes still, a sad, sick longing comes to me,
That thou, as once thou wert, enshrined aloft couldst be.

"WHAT is a cross?" said a priest one day. "If I put my fingers so"—laying one across the other,—"that is a cross. If I put them so"—laying them side by side,—"where is the cross?" Only let our will run side by side with God's will, and our trials will become less heavy as surely as day follows the night.—*S. L. Emery.*

A Sister of Charity in China.

THERE are few things in the life of the Church more wonderful, few of its signs of continuity more striking, than the admirable sameness, under all the accidents of time and place, of certain characteristics impressed upon it in its infancy. The very words of the *Gloria* have never ceased to resound for nineteen hundred years; and the martyrs of every time and nation, of every age and station, have shown, under all the infinite variety of surrounding attributes, certain unalterable traits, which caused an eyewitness of the death of some of the English martyrs of the seventeenth century to exclaim: "Humility and obedience are the two infallible marks and the essential properties which distinguish true virtue from false.... There is an obstinacy which imitates constancy and paints in false colors all the other virtues, but can not imitate obedience and humility, because it knows them not."

So in the records of all true missionary labors we find an echo, more or less loud and clear, but each invariably true, of that first record by St. Paul of his own work among the heathen. If, when reading the story of the death of the Blessed Gabriel Perboyre, we are amazed to find that the humble martyr of scarce sixty years ago had the supreme honor of a death—in its betrayal for thirty ounces of silver, scourging, and crucifixion—so like that of Our Lord that it reads like a page of the Passion, so also is it not only in the life of St. Francis Xavier and others to whom the Church has given the glorious title of apostle, but in the accounts of the labors and journeyings of more than one missionary priest in every age and every clime, that we catch an echo of the famous Epistle to the Corinthians, that glorious

opening chapter of a book not yet completely written.

Women have also had, since the beginning, their own well-defined and contributory share in apostolic labor; and under the white cornette and grey habit of more than one Sister of Charity of to-day there beats a heart as valiant and tender, and a brain as fertile in penetrative, soul-subduing influence for good, as at any period of Christian history. It has been our privilege to read a series of letters, extending from 1890 to 1902, addressed by a Sister of Charity in China to her family in England, some extracts from which are here offered to the readers of THE AVE MARIA; and if their perusal should chance to bring a glow to the heart, perhaps something like a blush to the cheek of the fireside philanthropist, these very lines convey the message of Sister Xavier, and her plea that the charity of America and England may lift the standard so long gloriously held by France, and which now seems falling from her hand, paralyzed abroad by the suicidal policies of recent years in all that once made the *Gesta Dei per Francos.*

Ning-Po, from which the greater part of the letters are dated, is one of the chief towns of the Province of Tche-Kiang and has been called a Chinese Venice, situated as it is on an arm of the sea, which here becomes a tidal river; and intersected by canals running in every direction, and malodorous in the extreme. The walls of Ning-Po, built of stone and very high, are one of the sights of China, encircling the town for five miles, and wide enough to admit of two wagons driving abreast on the top. Six gates give admission to the town; and in the very heart of the labyrinthine Chinese quarter, far removed from the European Kampo, stand the convent, workshops, orphanage and hospital of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent of Paul. They are the only Europeans who live in the quarter, where the roofs of the houses almost touch across the narrow streets, paved with cobblestones, on which the refuse lies; for the Chinese throw it all into the street or the canal, until the pigs and other domestic animals have made away with it, or time decayed it. The doctor penetrates into this part only when he is sent for; and the seminary is within the Kampo.

The first letter is dated Shanghai, October 26, 1890,—at the long-desired end of the journey: "What we felt when at last we set foot on Chinese soil, and for the first time knelt before Our Lord in our new home, it is easier to imagine than tell. God grant we may do all the work that He has in store for us here, and win many souls for heaven!" Sister Xavier describes the beauty of Singapore and the harbor of Hong-Kong: "The sight of the Highland tartan made my heart bound, though it was not the *Black Watch*.... I was agreeably surprised with the Hong-Kong Ste. Enfance. About three hundred children, from a few hours to eighteen or twenty years old, so clean, bright and intelligent. It was too amusing to see the little mites of six or eight flying about, doing their morning housework better and quicker than children many years older. Their embroidery and needlework are beautiful. At eighteen they are given high pieces of wood under their heels, and their feet are wrapped up tight, as without these precautions a husband would not be forthcoming. The missioners send the gentleman to call, the affair is settled; and these marriages often turn out very well,—the contrary is the exception. The difficulty is that the Chinese like their boys, and make presents of their girls; so there are not sufficient Christian men forthcoming for the requirements of the maidens. This overcrowds the orphan asylums

with big girls. A certain number get vocations, and after a long trial turn out useful members of the community."

The following remark reads oddly to us in the twentieth century, when Japan is holding the world breathless with wonder at her high achievements: "As a rule Chinese make better and more steadfast Christians than either Japanese or Anamites, who are, however,—especially the former—easier people to deal with. The Japanese have nice, gentle manners, are fairly clean, and very honest, but without the slightest bit of backbone...."

"*October 30.*—My destination is Kiu-Kiang, Kiang-Si. My business will be the hospital and dispensary,—for the Chinese, of course. It is three days' journey from here; we go up the Yang-tse-Kiang in a steamer. It is the house that is the farthest in the interior, in the southern division, and the nearest to the site where Blessed Perboyre was martyred. I hope we shall make a pilgrimage there. We start to-morrow."

The next letter, dated November 15, gives a pretty description of the three days' voyage up the broad Yang-tse-Kiang,—"a river worthy of the name. For many hours the banks could be seen only as a line on the horizon, the river being about ten miles broad. After a long stretch of country, which was as flat as a pancake, we came to lovely scenery: mountains rising up one behind the other, villages nestling at their feet round picturesque pagodas, the river looking almost like a sea in the foreground, and the whole lit up morning and evening by such brilliant lights.... Kiu-Kiang was reached late on Monday night. The Sisters at the hospital heard the steam-whistle, and came on board to welcome us. There are four Sisters here—three French ones and myself.... It is for the hospital and dispensary that an English Sister is required; as the doctor, Dr. Underwood, is a Scotchman, and most of the Europeans on the concession are English-speaking....

"Every morning for a couple of hours the dispensary is thronged with every species of human misery, which the doctor, a very kind-hearted and clever man, sees gratis....The most fearful legs and eyes are what principally appear. Really, the unfortunate Chinese have the most marvellous powers of endurance. They allow themselves to be cut, their eyes to be turned inside out, with hardly a shudder. One man actually held the basin while the entire half of his lower jaw was being drawn, or rather broken, out. Operations take place nearly every day, and are very successful as a rule. It is terrible to see the misery and suffering around,—diseases brought on by their wretched food and filth. And yet their souls are in a worse plight. Nearly all we receive are pagans; we have the consolation of baptizing those who are dying, and also any sick babies brought to the dispensary."

The next sentence alludes to one of the prevalent beliefs in China—that Christians cut out the hearts and eyes of children and young people to use in charms and medicines: "Others are beginning to realize that we do not cut out hearts and eyes; but not much can be done to their dull pagan minds during their short stay in the hospital. It will require some generations of Catholicity to put religion into them. The hope of the mission is in the children, though they say the hospitals do more toward killing prejudice.... The hospital has been established only about eight years; it was a missionary architect's first trial, and, unfortunately, is built of wood, which lets in the heat in summer and every draught in winter. It is very picturesque, with its verandas, under which the Sisters sleep in summer, the heat is so great. At present it is like May or June in England....

"We are just off to Benediction at the parish church, which is at our gate; and, oh, the singing! During the whole of Mass the uproar goes on. Everyone has his own key; he who squalls loudest prays best, and some devout women keep up a high soprano through their nasal organ. The first Sunday I spent in one convulsion, this species of devotion was so unexpected. The Chinese sing in this way all their prayers, and they seem able to go on like wound-up machines. Their religion is of a peculiar kind. No power on earth can teach them that it is a sin to steal or lie; so, strict injunctions were given me on my arrival to keep everything under lock and key, and not to put anything down within their reach....

"In the dispensary their mealtime is rather like the feeding hour at the Zoo. Now I am up to them; so two faithful satellites barricade me in with chairs; the assault is then all in the front; and the poor creatures, their basins being filled, depart to their beds, where they devour their food with the help of their two little sticks....Last year twenty-three thousand people came to the dispensary, and one thousand and sixty-three to the hospital, which has to have very elastic walls."

The study of Chinese, without which "nothing can be done for their unfortunate souls," occupies Sister Xavier's every spare moment; and her "dear Chinese" are already very close to her heart. "And, oh, the state they are in, poor creatures! Sister Superior is longing to have two suits for each patient (the Chinese in winter keep on their clothes in bed), so that on their arrival they should be washed (every rag taken off them, and put away till their departure), and dressed in the hospital clothes. I am now going to call upon you to help us. About one hundred suits of plain clothes and fifty padded suits are required. Every Chinaman has for winter a shirt, plain trousers and padded trousers over them, a padded long coat and a plain coat on the top. They may not have a plateful of rice to eat—and often do not,—but they *will* have padded clothes, which it is said they put on at the first frost and do not take off till the next summer.

"Sister Superior was meaning to put off the luxury of cleanliness till she had the wherewithal; but I told her to get the stuff, padding, cotton, and I would try to get the money. We are indulging in new padded counterpanes, in which they roll themselves up; and it would be such a pity to let them get *alive*, as they will by delay.... It was suggested, as no other means seemed available, to give the men clean garments under and over, and leave their filthy padded ones between; but at such a sandwich I protested.

"In this hospital the patients get rice and vegetables daily, meat four or five times a year, and fish on Sundays. In most hospitals out here they get the two last-named luxuries frequently, but here they can not afford it; and yet strengthening food goes much further toward curing these half-starved creatures than medicine.

"*March 19, 1891.*—The Chinese are charitable to one another, and give beggars food and clothing for fear of a curse, of which they are terrified. Begging is a regular trade; they have a kind of king, to whom some shopkeepers pay as much as ten dollars a year to keep his subjects from their door. Next to nothing can be done for the souls of that wretched class, except pop them into heaven if possible on their deathbeds. Of course they would willingly become 'rice Christians' any day. The country people are of quite a different stamp, and, though not converted, carry into all parts of the country—for they come from three or four hundred miles—the knowledge that there is a God who loves the

poor and causes them to be cared for. If a missionary goes to their villages, he is well received."

While the poor country people were carrying this message of love and charity to their distant homes, the troubles of the summer of 1891 broke out. On June 8 Sister Xavier writes:

"Before you get this, the telegraph will have told you if anything has happened at Kiu-Kiang. We have had three trying days. On Saturday the 'down-boat' brought us the tidings of the tragedy at Wusiey, also a letter from one of the murdered men, showing how little on Friday evening danger was anticipated. Wusiey is three hours up the river; it is not a European concession, so there are only a few ministers, one missionary occasionally, and one custom-man. . . . The riot began in the usual way. A Chinaman, bringing a little boy to the Protestant church, was attacked and beaten by the mob. He took refuge with a mandarin, who was unable to protect him; but the man managed to escape. The people's blood was then up; soon the Catholic church and every European building was in flames; the minister was beaten to death before his church, and the custom-man before the house of a minister, whose wife he was on his way to defend. The women and children fled to the Chinese magistrate, who also, unable to resist the crowd, hid them, threw open his doors, and about midnight smuggled them on board an up-steamer. The whole was the affair of an hour.

"It is the first time since Tientsin that a Chinese crowd has murdered Europeans, and this has struck horror into everyone. The poor fellows were both unmarried, fortunately. They lay all Saturday exposed in the street, until the arrival of H. M. S. *Porpoise*, with the Consul on board; and then they were taken up to Hankow.... Thank God all the city Sisters are here! There are three men-of-war—a French, an American, and a German. There may be burning, the people are so excited; but that is all. The Chinese authorities so far have behaved very well, as their place depends on their exertions. It is not so much the natives of the towns as a large band of rebels, who work up the rabble. All the various officers come in to cheer us up, and vow their devotion to the cause.

"*July 21.*—Everything is quiet at Kiu-Kiang now; and there is better news from the interior, where the mandarins are doing their best to prevent and to punish. We shall not be certain of real peace till after September, when the examinations take place. At Nankin there will be about thirty thousand students, which means an increase in the population of eighty thousand, as they are all followed by friends, servants, and a kind of pedlars hoping to make a fortune out of such an occasion. It is the same in all the capitals of provinces, according to their size and importance. These students may not work, though they sometimes come of quite poor families. If successful, they eventually get posts and become mandarins; if not, opium or the river is a very usual course. They are often a riotous lot, and that is why these examinations are rather dreaded.

"I saw a good deal of the mandarins while in the city, and they were very amusing. They are on the most friendly terms with the Sisters. They enter in the most easy fashion, seize chairs, and over tea and biscuits discuss orphanage news, the health and ages of the Sisters, etc., etc.... They are talking of building a small barracks near the Sisters' house, to afford permanent protection. Some more French sailors are being brought here to be nursed. We have a large room set apart for European patients.

"*August 6.*—It is very gratifying to see how anxious the authorities are

to keep our heads on our shoulders, and at the present time there is not the slightest chance of anything being done to separate the two. Yesterday some known rebels—not Kiu-Kiang people—were seen hanging about the orphan asylum; and five were caught by the native detectives, who are very clever. The Taotai (native magistrate) is kept well to his work by the presence of an English and a French man-of-war; the latter is the same that was here at the time of the disturbance.

"The commander is a fine man,—so devoted to the Sisters. It was he who, on that momentous occasion, told the Taotai, 'Do your work quickly, or it will be done for you,' and turned the cannon of the three men-of-war full on the town. Every man was landed on the *bund*, armed to the teeth to await events....The Chinese are terrified by cannon, and the Taotai had only to shout to the shrieking mob surrounding the orphanage that they were to disperse, or within an hour Kiu-Kiang would be no more; for them to fly, and his soldiers to be more than active. The European soldiers were deeply grieved at not being allowed to strike and give the Chinese a lesson; but that would have destroyed the mission for years, though for the moment it would have caused a fright.

"*September 14.*—Since our Chinese friends have taken into their heads to be so fond of setting places on fire, one is very slow to buy, or make improvements. Anyhow, before they began, a nice little washhouse with bath-places was finished, a good cement flooring put down in the hospital to try to keep down the damp....It is to be hoped that all will not come to an untimely end. We hardly expect it, as the 'aspic' is mounting guard, and the actual Kiu-Kiang people have no real dislike for the Sisters.... There is perhaps some danger for the Sisters in the city, though our commander of the 'aspic' would be over the walls at the first sign of trouble: he even has ladders ready. Here I assure you there is no danger, except from fire; and that is not likely. Chinese soldiers, as well as a couple of Europeans, guard the concession at night.... Besides, could we be safer than in the arms of Providence? 'Rocked in the cradle of the deep' comes into our mind when we go to bed at night."

"THE CENTRAL HOUSE,
"Shanghai, October 4, 1891.

"We are expecting daily to hear of further trouble in the interior. Several hundred men from Hou-Nan, one of the worst provinces in China, are said to have entered the Kiang-Si, bent on mischief. Well, I shall see none of their doings, as I shall not return to Kiu-Kiang. Ning-Po is my destination, and Sister Visitatrice will take me there on Thursday....I am replacing a Sister who died last April, and who acted as English interpreter. We hardly expected two English Sisters to be left long together: we are precious from our rarity out here.

"'Maison de Jésus, Enfant, Ning-Po,' will now be my address. It is the oldest Sisters' house in China: I believe they have been in possession over forty years; and there is still among them one old Sister who was at the foundation. They have all the works there: dispensary, women's hospital, catechumenate, Ste. Enfance; and they also visit the poor. It is only fourteen or fifteen hours from Shanghai; so if the war, which people declare is inevitable, takes place, the Sisters will have to abandon for a time some of the other houses, but not Ning-Po.

"On our way down from Kiu-Kiang we travelled with four of the Sisters from Tchang. Poor things, they had rather a dreadful time! The disturbance began in the usual way. A child was brought to the Sisters,...a pretext

to raise a tumult, as the parents came screaming about the convent, and this, of course, collected a mob. They first attacked a minister's house next door, which they thought belonged to the buildings, and then invaded the Sisters' house. The community were in the chapel with the children, receiving Holy Viaticum, though they had already communicated that morning. Strange to say, the rabble stopped halfway up the chapel, then rushed out to open a gate and let in some of their friends.

"On their return they found that the Sisters and children had retreated into the sacristy; the superior, and the chaplain who still held a ciborium half full of Hosts, standing at the door. With infernal rage they flung themselves upon the altar, tearing down crucifix, throne, etc., and smashing everything. The Sisters in the sacristy were attacked with sticks and stones, and their preservation was little less than miraculous.... The ciborium, strange to say, was never touched. The priest received some hard blows, and blood was streaming from a cut in his head; but it is said that once or twice when blows were aimed at the ciborium, the wretches seemed unable to strike. The Sisters had dispatched for a mandarin, who at last arrived. He promised to care for the children, assisted them to gain the door, and then left them to the care of a few satellites.... At last they reached the quay, and were taken on board the steamer. They were all bruised, covered with blood, their clothes half torn off, etc.... They had a truly wonderful escape....

"Mr. Everard, the consul, seeing all flying to the boat, took up his quarters in his consular chair, determined not to leave. The mandarins were evidently afraid of the British flag; for no one attacked the consulate, though the mob was cheered on while pillaging other places."

At Ning-Po Sister Xavier found herself in a more quiet district, the province of Tche-Kiang being more advanced in every way. Its inhabitants, after forty years' contact with the Sisters of Charity, treated them with respect, and allowed them, in all safety, to go about visiting the sick and baptizing dying infants.

(To be continued.)

On the Ninth Day.

BY BEN HURST.

I.

THE very swish of her dress as she passed him on the stairs sent his heart throbbing and his knees trembling, so that he was conscious of a physical sense of relief from the support of the wall as he placed his back straight against it to make room for the troubling apparition. She went by him with a curt nod,—by a tacit code they never spoke on the boarding-house stairs; and during the moments when she gathered her skirts deftly in the left hand before stepping onto the pavement outside, he feasted his eyes on her every movement, till the click of the opened sunshade, coinciding with her disappearance, sounded the knell of his ephemeral joy. He would slowly continue his way up the long, narrow stairs, trying to banish the remembrance of their last conversation and to fix his mind on something unconnected with her. He generally succeeded in thrusting that distracting image in the background when, before his open books, he buried himself heart and brain in the studies which were now nearing their conclusion. But there came a day when he sprang up in despair, slammed the volume to, and paced angrily up and down the room.

"You are not worth much!" he muttered bitterly to his reflection in

the looking-glass. "Here you are, as low as any of the blessed pack around you, that must have a woman, foully or fairly, in their lives! What fiend sent the creature here just now—*now*, when my diploma is at hand? I'll never get it. I'm unable to work. Bother her!"

He strode wrathfully to the door, and on opening it became aware of a silvery voice that floated up.

"'Hark! By the bird's song ye may learn the nest,'" he murmured, involuntarily holding the door ajar till the sound of a footstep ascending made him realize his attitude of listener. Not that he had retained a word: it was all a confused impression of laughter and girls' chat. The melody of one voice only remained with him, and his face softened as he closed the door. He walked back to the table, sat down, and, instead of reopening his book, covered his face with his hands.

"I've got to face it!" he thought. "The fact is there. I am no longer master of myself, and there is no peace for me until this woman who has disturbed my life either comes into it wholly or goes out of it forever. My dreams of happy bachelorhood are ended."

He remained a long time considering the question in all its phases, and at last burst out, passionately:

"Heavens, why should it come now—*now*, at the turning-point of my career, when my whole future is at stake, and every power should be concentrated in obtaining a brilliant pass? Am I really incapable of governing myself?"

He sprang up and approached a picture on the wall.

"Give me strength,—give me strength, O Mother!" he whispered. "Remove her image from my mind. I don't want to love her!"

The Lady with the crown of stars whom he addressed seemed to look down pityingly on her votary. And with the contemplation of the celestial countenance mental chaos and rebellion by degrees vanished.

"I suppose it is providential," he reflected. "Nobody has his life cut out for him just as he planned it. And, after all, hers is not an evil, if a disturbing, influence. Our talk is only on serious topics, and she is always touching on religious matters. She seems to have drifted somehow among unbelievers and to long to get back to the stanch elementary faith of her childhood." A pause. "I have enough to maintain a wife; and once my diploma secured—most doctors marry,—and—if she will have me"—his pulses began to beat rapidly,—"*if* she will have me—"

Somebody knocked at the door and asked:

"Are you in, Darrell? Cramming as usual," said the visitor. "I've been at it myself; but there's a time to stop, you know. All the same, would you mind giving me a hint or two? I don't believe in solitary study, and long to exchange notes. Symond's lectures on anatomy are lost on me, I'm afraid."

The speaker was a nervous little man, who had been plucked once and was consequently diffident. Darrell hailed his arrival as a godsend, and made up his mind in a twinkling.

"I'll tell you what," he said, resolutely. "I'll come to your diggings everyday for the rest of the time, and we'll cram together. This house is too—too distracting. There is a piano and—and lots of things. I want to keep away all day, and come back only at night. Will you agree?"

Burke beamed.

"'Tis just what I would wish for," he answered.

"We'll chum for meals too," said Darrell. "One meets such a lot of people at breakfast and dinner, and one must be polite. Boarding-houses have their—drawbacks. There!" (handing him a pile of books and papers.) "Make

off with these, and I'll be after you in a moment. Why lose time?"

Left alone, Darrell locked the door and went down on his knees.

"Keep her safe for me, Mother!" he implored. "Thou alone knowest my weakness. I must go, because she hinders my work; but I confide her to thee. Keep her safe for me!"

II.

"That was a good action of yours, Hugh," said Father Arthur Darrell to his brother a few weeks later. "And it has brought you luck. Poor Burke would never have pulled through but for your help."

"It was in my own interest," replied Hugh, uneasily. "I really thought only of that, I'm sorry to say."

"How was that?" asked Father Arthur, with a puzzled look.

"Well," said Hugh, after some hesitation, "I wanted to keep clear of Mrs. Moore's. There was a disturbing element."

"Indeed?" said the priest. "Once more 'the glory lay in flying'! Eh?"

"Exactly," declared his brother. "O Arthur, I do envy you—often—from the bottom of my heart!"

"'Tis not too late to join us, my dear fellow."

"No hope of that. Matrimony claims me. I've found the woman."

The priest's face grew serious. After a moment he asked:

"Who and what is she?"

"My destiny. 'Tis all that matters. To the world she is an art student using her private means to follow a hobby. She is a clever, well-informed woman, and our views chime on every topic we touch. We were friends long before I discovered that her personal attractions affected me. I do not know if the feeling is reciprocated, but I'll find out."

He jumped up and began to button his coat. Father Arthur put out a restraining hand.

"I am still dazed," he said. "So this is no sudden fancy?"

"Not at all! It is a matter of months. I thought I'd never get a pass, owing to that girl. She haunts me. There's no fighting against it; and, after all, why should I?"

"Why should you, indeed?" echoed the priest, smilingly, as he watched the impetuous wooer striding across the courtyard. "Godspeed you, my boy!" he murmured involuntarily,—and then, as an afterthought, "Lucky girl!"

. . . . . .

"If, as you represent," she said coldly, "your late avoidance and neglect was due to this sentiment only—"

"Do not affect to doubt it," he said, severely. "That is not worthy of you. I dare say, with your woman's wit, you were aware of my feelings long before I myself discovered them."

A smile that would not be repressed lit up the fascinating face, and for a moment she found nothing to answer.

"So," went on Hugh, "if your changed demeanor arises from resentment at my avoidance of you during these last weeks, I shall not grumble; for I shall take it as a sign of your interest in me. May I do so?"

The girl flushed and hesitated. She struggled silently between love and wounded pride, reflecting on the misery of the last few weeks; while he feasted his eyes on the sheen of her hair, waiting for her reply.

"Where shall I find courage to bear it, if she sends me away?" he thought. "Does she feel that she holds me in every fold of her gown?"

He stood up and extended both his hands.

"Do not refuse me, Mary!" he said, almost in a whisper.

But he had abandoned her for the attainment of a more precious goal—his success as a candidate for medical degrees,—and she must show that she, too, had a character.

"I do not deny that I, too, have a great sympathy with you," she said, in such calm and measured tones that they took away all value from the declaration. "But whether it is deep enough to justify the union of our lives is another question. I must be clear with *myself* about it first."

His hands fell to his sides.

"How long will it take you to make up your mind?" he asked.

"Five weeks," she replied promptly.

So long had he left her. There was a silence. She withstood his pleading look, although her heart was aching.

"Make it—nine days," he begged. "Nine days! Nine centuries it will be to me! A week is ample time to know one's own mind. Come, say nine days!"

She laughed tremulously, and began to dread the collapse of her self-control. So she assented.

"The less we meet till then, the better for me," he said, with a sigh. "Do not misinterpret my absence."

"What?" she demanded, in surprise and disappointment. "Do you mean that you will not try to influence my decision?"

"In justice to myself I shall feel bound to keep away," he replied. "I have already experienced the dangers of your society, and do not wish to suffer any more than I have done. Besides, I have too true an idea of my own personal powers of fascination to count on *them* as a favorable factor in influencing your decision."

"You are a strange wooer," she said, with vexation.

"At least I am straightforward," he rejoined. "And I appreciate your deliberation. I did not rush at things either, I beg you to believe. Neither you nor I, I hope, could be led by momentary passion. You are quite right to reflect, although I did long for an immediate answer in coming here to-day. Think well over it, and let your decision be unbiassed by the thought of my eager longings. My happiness must not be bought at the expense of yours."

Before she knew it the door had closed behind him.

"He has gone, as if escaping from temptation!" she said bitterly to herself. "Will he even return on the ninth day for his answer?"

III.

For eight long weary days Mary had scarcely glimpsed at Hugh Darrell. The same unfinished sketch stood on her easel, and she sat before it daily with troubled mind and heavy heart. But she could not in justice resent that he had taken her at her word. In this, as in all else, she was forced to admire the conscientious man acting according to his code; impulsive though he was by nature, he would never let himself be led by impulse; nor did he wish his future wife to be swayed by aught but reason guiding inclination. If he considered her as unworthy, he would know how to tear her from his mind and heart; but she—alas! if he had taken her hand at that last interview she would not have resisted. Was it because he felt this that he hastened away? He wished to shield her from herself—he would owe her consent only to her ripened reflection. He did not understand coquetry; he was too frank himself to think that she was simulating indecision, to suspect that she really belonged to him heart and soul long since.

It was his openly professed religious convictions that first drew Mary's attention to this strange man. It was a unique experience to hear him assuring their hostess that she could count on his escort returning from a sermon and late Benediction, as he himself would be present, and their homeward road was identical; and the perfectly natural way in which he alluded to his religious obligations, neither hiding them nor putting them forward, was a source of constant

astonishment to her. She blushed for him and kept her eyes on the cloth when, after many combinations, he ended up before a table-full by declaring that he could not manage to be in for the first of the football match,—"since I have to go to Mass, you see." But she soon saw that this explanation was taken just as well as any other by his comrades of all sects.

She also divined that it was a point of honor with him not to slur over any of the practices of his creed; and, with a sense of shame, she tried to awaken in her own tepid soul the childhood's fervor which intercourse with the votaries of "Art for Art's sake" had chilled and stifled. It did her good to meet this honest, earnest man, and watch him keep in hand the impetuous, ardent spirit always threatening to break forth. She loved him for his perseverance, his devotion to the task of the hour,—his determination to do all things right, at all costs. In their conversations she had been struck above all with his living faith, his perfect confidence in the Hand that moulded all lives.

"He would know how to console himself if I said 'No,'" she thought. "Not that I mean to say it. Looking at the matter from a higher standpoint, as he would have me do, I believe indeed that it would be for my good in *both* worlds to live in daily contact with such a man."

On the morning of the ninth day Mary rose early and dressed herself with more than usual care. She put a white rose at her throat and adjusted the dainty hat at a becoming angle. She carried her gloves down with her, for she had planned that they would walk out together after breakfast. Surely he would be lingering in the hall even now, to get a hasty word with her before the others appeared.

She heard a step on the dalled flooring, and, leaning over the balustrade, saw with dismay and displeasure Hugh Darrell with hat and cane preparing to go out. A wave of anger swept over her. So he would not find time for her until the late or second breakfast! Decidedly her answer was of secondary importance. For the past week he had gone out early every morning, thus missing the few minutes he could have had with her before she left for her morning's work at the studio. She ran down to accost him and take revenge.

"Mr. Darrell!" she called as he had his hand on the door.

He turned round: his face lit up with joyful anticipation.

"If you have forgotten, I have not, that we were to decide to-day whether we could be anything to each other. I decidedly think *not*."

Her heart smote her as she heard his heavily-drawn breath. She did not dare to lift her eyes to his face.

"This is not your last word," he said, almost fiercely. "The day is not over yet, and I shall come again for my answer."

She watched him cross the street, and, by an uncontrollable impulse, followed him. He walked so rapidly that she had difficulty in keeping him in sight: but finally he entered a neighboring church and was lost to view in a side aisle. Her heart throbbing with emotion and remorse, she endeavored to assist devoutly at the morning worship.

"O God, make me good—good and pious, less unworthy of this good man!" she prayed.

When Mass was over she waited near the door to meet him at his departure. But the church grew empty and still she waited. At last she walked slowly toward the spot where she had seen him disappear. He was kneeling before the statue where she had also sometimes knelt; and, feeling himself comparatively alone, was pouring forth

his entreaties in earnest whispers before the altar of his Patroness.

Mary now understood his demand for a respite of nine days. This devotion, like many others, had become unfamiliar to her. But it would be so no longer. Ah, what a revival it would be, with God's grace! Softly she approached, knelt beside him, and put her hand between his two clasped ones. Again the feeling that she was not the first object in his life was borne in upon her. He did not start nor turn round. He pressed her hand close between his own, and bowed his head upon it in mute thanksgiving. Neither her presence nor her consent was a surprise. Outside the portal he turned to greet her with a radiant smile.

"Oh, the serious, serious face!" he laughed. "Come! This has been given to me,"—drawing her arm within his own. "Now you shall walk back before the world as the future Mrs. Hugh Darrell!"

The Faith of Bretons.

"YOU Bretons have more faith than we people of Touraine," I said to the priest who sat by me in the train. We were fellow-pilgrims on our way to Lourdes, and had made friends accordingly.

"I should think we Bretons *had* more faith!" he answered, a little disdainfully. "And when we want a thing we know how to ask for it. *Tenez!* When I was a boy—"

But here the other pilgrims in the compartment pricked up their ears and begged leave to listen to the story.

"*Eh bien!* When I was a child of five or six," said the priest, "I happened on one occasion to be walking with my father through the streets of a village in our country. It was a hot summer's day. Not a cloud was visible, not a hint of rain could be seen in the sky. And this very dryness was bemoaned by the peasants, whose crops were perishing from the drought; for the grass that year was withered and burned, the streams dried up in their beds. If rain did not fall, and speedily too, it meant ruin for all the village. Yet, as I have said before, not a cloud could be seen on the horizon.

"Now, the village church stood at the head of the street through which we were passing, and we entered by a side door, in order to pray before the Blessed Sacrament. Suddenly the great door was opened with a bang, we heard a shuffling of feet, and into the church streamed a crowd of peasant women, completely filling the edifice. Rich and poor, old and young,—on they pushed up to the Communion rails; and so tightly wedged were they against one another that my father, alarmed for my safety, stood me up on the bench before him.

"And it was then that I noticed a curious thing which impressed itself on my memory, to remain there forever. The sky outside was as clear as ever, the sun was shining fiercely, yet every woman that entered the church *carried an umbrella!*

"Of what happened after this I have little recollection—how long the crowd prayed, or what words were used. This, however, I know well—that they prayed for rain, and that when they left the church large drops were already beginning to fall.

"And," added the priest, with a humorous smile, "my father and I, who had no umbrella, were drenched before we reached home."

At Sunrise.

O GOD, I am a worshiper of Thee,
As toward the rising sun mine eyes I turn!
Within its splendor dwells Thy Majesty,
And in its heart Thy love and mercy burn.

S. M. R.

The Lesson of the Star.

ONE of the most impressive of the uniformly beauteous festivals that cluster so thickly in the Christmastide is assuredly Epiphany, known also as Twelfth Day and the Feast of the Kings, and called, in some Oriental liturgies, the Holy Lights. The word "epiphany" means appearance or manifestation of one's person. In Christian usage it is restricted to the person of Jesus Christ. Originally the festival commemorated three distinct manifestations of our Divine Lord; His disclosure to the Magi through the miraculous Star, His proclamation by John the Baptist when the precursor baptized Him, and His self-shown divinity in the changing of water into wine at Cana in Galilee. In our day, while the Office of the feast alludes to the second and third of these manifestations, the preponderating idea is the commemoration of the first—the episode of the Star and the Wise Men who followed it.

It will be worth while to reread here a paragraph from Father Faber's "Bethlehem": "But now comes over the scene a change which seems at first sight but little in keeping with the characteristic lowliness of Bethlehem. A cavalcade from the Far East comes up this way. The camel-bells are tinkling. A retinue of attendants accompanies three Kings of different Oriental tribes, who come with their various offerings to the new-born Babe. It is a history more romantic than romance itself would dare to be. Those swarthy men are among the wisest of the studious East. They represent the lore and science of their day. Yet have they done what the world would surely esteem the most foolish of actions."

Despite the surface-changes wrought by the industry and the science and the inventiveness of the centuries, the world of to-day is wonderfully like that of the Magi's time. Men's appurtenances have changed more or less radically, but human nature is essentially the same in the twentieth century as it was in the first; and the world of our time esteems to be fully as foolish as the Eastern Kings those of us who follow the Star—who hear the voice of God and strive to heed it.

The self-sufficiency of the human intellect, the excessive confidence in its own competence to solve all mysteries and dispense with all dogmas, the overweening conceit that rejects authoritative teaching from any external source,—this is the dominant characteristic of too many pseudo-scholars and pseudo-scientists of the present age, the self-styled wise men of modern times. Unlike the genuine Wise Men of the Gospel narrative, they lack the humility of heart which true science and solid learning are so well calculated to superinduce,—the childlike spirit and beautiful simplicity which have invariably characterized the greatest geniuses that have dowered the world with the beneficent outcome of their thought and study.

"We have seen His Star in the East and have come to adore Him," said the Eastern Kings, obediently following the sign which they recognized as coming from God. 'We have neglected to follow His Star, to listen to His divinely-appointed guide,' may well say the modern hierophants of rationalism and pantheism, and sectarianism that is rapidly degenerating into one or the other; 'and we have come, or are swiftly coming, to renounce Him as aught other than a human philosopher.'

All mankind, the learned not less than the ignorant, are divinely called to the true Faith. Their vocation thereto is not less definite and imperative than was that of their forefathers, the Gentiles of Apostolic times. Majestic

beacon-light of the Christian era, the Church is constantly pointing out to them the one only path that will lead them to the Man-God, and thus render intelligible the perplexing problems in the labyrinthine intricacies of which they now so hopelessly wander. But pride of intellect prevents their submission to the beacon's guidance. The congruous attitude of the sincere child of God, the humble spirit that prays "Lead, Kindly Light,—lead thou me on," is wanting; and so there supervene confusion and folly and contradictory beliefs and intellectual anarchy.

The faith of the Magi is the great desideratum of the age. What the opponents of Christianity from without, and the no less dangerous though disguised foes from within, most sorely need is the recognition of the fact that men raised even to the *n*th power of scholarship and scientific attainments are, after all, but "infants crying in the night, infants crying for the light, and with no language but a cry." Independently of God, and of the faith which is God's gratuitous gift to those who ask it with befitting humility and fervor, earth's master-intellect is helpless to solve satisfactorily the simplest of the problems that confront humanity at every stage of life from the cradle to the tomb.

Let it be added that a tender devotion to the Mother of Jesus, to the fairest creature that ever came from the hand of the Creator, is the surest safeguard of faith possessed, and the trustiest guarantee that faith sought for and hoped and prayed for will be granted. "Going into the house," at Bethlehem, the Magi "found the Child with Mary His Mother; and, falling down, they adored Him." Not otherwise will the world of to-day find rest and peace and abiding hope. It must bend its spirit, seek the Man-God where His Mother is held in honor; and, finding Him, fall prostrate and adore.

Notes and Remarks.

Discussing, at one of the recent Catholic congresses in England, the necessity of vigorous opposition to the efforts of the Rationalistic Press Association and similar agencies for the discrediting of religion, Father Lucas, S.J., made this eminently sane suggestion: "The virtue of intellectual humility should also be inculcated,—that is, the young should be imbued with the knowledge and feeling that there are problems too deep for them to be able to have or to give an opinion upon them. They would thus be early warned of being caught by the specious arguments put forth in the name of science by those whose object is to undermine Christianity." Not merely for the young, but for all who have had no special training along the lines of Catholic philosophy in its bearings on the physical sciences, is this intellectual humility the most appropriate attitude. Ours is pre-eminently an age of specialists; and the congruous course for even the well-read man to follow in the matter of new, or newly-stated, difficulties in religion is precisely the same as it would be did the difficulties lie in the sphere of law or medicine or engineering,—he should consult those who have specialized on these particular subjects.

While it is quite desirable that all adult Catholics should be able to give a reason for the faith that is in them, no disgrace whatever attaches to the man on the street or the woman in the home who ingenuously confesses ignorance of much, very much, of the lore acquired by trained theologians and expert scientists. The one point to be kept permanently in mind by the ordinary reader of antichristian books, or the ordinary listener to antichristian discourses, is that, whether or not he knows the answer to the apparently solid arguments advanced, such an

answer invariably exists, and will, when sought for, triumphantly vindicate the Church's position on any and all subjects of human thought.

It is questionable whether a representative of the Holy See in any part of the world was ever invested with fuller powers than the new delegate to the Philippines. In his farewell audience with Pius X. Mgr. Agius was told: "Go and continue what you have been doing here in Rome,—devote yourself to the good of souls." His Excellency felt that he was sent as an apostle and peacemaker rather than as a functionary and diplomatist. No faculties were withheld that would in any way contribute to the success of his mission. It is not too much to say that, for practical purposes, Mgr. Agius is, for the time being, the Pope of the Philippines. No one that knows his Excellency, or is familiar with his apostolic labors in Rome, will doubt that the confidence reposed in him by the head of the Church is well founded. We have not heard his Holiness credited with astuteness, but he is acknowledged to be a good judge of men; and for positions of exceptional responsibility he is sure to select the most deserving and efficient candidates. The quality *sine qua non* which he demands in a priest is zeal for the glory of God. Mgr. Agius has all the requisites for the difficult position upon which he will soon enter, besides being a prelate after the heart of the Pope.

Most, if not all, of our readers will probably think it looks like "emphasizing the obvious" to adduce at this late day further testimony as to the thoroughly supernatural character of the cures effected at Lourdes. As belief in their miraculous nature, however, is not an article of faith, and as some people who affect an exaggerated incredulity as to miracles are invariably impressed by the views of non-Catholic scientists concerning such matters, we quote for their benefit the opinion formed, about Lourdes and its cures, by Dr. Bérillon, president of the Society of Hypnology, and, incidentally, a Freemason and a freethinker. "We are obliged to acknowledge," says Dr. Bérillon, as quoted in the *Croix*, "that the sick of Lourdes have often reached the last stages of the diseases, and then—and then a miracle alone can save them. Lourdes works such miracles. The effect obtained is considerable....All cheap sarcasm must be put aside. One must confess to being overcome by what radiates in tender devotion from this miserable and afflicted crowd. The hope which grows there swells into ecstasy: the exaltation of people who have drunk at the sources of life—love and goodness. Those that are there suffer, and in their suffering try a supreme assault on a supreme mercy."

With no desire to be fault-finding, we must say that we have serious doubts as to the good faith of any normally sane person who, having either visited the Pyrenean shrine of the Blessed Virgin, or, in default of that, having carefully studied the authentic history of the Grotto and the marvels wrought thereat, can still profess disbelief, or even unbelief, in the miracles of Lourdes.

Those who are of opinion that the ban against Freemasons should be removed, and contend that the machinations of the fraternity are confined to Continental countries, would do well to note the fact that the English press has shown complete reticence in regard to the "spying" scandals in the French army, for which, admittedly, the Freemasons are responsible. How rarely, in fact, is the faintest criticism of the Craft to be found in any news-

paper in England or the United States! A Masonic scandal is never spread. In a recent address in Liverpool, the Archbishop of Westminster declared that a great conspiracy of evil is at work against the Church in France. The Freemasons know from long experience how to cover their tracks and to bide their time. At the auspicious moment the conspiracy is sure to be extended to other countries. If it fails in England and the United States, it will not be on account of weak efforts on the part of the conspirators. Of course a great number of Freemasons—the vast majority in this country—are not anti-Catholic, but there can be no doubt of the animus of Freemasonry itself toward the Church.

With the exception of Rome itself, the Jubilee celebrations in honor of Mary Immaculate were nowhere perhaps more brilliant than in Bruges. The lively faith and tender piety of all Belgium were manifested on the occasion; for the celebrations drew throngs of visitors from all parts of the kingdom, and they represented all classes of its population. Not to speak of church services—solemn Masses and Benedictions, sermons, novenas, acts of consecration, etc.,—the outdoor processions, with music and song, and the illuminations all over the city in the evening, were of a character to make the deepest impression on all who had the good fortune to be present. As our readers are aware, Bruges delights to call itself the "City of Mary"; its claim to this title was admirably vindicated on the 8th of December.

The New York *Sun* tells of a certain hospital in that city in which the nurses' hearts, as a result of the visit of a wealthy woman who has much to do with the management of the institution, were filled with anything but good-will on Christmas Day. "She came in her carriage, wearing a set of costly furs, and a huge bunch of expensive flowers adorned her bosom. In fact, she radiated elegance and personal comfort. She inspected the hospital, alluded to the merry Yuletide, and then handed out to the nurses a generous package of—tracts! The Christmas dinner of which this philanthropy was the harbinger began with four warm oysters, and continued along the same lines to the end."

A physiological psychologist would be able to assign solid reasons why those four oysters should have been eaten raw. The lady of the tracts should be under the treatment of an alienist. No person of normally sound mind would take occasion of a Yuletide visit to distribute tracts.

Recent exchanges from the Far East and from South Africa contain very interesting accounts of two distinguished nuns. One, Mother St. Mathilde, of the Dames de St. Maur, has celebrated at Yokohama, Japan, the seventieth anniversary of her entrance into religion. Twenty-one years of her religious life were spent in Singapore, and for thirty years past she has been working vigorously in Japan. At the age of ninety-one, she still directs her community! From Grahamstown, Cape Colony, comes the other narrative,—an account of the death and funeral of Mother Gertrude of the Most Holy Sacrament, for fifty-five years a strenuous laborer among the ignorant, the poor and the afflicted of South Africa. A notable circumstance in connection with her passing is that the secular papers of Cape Colony have uniformly referred to her, not as Mother Gertrude, but as "Notre Mère" (Our Mother), the name by which for the past half century she has been known and loved throughout the southern half of the Dark Continent.

It may be worth noting that Mother Gertrude's brother, General de Henningsen, fought on the Confederate side in our Civil War.

If the plan adopted by the zealous Sulpitian Father who directs the Columbian Club in Montreal were generally followed, we venture to say that the dangers surrounding Catholic young men in secular universities would be practically nil. We learn from the Canadian *Casket* that this Club was organized by the Rev. Dr. McShane, S. S., for the benefit of Catholic students attending McGill University. More than a thousand dollars have already been spent in fitting up rooms, providing home comforts, etc. The different apartments, which are at all times accessible to the members, are arranged for study as well as recreation. Furthermore, Dr. McShane is to provide a special course of Sunday conferences, such as are given to Catholic students at Oxford and Cambridge. The Columbian Club already counts upward of sixty members, most of them medical students. Why should there not be a similar organization at every large university?

The surprising thing to us about the theological views lately enunciated by the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott is that they should have occasioned so much surprise. Unless Protestant ministers have been grossly misrepresented by the press, or have a fatal facility for misrepresenting themselves, they express all sorts of queer views, and have been doing so ever since we could remember. The struggle between conservative preachers and rigid expounders, on the one hand, and scholars and scientists, on the other, has dealt a severe blow to all Protestant denominations. Time was when a minister's position as the chief centre of religious and other instruction in the community was assured. Now it is gone, never to be restored. A minister must be learned and eloquent or unconventional and clamorous nowadays to attract attention. Sectarian leaders admit that there is a deterioration in the quality of ministerial students, so we must expect a new crop of preachers like Dr. Abbott, and be prepared for a recrudescence of all the old heresies. Dr. Hirsh, the Jewish theologian, says that the venerable New York divine is merely coming back to the ancient doctrines of the Jews; that his views are anything but new, having been suggested by the Karaites seven hundred years ago.

It is not in the French army alone that the detestable spying system has been carried to an excess that has thoroughly disgusted every class of Frenchmen save those immediately concerned in the unsavory work. Mgr. Lacroix, Bishop of Tarentaise, has published a scathing denunciation of similar malodorous methods that obtain in other ministerial departments, and notably in that of Public Worship. In every parish of the country, it appears, there are governmental spies, the refuse of social life, whose business is to pry into the affairs of the pastor, the curate, the Sisters or Brothers, the trustees,—all, in fact, who have anything to do with the Church. If the pastor entertains a brother priest or two at dinner, if the trustees buy new vestments, if the Sunday sermon denounces the perennial race of Pharisees, immediately the mayor, the subprefect, the prefect himself, the deputy, the senator, the minister,—everybody must be informed about it. The trifling matter is heralded as a crying abuse: the government must intervene at once, and the Republic will be endangered if the guilty parties are not forthwith

severely punished. Such petty persecution as this is, of course, intolerable. It is no wonder that many French priests await with comparative complacency the dissolution of the Concordat, in virtue of whose tortured provisions the like methods are possible.

Naturally there is especial rejoicing among the Barnabites and Redemptorists over the canonization of Blessed Alexander Sauli and Blessed Gerard Majella, in whose honor, according to custom, novenas and tridiuums are being held all over the world. Their feasts are fixed respectively for the 11th and 15th of October. Relatives of the new saints and clients innumerable were present at the canonization, which took place in St. Peter's on the 11th of December. It is estimated that the magnificent ceremony was witnessed by fully thirty thousand people. Of this vast number perhaps none was more deeply interested than the pilgrim who a few years ago was cured of a terrible malady through the intercession of St. Alexander Sauli. Countless miracles of all sorts are attributed to St. Gerard, whose eminent holiness was recognized by his great spiritual father, St. Alphonsus Liguori, who gave orders that the life of the holy lay-brother should be written. He is sometimes called the "wonder-worker of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer."

The originator of the phrase "the City of Magnificent Distances," applied to our national capital, was a distinguished Portuguese priest, politician, scholar, and botanist—Abbé Correa de Serra. During the period, 1816–1820, he was Portuguese Minister at Washington; and he seems to have impressed many eminent men of that day as being an altogether exceptionally gifted mind. Contemporary letters mention him as "the most enlightened foreigner that ever visited this country," "the most extraordinary man living"; and even claim him "as one of the fathers of our country." A lengthy paper in the current *American Catholic Historical Researches* gives many interesting details of the illustrious Abbé's career, and incidentally quotes evidence conclusively establishing his "good standing" as a priest. This point is worth while making, as we notice that one of the latest encyclopedias says of Correa: "He soon came into conflict with the Church, through the Inquisition, fled to France," etc.; thus conveying the impression that his after-life was disassociated from the functions of the priesthood.

The resolutions of the Second Australian Catholic Congress are proof of the admirable spirit of enlightened zeal which animated that assembly; and if carried into execution, as we feel sure will be the case, they augur great good for the Church in the Southern Continent. Here, for example, are three of the resolutions adopted by the Congress:

That this Congress, in the name of God and His Church, heartily welcomes the many results of sound scientific truth in our own age, and recognizes in all its triumphs the goodness of Almighty God. This Congress is assured that both theology and human science, when pursued with a single eye and in a reverent spirit, are intended in their several spheres to lighten the path of life for man, and in perfect harmony to reflect the glory of Almighty God.

That a conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society be established in every parish in Australia—urban and suburban conferences in the cities and towns, and rural conferences in country districts,—with the view of teaching Christian doctrine and distributing Catholic literature.

That the Congress recommends the early establishment in London, or other central place, of a depot for the receipt from all countries of unsold copies of Catholic papers and periodicals, with a view to their distribution among the shipping companies of the St. Vincent de Paul Society throughout the world.

Day by Day.

BY NEALE MANN.

BOYS and girls have lots of pleasure—every day;
Drink life's joys in fullest measure—every day;
For their lightsome hearts are dancing,
Just like mettled ponies prancing,
And their world looks more entrancing—every day.

Youth at trouble snaps its fingers—every day;
Merriment with young folk lingers—every day;
For they all consider sadness
But another name for madness,
So they give themselves to gladness—every day.

Older people have their trials—every day;
Meet with crosses and denials—every day;
But the youthful never borrow
Grief or pain or lasting sorrow:
They foresee a bright to-morrow—every day.

Yet, if life's to be all beauty—every day,
Youth must still be true to duty—every day;
Working just as well as playing,
Home and school rules e'er obeying,
And at morn and even praying—every day.

The Ups and Downs of Marjorie.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

I.—An Interrupted Story.

IT had been a merry Christmas week, even in the wide white corridors and bare rooms of St. Vincent's Asylum. Fifty new blue dresses had been donned in honor of the beautiful feast, fifty new ruffled aprons pinned into place, fifty plump stockings filled with goodies to the brim.

Santa Claus himself, loaded with a big sack of nuts and apples, had dropped into the playroom, to the shrieking delight of the little tots, who were not wise enough to recognize Sexton O'Grady's nose and eyes beneath the cap and wig.

There had been turkey and apple-dumpling for dinner three times at least; and a party — quite a real party, — when the little Grosvenors and their beautiful lady mother had come over in a big sleigh, tinkling with bells, and brought every girl a present tied up in bright ribbons; and there had been singing and dancing, followed by ice-cream in three colors, and cakes and candy to match. Last but not least Father Flynn had taken the whole asylum to the Zoo. There it was Marjorie had met with the misfortune for which she was doing penance this New Year's Eve. Wild with delight at the frosty freedom of the snowy slopes, she had lost both head and footing in a wild race down a slippery hill, and rent her new blue skirt against an unseen barbed fence. Sister Angela had sentenced her to "hard labor" in the wardrobe room until the jagged tear was darned.

But there were worse places on a wintry afternoon than St. Vincent's wardrobe room, with its big stove glowing cheerily, its piles of sweet-smelling linen fresh from the laundry waiting the sorting, and Nora to talk with, — Nora who had darned and patched and mended and made, under Sister Mary Ann's teaching, for many more years than Marjorie could count.

"And the fairy touched Goldenhair with her wand, and then? Oh, go on, Nora, please!" pleaded Marjorie.

"Faith and this is a nice way to be doing your penance, Marjorie Mayne!" laughed Nora in reply. "Sister Angela sent you up here to mend that skirt and not to be listening to blathering talk like mine."

"Oh, I'll sew,—I'll keep right on!" said Marjorie, hastily picking up her neglected task. "But don't stop, Nora. We can talk just the same. It's holiday time yet, and Sister Angela won't mind."

"I'm not so sure of that," said Nora, with a sudden recall to the stern path of virtue. "It's the blessed lives of the saints I ought to be giving you instead of fairy foolishness, as Sister Mary Ann was saying only last night."

"O Nora, no,—no, please! I love to hear about fairies and wands and enchanted castles," said Marjorie, breathlessly. "I dream about them afterward,—such beautiful dreams: that I am away off, under big trees, with flowers growing all around me, and there is a marble palace up on the hill, and I have on a lace dress and a gold crown."

"The Lord save us!" exclaimed Nora. "I have no right to be putting such dreams into your head, Marjorie dear. They'll do you no good, you poor lone orphan!"

"Oh, yes, they will, too,—they do!" And the blue skirt slid unnoted to the floor, and Marjorie hugged her knees with her clasped hands, and spoke eagerly. "I like to dream that I'm not an orphan at all, but a beautiful lady like Mrs. Grosvenor. Where could she have got those real true violets, when everything is covered with snow?"

"In Gold Garden," laughed Nora, as she bit off her thread. "There's nothing you can't find in Gold Garden, when you have the gate key—"

"Marjorie!" called a clear, calm voice in the hall without. "Is Marjorie Mayne up here?"

"Sister Angela," whispered Nora. "Pick up that skirt, Marjorie. Sorra another word will I speak until you have every stitch of it done."

And Marjorie hastily snatched up her forgotten task, as Sister Angela's white cornette appeared in the doorway.

"Oh, here you are! Dear me, child, isn't that unlucky dress mended yet?" A slight frown darkened the white calm of Sister Angela's brow. "You must put it away for the present. Mother wants you downstairs."

"Mother? O Sister Angela, what have I done now?"

"Nothing, my dear,—that is, nothing unusual," said the Sister, with a grave smile. "Marjorie, how often have I spoken to you about that untidy hair of yours?"

"It just won't stay smooth, Sister," replied Marjorie, making an ineffectual dab at a mop of red-brown curls.

"I don't suppose it will," said Sister Angela, hopelessly. "But that head will settle your fate with Miss Talbot. She is a very neat and particular old lady, who is looking for a little maid to go with her to her home in the country. Mother wants her to see you with the other children. But you won't suit her, I know."

And Sister Angela led the way down the broad stairs, Marjorie following her, breathless and bewildered.

A home in the country,—in the country! The words were beating a tune in Marjorie's ears. St. Vincent's, standing tall and grim in a wilderness of brick and mortar, was the only home that Marjorie had ever known. Wisely, tenderly, pitifully, she had been sheltered there; but St. Vincent's was poor in all but charity.

Brief glimpses of better things had come to Marjorie. There had been the orphans' picnic to the great woods behind Grosvenor Hall,—a long day of breathless delight; there had been the excursion, convoyed by Father Flynn, down the river,—a revelation of bliss unspeakable to Marjorie; there had been the late trip to the Zoo, with its snowy slopes, its glittering groves, its icebound stream. Marjorie's young veins tingled yet at the remembrance of that sparkling, dazzling, joyous outing.

A home in the country, among breezy

hills, waving trees, and broad, free meadows. But, alas! as Sister Angela had said, she wouldn't suit at all; and Marjorie's hopes went down to zero as she caught sight of the dozen little girls waiting in Mother's parlor,—an awe-inspiring apartment, entered by the children only on solemn occasions. There was a rug upon the floor,—an unusual and impressive luxury at St. Vincent's; over the mantel there was a picture of the good patron saint gathering his helpless little ones around him; there were three stiff-backed chairs, and a willow rocker that had served as a tribunal of justice to many a juvenile sinner; there was Mother herself, a serene, calm, quiet presence; and the lady at her side,—a lady who was not like Mrs. Grosvenor at all, as Marjorie realized with one swift, disappointed glance. She wore neither furs nor feathers nor fluffs, but a big grey silk bonnet and an old-fashioned blanket shawl. She was tall and thin and a little bowed.

As Marjorie paused shyly on the threshold, the lady looked up, and her spectacles took in the little waiting figure from head to foot. All the other girls stood neat and prim in their new blue dresses and ruffled aprons, smooth hair, and shining shoes. With a burning consciousness of her deficiencies, Marjorie slipped, in half-defiant timidity, to Nellie Deane's side,—quiet, kitty-cat Nellie, who never had one of her white eyelashes out of place.

"Sister and I are getting old," said the visitor, "and we want a nice little girl to save our steps and be a help and comfort to us. We will take good care of her, and bring her up to be a happy, useful woman."

"I am sure of it," Mother answered, cordially. "There is no one I would rather trust with one of our children, Miss Talbot. I have sent for all the little girls over twelve years old, that you may take your choice. Manor Hill will be a happy home for any of them, I know."

"Stand in line, children,—stand in line!" called the clear, calm tones of Sister Angela. "Then come up one by one, so that Miss Talbot can speak to each of you."

And one by one the little candidates filed up to the visitor, who shook hands with each and spoke a pleasant word. Marjorie was the last of the line,—Marjorie, burningly conscious of old skirt and missing apron and rebellious locks, but not the sort of girl to be crushed by these deficiencies. Though it took a soldier's courage, she marched up behind Nellie Deane, holding her red-brown head as high as any of the rest, and defiantly facing the trying situation.

Nellie's interview with Miss Talbot seemed a most approving one.

"Nellie—Nellie Deane your name is, you say. You seem a very neat, nice-looking little girl."

Nellie smiled and squirmed delightedly.

"How old are you, Nellie?"

"Twelve years old, ma'am."

"Would you like to come and be my little maid?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am, I would like it very much indeed! It would be a blessing, as Sister told us, for a poor orphan like me. And I'd try to please you, ma'am, and keep my place, and do as I was bid always, ma'am."

"I think she would," said Sister Angela. "Nellie has never given us any trouble. She is a very quiet, steady little girl."

"Which is more than we can say of this young person," observed Mother Thomasina, though her smile was very kind, as she patted Marjorie's curly head.

"Bless me!" said Miss Talbot, starting. "What a beauti—I mean what a very strong, rosy little girl! Your name, my dear?"

"Marjorie Mayne," was the answer,

as the "little girl" looked frankly into the old lady's wrinkled face.

"Marjorie," repeated Miss Talbot softly. "A very pretty name. Would you like to live with me in the country, Marjorie?"

Like it! The light that flashed into the brown eyes answered Miss Talbot, though Marjorie shook her curly head hopelessly.

"Sister Angela said I wouldn't suit you at all."

"Why not?" asked Miss Talbot, still holding Marjorie's hand, and studying the wistful face through her gold-rimmed spectacles.

"I'm too—too—what am I, Sister Angela?"

"Too heedless quite, Miss Talbot," said Sister Angela. "Really, I don't think we can consider Marjorie at all. She is a good-hearted, honest little creature," she continued, as Marjorie moved away with the rest; "but so thoughtless, restless, full of life and mischief. She would be no comfort to you, I fear."

"And you would recommend the other—the little white-eyed one,—what is her name again, please?" asked the lady.

"Nellie Deane. Yes, she is very gentle and steady,—quite a little woman already. You would find her most useful, I know."

"I suppose I would," remarked Miss Talbot, thoughtfully. "I have no doubt I should find her useful, as you say, Sister. But, somehow, I don't fancy her. I like the other one the best,—the last one with the mop of auburn curls."

"Not Marjorie Mayne!" exclaimed Sister Angela, breathlessly; while the good Mother laughed outright.

"Yes, Marjorie—Marjorie," repeated the old lady, softly. "I always liked the name; and the child has such pretty eyes,—such big, brown, honest eyes! We are two dull old women at Manor Hill, and we want something young and bright and cheerful about us; so, if you don't mind, Mother, I will take little Marjorie Mayne."

"As you please," answered Mother, brightly. "But don't say we did not warn you. Get the child ready to go, Sister Angela. Miss Talbot has made her choice. She will take Marjorie Mayne."

(To be continued.)

A Colossal Statue.

On the summit of Corneille Rock, at Puy, a French city famous for the antiquity of its devotion to the Blessed Virgin, there is a colossal statue of Our Lady of France. It is fifty-two feet in height and stands on a pedestal twenty feet high. Eighteen hundred thousand subscriptions, of a penny each, taken among the Christian Brothers' pupils, paid for the building of the pedestal.

As to the metal needed for the statue itself, Bishop de Morlhon went to Napoleon III. and asked him to give the Sebastopol cannon for the work. This was on September 5, 1855. "I have not got them," said the Emperor.—"Sire," replied the Bishop, "I promise them to you in the name of Our Lady of France." On September 8, just three days later, General Pelissier made the final assault upon the famous fortress. That very day the Emperor wrote to the Bishop: "Sebastopol is taken; I give you the cannon." They were soon turned into the gigantic representation of Our Lady which now overlooks the valleys of the Loire and the Borne.

If any one has firmness or endurance we say that he has "grit." The texture of a grindstone formerly depended upon the grit, or sand, mixed with it. So the expressiveness of the word "grit" is easily explained.

With Authors and Publishers.

—It is a pleasure to announce that a translation of the Abbé Klein's "Au Pays de 'La Vie Intense'" is likely to be published by A. C. McClurg & Co. A volume of singularly engrossing charm, it could hardly fail of general popularity with American readers.

—Rev. Father Guis, who has spent a number of years as a missionary among the Papuans of New Guinea, is to publish in book-form the papers which he has contributed to *Les Missions Catholiques*. If not among the "best-selling" books, the volume will certainly be among the best-worth-selling ones of the year.

—Many to whom the *Adeste Fideles* is a part of the joyousness of Christmastide will be interested to know that the words of this sweet old Portuguese air were composed by a French bishop, Mgr. Borderies of Versailles. The London *Tablet* announces the appearance of a biography of him — a posthumous work of the famous Bishop Dupanloup.

—*St. Michael's Almanac* has a very militant-looking cover, and certainly introduces in an attractive way St. Joseph's Technical School, Schermerville, Ill., in the interests of which this annual is published. A calendar, astronomical lore, the list of saints' days, and plenty of good reading-matter make up this interesting almanac for 1905.

—Two Sermons on "The Glories of Mary for the Sake of Her Son," from Cardinal Newman's "Discourses to Mixed Congregations," have been reprinted and issued as penny pamphlets by the English Catholic Truth Society. There can not be too much Marian literature of this sort. If there were more of it we should hear less about Mariolatry, and there would be more of solid devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

—One of Joseph Jefferson's maxims anent the drama was: "No lasting success can be gained if anything of vulgarity or impurity is permitted to tarnish a performance." The statement is as true of the novel as of the play; and it is regrettable that not all of our contemporary fiction-writers realize the fact. Unequivocal vulgarity spoils two recently published novels which have come to our book-table but will remain unnoticed in these columns.

—As the concluding number of its tenth year, the excellent *Bulletin des Recherches Historiques*, of Levis, Quebec, presents its readers with a complete index for the full decade of its existence. The *Bulletin's* editor, M. Pierre-Georges Roy, is doing for French Canada much the same sort of good work that Mr. Martin I. J. Griffin is accomplishing in this country. We are glad, by the way, that Mr. Griffin has begun a new series of American Catholic Historical Researches.

—The December issue of our interesting contemporary, the *Petites Annales* of Liege, organ of the Missionary Oblate Fathers of Mary Immaculate, is an especially attractive number, given up entirely to the congruous glorification of Our Lady's Jubilee.

—This is assuredly, beyond all peradventure, the twentieth century. Signs on it, as they say in Ireland. One of the most recent books bears the title "Wit and Humor of the American Pulpit." What next? Possibly "Pleasantries among the Tombs."

—"The Holy Family Hymn Book" is an attractively arranged collection of hymns, compiled by the Rev. Francis J. Butler, and published by Thos. J. Flynn & Co. This little book is of convenient size and includes some of the best hymns for junior choirs.

—Having been interrogated in a recent interview about the report of his being elected a leader of the Zionists, Max Nordau declared that he felt he was not the man for such a position, on account of his wife, who is a Catholic. He expressed regret not to have been a Zionist thirty years ago. It is altogether possible that Madame Nordau is likewise sorry.

—Clarence Darrow, the author of "Farmington," recalls as a small boy his being told by his father again and again that "John Stuart Mill began studying Greek when he was only three years old." If John Stuart, at that early period, had been set at making mud pies instead of wrestling with Greek roots, neither himself nor the world would have been the loser.

—The House of the Angel Guardian, Boston, Massachusetts, has rounded out its first half century; and the Brothers of Charity who conduct that admirable institution have issued a very handsome Golden Jubilee Souvenir. The letter-press, illustrations, and decorative margins of this good-sized brochure are most creditable to the House as well as very interesting to its present and past inmates, friends and benefactors.

—One of the most prolific novelists of our time was the late Miss Adeline Sergeant. Of her thirty odd novels, all published between 1882 and 1903, perhaps the most important is "The Story of a Penitent Soul"; the last is "Cecilia's Fortune" which was issued only a few weeks ago. Miss

Sergeant was the daughter of a Wesleyan minister, but became a convert to the Church. She was greatly beloved by the poor, to whom she was ever a generous and constant benefactor. *R. I. P.*

—The following skit is from the lately-published Letters of the Anglican Bishop Stubbs. "I have made a hymn on Froude and Kingsley":

Froude informs the Scottish youth
That parsons do not care for truth.
The Reverend Canon Kingsley cries
History is a pack of lies.
What cause for judgments so malign?
A brief reflection solves the mystery—
Froude believes Kingsley a divine,
And Kingsley goes to Froude for History.

—In the seven years since its first publication, nine thousand copies of "The Catechism Simply Explained," by Canon Cafferata, of Chatham, (England), have been sold. The author is of opinion that most manuals of the kind are too extensive as well as too expensive, and that they do not follow strictly enough the order of questions in the Catechism. Whether or not his criticism be applicable to manuals produced in this country may fairly be questioned; at any rate, the handbook he offers avoids these pitfalls and has the virtue of unusual perspicuity besides. Art & Book Co.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Hereafter, or the Future Life." Rev. J. Laxenaire, D. D. 30 cts.

"The Men who Made the Nation." Edwin Erle Sparks, Ph. D. $2.

"Catechism of the Instruction of Novices." Father Gerard, D. C. 85 cts., net.

"A Simple Dictionary of Catholic Terms." Rev. Thomas Brennan, S. T. L. 10 cts.

"Perfect Contrition: A Golden Key to Heaven." Rev. J. Von Den Driesch. 5 cts.

"Toward Eternity." Abbé Poulin. $1.60, net.

"Sequentia Christiana." C. B. Dawson, S J. $1, net.

"The Way that Led Beyond." J. Harrison. $1.25.

"An American Missionary." A Priest of St. Sulpice. $1.

"Catholic Ideals in Social Life." Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C. $1.25, net.

"Manassas." Upton Sinclair. $1.50.

"The Mastery." Mark Lee Luther. $1.50.

"Songs of the Birth of Our Lord" 50 cts, net.

"An Irishman's Story." Justin McCarthy. $2.50, net.

"Welcome!" Mother Mary Loyola. $1, net.

"A Short Cut to Happiness." Author of "The Catholic Church from Within." 75 cts.

"The Pearl and the Pumpkin." W. W. Denslow, Paul West. $1.25.

"Translations of the Psalms and Canticles, with Commentary." James McSwiney, Prlest of the Society of Jesus. $3, net.

"Memoirs of Francis Kerril Amherst, D. D." Dame Mary Francis Roskell. O. S. B. $2, net.

"The Great Captain." Katherine Tynan Hinkson. 45 cts.

"Pippo Buono." Ralph Francis Kerr.

"Life and Life-Work of Mother Theodore Guerin." $2, net.

"The Principles of Moral Science." Rev. Walter McDonald, D. D. $2, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. B. T. Borg, of the diocese of Fort Wayne; Rev. Patrick Lennon, diocese of Los Angeles; Verv Rev. Thomas Moore, diocese of Leavenworth; and Rev. Augustine Myer, S. J.

Sister M. Angela, of the Order of St. Ursula; Sister M. Benetti, Sisters of St. Joseph; and Sister M. Philomena, Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. W. R. Spalding, of Lebanon, Ky.; Mr. Henry Myers, Waterbury, Conn.; Mrs. Catherine Hyde, Newton, Mass.; Mr. B. Beggin and Mr. J. Beggin, Galena, Ill.; Mrs. C. P. Short, Napa, Cal.; Mr. Patrick Toole, Mrs. Margaret White and Mr. Michael Nilan, Geneva, N. Y.; Dr. Thomas Droxtell, Gallitzin, Pa.; Mr. Frank Vogel, Hollidaysburg, Pa.; Mrs. Anne McGuire, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Matilda Herron, Philadelphia, Pa.; Dr. Daniel Hartnett, Toledo, Ohio; Mr. James Barry and Miss C. Lynch, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. C. A. Dainz, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Hanora Gordon, Scranton, Pa.; Mrs. Vernon Rigby, Ramsgate, England; Mr. Henry McGough, Altoona, Pa.; Mrs. Anna Kingberger, Fitchville, Conn.; Mr. B. J. Dunn, Bangor, Me.; Mrs. Robert Moorehead, Taftville, Conn.; and Mr. William Dalton, Greystone, Conn.

Requiescant in pace!

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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A Song for the Greenwood.

BY CAHAL O'BYRNE.

I.

OH, take me back to the greenwood!
I am sick of the city's strife,
Its babel of meaningless voices,
The rush and the stress of life.
And there in the dim, cool cloisters,
With the oaks for my wardens grey,
I shall rest till my sad heart findeth
The peace it would know for aye.

II.

I am tired of the mighty city,
With its white, hot streets ablaze.
Ah, fain would I go to the greenwood,
To its fens and its pleasant ways!
And deep in the isles and spaces
Of each elve-haunted glen and glade,
I would dream that its cool, dark places
Were the castles my fancy made.

III.

Oh, take me back to the greenwood,
To the stirring of leaves and wings,
To the flashing of sunbright waters,
To the singing of crystal springs;
To the glimmer of gold on the river,
To the croon of the breeze's prayer!
Oh, take me back to the greenwood,
For my heart, my heart is there!

THE more we trust in Mary, the more she justifies that trust. But it must be a trust accompanied by repentance, prayer, and good works; a trust expressed by zeal for her honor, by personal devotion toward her, and by heartfelt thanksgiving to Almighty God.—*Bishop Hedley.*

Our Lady of Rocamadour.

OF the thousands who travel year by year to Lourdes by way of Toulouse, few perhaps know that in the rather dull country below Brives they are traversing a district of the profoundest religious and historical interest, and one almost unique in the eyes of the lover of Nature, who can read in rock, plateau and stream the wonderful story of the Earth's making. Still fewer, perhaps, are aware that they are passing within a few miles of one of the most ancient and famous of Our Lady's shrines—Rocamadour. An old fastness it is of the Marian cult, where the Mother of all ages and all peoples—at Lourdes so prodigal of gifts to us of the twentieth century, so royally gracious in the brilliant atmosphere of the great Italian shrines,—still keeps open house in an immemorial home of chivalry and romance, and with abundant graces welcomes alike her French countryfolk still true to a traditional devotion, and the stranger drawn hither to follow in the footsteps of Roland, the great knight; of St. Louis, of Cœur de Lion, and of Simon de Montfort, St. Dominic's friend.

We are in the desert country of south central France,* a strange, upside-down land of high, arid limestone

* The whole country is described in detail in Mr. Baring Gould's Book, "The Deserts of Central France."

plateaux — the *causses*, they are called—rolling away to the horizon. Through the porous soil the water has sunk underground, leaving the land unfertile, and scoring the countryside not with rich valleys but with treacherous gashes, at whose base strange underground waters flow from dark and forbidding caverns. An inhospitable land, after rich Touraine and the gorgeous Cantal; its landmarks, ruined dolmens telling of ancient and blood-stained rites. It is a silent country, peopled by a taciturn peasantry that even now shows signs of its strangely mixed blood,—the last retreat of more than one dying race: Iberian, Gaulish, and even Goth. Remote, too, from sea and centre of government alike, it was overrun right down to the modern age by an untamed people, to whom force alone was law.

To this inhospitable land, they will tell you, came Zacheus, the little Jew who climbed the sycamore tree to get sight of the Sacred Face, with Veronica his wife, seeking a solitude in which to live as anchorite and anchoress. Across the sea they brought with them in their open boat to the Medoc coast an image of Mary, to be Patroness of their exile, and later to work marvels in her far-away home, and draw all the chivalry of Europe to her knees. So the story goes, nor without reason; for, whatever were the means, the miracle was certainly wrought, and the Queen of Heaven triumphed. "She turned the desert into rivers of waters, and gathered the hungry together; and there they set up a city for her abiding place."

Leaving a little station on the side-line from Brives to Toulouse by Figeac, we make our way across the *causse*, a short two-mile walk. Suddenly we come upon a winding canyon, or ravine, such as carries the larger rivers through these districts,—an Eden amidst the deserts, softly wooded and restful to the eye; the Alzou winding along the valley bed six hundred feet below. An old castle with its chapel stands on an overhanging precipice in the glare of the sun, which beats fiercely upon the limestone rock under a pitiless sky. On three sides the dry stone-fenced *causse* rolls on; on the fourth, one looks down into the shadowed valley,—as giddy a view as when one looks over the leaning side of the tower at Pisa. We make our way down the precipitous path, past ancient buildings clinging to the face of the rock in seeming defiance of the laws of equilibrium; then through an old towered gateway to the little village, with its low, thickset cottages and ancient inns, set amidst a glowing and unwonted fertility. There, in the cool gloom of the Lion d'Or, we sit down and rest under the shadow of Rocamadour.

Setting out on our pilgrimage to the miraculous chapel—with its six attendant shrines which now alone remain of the former twelve,—we have first to ascend a *scala santa* of two hundred and sixteen steps, built on the face of the rock. Around are buildings of all sizes and ages; amongst them an ancient episcopal palace reached by a path cut in the rock. Above the pilgrimage steps we come to the six shrines. First the Church of St. Saviour,—a great, double-naved building, plain and severe; its one object of veneration an ancient wooden crucifix with a curious branched top, before which the pilgrim prays when he has ascended. Next, the Church of St. Amadour,—a huge crypt whose natural walls and pillars hewn from the living rock uphold the miraculous chapel above. Here are the relics—of Zacheus or of a hermit, Amadour, of the third century? Traditions are conflicting, but the crypt will be shown to the pilgrim as the very spot where the little disciple hewed out for himself a bed in the hard rock beneath the resting-place of the love-

token he had brought so far across the seas.

And in that dark cave, as they say, he still lies, his body preserved incorrupt from the day of his death in the year 70, forgotten till its rediscovery in 1166, and then honored till the Huguenots came in the days of heresy and placed it upon the pyre. But the flames left it unscathed, and a soldier lifted his hammer to break it to pieces—in vain; for the hammer-head was shattered and the only sign from the hallowed body was a trickling stream of bright red blood. The Huguenots fled, and the relics were placed in the altar-shrine where they have since been revered. Around the walls are some old and quaint frescoes depicting the life of the saint—his vision of the Saviour from the sycamore tree, his voyage, his missionary preaching to the natives.

Before visiting the central shrine we may pass to another chapel, that of St. Michael, again massive and rock-hewn. This also is a home of ancient story. Here Roland, the great knight, marching South to fight the heathen, dedicated to Our Lady his sword Durandal, buying it back with a rich gift to the shrine. It was his last journey. The story is well known how, in his last fight at Roncesvalles, he lifted it high, and it smote the Pyrenees, cleaving the great gap which we now know as the Cirque de Gavarnie. Then, dying, he threw it from him, and it sped through the air to Rocamadour, the shrine of its dedication, and sank to the hilt in the rocky wall of the chapel. In the twelfth century Henry Courtmantel, like another but an impious Siegmund, tore it from its resting-place and carried it away; but a copy, which the pilgrim sees before him, gives confirmation to the story.

There are still more, if not greater, wonders in store for us at Rocamadour. But does not the conjunction of these two legends of the two chapels of St. Amadour and St. Michael strike the keynote of the place? We who come perhaps from a Protestant environment, perhaps from the atmosphere of the West, approach some miraculous shrine with a sense of trepidation rather than of eager devotion,—a sense deepened in proportion to our anxiety to be of humble and believing heart. It may be that in the glare of an Italian sky some story is told—indeed, vociferated—with a naked assertion which will be satisfied with nothing but an equally naked assent. The imagination recoils, and the reason questions. And if the intellect be reassured when theologians, with their distinctions, explain to us what must and what need not be believed, still the springs of devotion may by that very explanation be dried up. Yet even so, perhaps the pain that reaches out to the great Mother through the veil of perplexity and even distress, is the offering not least acceptable to her loving heart.

But here at Rocamadour it is different. The very conjunction of sacred with secular story makes things easier. In this old, dim Gallic world, so far removed from our modern glare and noise, day-dreams of God's warrior Roland and his Durandal—so fundamentally true, truer by far than the nightmare of our politics and our civilization—blend naturally with visions of that boat floating over the sea, and with wistful memories of that appealing scene in the Master's earthly life: "Zacheus, make haste and come down, for this day I must abide in thy house."

The spirit of the place is so "other-worldly"; the legends, far from touting for an assent, make so dumb and irresistible an appeal; the simple hearts of our fellow-pilgrims have so manifestly transcended the material and passed beyond its veil, that conviction fastens upon us while we live for a passing

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hour in a sphere where the spiritual only is the truly, practically real. To discuss, to inquire, to ask evidence,—such processes seem meaningless where the challenge of the moment is not of phenomena to analytical reasoning, but of ideas to the mind, and of the souls of the great dead to the souls of us their so degenerate descendants. He who guided action long ago guides reverence to-day; and He has brought us to worship in this place not otherwise than as it is—story attached to stone and wonder-work to pillar, as surely His handiwork to-day as ever it was during its long history, whatever that history may have been; nay, by very reason of its history, richest of all to-day in everything that is essential for a chosen Love and a more vivid Faith.

And so in the shadows of Rocamadour we, too, become lovers of its fastnesses. We, too, know by proof, made visible to the sight of faith, that he who once has seen that Face and hastened down in answer to that call, will henceforth find no sea too deep to cross, no savage land too inhospitable a home, so that they fit him better for the eternal unveiled Presence. We, too, know, by proof of Roland's sword, that no rock or mountain shall withstand our weapon, as we go forth to fight for God and for the Truth. And we know, as we pass from the crypt of Zacheus to the central shrine above, that by His Mother's hands the Master has given us back our freely surrendered sword of knighthood, and that at her hands He will receive it again when the fight is done.

Our Lady's chapel is a large Romanesque building, almost square, with a wide, shallow chancel, and heavy painted windows. The dark ancient floor, worn with the pilgrimages of a thousand years, and the heavy construction, contrast strangely with the surface decoration; for modern hands have been laid upon the chapel, and they have brought more love than knowledge to its adorning.

Over its altar stands the miraculous image, decked in long robes of lace and cloth of gold, and girded with endless jewels. Here, as so often when she condescends to dwell in these tents of Kedar, Our Lady is *nigra sed formosa.* On her knee is the Holy Child, holding the book of Gospels, and both are crowned. Archæologists tell us that the figures are of the twelfth century,—a statement probably as true as it is uninteresting. More relevant by far are the countless *ex-votos*, old and new, the kneeling crowds, and the long records of signal graces, spiritual and temporal alike, vouchsafed to believing souls at their Mother's all-powerful intercession. *Notre Dame de Rocamadour, priez pour nous!* is the constant echo of these walls; and themselves bear testimony to the availing prayer, for on all sides they answer, *Reconnaissance à Marie.*

At Rocamadour Our Lady is particularly the *Stella Maris*,—the succor of the storm-tossed sailor. In her chapel is shown a miraculous bell which rings, it is said, without touch of hand when a miracle is performed, or when one of her clients calls for aid, caught in a storm at sea. The echo reaches him as he prays so far away; and, following the sound, he steers free from rocks and shoals and is saved. A record is shown of such miraculous escapes; particulars are given of fourteen cases during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The bell itself is of Celtic type, fairly advanced, and is said by experts to belong to some part of the sixth century.

Other centres of interest or of devotion in this ancient pilgrimage must here be but rapidly noticed. A much dilapidated fresco of the tenth century depicts a "Dance of Death," quite German in its realism, wherein three

young worldlings bent on some pursuit of pleasure are met by three ghastly corpses warning them of the end of life and its vanities. Another strange sight is the secret stairway, hewn in the heart of the living rock, which leads from the chapels to the fortress above,—formerly a much-needed stronghold in the midst of a turbulent country, but now the home of the clergy who serve the shrines. Two hundred and thirty-six steps form this strange stairway, a work of incredible labor even for those laborious days in which it was built.

But more notable in the pilgrim's view is the *Via Crucis* of Rocamadour, its Stations set at intervals up the face of the hill; with its added grottoes depicting, after the manner of the Christmas Crib, scenes from the Sacred Passion. Such are the Grotto of the Agony, with the ministering Angel and the sleeping Apostles; and the last Station, with the rocky tomb and the pallid Figure laid to rest.

Space is lacking to tell here the stirring history of this pilgrimage: how St. Louis came hither to do penance for others' sins, and Henry of England, after his first quarrel with St. Thomas of Canterbury, for his own; how Cœur de Lion and all the chivalry of Europe followed in their train. Throughout the later Middle Ages, as Mr. Vivian records in his account of the shrine, "its remoteness and the rugged nature of the country made a visit in the highest degree praiseworthy. Many people were even sent there as a political punishment. In his treaty of peace with the Flemish in 1304, Philip le Bel reserved the right to punish two thousand of the most guilty persons of Bruges by sending them on this pilgrimage; and similar clauses were inserted in treaties in 1316 and 1326, so terribly difficult was it to reach this place. The roads in the neighborhood were so dangerous that military posts were established along them for the protection of pilgrims; and watchfires at night-time upon the adjoining hills, as is the case on the way to Mecca."

And to-day, if easier of approach, Rocamadour is not less eagerly besieged. During May and throughout the octave of Our Lady's birthday the little village is still crowded, and thousands of French countryfolk manage, somehow or other, to find lodging within its narrow limits. Still do pilgrims by thousands climb the Steps of Penance and the steep Way of the Holy Cross; and at night the cliff side is all alive, from the village below to the great shining cross on the summit, with thousands of gleaming torches, and vocal with the old French litanies and songs of praise with which her clients approach Our Lady of Rocamadour.

In these latter days the grace of miracles in the natural sphere has passed, for the most part, to the newer shrine of Lourdes. Yet Zacheus' hermitage is still a living proof that the arm of her who is *terribilis ut castrorum acies ordinata* is not shortened, but now as in the days of chivalry sends forth many a Christian knight well armed for the ghostly combat, or heals his wounds when he seeks in penance her interceding prayer.

When the crowds are gone, and we sit in silence under the immemorial shadows of Rocamadour, letting the spirit of the place and of its long past brood over the soul, we may well seem to hear above all the clashing voices of its history that one clear call that came first and shall linger to the last: "This day I must abide in thy house." And as Communion closes our pilgrimage, we give thanks with a deep peace that by grace of Our Lady's prayer we, too, like Zacheus, lover of the Rock, "came down with haste, and received Him gladly."

H. S. D.

Young Mr. Bretherton.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

II.—Rose Cottage.

NOW, in his hasty drive from the station, with the rain drizzling and the mud splashing, young Mr. Bretherton would have found it very hard to distinguish objects even had he been peering out of the buggy into the darkness, which he certainly was not. In any case, he would have scarcely remembered, after all these years, to look out for a certain stone cottage which, nevertheless, had been very familiar to his boyhood, and which was destined to be quite a landmark in his new existence. He had, so far, no landmarks in connection with Millbrook; though he recalled very distinctly his paternal residence and had a more or less vivid recollection of the mill near the brook. He had come back from the great world, which he would henceforth be expected to compress into the less. This is always a difficult matter, until, indeed, time and daily habit magnify surrounding objects, and cause them in their turn to obscure those at a greater distance.

The cottage was of ample proportions, and had been occupied since time immemorial by the family of Browns, of whom the present descendant was a spinster known as Miss Tabitha. The dwelling, consisting of two stories and a wing, rejoiced in a gallery, the railings of which were overrun with rose vines; and a porch, white-pillared, wherein the mistress of the mansion usually sat in state. Seated thus at a respectable distance from the street, the lady had a view of what was going on without, though the passers-by had but a modified glimpse of what was transpiring within. The cottage possessed a hedge, and a row of trees separating it from the street; and the path which led thither was bordered by flower-beds, still in bloom, and richly glowing with geraniums, rhododendrons, dahlias, and a great variety of pinks. These latter flowers Miss Tabitha found easy to grow and consequently affected very much. She herself somehow resembled a pink, the coloring of which had remained, while it had grown withered, and lost its fragrance and its savor. Like it, she suggested a past which had been fresh and dainty and full of possibilities.

Now Miss Tabitha, who belonged entirely to the early Victorian era, was apparelled accordingly. In expectation of the arrival of young Mr. Bretherton, she had donned every afternoon her very best gown, which was of flowered taffeta and of a color known as ashes-of-roses—a blending of rose and gray,—so that she more than ever resembled a withered carnation. She had worn this costume at the marriage of young Mr. Bretherton's father, and before that at a reception given by his grandmother, old Madam Bretherton. The skirts were wide and flowing, the shoulders long, and the figure decorously hidden by a mantilla of lace. She was quite unconscious, however, of being once again in the tip of the fashion,—a fashion which had been resurrected in the dawn of the twentieth century, and caused even the youngest and prettiest girls to appear as the ghosts of their own grandmothers.

During that period of suspense, Miss Tabitha had sat out resolutely every afternoon upon her porch. Even when it had rained in the morning, she had run the risk of rheumatism, moving her chair to avoid the puddles formed by the drip of the porch roof. That roof leaked, and had done so from time immemorial. Poor Miss Tabitha's heart grew heavy as the days wore on and there was still no trace of the young heir-apparent to Bretherton Manor. But in the course of accumulated years

the spinster had learned the wisdom and the dignity of keeping disappointments to herself, and had made no remark either to her solitary handmaid or to her next-door neighbor upon the failure of each day's hopes. When day darkened into night, she had gone indoors, with the single remark that the evenings were growing chilly.

The next-door neighbor, Jesse Craft, who had a very small holding of his own and an inconsiderable dwelling of yellow wood, was divided from Miss Tabitha by a low fence and a row of tall sunflowers. This individual was not very easily reduced to silence, and whenever it was possible opened a conversational campaign upon the mistress of Rose Cottage. During the days of suspense, when all Millbrook, and particularly Miss Tabitha, were holding their breath, Jesse Craft made himself specially obnoxious. He was, comparatively speaking, a newcomer to the town, and had not imbibed the traditional respect, which asserted itself above all notions of independence or equality, for the family of the Manor. He did not wonder at all that the young man was in no hurry to reach home: he wondered only why he consented to come there at all.

"Whatever a bright man like the Governor can be thinkin' of, to expect that his son's goin' to settle down here, is beyond me."

"Generations of his family have lived and died here," observed Miss Tabitha, with severe emphasis.

"Why, so they have; and it 'pears to me that this young man might feel like goin' somewheres else and strikin' out for himself."

Miss Tabitha did not reply.

"Why," continued the unabashed Jesse, "you just look at a pussy-cat,—a real, live, frolicksome kitten! See the antics he's up to, while his ma dozes by the fire! Take a puppy-dog: he's off to the muddiest pool he can wallow in, while his mother slinks along the beaten path. Just watch the young birds—"

But Miss Tabitha would hear no more. Her eye was very awful. She could not further support this profane discourse. To hear the descendant of the Brethertons compared to feline or canine adventurers, and, more awful still, the majestic calm of the lady of the Manor likened to the slumbers of a tabby at the fire, was too much for the spinster's patience. She arose from her chair.

"I do not fancy young Mr. Bretherton will arrive to-night," she said, icily.

"I guess he's got among a half dozen or more of young folks, and he ain't in any hurry to get down here to this dead-and-alive hole. If he's the Governor's son, he knows when he's well off. He's got a head on his shoulders."

Miss Tabitha made no comment. From her point of view, it was quite immaterial whether or no that desirable appendage was upon the Bretherton shoulders. It was certainly very impertinent of this officious person to inquire into the matter at all. She began to move her chair resolutely within doors, driven from her favorite post far more by her neighbor's unpalatable discourse than by the rain, which began to drizzle in preparation for that wet night which, though she knew it not, was to bring the long-looked-for arrival. She caused a fire to be lighted upon the hearth, as well as a lamp upon the cosy table. Then she sat down to consume apricot jam and buttered toast, and to sip a very fragrant cup of tea, while young Mr. Bretherton drove hastily by in the darkness.

As she sat thus alone in that room, wherein the shadows were rather intensified than dispelled by the lighting of the lamps, she had many curious thoughts which none would have suspected; and one in particular, which

filled her with a quaking dread, not unconnected in her mind with a night of misty moonlight down by the alder bushes on the brookside. It was this thought which had poisoned the anticipated happiness in the expected arrival.

Next morning she learned that the young man had come home, and she felt very much vexed that she had failed to witness his arrival, as though it had been some sort of royal progress. Nor did she see anything of the future master of the Manor until he had been at home for several days. She had daily looked forward to the moment when she should once more see him,—the young idol that she had fashioned for herself when he was merely a boy in pinafores, and in whom were centred all her traditional love and reverence for the race to which he belonged, and all those deeper and more personal associations which had grown up with the passage of years.

She attired herself each afternoon in her gown of flowered taffeta, adding a dainty and elaborate cap and a lace mantilla. And so she was apparelled when one golden afternoon the young man came riding down the street. It was almost his first appearance in the thoroughfares of Millbrook; but he seemed in no wise discomposed by the peeping faces at windows, the flurried figures scuttling away from front galleries, or the groups of children, pointing him out to one another with eager if furtive finger. Probably he did not notice these things at all, and was absorbed in other thoughts, all unconscious that he was appearing in the rôle of the king come unto his own,—the king who had been away over the water.

Even the most loyal of monarchists, the most steadfast upholder of royal prerogatives, must have owned that he would have made a very presentable king, this young American,—such a one as is not too often seen under the crown and ermine-bordered mantle. He rode remarkably well, with a firm, erect seat in the saddle, his figure lithe and well-knit, his features clearly cut, and his face of that classical contour which is often seen amongst Americans. His hair was of a rich golden fairness, his eyes dark, and his complexion, naturally colorless, now bronzed by the sea-voyage and by his previous devotion to athletics.

Miss Tabitha's heart swelled with an honest pride as she perceived him. It was a great thing, she thought, to be a Bretherton of Bretherton Manor; and a fine thing, too, for Millbrook and for the rising generation to have such types amongst them. For, as the old lady reasoned, they were in sore need of personages to whom they could look up, and in grievous danger of losing all habit of reverence. She did not realize, poor old soul, that many of her ideas were far more antiquated than her costumes, and, unlike them, did not show any prospect of being resurrected.

Young Mr. Bretherton, quite unaware of these thoughts, too deep for words, which his arrival had conjured up, came riding on till he was just opposite Miss Tabitha's dwelling. The old lady had arisen, trembling and expectant, and advanced down the steps and along the path toward the gate. The horseman chancing to glance in, Miss Tabitha made him a deep curtsy. He at once took off his riding-cap and bowed in a kind of haste and confusion, as though he wondered why so old a woman should make him so deep a reverence. She, on her part, was thinking not only of him whom she had so often dandled on her knee, and for whom she had made cats' cradles, but of that long line of Brethertons whom he represented: of his stately mother and the ex-Governor, and the Governor's mother again, old Madam Bretherton, widow of a general officer

in Revolutionary times; her mother had been lady-in-waiting at the English court before she married a Bretherton. Miss Tabitha's own father had been secretary to Judge Bretherton, a brother of the Governor; and she therefore felt that she in some sort belonged to the family and had a right to take pride in their grandeur.

After the young man had returned Miss Tabitha's salute, he stopped his horse. It was merely to arrange a girth which had got loose, but it gave the old lady an opportunity. She stepped, in her light, mincing fashion, to the gate, pausing an instant to gather a tiny nosegay suitable for a buttonhole.

"Mr. James Cortlandt Bretherton," she said, "here is an old acquaintance—an humble one, it is true,—who welcomes you to your inheritance."

The personage so addressed stared at her for an instant; then into the brown eyes, almost amber-colored they were in the clear sunlight, came a look of humorous comprehension—the dawning of a kindly smile. That expression was probably the greatest attraction in young Mr. Bretherton's face, and had won him many friends. It also brought out a marked resemblance to his father.

"You are very kind," he answered; "though my inheritance is not such a great thing, after all: only the dear old Manor and a fair-sized bit of ground, which I could wish were just a little nearer Boston or New York."

"I have known three generations of Brethertons," declared Miss Tabitha, "and they never complained,—not even Madam Bretherton, whose mother was a court lady to Queen Charlotte."

"So she was!" assented the young man. "But the world is bigger now than it used to be, and things have changed."

"Permit me at least to offer you a nosegay," said Miss Tabitha.

No courtier of those olden days which she lamented could have more hastily alighted from his horse or more deferentially taken the flower from the withered hand, with a second raising of his cap. He proceeded to fasten the offering very deftly in his coat with a pin which the old lady had considerately furnished.

"You have forgotten all about us over there in the great world," Miss Tabitha remarked; "but we don't forget you, and we retain a great respect for the dignity of families and appreciate their claims to reverence."

"Far better than most of us, I am sure," the young man put in. "You see, knocking about amongst fellows at college, one doesn't think much about those sort of things. But I am quite sure I remember *you*."

The lady flushed with gratification.

"Tabitha Brown," she said, "who used to bribe you with lollipops to come in and spend an hour with her."

"Miss Tabitha!" cried the youth, heartily. "Why, so it is; and looking not a day older! You were always like one of your own flowers, if you don't mind my saying so."

Miss Tabitha was immensely flattered.

"If there was a bit of paradise on earth," the young man went on, "it was here in your garden. I expect I was an unmannerly cub, and you were far too good to me."

He stood looking about him rather wistfully; for at almost every age men and women turn back to the Elysium of youth and its nectar, despite all other gardens in which they may have roamed or the far different draughts they may have quaffed.

"The rose vines on the gallery," he said to himself, "and the sunflowers in the same stiff rows."

There was a touch of melancholy in the youthful face, as one sees in the luxuriant brightness of summer a hint

of autumn. But the young man suddenly remembered.

"There you are standing, Miss Tabitha!" he said. "Won't you take a chair,—your own particular chair on the porch, where I remember you always sat?"

"Yes, yes, and you used to climb up on the gallery railing and poke at me with a switch through the vines, just to hear me give a screech. I was so very much afraid of beetles!"

"I wonder you had any patience with me," young Mr. Bretherton protested, lingering at the foot of the steps. "I think there was a little girl about with whom I used to play and—fight."

He paused, inquiringly; Miss Tabitha, however, giving no information, he resumed:

"I must have been a great nuisance. But I'm quite reformed now. I'll come over often, if I may, to see you, and you shall judge how completely I am done with tricks."

"Oh, of course you are a young gentleman now," smiled the delighted old lady; "and Mr. Bretherton of the Manor with a dignity to maintain, I do assure you!"

"Well, I'm not at all sure that I shall acquit myself to your satisfaction in that respect," laughed the young man. "You will have to teach me a lot."

He got upon his horse to ride away; and as he did so Miss Tabitha had a glimpse of a face, on the other side of the street, with hollow, cavernous eyes, looking out from under heavy brows. The face was that of a man past the prime of life, with hair turning to gray, a heavy jaw, and a singularly attenuated figure. Miss Tabitha shrank and wilted at the sight, as a flower might droop at the approach of a storm; and she cast a glance of alarm at the gallant young equestrian waving a salute to her as he gathered up the reins and cantered down the street. The man across the road cast upon the horse and its rider a look so malignant, so charged with evil passion, that it is little wonder Miss Tabitha trembled.

A moment before she had been so full of a harmless self-complacency in the visit and in the friendliness of young Mr. Bretherton. She had been hoping that as many of the neighbors as possible had chanced to pass while her visitor was there, and had been quite rejoiced that at least Reuben Jackson had gone by. She knew that he had observed, in his inquisitive fashion, what was going on behind Miss Tabitha's hedge and trees. Now it seemed to her that all was changed. As upon a flawless day of sunshine one is suddenly conscious of a dark cloud marring the perfect beauty of the firmament, so this man's presence cast a blight upon her enjoyment; the secret knowledge which she possessed made her regard this apparition as an omen of evil.

(To be continued.)

The Isle of Dreams.

BY DANIEL SHEILDS.

I CAME before the watch of stars
To see the crimson sun,
And saw the glow of golden bars
With silken cloud-fringe spun;
And where the light had filtered through,
A thousand beams displayed
One parting gush of reddened hue
Ere could light's glories fade.

I saw the sea lie softly hushed
Beneath the opal sky,
And from the woods a zephyr brushed
With music whispering by;
And in the silence voices came
From out the deep, lone sea,—
Sweet voices calling low my name
In a crooning melody.

I went out on the velvet wave
Across the heaving tide;
No foam or sound about me, save
A misty phantom guide,

Till where the western breeze is born
I reached a shadowy Isle,
A resting-place for hearts forlorn,—
How soothing was its smile!

'Twas there my eyes began to see
The dwellings of the Blest,
Where fragrant winds were blowing free
O'er green abodes of rest;
And trees gave shade, and waters fell
From founts of emerald green;
And music with its rhythmic swell
Stirred all the restful scene.

And then I saw the waters blue
That girt the silver sands,
And the tired souls that homeward drew
From the darksome earthly lands.
They came in flowing robes of white
To where resplendent shone,
Encircled by a wondrous light,
The Eternal Father's throne.

'Tis thus the hunger that I feel
Is joy and part regret;
For when in shades of eve I kneel
There come the echoes yet.
A while I wait till One shall come
To guide me out once more
Unto that Isle, the Dreamers' Home
Below the ocean's floor.

That night of joy will yet remain
In waking thoughts or sleep,
And mystic songs come oft again
Across the restless deep;
But there are secrets of the night
Hid far within my breast,
And all my longings wing their flight
Out toward the shadowed West.

On one of the northern hills of Rome may be seen one of many monuments of the Church's gratitude to her Mother and Protector: it is the Church of Our Lady of Victories. There, upon walls dazzling with the rich colors of their jaspers and marbles, hang the tattered and discolored banners of the infidels captured at Lepanto. The church was raised to receive them, and to be a witness to all ages of the omnipotence of prayer.

Essentials and Nonessentials of the Catholic Religion.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

III.

I.—What are Catholics Bound to Believe?

THE general answer to this question may be put thus: Catholics are bound to believe whatever God has revealed and the Church proposes to them as to be believed. That a man is strictly obliged to assent to anything which he is convinced has been revealed by Almighty God need not be said, and needs no proof for those who believe that there is a God and that He has made a revelation to men. As we have already seen, the Church stands to Catholics in the relation of a divinely-appointed ambassador, bringing to them from God the words of eternal life. It is because we are certain of this fact that we say in our "act of faith," "I believe whatever God has revealed *and the Church proposes to my belief.*"

Let us inquire, then, how the Church exercises her office of ambassador from God: how she delivers her message. She speaks to us in several ways, and proposes to us for acceptance different kinds of truths. First and foremost, and as her chief duty, she makes known to us truths that have been revealed by God. This she does (1) by solemnly defining truths as divinely revealed; (2) by her unanimous teaching of similarly revealed truths through the voice of her united pastorate throughout the world in conjunction with the Apostolic See; (3) by delivering to us the Holy Scriptures with the declaration that they are the written word of God.

All these modes of teaching are of equal authority, but it is worthy of notice that the one mentioned in the

second place is *prior in time* to the others, and is also the *normal* and *ordinary* way in which the Church teaches her children. Before a line of the New Testament had been written, and years before she thought of making a solemn definition,* the Church had spread the Gospel over the world by means of the daily teaching of her pastors,—by her "ordinary magisterium," as it is called. There are to be found Catholics, even, who forget this important fact, and are inclined to restrict their obligations to believing those truths only which have been solemnly defined; being under the misapprehension that solemn definitions are the normal and ordinary mode in which the Church teaches truth. This is, in the literal sense of the word, 'preposterous.' It is putting the cart before the horse. As the Apostles, so soon as they had received the Holy Spirit, began to exercise at once their infallible power of daily oral teaching, so has the Church done ever since, and will do to the end of time. Solemn definitions are called for only on special occasions and under extraordinary circumstances; and, had we to wait for them to learn our religion, things would be at a standstill. The Holy Spirit, dwelling in the Church, confers upon her the gift of infallibility in her universal preaching and belief; so that it is impossible either for her pastorate—that is, the bishops as a body in union with their head, the Roman Pontiff—to teach false doctrine; or for the faithful as a body, united to their pastors under the same supreme head, to err in belief.

In concluding this part of the present paper I should add that the name "Catholic Faith," or more fully "Divine Catholic Faith," is properly restricted to the act of assent to truths revealed by God *and* promulgated authoritatively by the Church. So also, in the other sense of the word, "the Catholic Faith" is the body of truths thus taught. Thus the Vatican Council declares that "all those things are to be believed with divine and Catholic faith which are contained in the Word of God, whether written (Scripture) or handed down (Tradition), and proposed by the Church either by her solemn judgment or her ordinary and universal magisterium to be believed as divinely revealed."

We have now to consider another class of truths *taught by the Church but not proposed to us as divinely revealed.* That the Church is infallible in such teaching is one of those truths taught by her ordinary magisterium, as is clear from her constant and universal practice. We have seen that she is not only the *teacher* but also the *custodian* of the deposit of revelation. It is her office, therefore, to protect and keep intact the body of revealed truth. Now, it constantly happens that men put forth, on a multitude of subjects, opinions which are incompatible with some acknowledged truth of revelation. In such a case the Church has the power to condemn the false opinion or to define what is the truth of the matter, even though that truth be not contained in the original revelation delivered to her by the Apostles. Without this power she could not fulfil that most important duty of "keeping the faith,"—defending and protecting the deposit of revelation. When, therefore, the Church does define a truth, not as revealed but as necessary to the defence of revealed truth; when, too, she

* The decision of the Apostles at Jerusalem on the question of the binding force of the Jewish Law on converts was, it is true, a solemn definition; but, occurring in Apostolic times, and being promulgated by the Apostles themselves, it is not reckoned amongst those definitions which the Church has put forth in virtue of her office as teacher and custodian of the deposit of faith delivered to her *by the Apostles.* The truth taught by that decree is part of the "deposit of faith."

proscribes some error incompatible with revealed doctrine, Catholics are bound to assent to her judgment, to accept the truth and reject the error.

Some theologians, indeed, hold that every truth thus defined is, in fact, contained in the original deposit of faith, inasmuch as such truths come under the revealed general proposition that whatever the Church defines is infallibly true. It seems preferable, however, to consider with others of equal authority that such truths are not strictly revealed. As to the Church's infallibility in this class of definition there is no question amongst Catholics. The latter theologians speak of the act of assent to such decisions as an act not of divine but of *ecclesiastical faith*, since we assent to them directly on the authority of the Church, indirectly only on the authority of God, who has included the power of infallibly pronouncing such definitions in her teaching office. Apart, then, from a technical discussion which is not of practical importance, it is the teaching of the Church that Catholics are bound to accept any definition of truth and any condemnation of error that she puts forth in virtue of her position as custodian and defender of revelation.

Nor is this in any way contradictory to the statement I have made above, that the terms of the Church's commission are defined; that she has not *carte blanche* to define anything whatever upon any subject. *It is only when an opinion or statement comes into contact with revealed dogma*, as opposed to it, or necessarily following from it, or so bound up with it that the revealed dogma and the non-revealed truth must stand or fall together,—then, and then only, does it come within the province of the Church to pronounce for or against it. Her concern is with revealed truth: she is not a teacher of science or human philosophy, but she knows her own truths in all their bearings; and she knows, too, that truth can not contradict truth; so that when a scientist puts forward some theory that is *plainly* contradictory to revelation, or which denies some truth of the natural order without which revelation could not stand, she has every right, *as the keeper of the faith*, to lift up her voice.

The following extracts from the solemn definitions of the Vatican Council will at once illustrate what has been said, and show, in the authoritative words of the Church herself, what are the duties of Catholics in regard to her pronouncements:

"All those things are to be believed with divine Catholic faith which are contained in the Word of God, whether written or delivered by tradition, and are proposed to our belief by the Church as divinely revealed doctrines, whether by her solemn judgments or by her ordinary and universal magisterium.*... Moreover, the Church, which received, together with the apostolic office of teaching, the commission to preserve the deposit of faith, has received also from God the right to proscribe science falsely so called, lest any be deceived by philosophy (so-called) and empty fallacies. Wherefore all the faithful are not only prohibited from defending as legitimate conclusions of science all opinions of this kind which they know to be contrary to the doctrines of faith, particularly if they have been condemned by the Church, but are also bound to hold them rather as errors presenting a false appearance of truth."†

"Nor has the doctrine of faith which God has revealed been proposed, like philosophical theories, as capable of being perfected by human understanding; but it has been delivered to the Church as a divine deposit to be by her faithfully kept and infallibly declared. Hence that interpretation of sacred

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* Sess. iii, cap. 3. † Ib., cap. 4.

dogmas is perpetually to be retained which Holy Mother Church has once declared; nor must that meaning, under the pretence and name of a better understanding, ever be receded from."*

I may add also the words of the English Bishops in their joint Pastoral Letter of December, 1899, approved by a special letter of his late Holiness Pope Leo XIII.:

"It may be well to insist, with the same [Vatican] Council, on the further truth—namely, that Catholics are bound to give their assent also to the decisions of the Church concerning matters appertaining to or affecting revelation, though these matters be not found, strictly speaking, within the deposit of faith. Such matters are, for instance, the interpretation of Scripture, the canonization of saints; the matter and form of sacraments in a given case, in which a dogmatic fact is under consideration; other facts which are called dogmatic, and the condemnation of false doctrines by the Holy See."

Having now inquired into the obligations of Catholics in regard to infallible pronouncements of the Church, there remains to be considered a third class of authoritative decisions which also have a binding force upon the faithful. The Church does not in all her pronouncements intend to exercise in full her supreme prerogative of infallibility. The reason for this we may suppose to be a merciful regard for human weakness, and a desire to give erring souls every opportunity of retractation before the final definitive sentence goes forth which would cast them out of the fold if they remained obdurate. Hence she frequently utters, in the exercise of her authority to teach and govern Christ's flock, words of warning, exhortation or direction, in virtue, not of her infallibility, but of her ordinary ecclesiastical authority. When she thus speaks, it is without doubt the duty of Catholics to listen and to submit their judgment to that of their pastors, though this assent is one of *religious obedience* rather than of faith. It does pertain, however, in a certain degree, to the virtue of divine faith.

If a man wishes to exercise perfectly the virtue of temperance, he must not only avoid downright excess, but must put a general restraint upon himself in regard to all things which might endanger temperance. So, too, a Catholic, in order to keep thoroughly sound and whole the virtue of faith which God has given him, must not be content with avoiding out-and-out heresy, but must be prepared to steer clear of everything which approaches in the slightest degree thereto. It is to direct us in avoiding such things that the Church speaks from time to time warning words, which, though they are not in the nature of infallible pronouncements, demand, nevertheless, our ready attention and complete acceptance. Speaking of this assent, the English Bishops, in the important Pastoral already referred to, say (p. 13):

"The second kind of assent is that elicited by virtue of 'religious obedience.' It is given to that teaching of the Church which does not fall under the head of revealed truth nor even under the endowment of her infallibility, but under the exercise of her ordinary authority to feed, teach, and govern the flock of Christ. To think as the Church thinks, to be of one mind with her, to obey her voice, is not a matter of duty in those cases only when the subject-matter is one of divine revelation or is connected therewith. It is an obligation also, whenever the subject-matter of the Church's teaching falls within the range of her authority. And that range, as we have said, comprises all that is necessary for feeding, teaching and governing the flock. Under this ordinary authority . . . come

* Ib.

the pastoral letters of bishops, diocesan and provincial decrees; and (though standing respectively on higher ground, as being of a superior order and covering the whole Church), many acts of the Supreme Pontiff, and all the decisions of the Roman Congregations. It is by virtue of ordinary ecclesiastical authority, not of infallibility, that the larger number of the hortative, directive and preceptive acts of the Church are issued.

"As points of discipline may be decreed at one time and modified or set aside at another, so may novel theories and opinions, advanced even by learned men, be at one time censured by the Roman Congregations and at a later time tolerated and even accepted. For instance, the Holy Office in a case of a disputed text of Scripture or any similar point, after careful consideration—customary in matters of this importance,—may declare that the arguments brought forward do not warrant the conclusion claimed for them by certain students. Such a decision is not immutable, and does not prevent Catholic students continuing their research, and respectfully laying before the Holy See any fresh or more convincing arguments they may discover against the authority of the text. And thus it becomes possible that, in time, the tribunals of the Holy See may decide in the sense which the earlier students had suggested, but could not at first establish by satisfactory arguments as a safe conclusion. In such a case loyal Catholics should accept her decision, by virtue of 'religious obedience,' as the one to be followed for the present. But while they gratefully accept such guidance in a matter that concerns religion, they will be careful to distinguish between this guidance and the Church's definitions of faith."

The Pastoral then goes on to quote the following weighty words of Leo XIII. on this subject (*Sapientiæ Christianæ*, Jan. 10, 1890):

"In settling how far the limits of obedience extend, let no one imagine that the authority of the sacred pastors, and above all of the Roman Pontiff, need be obeyed only in so far as it is concerned with dogmas, the obstinate denial of which entails the guilt of heresy. Again, it is not enough even to give a frank and firm assent to doctrines which are put forth in the ordinary and universal teaching of the Church as divinely revealed, although they have never been solemnly defined. Another point still must be reckoned amongst the duties of Christian men, and that is, they must be willing to be ruled and governed by the authority and direction of their bishops, and, in the first place, of the Apostolic See."

After all, when the Church speaks, even when she does not speak with all the weight of her infallible utterance, she does invariably give us *safe guidance;* for, though the speculative truth or falsity of some matter which she treats in this particular way may be a matter of question, there can be no question at all that a Catholic is *practically* secure in listening to the voice of those whom God has set as bishops and pastors to rule the Church.

Enough has been now said, I hope, to show in general what are the obligations of Catholics in matters of faith and in those things which pertain in any way to the doctrines of faith. And to a Catholic there is nothing burdensome in all this. He knows that the Church is his divinely-given teacher and guide in all that concerns his eternal salvation; he is ready, whenever and however she speaks, to listen and to obey. He has the same trust in her that a child has in his mother. When she speaks to him he does not require to know, before he obeys her, precisely what grade of her authority she is

acting upon. Sometimes, indeed, she does speak in strong terms, making it quite clear that any who withhold their assent will thereby make shipwreck of the faith and be cast out of the fold; but she does not always choose to speak thus, nor is it needed. A good mother will not always accompany her commands, firm though they be, with threats of punishment. So it is with the Church. She knows well that her faithful children will render willing submission to her slightest word, and she reserves the thunders of anathema for great crises that must be sharply dealt with.

No good Catholic will take advantage of this to allow himself any freedom of opinion short of downright heresy. A Catholic knows that, short of heresy, he may yet sin gravely against the virtue of faith, by failure to think and believe with the Church. And in thus assenting to the Church's teaching, he in no way abdicates his reason; for his assent is not a blind and unreasoning one. On the contrary, it is eminently reasonable. What should we say of one who, himself ignorant of science, should persistently adhere to his own notions in the face of the well-established teaching of scientific men? There is nothing unreasonable, but the contrary, in believing those of whose claim to speak with authority we are fully convinced, and who speak on a subject specially their own. The opposite course would be the unreasonable one. The Church comes to us with proven claims to be the messenger of God, who is omniscient and the very Truth itself; moreover, God has given to her as her special and proper province all that concerns salvation. On that subject, then, she is to be heard and obeyed; and to hear and obey her is the highest reasonableness.

"But," a non-Catholic may say, "what if the Church tells me to believe something that is altogether contrary to reason?" I reply, that is impossible. She can not: that is, she can not ask me to assent, with the assent of faith, to anything contrary to a proved truth of reason,—to a truth of science established beyond doubt. She may warn me off some theory as yet *merely* a theory, and that with good reason; but she can not contradict a known truth. Truth is one as God is one, and is consistent with itself. In reply to this very objection the Vatican Council has uttered these pregnant words: "But although faith is *above* reason there can never be any real dissension between them; since the same God who reveals mysteries, and pours into our minds the light of faith, also gave the human soul the light of reason. But God can not contradict Himself, nor can the truth ever contradict the truth. An appearance, indeed, of such contradiction arises, chiefly from this cause: either the dogmas of faith are not understood and expounded according to the mind of the Church, or mere opinions are put forth as the pronouncements of reason."

The Church, therefore, will never ask us to believe as of faith what is absurd or clearly contradicted by reason or fact. She proposes, indeed, mysteries to a complete fathoming of which reason can not attain; but her enemies have never been able, and never will be able, to prove that any of her dogmas are contradicted by the light of reason, which, like faith, comes from God.

(To be continued.)

EITHER accept the Son of God or reject Him; either accept the Church as it is or reject it altogether. For if it has become corrupt, it is a false church, was always a false church, and always must be a false church; and if it be not corrupt, but the true Church, then to refuse to accept it is to refuse to submit to God.—*Dr. Brownson.*

A Sister of Charity in China.

(CONTINUED.)

MANY of Sister Xavier's letters are now written on board the native *sampans*, as she does her visiting among the riverside villages:

"This river travelling reminds me of the picture of the Sister of Charity and the pig by the water side.... It is much the same in reality, though the babies are not actually exposed to die among the rushes.... Babies are put outside the door to die—poor little things!—as death brings bad luck into a house; but more often their sufferings are summarily put an end to. A woman at the hospital here had drowned five of her children in a bucket—the wretch!—and with that, thought she had been most kind to them, saying death was preferable to bringing them up to misery.

"*Wednesday Evening.*—We have had a fair day. Twenty-four baptisms in about eight or ten little villages dotted among the rice fields. We take women with us, go in different directions, and meet the boat at a certain hour. They speak here quite a different language from the Kiang-Si, and it is rather a curious feeling being quite alone among a people one can hardly understand or make understand.

"Everything is quiet here now, and likely to remain so till the spring, when connoisseurs in Chinese matters expect another outbreak. Poor people, I wonder when they will realize that missionaries, at least, come out here only for their good?... It is said the whole system of government and ideas will have to be turned upside down, as they are so imbued with the most absurd as well as the very lowest forms of superstition, carried into the most ordinary actions of life,—are so double-faced, and withal so proud, so full of contempt and dislike for foreigners, that a revolution is probably required to show them things in their right light.... If the authorities do their duty, all is safe; but most of them are members of secret societies, and are torn between the conflicting feelings of dread of losing their situations and hatred of Europeans."

The isolation in which the small band of Sisters lived at Ning-Po was extreme. "We are in the heart of the Chinese city; never see a European except the missioner who says Mass, and an occasional one from Kampo or the interior.... At Kiu-Kiang, lying on the highroad between Shanghai and Hankow, we knew more or less what was happening around us." The rare visitors brought disquieting news, and forecasts which were to prove true; though the word Boxer does not yet appear: "All say that a general, well-organized revolt will take place before long, and the affairs in the North are most likely the commencement.... The mandarins get double orders from Pekin,—one to be shown to Europeans and made public, and the other to be acted upon."

In December, 1891, the charge of the women's and children's hospital is given to Sister Xavier, and she sets upon her new duties with characteristic energy. The hospital is in "true Chinese style—open wooden framework for windows, to be stuffed with rags on cold nights." Her superior, although her purse has been drained by the Ste. Enfance orphan asylum, is having the dilapidations repaired. "I am telling her," writes Sister Xavier, "to get it done properly once for all, and I will see that she is not summoned for debt in consequence."

The action, or rather inaction, of the great powers does not favorably impress those who are in the front of the line of fire, in case of disturbance. Sister Xavier writes (December 23):

"Matters have been coming to this pass since the Tonquin war, when,

the Chinese feel sure, they got the best of it, and they despise Europeans accordingly. The way in which the disturbances on the Yang-tse were taken confirms them in this opinion, and made everybody foretell the revolts, which are, however, beginning rather sooner than expected.... All were deeply disappointed that no blow was struck, to show the Chinese that the powers were in earnest; and it was on England they all depended,—or at least principally so. The French, of course, are the protectors of the missions.... But not much assistance can be expected from France, whose conduct with regard to religion is well known to Chinese authorities, and does untold harm...."

The New Year dawned amid these clouds; but an event full of promise for the cause of religion is, nevertheless, recorded in the first letter of 1892:

"*January 18.*—A new Order of Chinese Sisters is to be founded here on January 25. It is to be composed of virgins who are now scattered over the vicariate; they are to make a two-years' novitiate, during which they will also have to study; afterward they will make their vows, and then go into the interior as schoolmistresses, catechists, etc., etc. The priests at Shanghai have an Order of the same description, founded for some time; and it is doing much good. The Sisters return to Tgi-ka-way, which is the mother-house, for a month every year. Many missioners say there is nothing like women for propagating the Faith. They are sometimes now sent into the villages to sound the people, and feel the way before anything is done; for the missionaries do not go unless there are some who are catechumens, or who wish to be so. Sometimes the catechists are most successful, especially where Protestants have begun to give some idea of religion; for, while these make very few converts, they seem to pave the way for Catholics. One catechist in the interior has in a short time gathered together as many as a thousand catechumens, who as yet have never seen a priest, the nearest one being five or six days' journey from them."

Besides the new Order for virgins, a work for widows is founded; and the next letter, while telling of it and of the coming of the Christians from the interior for the Sacraments after several days' journey, takes up a theme which is to be found in most of the subsequent letters,—a note of compassion for the hard-worked priests of the province; a cry, almost passionate sometimes in its energy, for more laborers in this ripening harvest.

"*Ning-Po, January 29, 1892.*... It is a real comfort to do something for those poor priests in the interior. Some come here for rest, looking such wrecks. Of three on the other side of the street, one receives the last Sacraments to-day; another looks more like a corpse than a man; and the third can neither eat nor sleep, but always has a racking headache. The last two are quite young. The great trials that they have to undergo and the innutritious food, soon tell upon them; though, of course, they hold on as long as possible. They look upon this place as a sort of mother's home, and are nearly all from France.

"The whole country is now upside down in consequence of the Chinese New Year. We can not go out between January 20 and February 20, as it is considered unlucky to touch medicine, and each day has its own particular diabolical practice. We are glad of the time to get the hospital and dispensary in order, as the rest of the year is rather a rush."

It is said of Blessed Gabriel Perboyre that shortly after his martyrdom he appeared to his brother, saying: "My hands are full of graces and no one asks me for them." By the Christians in China his memory is held in vener-

ation and his intercession invoked, as the following incident testifies:

"*Ning-Po, March 30, 1892.* — The Chinese priest I mentioned the day he received the last Sacraments is now up, and, though very weak, goes about. When the end was evidently near and all the symptoms of immediate death were showing themselves, as a last resource he was wrapped in the cloak of Blessed Perboyre and a relic put upon his breast. Since then he has rallied in a wonderful manner; and, though not actually cured (for he remains weak, and at times has a good deal of pain), still, not to be dead, but to be as he is, is a perfect miracle. He would be a great loss to the bishop, as he is very European in his ideas, and able to cope with all the mandarins in Chinese business...."

Many strange things come under the observation of the Sisters of Charity in China. Cases of possession are occasionally brought to the hospital,—"as their people are often glad to get rid of them." And Sister Xavier describes the horrible voluntary torture of the penitents in the processions in honor of their deities,—"having their arms transfixed by a small iron bar, to which hangs a weight, to cause extra agony.... And, strange to say, the ghastly wounds in their arms heal very quickly. They have an extraordinary system of mutilating themselves. A bonze has been coming to the dispensary for some time, having chopped his left hand, probably to end a quarrel; though they generally content themselves with part of a finger. One woman took a knife, chopped off her hand, and brought it to her husband to pay him out for abusing her; though the general rule is to take opium. Then they know that the unfortunate husband is simply beggared by all the relatives of the deceased. A workman was found dead one morning in his master's house; it was supposed he had quarrelled or been rebuked, and so had taken opium. Numberless relatives cropped up, as is usual on such occasions; the master was called upon either for a large sum or for the life of his eldest son. It is useless to attempt to obtain justice, as that is given to the highest bidder, and therefore brings ruin with it; so it is best to submit, and pay to one set of people rather than to two."

From time to time the practice of infanticide among the Chinese is denied, and said to be a made-up story of the missionaries. "It is useless, however," says Sister Xavier, "to have recourse to denying a fact....Until they [the babies] are a month old they have no souls, so to kill them does them no harm and saves them from much misery. One poor little baby we met when out the other day was wailing in a corner: the mother declared: 'Why, that baby costs a penny a day to feed; so now I let it cry away, and it has gone to skin and bones.' She would not give it to us; so baptism at least secured for it a happy eternity after such a little life of suffering. One young mother had a little boy a fortnight old for sale: her husband, an opium-smoker, had sold the first and kept the money, so she meant to be beforehand with him this time....

"The children they wish to bring up they are foolishly fond of, giving in to their every whim, so that the young tyrants rule the house. In most homes, however, you see a poor downtrodden little girl, the future daughter-in-law, bought as a baby and treated as the family slave until her wedding-day, if she survives so long. One was thrown at our door last week, really eighteen, the size of a child of ten, unable to walk, black and blue, with a hole on the top of her head from being beaten in with a stone. Poor little creature!...

"When one thinks, however, of these people being pagans, and of the

cruelty one finds sometimes even in our Christian countries, one can not be surprised. We get accustomed to expect very little, and in consequence when traits of devotion and gratitude do show themselves they are doubly welcome.... Yet how fond one gets of them in spite of dirt, etc.! But, of course, that is part of our vocation. Anyhow, I am infinitely happier surrounded by my poor Chinese with all their sores and misery, physical and moral, than in the smart European hospital at Shanghai.... Life will not be long enough to thank God for so great a grace.

"It is delightful here, seeing the mission work so full of life and vigor.... I defy any Catholic in Europe to know all by heart an equal number of litanies, prayers for visits to the Blessed Sacrament, for all the feasts of the year, for every kind of occasion, each with a particular chant,—generally women and men alternately.... To-morrow, Pentecost, there is Confirmation; and during all the week a retreat for catechists has been going on. The great cry is for catechists and priests,—the first to go and prepare the way, the second to follow when a band of catechumens is collected. The harvest does seem ripe, if only there were more laborers!..."

"*Ning-Po, September 20, 1892.*—We are having a roasting summer. People say that for years it has not been so hot. We were a couple of months without rain; rivers were dried up and drinking-water was most precious. Fasts were prescribed by the tao-tai; pigs were not allowed to be killed. The tao-tai had to go down on both knees before any reptile caught in a spring, in order to make the divinities propitious. Daily we met processions of idols all over the town. Meanwhile we were reaping a harvest of souls, for the poor babies could not support the long-continued heat. Over thirty, forty, or even fifty baptisms in a day, or often in an afternoon.... Really, God's providence is wonderful! Over and over again apparent chance leads us to some out-of-the-way nook or hamlet, not visited for ages, to find children simply waiting to die, dressed out in their smartest clothes according to Chinese fashion; so that we almost hurry out of the house not to be present at the last moment, our work being done and the soul being safe.

"On more than one occasion the Sisters have been hailed by the father, who declared that his child had been dead for hours and had just come to life: could it be saved? Of course the little one had had a long faint or stupor before drawing its final breath, which Our Lord seems to have delayed for hours, until the waters of baptism had flowed over its head. We don't care to have such cases often. Though the child may be at death's door, if we have entered the house and looked at it, we have killed it. If we tell parents there is no hope, it dies because we have decreed it so, and therefore at our next visit the babies are all hidden away. We prefer that the children should linger, or revive for a time.

"The other day regular tropical torrents of rain made us take refuge in a den and gave us time to take an inventory. It was about half the size of our study and made two rooms. In the parlor were two tables, three benches, a heap of every conceivable kind of rubbish, a grandmother, a mother, two children, five hens, and eight pigs. Through the litter we made our way to the youngest baby, who ere now has taken flight from a pigsty to its celestial abode...."

(To be continued.)

No one can do more than his best, but a great many could do more than they think their best.—*Anon.*

Mustard-Makers to the Pope.

OUR present Holy Father, notwithstanding his humble origin, seems to be less inconvenienced by the exigencies of poor relations than were some of his predecessors in the Chair of Peter. Cardinal d'Ossat, for instance, who became Pope John XXII. in the first quarter of the fourteenth century, was rather hard put to it to satisfy the demands of his numerous impecunious kindred. No sooner was he elected than his palace was besieged by nephews, grand-nephews, and cousins of every degree from the first to the traditional forty-seventh.

Not being wealthy, his Holiness, while finding places for some of them, was forced to dismiss others with no gift more substantial than his blessing. One day, however, there came to him a far-away cousin from Dijon who proved more than usually persistent.

"Well," said the Pope at last, "I must see if I can't find a place for you at my court. What can you do?"

"Venerable cousin, at Dijon all we know how to do is to make mustard."

"All right, that will suffice. I name you forthwith *Mustarder to the Pope*."

The Dijon cousin was, of course, delighted with his office, and especially with the salary of one thousand ducats that it brought him. They invented an apple-green costume for him, with a mustard-pot in relief, and the device, "I tickle the mouth and sting the nose."

Some weeks later, still another cousin made his appearance. Like all the rest of the family, he had his suit to plead, and had even secured the support of his other cousin, the Mustarder.

The Pope, who was discovering that his relatives were growing unduly numerous, endeavored to get rid of this latest applicant.

"My well-beloved cousin," said he, "there is at my disposal no post for which you are suited; but, as I wish to do something for you and for the other cousin who recommends you, I will consent to name you my Second Mustarder, if your recommender is agreeable."

Knowing that the fellow from Dijon was jealous of his dignity, his Holiness counted on his refusal of these terms, and hence on his own deliverance from the latest arrival.

Next day, however, both cousins presented themselves.

"Well," said the Pope to the Dijonais, "I suppose you don't wish to share your authority with your cousin?"

"On the contrary," rejoined the new functionary, "your Holiness must perceive that, if you name my cousin Second Mustarder, I rise a step in office and become *First* Mustarder to the Pope."

The Pontiff was caught, and accordingly gave his consent.

"And now, Holy Father," said the newly-appointed, "what about the emoluments?"

"Emoluments!" rejoined the Pope. "I don't give any. You will receive something at my death."

"That, Holy Father, is like giving a man mustard after his dinner."

John XXII. enjoyed the retort, and promised his Second Mustarder a salary of five hundred ducats.

"Like mustard after dinner" became an adage in French; and no doubt it was borrowed from that language by Cervantes, in whose Don Quixote we find: "After meat comes mustard; or, like money to a starving man at sea, when there are no victuals to be bought with it."

IT is their loss, and yet their grace,
That men of true worth seldom know themselves:
Whence mere pretension gets the upperhand;
And such the mass account as common men,
As the unskilled will oft take unwrought gold for brass.

—*Knowles.*

Long Masses and Short.

THERE is a rather good story told of an eighteenth-century bishop. A lady having complained to him one day about the excessive length of the Sunday Mass, he replied: "Madam, 'tis not the Mass that is too long, but your devotion that is too short."

Still better is the narrative of the saintly Princess Wolkowska's explanation of very lengthy and very brief offerings of the Holy Sacrifice. It was a rule of the Princess' life never to say a word contrary to charity about any person or thing whatever. A witty young duchess of her acquaintance set out one day to make her violate this rule, and this is the way she went about her task.

"My dear Princess," said she, "I know that you habitually hear daily Mass at the Church of Saint Andrew delle Fratte. Well, now, does not one of the priests there try your patience almost beyond endurance? He drones along so slowly that his Mass takes up regularly well-nigh an hour of one's time."

"Why, my dear," replied the Princess, "do you find that disagreeable? I am sorry to differ from you, but I must, decidedly. What happiness it is to be able to recollect one's self at each phase of the Holy Sacrifice, to meditate at one's leisure upon the great mystery, to recommend without precipitation one's parents and friends! I confess, that, for my part, I attend through preference the Mass of that very priest."

"Very well," said the duchess; "but, in that case, you can't like the Mass of Father X, who acquits himself of the sacred function so expeditiously that he hardly keeps the congregation longer than twenty-five minutes."

"But, my dear friend," gently rejoined her companion, "you are reasoning somewhat lightly. Just think of the busy people—the clerks, the poor servants whose time is so limited! It is all well enough for us great ladies to take our time and accomplish at our leisure even our exercises of piety; but, then, everyone has not the same latitude. If these persons remained too long in church they would be reprimanded by their clients or their employers. Would you, therefore, deprive them of the benefit of being present at the Holy Sacrifice? Father X's is just the Mass that suits them. Providence, my dear duchess, arranges everything well: the first priest for us, the second for them."

The Effect of Prayers to the Blessed Virgin.

NOT a few Catholics, learning of the hopes that were expressed for the Church and Christian society fifty years ago, when Pius IX. promulgated the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, and witnessing the great increase meantime of devotion to the Blessed Virgin, have wondered because those hopes have not been literally fulfilled, and are disheartened because the more or less definite prophecies of which they read in pious books have not all come to pass. There is no denying that the Church's position is still a very long way from being ideal, and only the optimist is able to discern amelioration of the condition of society in any part of Christendom. But we must not forget, as Bishop Hedley remarks in a recent pastoral, that when we speculate on the ways of God, the wisest of us is very much in the dark. "It often happens that the servants of God hope and pray for one thing, and the loving wisdom of their Heavenly Father grants them another. In the divine counsels, times and seasons wear a very different aspect from what they do in the eyes of shortsighted mortals." The Bishop

points out that, as a result of the deep and special devotion to the Immaculate Conception during the last half century, some things have happened which not only call for gratitude but inspire hope. He says:

Fifty years ago there were two difficult and hazardous problems awaiting solution. The world had become democratic; the people had found their voice and were beginning to use it. The first question was, how the Church, in this new order of things, was to speak; the second, how she was to prove that she was of no nationality and tied to no form of human government, but inter-national and super-national. These questions have been answered. The definition of Papal Infallibility has set at rest all controversy within the Church on the subject of doctrinal pronouncements. But it is in the actual working out of the Papal office as Teacher that we most clearly see the effect of the prayers of Mary. For what has happened? Not only have the two Pontiffs of the last fifty years, Pius IX. and Leo., XIII., addressed themselves directly and unceasingly to what we may call the Christian public on every kind of subject, but the Bishops, without whose co-operation the words of a Pope would raise a very imperfect echo, have drawn together round the Papal throne with a conviction and a devotedness that have never before been witnessed in history.

The result is that the Church has found a way to speak to the world, under its modern conditions, whenever speech is needed, with all the promptness, all the clearness, and all the moral weight that her mission requires. Not less successfully has she cut herself clear of the ruins of fallen causes and the trammels of obsolete connections; not less powerfully has she demonstrated that she belongs to every nation without distinction, and is the pastor and leader of all. Never since the days of the Catacombs has the Pastorate of the Christian Church been able to speak more clearly; never since the best of the Ages of Faith has the super-national position of the Papacy stood more strikingly out. This has come about, not by the favor of governments, but in the midst of trouble and oppression....

To those who reflect, and consider what has come to pass in spite of the violence of men, it is most certain that the Church has had, in a marked degree, the help and the guidance of Heaven. The Church is the conqueror—not along the whole line, and not without heavy losses,—but the conqueror beyond all doubt. We can not be wrong in attributing this to the intercession of the Blessed Mother of God.

Notes and Remarks.

At a recent religious function in one of our most flourishing convents—the "reception" of a score of young women, nearly all natives of other countries—the usual sermon was delivered by the Ordinary of the diocese in which the convent is situated. "Usual" in the sense that a sermon on such occasions is customary, this particular discourse was somewhat uncommon in its practical scope and bearing. Commenting on the needs of the Church in our day and country, the zealous prelate deplored the comparative paucity of vocations to the religious life, and did not hesitate to impute some measure of the blame therefor to those who are charged with the training, and especially with the spiritual direction, of the young.

The subject of vocation to either the religious or the sacerdotal life is one whose importance in the present age is rather minimized than exaggerated. Were parents, teachers, preachers, and confessors utterly faithful in the accomplishment of their duties toward adolescents, were the matter of vocation adequately presented to youthful minds and hearts, were nascent vocations as carefully nurtured as are the sprouting buds in a conservatory, it is quite probable that convents, monasteries, and seminaries would annually receive treble the number of candidates that now present themselves for admission. And fully treble the number is needed, if the Church in this country is to cultivate successfully the immense field that opens before her; if she is to perform her allotted task in the spheres of missionary work, education, and charitable activities of any and every description. Take the one matter of Catholic chaplains for the army and navy. The latter department is likely to grow rather than diminish

during the next decade. How many priests are available to fill the chaplaincies which the proportionate number of Catholic sailors renders just and necessary? How many are there to fill the corresponding chaplaincies that are, or ought to be, established for our Catholic soldiers? The subject is too extensive to admit here of anything more than a mere opening up; but it is one that merits study from all who are charged with or interested in the healthy progress of the Church in these United States.

A year ago there was talk of the suppression, by the French government, of pilgrimages to Lourdes. As a matter of historical fact, the pilgrimages to that famous shrine during 1904 were greater in number, larger in size, and more edifying in every respect than during any previous year since the apparition, in 1858. In 1903, for instance, 27,000 Masses were celebrated in the sanctuary of Lourdes, and Holy Communion was distributed to 244,000 visitors. Up to November, the figures for 1904 were 42,000 Masses and 438,000 Communions. Two hundred and seven thousand members of organized pilgrimages, and about a million of individual pilgrims, visited the Grotto during the same period of eleven months. The increase was perhaps due, in some measure, to the fear that Lourdes would fall under the ban of the unspeakable Combes; but we shall be genuinely surprised if France ever sinks so low as to submit to any such high-handed procedure on the part of Combes or any other pliant political tool of rabid Freemasonry.

The formation of a native clergy has always been the ultimate object of the missionaries scattered through the different barbarous or semi-civilized nations of the earth. In many districts where, a few years ago, that object seemed quite unattainable, splendid success has already crowned unceasing labor; in others, beginnings are being made with confidence, to develop later on into well-equipped missionary bodies. The most recently established Grand Seminary for native students is that of Kisubi, in Central Africa. It should be noted that the epithet "Grand" is employed solely in a technical sense, and is far more descriptive of the purpose of the seminary than of its material conditions or the number of its inmates. Of the latter, indeed, there are only six, apart from the superior, Father Manceau, who is the whole faculty and the whole administration as well. He has a strenuous life ahead of him; and, although he writes to a friend that he expects to see the ordination of the first native (Ruganda) priest "through a hole in the floor of heaven," we doubt not that some of his pupils will before 1925 assist him as bishop in the ordination of *their* pupils. In any case, we wish him Godspeed in his evangelical enterprise.

As a result of earnest protest on the part of Catholics, the authorities of Adelphi College in Brooklyn have decided to discard at the end of the present session a text-book on Mediæval History by Prof. Emerton, of Harvard University, — a book containing gross misrepresentations of the doctrines of the Church. History is not much cultivated at Harvard, it would seem. The president of that institution is still under the delusion that Erasmus was a sympathizer with Luther, in spite of Erasmus' repeated declarations to the contrary; and not long since a literary critic in England rebuked another Harvard professor for his "complete ignorance" (displayed in a novel) "of what constitutes a valid marriage in Canon Law." Works like Janssen's "History of the German People" and Dom Gasquet's "Eve of the

Reformation" and Pastor's "History of the Popes" are unknown at Harvard. And even Emerson, we fear, is beginning to be neglected there; though we do not, of course, class him with historians. It was the Sage of Concord who referred to the rehabilitation of the Middle Age as one of the triumphs of our own. But let us quote his words:

In modern Europe the Middle Ages were called the Dark Ages. Who dares to call them so now? They are seen to be the feet on which we walk, the eyes with which we see. It is one of our triumphs to have reinstated them. Their Dante and Alfred and Wickliffe and Abelard and Bacon; their Magna Charta, decimal numbers, mariner's compass, gunpowder, glass, paper, and clocks; chemistry, algebra, astronomy; their Gothic architecture, their painting,—are the delight and tuition of ours.

In spite of all the wailing over "leakage" in England, the "Catholic Directory" for 1905, so carefully edited by Monsig. Johnson, shows gains. The number of priests has increased from three thousand seven hundred and eleven to three thousand seven hundred and ninety-four. Churches, chapels and stations in Great Britain now number two thousand and eight against one thousand nine hundred and fifty four in 1904. The increasing influence of the Benedictine Order is a notable sign of the progress of the Church in England. As many as twelve new priests have been added to its ranks within a twelvemonth. There is said to be no truer test of the spiritual and temporal condition of a country than the presence or absence of Benedictines and Jews.

Concluding an excellent article on the Catholic use of images, one of a series entitled "Studies in Idolatry," the *Bombay Catholic Examiner* says:

The point we want to emphasize is that the use of images did not originate as a positive dogma of revelation, but a product of the human spirit, which grew naturally, and was afterward definitively sanctioned by the Church as legitimate. It belongs to discipline rather than to the Creed. That images are a help to devotion is not a dogma but a fact of nature, psychological and experimental. If experience went the other way and images were *not* a help but a hindrance, the Church could still forbid them. As it is, the Church has protected and sanctioned them. In this sense is the opposition to images a heresy: that it would condemn the sanctioned practice of the universal Church in matters of conduct. If images are wrong, and the Church has committed herself to allowing them, then the Church has failed in her trust as custodian of sound teaching in morals. Now, this, Catholics believe, the Church is divinely guided not to do. She may overlook abuses for a time; she can not positively and definitively support abuses as if they were not abuses. But she has definitively asserted the legitimacy of images. Therefore we believe that they are legitimate, not simply on grounds of reason—which ought, however, to be sufficient—but also on grounds of faith: viz., as a deduction from the doctrine of the living infallibility of the Catholic Church.

We are aware that in the eyes of Protestants this appeal to the living authority of the teaching Church is of no effect. However, half the controversy is over if we have placed the practice of the Church on an intelligible basis, and shown its intrinsic reasonableness.

The *Examiner*'s "Studies in Idolatry" deserve to be republished in pamphlet form for general circulation. There is an abundance of fresh thought excellently expressed in every one of them.

One of the most notable and promising "works" of Catholic missionaries in Japan is that of the *geshikuya*, or students' boarding-houses. Father Claudius Ferrand, the founder of the first Catholic establishment of this kind in Tokio, writes about the work in *Les Missions Catholiques*. There are fifty thousand students in Tokio alone. The schools, secondary and superior, are day-schools only. Outside of class-hours, the young men and boys work, play, eat, and sleep in the *geshikuya*. Having observed, some few years ago, that these places, from the utter absence of discipline and the influence of bad example among the students, were real hotbeds of depravity, Father Ferrand conceived the idea of founding

boarding-houses under Catholic supervision. He made a tour of the world to collect funds for the realization of his project, built a Japanese dwelling to which he gave the name of Nazareth, and proceeded to transform the pagan youth who patronized it into practical Christians. Already fifty-six of his boarders, succumbing to the influences of a religious atmosphere, Christian morality, and the grace of God, have been baptized. The plan appears to be an excellent one, and it is to be hoped that it will be put into execution on a constantly increasing scale.

The late Father Bertrand Wilberforce, a zealous and efficient priest of the Order of St. Dominic in England, was the son of an Anglican parson, whose conversion to the Church, many years ago, was ascribed to the grateful prayers of Irish hop-pickers to whom his charity was extended during an epidemic of fever. Up to the time of his last illness, which was a lingering and extremely painful one, Father Wilberforce was engaged in giving missions throughout the country. In brief intervals of rest he devoted himself to writing, and published several excellent books, notably a Life of St. Louis Bertrand. He will be remembered as an occasional contributor to THE AVE MARIA and other Catholic periodicals. The death of this worthy and amiable priest will be regretted by friends and admirers in many parts of the world. *R. I. P.*

A glance through the pages of the *Annals* of the Tabernacle Society, Philadelphia, reveals a notable amount of meritorious work accomplished by a confraternity too little known and appreciated in this great country of ours—the Association of Perpetual Adoration and Work for Poor Churches. In the course of the past year this particular Association of Philadelphia has distributed, in five archdioceses, fifty-nine dioceses, and some two dozen Italian and Indian missions, no fewer than two thousand articles to poor churches. These articles range from altar cloths and linen of every kind to vestments, sacred vessels, missals, candlesticks, and even marble statues. The congruous adornment of the altar whereon is immolated the Divine Victim, the decency and beauty of all the appurtenances of the tabernacle, and indeed of the church wherein it rests,—this is a purpose that must appeal to every genuine lover of the Blessed Sacrament; and hence the Society in question well deserves increasing encouragement and effective assistance.

The late Bishop Brondel, of the diocese of Helena, Montana, has now a worthy successor in the person of the Rt. Rev. Dr. John Carroll, for many years president of St. Joseph's College, Dubuque, Iowa, who received episcopal consecration last month at the hands of the Most Rev. Archbishop Keane. Dr. Carroll's career has been one of entire devotion to the Church, and his exemplary life and success as an administrator had long since signalled him as a worthy candidate for the office of bishop. The diocese over which he presides, though greatly reduced in area by the creation of the new See of Great Fall, is, nevertheless, a large vineyard; and that Bishop Carroll may long be spared to labor in it is the hope and prayer of all who know him and can appreciate his worth. Although he never held a pastorate, at heart he has always been a parish priest. His lack of experience in parochial work will soon be supplied, and is compensated for meantime by a high sense of responsibility, and a noble resolve to emulate the example of the devoted prelate whom he succeeds.

A Traveller.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

OH, far and wide I ramble—
North, south, and east and west,—
O'er hills of gorse and bramble,
O'er many a mountain's crest;
Through woodlands gay and vernal
Where birds sing joyously,
And where the snows eternal
Lie both on land and sea.

In forests deep I travel,
Where wild beasts have their home;
O'er leagues of sand and gravel,
O'er prairies wide I roam;
By paths of peril and danger,
I wander without fear,
And yet I am no stranger
In cities far and near.

Full many a stormy journey
I make o'er waters deep;
I witness joust and tourney,
And vigils lone I keep;
In council chambers kingly
I hear the wisest speak;
In company or singly,
I aid the poor and weak.

Yet whisper, lads and lasses,
At home I ever bide;
Through other people's glasses
I view the whole world wide.
In truth, I am no rover
To city, camp, or throne:
I travel the world over
Through books, and books alone.

IN classic myth Janus was a Roman deity who presided over the beginning of each year, and also over the commencement of all ventures. Hence January. He is described with two faces,—one in front, the other in the back of his head; one youthful, the other venerable.

The Ups and Downs of Marjorie.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

II.—A First Flight.

MARJORIE! Marjorie! Miss Talbot has chosen Marjorie Mayne!"

The shrill, excited chorus that followed Sister Angela's announcement fell like a bewildering buzz on Marjorie's ear. Miss Talbot had chosen her!—*her!* Oh, it could not be! She must be dreaming! She had not heard aright.

But Sister Angela's voice, always clear and calm as the *fiat* of Fate, soon settled matters.

"Come upstairs and get your clothes together, Marjorie. Miss Talbot wishes to take you away with her at once."

And, still feeling as if she were not altogether awake, Marjorie found herself up in the wardrobe room, with Sister Mary Ann folding all her small belongings into a bundle, and Nora helping her to don the mended skirt and her jacket and hat.

"Murther! murther!" sighed Nora. "To think of yer being whisked off from us all suddint like this! Ye'll not forget me, Marjorie darlint?"

"Oh, never, never!" said Marjorie, a big lump rising in her throat. "I'll always remember you and the beautiful stories you told me, Nora; and how good you were to me,—you and Mother and the Sisters and everybody. Oh, I don't think I want to go, after all! I don't want to leave dear old St. Vincent's!" And Marjorie began to cry.

"There, there! whisht, darlint,—whisht!" said Nora, wiping her own eyes. "Isn't it the grand luck for ye

to be going to such a fine place, with holy Christian women? But whisper, darlint: if ye're not treated good and fair, send wurrud to me, and I'll see that ye get a nice place as nursemaid with a lady grand as Mrs. Grosvenor herself. Aisy now, and let me pin yer collar straight. Kape a bould harrut, and remember it's out seeking yer fortune ye are like the prince in the storybook; and may ye find a goolden one, will be Nora's prayer for ye day and night."

And it was Nora's good-bye that seemed to linger with Marjorie, as, with prayers and blessings and loving embraces from the only friends and playmates she had ever known, she passed out of the cross-crowned doorway of St. Vincent's into the cold, snowy, wintry world to seek her fortune this New Year's Eve.

A sleigh was waiting at the curb,—a shabby, old-fashioned sleigh, with a rawboned white horse in the traces.

"Jump in, child," said Miss Talbot. "Put your bundle under your feet; for my hot bricks are stone-cold by this time, and we have a long ride before us. It will be good nine o'clock when we get home."

And Marjorie jumped into a very nestful of soft cushions and fur robes; while Miss Talbot, who wore a short skirt with no sort of nonsense about it, and strong, heavy, sensible boots, unhitched the horse with a practiced hand, took her seat by Marjorie, drew on a pair of buckskin driving gloves, took up the reins, and the party started on its homeward way.

Marjorie had never been in a sleigh before, and, oh, what a wild, delightful sweep through the ice-cold air this first flight seemed! For Dobbin knew he was on the way to stable and supper, and made time. The western sky was red with the wintry sunset, and the windows everywhere were flashing back the rays, as if lit for some glorious feast. The streets were filled with merry crowds; sleigh bells were jingling and horns blowing; and beautiful stores, still gay with Christmas greens and holly berries, were open on every side. Marjorie had marched in line sometimes through this glittering world at noonday, but she had never, never seen it like this. On they skimmed through the gay, crowded thoroughfares.

It was all like a swift, bewildering dream to Marjorie, until Dobbin's head was turned out to the wide, white turnpike, and they were off indeed, up on hills flushed with the last rose of sunset, where the snow-wreathed trees were touched into a pale mockery of the pink bloom of spring.

Miss Talbot was not much of a talker, and, after a few short questions as to Marjorie's warmth and comfort, she wrapped herself head and ears in a big grey worsted scarf that precluded all further sociability, and her young companion was left to enjoy the novel situation in silence,—to watch the twilight deepen over this wide, white glittering world, and the night come on, lighting up the stars one by one, as Sister Seraphina lit the candles on the chapel altar, until the blue arch above sparkled and flashed with tender lights that made Marjorie's eyes blink and wink, as, nestling down amid the furs and cushions, she looked up at them until they blurred and vanished altogether; while the curly head sank back in its comfortable resting-place, and the little traveller was off in the land of dreams.

"Wake up, child!—wake up! Here we are at home!"

Marjorie started up at the novel word, to find lights flashing and dogs barking and voices calling around her, while a long, low, pillared house stretched dimly in the gloom.

"Take Dobbin and give him a good rub down, Jeb. And, Rex,—down, down, Rex!"

Marjorie gave a wild cry of alarm as a big black dog came fairly bounding over her, with short, sharp barks of delight.

"Rex won't hurt you, child. He is only glad to see us home. There, good old Rex! Down, down!"

And, still half asleep, Marjorie was guided by Miss Talbot into a low-roofed, cosy room, where a big wood fire was blazing on the brick hearth, and another Miss Talbot sat knitting by a shaded lamp. She was tall and thin like her sister, only her cheeks were paler and her eyes softer, and the grey hair was buckled on curls on her temples under a pretty lace cap.

"Thank Heaven you have come, Susan!" she said. "I was just going to send Jeb out to look for you. I thought you had upset on the road."

"Upset on the road, at my time of life!" answered Miss Susan, unrolling herself from her big grey scarf. "The drifts were heavy by the river, and I had to come around the upper road. Besides, I was two hours at the Asylum getting the child. Here she is. Marjorie, this is my sister Martha. You are to wait on her and save her steps, and be as useful to her as you can."

"I am glad to see you, Marjorie," said Miss Martha, and her voice was kind and sweet. "We shall be very good friends, I am sure. Poor little thing! you must be cold and sleepy after that long ride. Sit down by the fire while I get you and Susan a hot cup of tea."

And, oh, what a nice cup of tea it was!—hot and sweet and milky, with two big slices of bread and butter beside it, on a blue and white plate, and a little glass saucer of blackberry jam.

Then Miss Susan took Marjorie and her bundle upstairs to a queer little room, where the roof slanted down to a low broad dormer window that looked out on the trees and stars.

"Say your prayers, child, and get to bed as quick as you can; for you are tired, I know, and we are up betimes at Manor Hill."

And Marjorie said her prayers as well as her sleepy head would permit, and tumbled quickly into a little bed that, though soft and spotless as a snowdrift, smelt like spring flowers, and, with the stars still winking merrily at her through her dormer, was soon sound asleep for the night.

"Well, what do you think of the child?" asked Miss Susan, as she rejoined her sister at the fireside.

"Pretty as a picture," answered Miss Martha, warmly.

"And that's all," said Miss Susan.

"All! Bless me, what do you mean?" asked her sister.

"That I've been a fool, I'm afraid,—a stubborn old fool. The Sisters warned me the child was a heedless little thing that would be of no use to us; but something in her brown eyes turned my head. I've a mind to take her back to-morrow morning."

"Oh, no!" said Miss Martha, hastily. "That would not be just to the poor child, Susan. Now that you have taken her, we must keep her for a while and give her a fair trial. But"—Miss Martha laughed softly—"it's an odd thing for a pretty face to turn your head, Susan dear,—very odd."

"It is," said Miss Susan. "I don't know what came over me, I am sure."

"You saw Judge Rowe?" asked Miss Martha, anxiously.

"Yes," answered her sister; "and got cold comfort from him. He says we can have another year to pay the mortgage, and then he must foreclose. It is plain he thinks we are two foolish old women to be holding on to a big, lonely place like this, with no kith or kin to leave it to after we are gone; and he feels we would be much more comfortable in rooms in town."

"And maybe we would"—Miss Susan took up the poker and stirred the

fire vigorously,—"maybe, we would." There was a pause, while the big hickory backlog cracked and snapped, as if it did not like the poker's meddling.

"I—I didn't think *you* would ever say that, Susan,"—Miss Martha's voice was low and quavering.

"Nor I," said Miss Susan, with another dab at the old hickory, that sent a shower of angry sparks flying up the chimney. "But we may as well look things square in the face, Martha. We've sold everything we could—land and horses and carriages and stock. We have sent off all the servants but Jeb and Nance, who are too old and rheumatic to go. And we can't lift the mortgage, or pay the interest even, work and stint as we will. What are we keeping this old place for, anyhow?"

"Because we love it," answered Miss Martha, tremulously; "because we love every foot of the ground; because it has been our dear, dear home, and our father's and our grandfather's for generations; because the Talbots have been born and reared and married and buried here for nearly two hundred years; because it would break our old hearts, and kill us to give it up, and you know it, Susan," concluded Miss Martha bursting into open tears.

"There, there!—don't cry, Martha!" said Miss Susan, her own voice husky. "Don't break down like that, dear! Good Lord! haven't I lain awake half the night for years planning and studying about this thing? It is you I am thinking about most of all. The work and worry and trouble here is too much for you. You are not as strong as you were, Martha dear."

"I know,—I know; but I should die anywhere else, Susan. I—I couldn't stand the uprooting, dear. I've grown here too long. And you've got me the little girl to save my steps. The little girl—"

"Humph!" said Miss Susan. "I am afraid we'll only find her another trial. What I brought her here for, against the Sisters' warnings, I am sure I don't know."

"Because her eyes went to your heart,—that soft old heart of yours that you try to case in leather. Susan, she may prove a bright little blessing to us, after all."

"She may," answered Miss Susan, grimly; "but I've strong doubts on the subject, Martha dear. There was another child—a quiet, steady one,—that I ought to have chosen, I know. The Sisters told me as much."

"And why didn't you?" asked her sister in surprise.

"Because I was a fool, I tell you,—a hard-headed fool. The other child squirmed and wheedled, and this one looked me square in the eyes and told me plainly she wouldn't suit; and yet I brought her, to be another care and trial when we have more than we can bear now."

"Oh, no!" said her sister, gently. "I feel God will help us, Susan dear,—help us somehow. It has been my prayer for years that I might live and die in this my dear old home."

"Then we'll trust to Him," said Miss Susan, heartily; and the old hickory seemed to echo her words as, with a cheery roar, it burst into flame that filled the whole room with ruddy light. "We'll trust to God and fight it out, in spite of Judge Rowe's advice. And may God help us to save our home; for no one else can, Martha dear!"

(To be continued.)

An Old Catholic Custom.

Many mothers of the old days in England were in the habit of weighing their new-born babes and then of giving to the poor an equal weight of bread, meat, clothing or even coin, in honor of our Blessed Mother and in memory of her Little Child.

With Authors and Publishers.

—A recently published work from the Douniol house, Paris, is an interesting Life of the venerable Justin de Jacobis, the Lazarist Father who was the first Vicar-Apostolic of Abyssinia. The author of the biography is Mgr. Demimuid.

—A recent reference to the exceptional literary excellence of the late Mrs. Margaret F. Sullivan's work, recalls the sympathetic study of Aubrey de Vere's poems which she contributed some twenty years ago to the *Catholic Quarterly Review*. She was confident of De Vere's future. "Wordsworth had to wait more than forty years; Aubrey de Vere may have to wait longer, but his day will come."

—Six pages of the current *North American Review* are given up to "Henry James: An Appreciation," by Joseph Conrad. For "appreciation" in the title one might substitute "glorification" without doing any injustice to the paper. Perhaps the most notable remark to be found therein is, "Mr. Henry James is the historian of fine consciences,"—a characterization not particularly illuminative, of course; but, if only for that reason, rather in harmony with the subject.

—Of epithets indicating the frequency or infrequency of a paper's, magazine's or review's publication, we have long had: daily, tri-weekly, semi-weekly, weekly, fortnightly, monthly and quarterly. *Printer's Ink* introduces us to a new qualificative, of the hyphenated order. It refers to "an every-little-while periodical." As there is no particular need of this substitute for "occasional," "casual," or "irregular," it will hardly secure admission to the dictionaries.

—Great bodies are proverbially known to move slowly, and deliberate action is congruous to the learned critic; but when a monthly magazine publishes its notice of a "new" book some two or three years after the volume has been issued, the deliberateness suggests the methods of a century considerably earlier than the twentieth. The life of the average new book nowadays is not more than a year or two; and the poorest production merits mention, if at all, some time before its death.

—In Miss Guiney's new biography of Hurrell Froude occurs this interesting passage: "His birth was on March 25, 1803. Certain critics who disliked the aroma, real or imaginary, of the Oxford Movement, seemed to harbor, in after years, a special grudge against Hurrell for his Marian circumstances. It was, as it were, piling offence on offence that he entered the world on the Feast of the Annunciation, and consciously, votively, belonged to the College of S. Mary at Oxford. He was privately baptized at home, and, with his next brother, carried up the hill to be received into the ancient church at the Hall gates (again S. Mary's) on the 17th of April, 1805."

—The Catholic Truth Society of Chicago has done well to republish, in booklet form, "On the Borderland of Divorce," an exceedingly suggestive and practical study of a permanently interesting question. Its author, the editor of *Men and Women*, has something worth while to say and says it in a way that makes it eminently worth while to read.

—The earliest newspapers were not printed, but simply written. For the benefit of those who wished to consult them, they were exhibited in a public place, and each reader was required to pay a small sum for the privilege of seeing them. In Venice the usual price was a small coin called the *gazetta*, which name soon came to designate the paper itself. Hence our English word "gazette."

—Orison Swett Marden, of the *Success* magazine, has been giving some advice to the students of a New York school of journalism. Mentioning the necessity of condensation as a quality of the news-writer, he declared that of all the manuscripts rejected by his magazine the worst is the voluminous one. Most editors will agree with him. A thimbleful of thought in a barrel of verbiage is all too often the real contents of lengthy articles submitted to magazines and newspapers. The drastic process of "boiling down" can not too soon be mastered by aspiring journalists.

—A suggestion that ought to be acted upon everywhere is made by the *Bombay Catholic Examiner*. Though addressed to missioners in India, it is applicable to the clergy and their assistants all over the world. Says our distant contemporary:

> No more useful regulation could be imagined than to make it part of the duty of every person holding office, whether in Church or State, to write a diary of his own period of administration. . . . Confining ourselves to ecclesiastical affairs, only those who have worked in this line can know the interest and value attached even to such dry records as account books and parochial registers. From such documents English students are gradually revivifying the Catholic life of the Middle Ages. Now, let us suppose that, from the very first, each and every missionary in India had worked on these lines, and left behind him, to be preserved in the archives of the mission, a diary of his labors and experiences. The trouble involved would have been slight for each one; but the collective result would be that we could write the history of the Bombay mission straight away, instead of having to collect a few surviving reminiscences (sure now to be inadequate, however carefully con-

tributed) in order to save the past from falling into utter oblivion. . . .

Finally, we should like to impress on all the importance of not destroying any old books, diaries or papers which they may find hoarded up in the mission houses, until they have been carefully examined by some one really competent to judge of their historical utility. We have known cases of the most precious records — including deeds and legal titles to property — ruthlessly swept into the fire by some young, zealous but indiscreet neophyte in office, whose first idea was to act the new broom,—to get rid of *rubbish*, and to make a fresh start with everything spick and span for the opening year.

The second half of this suggestion is of general application. How much precious historical material has been destroyed by the wielders of brooms! A few years ago a scholarly priest of our acquaintance was passing a house in Michigan at the moment when the thrifty housewife was "sweeping out." Seeing what seemed a bundle of leaves among the dust and dirt, he picked it up and found a long-desired copy of the first Catholic book printed in the State. The Bishops' Memorial Hall of the University of Notre Dame contains a vast amount of historical data which would inevitably have perished had it not been for the zeal and energy of Prof. James F. Edwards. Persons who have old books, etc., etc., in their possession for which they have no use could not do better than send them to him. He is not less grateful for contributions to his collection than solicitous to see it enlarged and safeguarded.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Hereafter, or the Future Life." Rev. J. Laxenaire, D. D 30 cts.

"The Men who Made the Nation." Edwin Erle Sparks, Ph. D. $2.

"Catechism of the Instruction of Novices." Father Gerard, D. C. 85 cts., net.

"A Simple Dictionary of Catholic Terms." Rev. Thomas Brennan, S. T. L. 10 cts.

"Perfect Contrition: A Golden Key to Heaven." Rev. J. Von Den Driesch. 5 cts.

"Toward Eternity." Abbé Poulin. $1.60, net.

"The Way that Led Beyond." J. Harrison. $1.25.

"Sequentia Christiana." C. B Dawson, S J $1, net

"An American Missionary" A Priest of St. Sulpice. $1.

"Catholic Ideals in Social Life." Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C $1.25, net.

"Manassas." Upton Sinclair. $1.50.

"The Mastery." Mark Lee Luther. $1.50.

"Songs of the Birth of Our Lord" 50 cts , net.

"An Irishman's Story." Justin McCarthy. $2.50, net.

"Welcome!" Mother Mary Loyola. $1, net.

"A Short Cut to Happiness." Author of "The Catholic Church from Within." 75 cts.

"The Pearl and the Pumpkin." W. W. Denslow, Paul West. $1.25.

"Translations of the Psalms and Canticles, with Commentary." James McSwiney, Priest of the Society of Jesus. $3, net.

"Memoirs of Francis Kerril Amherst, D. D." Dame Mary Francis Roskell, O. S. B. $2, net.

"The Great Captain." Katherine Tynan Hinkson. 45 cts.

"Pippo Buono." Ralph Francis Kerr.

"Life and Life-Work of Mother Theodore Guerin." $2, net.

"The Principles of Moral Science." Rev. Walter McDonald, D. D. $2, net.

"The Young Priest." Cardinal Vaughan. $2.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. James Clyne, of the diocese of Hartford; Rev. Hugh Lagan, archdiocese of San Francisco; Rev. Richard Burke and Rev. Thomas Tobin, archdiocese of Boston; Rev. James Spearing and Rev. Bertrand Wilberforce, O. P.

Mother Philip, of the Sisters of St. Joseph; Sister M. Madelaine, Sisters of Charity; and Sister M. Regina, O. S. B.

Mr. Raphael Vary, of Ogdensburg, N. Y.; Mr. A. J. Wehr, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mr. Thomas McNihol, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. James Godfrey, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. George Adelmann, St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. Richard McGinnees, San José, Cal.; Mr. John Boissou, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Margaret Purcell, Scranton, Pa.; Mr. Charles McFadden, Galva, Ill.; Mr. Jacob Brooks and Mr. Bernard Louchte, Princeton, Ind.; Mr. James Martin, Patoka, Ind.; Mr. John Dunfee, Mr. James Moriarty, and Mrs. B. J. O'Donnell, Syracuse, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary Kaytor, Carrolltown, Pa.; and Mr. Charles Patterson, Cleveland, Ohio.

Requiescant in pace!

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LX. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 21, 1905. NO. 3.

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Pensioners.

BY EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY.

WE are pensioners all, though our treasure chests
May be running over with gold;
Though we and ours be safely housed
And sheltered from want and cold.

'Tis true we are paupers, every one,
And the Master giveth to all
The things which seemeth best to Him,
When He hears each earnest call.

The air and the sun are His, you know,
And the daily bread we eat;
And the best of us in this world below
Are but worms beneath His feet.

We are beggars, paupers, pensioners all,
And the goodness of God on high
Provides for the needs of rich and poor
With the things they can not buy.

Oriental Titles of Our Lady.

THE number and variety of the names and symbolic phrases applied, in successive centuries, to the personality of the Blessed Virgin are so great that the Marian nomenclature, or terminology, has come to include a very wide vocabulary. While most of our readers are doubtless familiar with the great majority of the titles under which Our Lady is invoked in the Western Church, or has been eulogized by the Latin Fathers and Doctors, there is perhaps less general knowledge of the varied appellatives given to her in the Orient.

Through the courtesy of the Rev. Stephen Béshélany, priest of the Maronite rite, we are enabled to cull from a brochure of which he is the author a number of interesting titles given to our Blessed Mother in that part of modern Palestine known as Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon. Father Béshélany has traversed the whole liturgy and breviary in use in his branch of the Church, and selected the more striking of the symbolical or descriptive phrases which in those ancient writings are apportioned to the Mother of God.

It is scarcely necessary to note that, while the Maronites are united to Rome, they are permitted to retain their liturgy in the ancient Syriac language. Their canonical prayers date back for the most part to the fourth, and none of them are more recent than the seventh, century. Taken in connection with this ancientness, a number of the following titles furnish further irrefragable proof that belief in Our Lady's Immaculate Conception and other glorious prerogatives is no mere modern innovation.

"Immaculate Vase of Virginity." The use of this qualificative is evidence that the Syriac Church held that Mary was always a virgin, ever spotless, before as after the birth of Christ. The same thought is elsewhere expressed: "Thou hast brought forth thine only Son, thy virginity remaining intact."

"Gate of Heaven," says our author, because it is by her, as by a gate, that we shall enter paradise, if we

are faithful; and by her mediation all the elect obtain heaven. "Whoever," declares this Eastern Church, "is a faithful client of the Virgin, is forever secure from damnation."

"Blessed Field wherein sprang up the Ear of Joy." She resembles in truth a field in which the Heavenly Father sowed His word, as a grain of wheat which afterward grows into a splendid ear, to fill the tiller with joy. The words of the liturgy are express: "The Father has sent Me, bodiless Word; and, like a fair grain of wheat, I have been received in the womb of Mary as in a fruitful soil."

"Torch that Shines and Illumines the Universe." The allusion is to the beacons in lighthouses, lit for the purpose of guiding vessels at sea during the hours of darkness. The likeness is obvious. Mary has indeed been established as a beacon-light, irradiating the universe so as to guide and bring back whoever has wandered from the true course that leads to the heavenly kingdom, the port wherein our souls hope to anchor when the voyage of this life is ended.

"Glory, Honor, and Joy of Orthodoxy and of the whole Church." This is the application to the Blessed Virgin of the eulogy pronounced upon the slayer of Holofernes by the high-priest Joachim and his ancients: "Thou art the glory of Jerusalem, thou art the joy of Israel, thou art the honor of our people."* Mary crushed the head of a worse enemy of the Church than a Holofernes, the infernal dragon who is man's implacable enemy.

"Sealed Letter." The title is a frequent one in the Maronite breviary. In the Vespers for Tuesday, for instance, we read: "Mary is as a sealed letter which has been read without having been opened." And the contents are, "hope, life, and deliverance for Adam, who transgressed the law, and for all his descendants." Again, in the hymn at the end of Thursday's Matins, we find: "Mary appears to us like a sealed letter, containing the secrets of her Son and His mysteries."

Among the titles which, in the strict sense, may be termed really symbolical—or biblically figurative, if one may use the expression,—there are several wherein the similitude is particularly felicitous. "Holy Mountain on which the Divine Fire shone with Brilliant Splendor" Mary is termed, because in her shone the Word, the burning fire brighter than that which blazed on Mt. Sinai. "Pitcher in which was hidden the Flaming Torch" is a metaphor based on the resemblance between Mary carrying in her womb Christ, the Fire and Light, and through Him saving the world, and the pitchers or jars in which Gideon made his three hundred soldiers place their lamps when he routed the camp of Madian.*

Another figure taken from Judges is the title "Fleece of Gideon." Its aptness is twofold. Mary was replenished with all grace, as was the fleece with dew; and she was a contributory cause of our salvation, even as the dew-drenched fleece of Gideon became a sign and a means of safety for the Jewish people. The Maronite Church, in speaking of the Blessed Virgin under this designation, declares its belief in her incomparable purity,—its conviction that she had the privilege, unique among the descendants of Adam, of having been preserved from sin from the very first moment of her existence. As Gideon's fleece remained perfectly dry while all the ground about it was wet with dew, so Mary, in the midst of humanity all soiled with the original stain, remained pure and unsullied.

"Inviolable Asylum of the Faithful" recalls those places of refuge whither

* Judith, xv, 13.

* Judges, vii, 16.

the Israelites, forced to flee for manslaughter, were accustomed to betake themselves for safety.* Mary receives and welcomes all who have recourse to her. She welcomes even those who are voluntarily and formally criminal, provided they repent and are converted to their Redeemer and Lord.

"Pure Salt which by its Savor has preserved Human Slime corrupted by Sin."† It is a happy comparison that likens the Blessed Virgin to the salt which the prophet Eliseus put into the spring of the waters of Jericho, declaring: "Thus saith the Lord: I have healed these waters, and there shall be no more in them death or barrenness."‡

In the title "Glorious Sojourn," found in the passage "Already Abraham had compared thee, O Virgin! to the glorious sojourn," the reference seems to be to the engagement made by God to Abraham, to give him the Promised Land,—the land overflowing with milk and honey. The similitude is not inapt; for Mary has in truth been the promised land whence there has flowed for us the plenitude of riches—Jesus Christ.

"New Ark of Noe, richly adorned." Our Lady is a graphic image of the ark which preserved Noe and all who were with him from the waters of the universal Deluge. By her Son, our Redeemer, she has saved the whole world from the deluge of sin. Says the Maronite Office: "Who, then, has seen the new Barque carrying the Great Fortune? It has withstood the angry waves of the sea, and its fortune is doubled.... Mary herself is the barque, and the Christ is the pilot she bears. She has navigated the world and has resuscitated the dead.... O Daughter of the poor, who hast become the Mother of the King of kings, and hast given wealth to the indigent world that it may live!... O Barque that hast brought to us the riches and treasures confided to thee by the Father and hast filled with them our empty stores!"

"Rod of Aaron which sprouted without being planted." Even as Aaron's rod "was budded; and, the buds swelling, it had bloomed blossoms, which spreading the leaves, were formed into almonds,"* so Mary, having known no man, conceived and brought forth the Messias, the celestial fruit given to mankind for their nourishment and delectation.

"Golden Ark, Ark of Alliance." Mary is thus addressed because she harbored Christ, the Bread of Life descended from heaven, just as the golden ark contained the manna of the chosen people. "Mary," says the Maronite liturgy, "resembles the Ark of Alliance, in which were enclosed the vase of the manna, the two Tables of the Law, and the rod of Aaron which bloomed and yielded a new fruit. In thee, O Virgin! was found the celestial Bread of Life come down from heaven,—the fruit which, when the dead have eaten, restored them to life." "Golden Vase of the Manna" is an appellation based upon the same analogy.

"Land Thirsty for the Water of David." Of this title it may be noted that it is equivalent to "land said by David to be thirsty for water." In the liturgy which we have been following, the Church addresses her Divine Spouse, Christ, in these words: "O Thou, incense of the pure Being who sent thee, and principle of the life which, having sprouted in the land thirsty for water [Mary], exhales a perfume sweeter than the scent of roses and from which all other perfumes borrow their odors!..."

"Closed Garden." Numerous are the passages in which this metaphor is developed and amplified with affectionate insistence. "Solomon, that ocean of wisdom, has compared thee, O Virgin!

* Deut., xix, 3. † Gen., vi, 12. ‡ Kings, ii, 20.

* Num., xvii, 8.

to the closed garden in which are found the Tree of Life and the Fruit which vivifies the whole world." "What is this garden shut, sealed, and ever-virgin, which the wise King Solomon has hymned? It is without doubt Mary, the daughter of David, from whom radiated, as from the rising sun, the Gardener who planted paradise from the beginning."

Want of space prevents our doing more than giving bare mention of several other beautiful titles we had marked for a word or two of explanation; but all clients of our Heavenly Mother will readily perceive the appositeness of each. We have: "Crystal Throne," "Fountain Full of Mysteries," "Car of the Cherubim," "Fair Lily," "Ladder of Jacob," and "Sealed Spring which gave to the World of Sorrows the Drink of Joy." We have already written enough to make it abundantly clear that the breviary and divine Offices composed in the oldest of liturgical languages, the Syriac, are veritable storehouses replete with enthusiastic and graceful eulogies of our Blessed Lady,—additional proofs that throughout the ages all generations have called her blessed. May the reading of the eulogies both command the reader's intellectual assent to their fitness, and increase his filial love for the ever-blessed and tender Mother, through whom we hope to find in time and eternity our elder Brother, Jesus!

No one can possess even a limited acquaintance with the writings of the Fathers of the early Church without acquiring the conviction that the Catholic Church has always believed that the Blessed Virgin Mary was absolutely *sinless*. Everywhere in the great Christian writings of the first six centuries we find her spoken of as "all-holy," "undefiled," "most pure," and never under the power of the demon.—*Bishop Hedley.*

Young Mr. Bretherton.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

III.—Young Mr. Bretherton Does Escort Duty.

IT is very true that Reuben Jackson was faithful to his reputation, and scattered far and near, through the medium of Jackson's emporium, the news of young Mr. Bretherton's visit to Rose Cottage. On his return to the store, Reuben had posted himself in a position which commanded all approaches to Miss Tabitha's dwelling, and was therefore enabled to announce the exact length of time which the hero of the hour had spent upon the cottage steps. He also noted that Eben Knox, the manager of the mills, had several times walked up and down upon the opposite side of the street, seeming to observe with much attention young Mr. Bretherton and his movements.

"Why, even Eben Knox, he come out to see the sight!" Reuben declared to the bystanders.

Reuben Jackson was a tall and round-shouldered youth, heavily freckled, and in marked contrast to his portly and rubicund father; and, as he stood making his announcements from the small eminence of the shop window whither he had mounted, he seemed of abnormal stature. In answer to his last item of the morning's gossip, his father unceremoniously exclaimed:

"You git out, Reuben! Eben Knox never sees nothin' outside the four walls of the mill. He's got spinnin' on the brain, I reckon."

"If his brain ain't worn out afore this!" observed Reuben.

At which there was a laugh.

Of course it was generally supposed in Millbrook that the young gentleman from the Manor had gone purposely to call upon Miss Tabitha, and had ridden

up in ceremonious fashion to her gate. This went to encourage the popular notion that the spinster, at whom many were disposed to sneer, was in reality nearer to the great family than any one in the town proper,—not even, perhaps, excepting the favored few who dwelt upon the Thorneycroft Road and were at the very doors of the Manor. No one, however, interviewed Mr. James Cortlandt Bretherton upon the subject; and Miss Tabitha held her peace, carrying her head just a tenth of an inch higher; while her allusions to the Brethertons became darker and more mysterious, as though they were not lightly to be mentioned to the vulgar.

Her next-door neighbor, Jesse Craft, was not to be kept at a distance by any affectation of reticence, but openly and freely broached the subject.

"Young Squire Bretherton do seem to be an affable sort of gent," he said; "with no airs or nonsense about him, but a great plenty of common-sense, as might be expected from the son of a bright man like the Governor."

Miss Tabitha could never tell why it particularly grated upon her nervous system to hear the Governor called a "bright" man. Whether she would have preferred to hear him designated as a dense or opaque man it would be hard to say; but she felt that it somehow suggested equality upon the part of this objectionable person thus to set himself up in judgment upon his superiors.

Jesse Craft did not seem in the least impressed by Miss Tabitha's new assumption of superiority; merely observing to Mr. Jackson at the Department Store that he guessed the "old lady has got a touch of rheumatics from settin' out on her damp porch so much; and, anyway, the wind is in the east and makes her sort o' cranky."

Miss Tabitha set forth one morning early to make her accustomed purchases; and called first at the shop of Mr. Venn, the butcher, where there was never anything stirring, since that tradesman was very deaf, barely hearing what related to his calling. He had for his assistant a German who could speak little or no English, and who had no interest whatever in the Millbrook people.

Miss Tabitha, going forth from the gate, went direct thither, pausing only to cast an apprehensive glance down toward the mill and to listen an instant to the whir of the machinery. She breathed a sigh of relief when she heard the familiar noises. She had felt a curious terror lest the mill should have come to a standstill and the busy manager be abroad in the streets of the town, dogging her steps or those of young Mr. Bretherton.

Miss Tabitha delivered her very small order with much difficulty to Mr. Venn, who seemed unusually deaf that day.

"One pound of porterhouse steak?" he asked.

"I said half a pound," corrected Miss Tabitha, meekly.

"You did, did you?" cried the butcher, fiercely. "Excuse me, ma'am, but your voice ain't as distinct as it used to be. Age is tellin'. And it seems to me you've been gettin' false teeth."

Miss Tabitha was helpless. She knew of yore it was of no avail to put the butcher down. There was no other of his calling anywhere convenient, and meat was a necessary evil. There he stood, hat on head and cleaver in hand, as though he were prepared to do instant execution upon the flower-like old spinster. His temper had been completely spoiled by his infirmity. He was a decent man, as men go, and honest, but his temper was beyond endurance. This last outrageous piece of impertinence was most galling to Miss Tabitha. False teeth, indeed! Oh, that he should presume to inquire into her most private affairs!

"Here you, Jacob!" called out the butcher to his assistant. "Make up this order. Cut off one pound and a half of porterhouse steak."

"One pound, two halves," answered the German, hastening forward with cheerful alacrity. "*Ya! ya!*"

"I said half a pound—one half pound!" interposed Miss Tabitha, pronouncing each syllable distinctly.

"That's just what I said: one pound and a half," repeated Mr. Venn.

"*Ya! ya!*" echoed the German, preparing to cut.

Miss Tabitha made another desperate protest. Her purse was small, her appetite still smaller; and her hired girl, whom she had proposed to feed on the remains of yesterday's dinner, would simply gorge on porterhouse steak, if so large a quantity were imported into the house.

"What's going on in here?" cried a cheerful voice from the sidewalk.

It was evident that some passer-by had been arrested by the clamor of the butcher's hoarse tones, Miss Tabitha's shrill treble, and the cheerful bass of the German. To the old lady's intense mortification, it was young Mr. Bretherton himself, who, without more ado, stepped into the shop.

"Oh, good-morning, Miss Tabitha!" said the young man, doffing his tennis-cap with much cordiality. "I see you are having a lot of bother. What is it all about, and why doesn't that fellow there give you what you want?"

He slightly lowered his voice in referring thus unceremoniously to the head of the establishment. But Miss Tabitha explained:

"He's deaf,—deaf as a post. I simply can not make him hear."

"Is the other deaf too?" inquired the newcomer, looking at the assistant.

"No, but he scarcely understands a word of English, though he thinks he does. He's German."

"Well—now—here's an unfortunate combination!" commented young Mr. Bretherton, with a humorous twinkle in his eye. "One can't hear, the other can't speak."

Meantime the German cheerfully went on cutting, eyeing the customer with a broad smile, which was shared impartially with the young gentleman from the Manor. In fact, having noted the twinkle in the eye of the latter, his own smile grew broader.

"One and two halves!" he ejaculated, eager to display his English to the new observer.

"I merely wanted half a pound," protested Miss Tabitha, shamefacedly.

"Oh, I say there, halloo!" cried Mr. Bretherton, gallantly throwing himself into the breach. "The lady doesn't want all that. It's too much for her."

The German halted an instant with his knife in the air, and then returned placidly to his assault upon the beef. By a sudden inspiration, the young gentleman began to address the butcher's assistant in fluent German. Heidelberg had been of some use, after all! The German stared, grinned more broadly than ever, and was narrowly prevented from extending a greasy hand to the first person amongst all Mr. Venn's customers who had addressed him in the accents of the Fatherland.

The butcher meantime observed the young "nob," as he called him—not being aware, however, of his identity,—and made up his mind that he would take the opportunity to "show off some" and to poke fun at the "old woman." He therefore began in his half-surly, half-growling fashion, eyeing Miss Tabitha meanwhile with disfavor; for the poor soul's orders were always of the smallest:

"I guess she's got false teeth or something, for I'm blest if I can understand a word she says!"

Miss Tabitha, holding up her dainty petticoats from contact with the floor,

glared upon Mr. Venn wrathfully, apostrophizing him the while:

"Oh, you dreadful creature! I should be very sorry for your infirmity, if it were not for your malicious and slanderous tongue."

The butcher perceived that Miss Tabitha was shaking her head at him; and, though he could not hear a word she said, he felt sure, from the expression of her face, that she was upbraiding him. He took up a very sharp knife, as if he were going to war; but it was merely from force of habit—to give the instrument an extra sharpness on the stone and to emphasize his remarks:

"You needn't look as if you would like to poison me just because I tell plain truths. You've got false teeth, and there's no use in denyin' it; for I seen the bill from old Pyke, the dentist, down Whitworth Way. And I reckon you'd have kept your teeth longer if you had given them more exercise and had eaten enough good butcher's meat."

Poor Miss Tabitha's distress under this coarse attack was so evident that, though Mr. James Bretherton was very much diverted by the scene, he, nevertheless, stepped in to save her any further annoyance. He fixed upon the butcher a glance which effectually stopped the current of that functionary's eloquence. There was something in the young man's look just then which recalled the Governor, his father.

For the first time it dawned upon the obtuse Mr. Venn that this "nob" might be the identical youth whose advent had been so long expected in the town. Now, the butcher was a sturdy, independent man, with no foolish prejudices in favor of the aristocracy; but he had that degree of respect for the Bretherton family which was inseparable from having breathed the Millbrook air. Moreover, he had a wholesome recollection of the fat orders which reached him through the medium of Mrs. Oliver, and the substantial cheques at the month's end which bore the time-honored signature of the ex-Governor. Hence, while young Mr. Bretherton spoke a few peremptory words in German to the assistant, Mr. Venn, having begun to understand that a potent ally had rallied to the defence of Miss Tabitha, made a faint show of civility. He raised his cap a quarter of an inch from his head and growled out something that sounded like "Good-morning!"

"Good-morning!" yelled the young man, mindful of Miss Tabitha's warning as to the tradesman's infirmity, and emulating his own performances on the football field. "Good-morning! And I wish, my dear sir, that you'd try to keep a civil tongue in your head."

"Tongue? Got a nice one,—well corned, juicy. Is it wanted at the Manor?" asked Mr. Venn.

"No, no!" roared the young athlete. "It's *your* tongue I'm talking about. You ought to put it in pickle."

"Pickle?" repeated the butcher. "Is it corned-beef your talking about?"

"No, it isn't!" cried young Mr. Bretherton. "I was talking about your confounded tongue. But I see it's no use. I might as well be roaring into the mouth of a volcano."

The butcher shook his head. He had not caught a word of this last address. He presently observed, with a mild and subdued intonation:

"Better take a prime roast or a quarter of lamb. I can send it up within the hour."

"Don't do anything of the sort!" screamed the unfortunate young gentleman. "I don't know anything about what's wanted. I only came in here to see my friend Miss Brown."

The butcher caught that lady's name, and eyed her malevolently. Thinking it more prudent, however, to refrain from further speech, he waited while Mr. Bretherton inquired if she had any

more orders to give, and translated into German her demand for a bunch or two of carrots, a peck of potatoes, and a very small quantity of meat for her cats. The poor lady felt great hesitation in confiding these minute details to the young magnate who had come to her assistance. But he gravely put them into German, and escorted his old friend from the shop with an extra deference, intended to convey a lesson to the butcher.

Young Mr. Bretherton accompanied Miss Tabitha upon her rounds, inquiring, as they went, about the various localities. He appeared to be deeply interested in Millbrook,—this miniature world into which he had been suddenly compressed from the breadth and freedom of that greater world wherein his lot had been cast for many years. It took some time for the old lady to recover that equanimity which had been so rudely disturbed in presence of this young idol of her dreams.

The story about the teeth had been all too true; though Miss Tabitha had hoped to conceal this evidence of the inroads of age, by avoiding the local practitioner and having the delicate operation performed by Dr. Pyke, "down Whitworth Way." The spiteful butcher had either been in that vicinity, serving the dentist with meat, or he had waylaid the boy who came wheeling up to Miss Tabitha's gate with the bill.

Miss Tabitha could not, of course, guess what a matter of serene indifference it was to her young idol whether she employed for purposes of mastication her own teeth or those fabricated by the said Pyke of Whitworth celebrity. To him she was merely the survival of a past,—some delicate, dreamy fragment belonging to his sturdy boyhood; and when in her company he exerted himself to be as agreeable and diverting as possible. He finally brought back the smiles to his old friend's countenance, and convinced her that all the sunshine in the world is not up there in the blue sky, but lives equally in the minds and hearts of those who walk upon the green earth, if only they will keep it unobscured by every passing shadow.

"Do you like chocolates, Miss Tabitha?" inquired the young man, as the two passed the window of the best confectionery shop, kept by Miss Spencer. "I've never known one of your sex who could resist them."

Now, with Miss Tabitha, chocolates were a special weakness; and there was a tempting display of them spread out in Miss Spencer's window, together with a variety of other most appetizing wares. But, at the prohibitive price of a dollar a pound, the old lady had not even ventured to give them a thought.

"Do let me feel that I am really back in America and may offer a box of sweets to a lady without offence," urged young Mr. Bretherton. "Besides, I owe you such a lot of—what was it you used to call them?"

"Lollipops?" suggested the delighted Miss Tabitha. "It is an old English word, I believe, describing a certain kind of candy which this very Miss Spencer's mother used to make to perfection."

Being presently introduced to the presiding genius of the sweetmeat industry, the young man observed to her, in what Miss Tabitha called his delightful manner:

"I am told it was your mother who made the lollipops in which I used to revel at Rose Cottage. I only hope you can equal her with your modern wares."

"I guess I can suit most any taste in the candy line," replied the smiling Miss Spencer. She was a cheerful, fresh-faced woman, with a brisk, off-hand manner, and a spotless neatness of attire. "The chocolates aren't made in my establishment: they come direct from New York. Most of the other sorts we make ourselves, and I don't

think you'll find they've deteriorated any since ma's time."

"I must patronize home manufacture, of course," declared the young man; "and I shall leave the choice to you. You may put me up a couple of pounds. But I specially want some chocolates, and Miss Brown must make her own selection."

"We've got a magnificent assortment of chocolates," Miss Spencer explained, giving no outward sign of the inward respect she felt for a Bretherton and a young man who could order expensive sweetmeats *ad libitum*. "We've got all sorts of filling," Miss Spencer went on: "cream, ginger, nuts, fig, peppermint, and of course plain chocolates."

"Have you any special choice, Miss Tabitha?" asked her young escort.

"Not in the least," hurriedly replied the old lady, casting a deprecating glance at the vendor of sweets, who regarded her with good-natured toleration, sharing in the opinion common to all Millbrook tradespeople—that Miss Tabitha commercially did not count. "Not in the least. Miss Spencer knows that I venture upon so very few at a time."

"Shall I mix a pound of them?" Miss Spencer asked, taking no notice of the old lady's appeal.

"Put me up a couple of pounds, mixed or not, as Miss Brown prefers," said this ideal customer.

"I should prefer them mixed, with a preponderance of nuts," declared Miss Tabitha. "I have a great weakness for nuts."

"Shall I send them?" volunteered Miss Spencer.

"Oh, no! I will leave Miss Brown at her door, and I can take them," said Jim Bretherton.

Miss Spencer made a mental note of the young man's attitude toward Miss Tabitha, whom she had been accustomed to treat with something like contempt. Not that she was ill-natured like the butcher. She enjoyed a chat once in a while with the poor old soul, who was wont to make infrequent and very small purchases, for which the ready money was invariably doled out. She had carried her good-nature so far as to send her on more than one occasion an iced cake for Christmas. But this was something new.

Young Mr. Bretherton, who brought out dollars from his pocket as readily as most of the Millbrook folk produced shillings, had evidently adopted Miss Tabitha, and was ready to show that the old lady, as she herself had claimed, almost belonged to the family. The "candy woman" bore the fact in mind for future consideration. She bade Miss Tabitha an unusually cordial "Good-day!" as she was leaving the premises in company with the young gentleman from the Manor, who carried the two boxes of confectionery, in quite a democratic fashion, under his arm. Miss Spencer looked past the array of chocolates and other good things in her window, after the strangely assorted pair as they walked up the street. She highly approved of young Mr. Bretherton's fine and stalwart appearance.

"I'm coming very soon to see you, Miss Tabitha," declared the young man, in parting from her at the gate. "I haven't heard half the Millbrook news yet, and nobody at the Manor can ever tell me anything."

Miss Tabitha, hastening into the house, put her chocolates and other sweets carefully away in the "lockup cupboard," having at first displayed them to the wondering, and it is to be feared, covetous eyes of Mary Jane Sykes. The mistress, indeed, bestowed three or four upon the handmaid, and helped herself to a very few. The remainder were put in reserve, and eked out as carefully as possible, Miss Tabitha making frequent inspections of the boxes to discover how long they were likely to last.

Otherwise, affairs went on in their usual course at the Cottage, except that Miss Tabitha was in constant anticipation of the promised visit of young Mr. Bretherton. She was haunted, moreover, by that dread which had loomed darkly up from the past with the return of the Governor's only son. This was the more wearing to her that she dared not breathe a word of it to any one, but locked her secret up in the recesses of her own heart.

(To be continued.)

Canticle of St. Agnes.

(*From the Acts of her Martyrdom.*)

FROM THE FRENCH OF SŒUR THERESE, BY S. L. EMERY.

CHRIST is my Love alone, all life is He for me;
He is my one Betroth'd, who charms my dazzled eyes;
E'en now I hear vibrating the solemn harmony
Of His melodious sighs.

With precious stones and gold is decked my flowing hair,
Already on my hand shines bright His nuptial ring;
And many lustrous stars, magnificently fair,
Are love-gifts from my King.

With pearls all price beyond has He adorned my hands,
About my neck has placed a necklace wondrous bright;
Celestial rubies red, from far-off unknown lands,
Shine in my ears to-night.

Betrothed am I to Him on whom the angels wait,
Trembling before His throne throughout eternity;
The sun and moon His praise with rapture will relate,
Till time shall cease to be.

Divine His Person is, and heaven His realm of bliss;
He for His Mother chose a Virgin here on earth;
Who no beginning hath, nor end, His Father is,—
Eternal is that birth.

Ah! when this Christ I love at times to touch I dare,
More pure becomes my heart; more chaste, dear Lord, am I!
The kisses of His mouth give me the treasure fair
Of blest virginity.

His signet He hath set already on my face,
That so no earthly love may dare draw nigh to me;
Kept thus for Christ alone, by His abiding grace,
His perfect purity.

Cleansed by His Precious Blood, for me shed on His cross,
Already here I taste of heaven's matchless bliss:
The honey and the milk—those joys that know not loss—
Come to me with His kiss.

No thought of fear have I, of either flame or sword:
Nothing can now disturb this calm and heavenly peace.
A fire of love divine pervades my soul, O Lord!
And never shall it cease.

Essentials and Nonessentials of the Catholic Religion.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

I.—What are Catholics Bound to Believe?

(Continued.)

IT may now be remarked: "You have given a general answer to the question, 'What are Catholics bound to believe?' But what an inquirer will naturally ask is, 'What is the Creed to which I am expected to subscribe? What in detail are the several articles of faith to which I shall find myself committed when I am a Catholic?'"

This is a most reasonable question, and demands an answer. I reply, then, in the first place, that when you have once grasped the truth that the Catholic Church is the one religious teacher sent by God to make known to men the full and complete revelation of the Christian religion, the perplexity you naturally feel when contemplating a possible multitude of dogmas which you may be expected to believe will to a great extent soon disappear. The fear that you may be suddenly called

upon to profess some new dogma that you did not bargain for, and for which you had been totally unprepared, will disappear altogether. You will know that, being the teacher of truth, the Church can never bring forward and impose upon her children anything contradicting reason. To be the bearer of a divine message and at the same time to contradict the truth of reason is an impossibility. There is no need, therefore, to examine singly every Catholic dogma, to look up every decision of Popes and councils since the Church began, in order to find out whether you can bring yourself to give adhesion to them. If you are certain that the Church speaks in God's name, you can rest assured also that no dogma of hers will cause you uneasiness. You know she can not teach anything that is false; you trust her, therefore, in matters which may not as yet have come to your own knowledge, or been submitted to your personal investigation.

This, then, is the fundamental question for all inquirers: "Is the Catholic Church the one authorized teacher of divine truth? Is she, as she claims to be, a messenger from God?" "But," you will say, "I am still perplexed about the number of articles of faith. Surely, if I am to be a good Catholic, I must know what they are, and believe them all." Yes, you must certainly believe them all; but in order to do this it is not necessary that you should know them all in detail. This may appear at first sight contradictory, but it is not so in reality. A man, out of boundless trust in a political leader, may commit himself unreservedly to his programme, though at the same time he is acquainted with its main outlines only, and has not a detailed knowledge of its every point. Such a one would perfectly satisfy the requirements of party loyalty; though it would, of course, be to his advantage to make himself more thoroughly acquainted with the whole contents of the programme he supports. He accepts all, though he does not know all. Nevertheless, he knows enough to justify him in this course of action; and, if his trust in the capacity and wisdom of his leader is well founded, there is nothing at all foolish in such a course. It may, indeed, be the only one possible for him, on account of incapacity or lack of opportunity to gain more extensive knowledge.

Now, the greater part of Catholics are in a similar position with regard to some of the Church's dogmas; with this difference, that their trust in their teacher is entirely safe: she can not deceive them, whereas political leaders are not always worthy of the confidence reposed in them. Catholics have, to begin with, the most certain assurance that what the Church teaches is infallibly true. They have, too, and are required to have as a condition of salvation, a knowledge, greater or less according to the capacity of each, of the main points of her teaching. She herself takes care that all her children shall be well instructed in the great truths of salvation, such as the doctrines of the Blessed Trinity, the Incarnation and Redemption, the Church, the Sacraments, and other articles of faith of primary importance. Moreover, by every means in her power she encourages all Catholics to enter as deeply as they can into her doctrines. She hides nothing, she reserves nothing of her authorized teaching for any special class: her catechisms, her creeds, her books of theology are open to all who are capable of studying them.

But, obviously, all have not the same capacity. There must, of necessity, be details which do not come to the knowledge of the many; intricate points of doctrine which she has had to decide in settling the disputes of the learned; old, long-forgotten errors which she has

had to condemn in past days; decisions of questions having a temporary interest only. A detailed knowledge of all these is not necessary either to salvation or to the perfect integrity of the faith. When we say, "I believe in all that the Church has proposed to my belief," we thereby accept "implicitly," as theologians say, the whole of the Church's teaching. Nevertheless, she does require of us an explicit knowledge of and belief in the great truths which concern salvation. These we must learn and study according to our gifts, or they will not have that practical effect upon our lives which will enable us to save our souls, and for the sake of producing which they have been revealed.

There are also points of doctrine of some intricacy which it is necessary we should explicitly believe and profess as a protest and safeguard against certain great heresies by which they have at one time or another been denied. Thus, for instance, in view of modern errors, Catholic children even are taught to confess their belief not merely in the Real Presence of our Blessed Lord in the Holy Eucharist, but the true mode of His Presence under the name of Transubstantiation; and the Catechism of the Council of Trent gives particular directions to parish priests to explain this dogma to their people as well as the capacity of the latter will allow. Again, the wonderful harmony of Catholic theology is such that every point of the Church's teaching, however minute, may be brought under one of the great heads of Christian doctrine, in which, indeed, they are essentially involved.

Hence in another way those who profess belief in the Catholic Creed hold "implicitly" — that is, *equivalently*— every further doctrine that can be legitimately derived therefrom. The body of Christian truth is not a collection of miscellaneous and unconnected dicta upon faith and morals. It is a structure of marvellous unity, part dependent upon part, so that he who denies one dogma makes shipwreck of the whole faith. Hence it is that the Church is able to sum up with admirable conciseness in her creeds the whole of Christian truth. Hence also it is that her longer creeds—and the longest is by no means interminable—are but fuller expositions of the ancient Apostles' Creed familiar to every Catholic child.

To find out, then, what a Catholic is bound to believe, it is sufficient to go to the authorized statement of the teaching of the Church as found in her creeds and catechisms. Therein is to be seen, in explicit terms, all that she demands as a condition of entering her fold. How much it is to be regretted that inquirers do not always take this simple course, which would satisfy them once for all that they will not be called upon to accept, as dogmas of faith, pious legends or traditions which are in reality not connected with faith at all! In those creeds is to be found the deposit of faith which the Church herself can never add to or take from; there are to be seen the terms of her divine commission as the teacher of truth. And any one who feels that he can accept what is there laid down need have no fear that anything unexpected will be suddenly sprung upon him.

For, be it observed, the Church can never impose a new doctrine as to be believed with divine faith. In the solemn definition of any doctrine—as, for instance, that of the Immaculate Conception, or of the Infallibility of the Roman Pontiff in his *ex cathedra* utterances,—she says nothing new. It is beyond her power to teach any new doctrine. What she does is simply to declare, in cases where, for some reason or another, doubt has arisen, what has been her teaching from the beginning,—what, in short, was delivered

to her as the truth by the Apostles of her Lord. She may, indeed, and she does from time to time, state old doctrines in more clear, explicit and definite language than she had used before, making clear some aspect of truth which perhaps had been for a time more or less obscured; but she adds nothing to the substance of the revelation once made, the deposit which contains in the germ all that can ever be made an article of faith to the end of time.

It is true that, while any revealed truth is in that condition of temporary obscurity, and until the Church has dispelled the clouds by her infallible definition, such a truth is not binding upon all,—is not, that is to say, a dogma of faith; whereas after the definition it becomes a dogma of faith. But this is not teaching anything new: it is merely the declaration of a truth already possessed, and its presentation under a higher sanction than it had before. Any defined dogma has been from the beginning true, though either the Christian consciousness—in other words, the mind of the Church—has not hitherto recognized it with such clearness as to impose it upon all; or, having been once more clearly held, it has fallen into obscurity. The infallibility of the Church may be explained as the power to look into her own mind and to recognize there and draw thence the sacred truths delivered to her by the Apostles. Hence comes that continuous development of doctrine which is a characteristic of the Church as a living organic body.

"The Church," say the English Bishops in the Pastoral Letter already quoted, "is continuous and indefectible in her existence and constitution; so also in her doctrine. But her continuity and indefectibility is that of a living organic being, animated by the Holy Ghost. It is not the changeless continuity of the dead letter of a book, or the indefectibility of a lifeless statue. Living beings are never stationary: they grow, while they maintain their identity. The Church also grows. She has a progress, an evolution of her own. Not only do the faithful grow in the faith, but faith itself may be said to grow, as a child grows in its own form and character, or as a tree in its own unmistakable properties. Such development implies no essential change. Essential change is not development, progress or evolution, but the destruction of what was, and substitution for it of something else. As St. Vincent of Lerins wrote fifteen centuries ago: 'It is the property of progress that a thing be developed in itself: it is the property of change that a thing be altered from what it was into something else.' It was thus that a Father of the Church in the fifth century understood the unity of doctrine which constitutes the internal and substantial continuity of the Church,—a unity always fixed and determinate in its principles, and in harmony with its original in the deposit of truth; but, at the same time, progressive in the inferences, definitions, and applications to which the original doctrine is rightly and logically extended."

Again the Pastoral quotes the same Father to the following effect: "The Church of Christ, being a vigilant and careful guardian of the doctrines committed to her, makes no change in these at any time,—subtracts nothing, adds nothing, does not curtail what is essential nor add on what is not needed. She does not let slip what is her own, she does not pilfer what is another's; her whole endeavor, her one aim by the treatment, at once faithful and wise, of all questions, is to bring out into clearness what was once vague and incomplete, to strengthen and secure what is already developed and distinct, to keep watch and ward over doctrine already established and defined."

Then the Bishops go on to say: "Truths, therefore, at one time held implicitly, by degrees become explicitly realized and defined, as one or other of those truths becomes a more special object of attention on the part of theologians or the Holy See, in the face of existing controversies or of attacks upon her teaching from those who are hostile to her."

Not new truths, then, but truths which she has always possessed from the beginning, are the subject-matter of the Church's definitions of faith. Even in the case of the second class of defined truths—those, that is, which are not, strictly speaking, revealed,—there is nothing really new, nothing which was not true before. By such declarations the Church merely brings out what has been true from the beginning. For the relation of revealed doctrines to other truths not revealed has always been the same, since truth is one, and truth can not contradict truth. Thus, though the Church may condemn to-day for the first time some scientific theory as incompatible with revelation (I speak here of pronouncements in which the Church exercises her prerogative of infallibility), it is, nevertheless, a fact that, in the nature of things, such a theory has always been thus incompatible; so that, had it chanced to be formulated in the first centuries, it would equally have been condemned, had attention been drawn to it.

Again, the Church may to-day define as true, and to be believed with the faith called "ecclesiastical faith," some philosophical truth the denial of which would involve the repudiation of a revealed dogma. But here again she states nothing that is in itself new. That philosophical truth which she enunciates has always been true, has always stood in the same relation to the truth of revelation with which it is connected. From the time when revelation was first made, that connection was always open to recognition; and what the Church does in defining it, is to recognize and promulgate that connection which has, in fact, existed from the beginning. So, then, even in definitions of this class of truths, issued in virtue of her office as infallible custodian of the Faith, which goes together with her other office of infallible teacher, she promulgates nothing that is really new in itself,—nothing that was not true from the first, although the subject-matter be something not contained in the original deposit of revelation.

One class of definition only can be said to state anything new,—definitions, namely, of facts which are called "dogmatic": as, for instance, the fact that some book, or certain expressions in a book, contain false doctrine; the fact of the reliability of this or that version of Holy Scripture; the suitability of a theological formula to express some revealed truth; the legitimate celebration of an ecumenical council, or the validity of the election of a Pope. It will be easily seen that such things come under the head of matters necessary for the due promulgation and for the conservation in all their purity of revealed doctrines, and that the Church is consequently infallible in their definition, in virtue of her office of indefectible custodian of the Faith. But such things involve directly a question of facts rather than of dogmas, so that in defining them the Church is in no way adding to the deposit of truth which she possesses.

I have already referred in this paper to an important characteristic of revealed doctrines—that they do not stand apart: there is an intimate connection among them all. Hence comes that wonderful harmony of the system of Catholic Theology which unites its interdependent parts into one consistent whole. Hence, too, as

we have seen, the Church is able, in her creeds or "symbols," to sum up the whole of her teaching under a few heads. That great Doctor of the Church, St. Thomas Aquinas, in his famous work, the *Summa* of Theology, treats of the whole of Catholic doctrine according to a threefold division. First he treats of God as the Author of all things; secondly, of the same God as the one Object for whom all things were made, and to the possession of whom all intelligent beings must tend, by means which the saint develops in detail; while in the third part he treats of the God-Man, who is the Way to God, through whose mediation we are reconciled to the Father, and who has given us in the Church the appointed means of grace and salvation.

So, again, the Apostles' Creed—which, as its name implies, goes back so far into the distance of history as to be with great reason ascribed, even as to its form, to the Apostles themselves,—presents us, in its short, succinct articles, with a complete summary of Catholic doctrine. Other and fuller creeds are but more fully developed statements of the doctrines therein contained. The most detailed of these is that of Pope Pius IV., issued after the conclusion of the Council of Trent, with a brief addition made after the Vatican Council. This creed is the one most frequently recited by converts when, on their reception into the Church, they make their confession of faith.

I will conclude this paper by repeating that any one who wishes to become a Catholic may with ease find out what he has to believe. There is no ground whatever for fearing that any unexpected dogmas will be thrust upon him for acceptance after he has made his submission to the Church. The depth of his understanding of the sublime teachings of faith, in so far as our created and therefore limited intellects can penetrate them, must, of course, depend partly upon his capacity and partly upon the light he receives from God. That understanding will increase more and more as long as he lives, if he faithfully and reverently studies his religion; but he will never in this process discover anything that he will not see to have been involved in what he accepted when he first became a Catholic,—unless either he or his instructor were guilty of great negligence during the important time of preparation. This, however, is a thing most unlikely to happen, since the Church herself guards against the danger by including in the ceremony of the reception of converts a profession of faith in which the Catholic doctrines are most clearly set forth.

(To be continued.)

A Sister of Charity in China.

(Continued.)

EVIDENT traces of early Christianity are by no means rare in China. In one locality is an old statue of the Blessed Virgin with the Holy Child in her arms, which has been worshiped as a goddess from time immemorial; and in a letter dated "Afloat, October 16, 1892," we read:

"In one place a picture of our Blessed Lady is kept among a band of pagan families with the greatest reverence and devotion. The pagans declare that the Holy Mother of God, as they call her, has worked many wonders for those who have prayed to her; and the picture is kept in the family that has last received a mark of her protection. The catechist seized the opportunity to explain who Our Lady really was. The pagans were much impressed and begged for books to learn more about the Faith. A *lettré* who came to the Sisters at Hankow to be cured of opium-smoking declared that a similar

picture had been treasured up in his family for nine generations....

"In Southern Kiang-Si, Monseigneur Coquet is perfectly crushed by all he has to go through. Chapels seem to be erected only to be burned. Really, ours seems to be the most consoling part of the work,—paddling up and down the rivers gathering in our harvest of souls.... The roll of the punt, and jerks and bumps against bridges, etc., do not improve the aspect of my epistle; but in the house we never have a moment.... I have a dream—not yet mentioned except to the Sister whose office it is to visit the poor,—and that is to get a boat for ourselves, keeping a man who could paddle the boat, and work the garden when at home. It would cost much less than what is paid now four or five times a week for a day in the villages.... At present we often have a quarter or half an hour's walk to get the boat, and daily quarrels between the men and our women as to the price. Sometimes they won't row; occasionally they leave us in the boat while they jump off to have a few sharp words with an unamiable passer-by.... They could bring us back almost to our very door; for Ning-Po, in fact all the Tche-Kiang, is very like Venice, so far as canals and rivers are concerned."

The extremes of heat and cold are great in China. We have had the scorching arid heat of summer described in these letters. This is what Ning-Po had to offer the following January:

"The milk in the kitchen, the only place where there is a fire, was a hard, unbreakable block; the ink froze on one's pen; even the bread was a frozen mass. The dispensary work was very trying. The medicines were blocks of ice, and had to be kept in hot water, freezing if taken out for only a few minutes.... What the poor must have suffered in their hovels, open to the cutting wind in every direction, is indescribable.... The priests who were out on mission work had a hard time, and experienced great difficulty in getting about with the rivers all frozen. They bring back, however, most consoling news of the progress religion is making in every direction. Catechumens are coming in by hundreds, and seem, on the whole, to be a promising set...."

The needlework of the Chinese women and children is of surpassing beauty, and is one of the chief means employed by the Sisters to help their poor neighbors. We can imagine, therefore, with what a heavy heart Sister Xavier wrote February 12, 1893: "We are under the sad necessity of refusing work from having no sale for the embroidery. It has struck us that America might be a good place to dispose of some. Americans admire it very much....

"At Hankow the Sisters are rejoicing at a really wonderful cure. A military mandarin, twenty-six years of age, son of a mandarin of high position, was terribly injured by an explosion of gunpowder; arms, chest, back, face—the left arm especially—were in a frightful state.... Five days after this they sent for the Sisters, who found the poor fellow in a pitiable condition, flesh and clothes all matted together; nothing had been done since the accident.... The Sisters had him brought to the hospital and wrapped him up in a piece of Blessed Perboyre's cloak (his sister's greatest treasure). The pain from that moment ceased; he has become gradually better, and at present, though still with the Sisters, there is hardly any sign left of the accident. His father, half crazy with joy, is loading the Sisters with presents. The tao-tai brought them himself (one of the greatest marks of honor that can be bestowed in China); and some characters traced by his orders and sealed with his seal are to be placed in the dispensary and over Sister Per-

boyre's door. 'Skilful hand, mother of the unfortunate,' is the translation. It is hoped that this cure will do much toward killing prejudice...."

A letter of July, 1893, makes the first allusion to the projected workrooms for Christians and pagans together,—rooms which are now a happy reality. "You little realize what a boon it will be to these poor people and to the mission if we succeed in obtaining a permanent sale for their embroidery. Most of the Christians are very poor. For a year or so they worked for a shop in Paris, and during that time their homes were a little less comfortless and they had enough to eat. Pagans worked as well, and there were dreams of a workroom. Alas! all fell to the ground last winter. The Chinese can imitate anything they see, so with good models they would succeed.

"The Ste. Enfance is our principal work. The children are brought to us when only a few hours old, usually because the parents are too poor to rear them and do not quite care to kill them,—a very common practice, especially when there are too many girls in a family.... We put the mites out with nurses for two or three years; they are then brought in here and kept till a marriageable age—say sixteen or seventeen years. They meet their bridegroom at the altar steps for the first time. We see the poor creatures peeping over their shoulders to get an idea of the man they are to be united with for life.... Altogether, the Chinese women have a sad life of it until they have a son; then they are respected and called by their son's name....

"We often go to a place, three hours' river boating from here, which always reminds me of Killarney. A lovely lake, winding through most picturesque mountains, which come down to the water's edge.... The people are simple countryfolk, not the least like the turbulent race on the Yang-tse River.... The outbreaks in Mongolia two years ago and last year have done more good than harm here. On all sides catechumens are begging for instruction,... and in real earnest too; for they have much to suffer from friends and relations.... The missionaries, too, are very strict, so as to have Christians with sufficient grit in them to stand persecution.... The great outcry is for priests. In this large vicariate there are only eighteen; and they hardly know how to face the huge amount of work they have to do. Most of the Christian centres can be visited only once a year."

"*Oct. 17, 1893.*... The missionaries have suffered a good deal lately. They have come from the interior, some of them looking like walking spectres; and one, alas! never arrived at all. He succumbed at Hankow, having had a long six days' journey in a little boat, where he was placed, after receiving the last Sacraments at Kintchou, in the hope of reaching medical aid in time to be saved. He was only forty, one of the most valuable men in the vicariate, as he was such a good Chinese scholar, and overflowing with zeal and energy. He was doing wonders in a huge district. He worked with three young Chinese priests. Hundreds of catechumens, it seems, were flocking into the Church. The great cry is for priests and catechists....

"It seems as if Almighty God wishes to show how He can do His work without anybody. Formerly Christians were so few, conversions so difficult, that the priests more than sufficed for the work. Now that thousands are begging to be enrolled, it is overwhelming. In one town in the Taitchou district, where formerly there was hardly a Christian, now over three thousand are studying; in another, seven hundred have destroyed their idols and been inscribed; and it is

the same in all directions. To face all this work there is one European and one Chinese priest.... These good missionaries must always be prepared for death, as often a confrère will have several days' journey to reach a sick priest. Father Prizzi died with his Christians around him suggesting the ejaculations he had generally used when attending their dying friends...."

"*Ning-Po, Jan. 1, 1894.*—Nearly every day now women come in for work; and yesterday, to our joy, a pagan woman came to ask to stay a little time in our house, to learn,—a very great step, if you knew the terror they have of spending a night in the house, even those who receive us most cordially at home....You would be amused if you saw how they come trembling into the house the first time, peeping about to make sure we are not stealing their souls from them; for they are firmly convinced that we can deprive them of their souls by looking at them, and that yet they can go on living.... Poor people, they are so full of these absurd beliefs and traditions, it is a real miracle of grace when they are converted....And this miracle is being worked, without any apparent human means, in all directions. The catechumens are reckoned to number between eight and nine thousand....

"To return to our Ning-Po work. M. Ferrant, the superintendent of the business, hopes to open some kind of makeshift workroom at once; as funds come in, things will settle themselves.... I am glad that the scheme of making our own satin is approved of. It could also be begun on a small scale—a few looms, sixty dollars each, in what in Europe would be called a shed.... We have the land for mulberry trees: large tracts were bought during the rebellion of 1861. The trees can be procured in any quantity from the Christians in Tso-fou-Pang, where there are forests of them, and the inhabitants live by their silkworms. Perhaps after a time this scheme will be carried out...."

"*Feb. 23, 1894.*...It is strange how the Faith is spreading in the province; and that without the teaching and preaching which have to be carried on in most pagan nations.... Sometimes there are striking examples.... One pagan, who acts as schoolmaster and doctor on a small island off the coast, went to visit a neighboring island—Ninnay. He met with the Christian catechist, and after a time became a catechumen. Shortly afterward he had a terrible trial,—his eldest son, though quite a boy, was intentionally killed in a quarrel. In China the eldest son—the *ako*, as he is called—is the idol and hope of the entire family. All pressed the father to avenge himself in the customary way—ruin the family of the murderer and destroy their house. The man refused,—he was a Christian, would not seek revenge but would leave the matter in the hands of God. A few days later the eldest son of the murderer was killed by an accident; shortly afterward his second son suffered the same fate, and his third and last was brought to death's door by a violent fever. The schoolmaster-doctor was asked if he would come and try to save the only remaining boy. 'Of course,' he answered, 'I will come and cure him'; and so he did. All the pagans are so astounded that nearly the whole island are now catechumens, and our friend the schoolmaster has just arrived for final instruction before baptism.

"This is the way that they are drawing one another into the Church,—mostly simple village folk or fishermen. The cry on all sides is for priests. The catechists are doing wonders, but what can a mere handful of priests do for these thousands of catechumens? Each one is doing the work of five, but how much remains undone! Monseigneur Reynaud, the Bishop, does not know

which way to turn to meet the calls made on all sides. He has at present only nineteen priests, all told; and, to add to his troubles, Death continues its work among them. One received Extreme Unction to-day; three or four more seem to have one foot in the grave, but they still remain at their posts.

"It is a glorious work for those who hunger and thirst after souls. They can come and gather in the harvest which others have sown in suffering and disappointments of every description. The Faith is spreading fastest in districts where missionaries, now dead, had spent their lives in most ungrateful toil without any apparent result."

(To be continued.)

Different Modes of Greeting.

A traveller, who professes to have first-hand knowledge of the matter, states that every nation has its own peculiar mode of greeting. Beginning with our own, the characteristic salutation, it appears, is "Hello!" The Irish say when meeting, "God bless you!" and on entering a dwelling, "God save all here!" Of similar religious import is the dignified Turk's "God grant you His blessings!" and the former national salutation of Naples, "Grow in grace!" The Arabs say on meeting, "A fine morning to you!" while the Persians employ the form whose quaintness has led to its being generally known, "May your shadow never grow less!"

In low latitudes, where the laborer toils under a burning sun, one condition of good health is his free perspiration; so when an Egyptian meets his fellow, he asks, "How do you perspire?" The Chinaman, with a full sense of the importance of a good dinner, asks, "How do you digest?" The modern Greek is a pretty keen business man, a close bargainer; and this trait is shown in his inquiry, "How are you getting on?" The ordinary salutation with the Spaniards is, "How are you passing it?" The French ask, "How are you carrying yourself?" The Germans, "How does it go?" The Dutch, "How do you travel?" The Swedes, "How can you?"—the meaning being, "Are you able, vigorous?" The Russians say briefly, "Be well!" English, and English-speaking people generally, use, in addition to "Hello!" "How are you?" and "How do you do?" "How are you?" is also the equivalent of the Italian phrase employed in greeting.

It will be noticed that the least expressive mode of all these mentioned is the telephonic "Hello!" which is purely an interjection, and neither wishes one well nor kindly inquires as to one's health, business, pleasure or prospects.

Charity without Measure.

Beyond all other charity is that which the Mother Most Merciful showed to us when she willingly gave up her Son for us. As God's love to man is shown supremely in that He gave His only-begotten Son to die for us, so the charity of Mary is displayed beyond measure in her willing offering of her only Son, which she made first in the Temple and afterward on Calvary. She was content to behold His bitter sufferings, she acquiesced in them all, because at no other price than those sufferings could our souls be saved. And in reward for this all-surpassing charity on the part of the Mother of God, she has become an unfailing channel of grace to men. Oh, let us love Mary, who loved us so much as to give for us what she loved infinitely more than herself!

Notes and Remarks.

The opening weeks of 1905 find the newspaper humorist cracking his annual jokes over the brittleness of New Year resolutions, and the utter fatuity of taking such resolutions at all. The jokes have become pretty threadbare, and even in their prime they were never irresistibly funny. That there is an element of incongruity and ludicrousness in the conduct of the occasional mortal who swears off with exaggerated solemnity and publicity on January 1, only to relapse with patent weakness on January 5 or 6, need not be questioned; but the average man or woman who profits by the conventional starting-point of a new period of time quietly to resolve upon an amelioration in daily life and conduct is, nevertheless, doing a distinctly good thing. No sane moralist will maintain for a moment that the possibility, or even the probability, of one's occasional stumbling is a sufficient reason for not undertaking at all to walk along the path of righteousness; and every good resolution kept, if only for a brief period, is so much gained in the struggle with self and the world. Better a dozen New Year's resolves, though broken before the expiration of the January thaw, than the hopeless lethargy that is conscious of the need of reform but is too cowardly to set about effecting it. To all who have wisely made good resolutions during the weeks just past, let it be pointed out that—

> "Like a sawyer's work is life:
> The present makes the flaw,
> And the only inch for strife
> Is the inch before the saw."

Discussing one aspect of the great Exposition recently held in its home-city, the *Western Watchman* says: "A priest from Portugal and a priest from Manila contributed more to the interest of the late Exposition, from a scientific point of view, than any ten other professedly scientific exhibitors on the grounds." Our St. Louis contemporary gives an interesting account of the Portuguese priest, Father Himalaya, and of his pyrheliophore, or huge reflector designed to aid the study of the true nature of the sun's radiation. With the details of the instrument and the scientific results achieved therewith, the lay reader will presumably not care to bother; but it is gratifying to be able to point to another concrete refutation of the obsolete lie that the Church and churchmen are inimical to science. Some day the ignoramuses who make this assertion will be laughed out of court by the world generally.

The state of the schismatical Church in the East may be judged from the following paragraph appearing in a journal published in Constantinople, and sent to us from Belgrade:

> The Sultan has issued an *irad* counselling moderation and mutual forbearance to the members of the Christian Synod, and expressing a wish that they may become reconciled without the depositions either of the Patriarch Joachim or of the other prelates. His Holiness the Patriarch has, however, decided that he will not enter into a parley with the leaders of the opposition until two bishops have been expelled. As the opposition will not yield a jot on this point, and as both parties are pretty evenly balanced in the Mixed Council, the situation seems without issue. Meanwhile the agitation is extreme, and the heads of our church seem indifferent to the fact that these dissensions are undermining its foundations.

There occurred recently in the Philippines a religious demonstration that was locally regarded as significant of several things. Half a million of natives took part in a function the central point of which was the shrine of the "Virgin of Antipolo"; and the *Manila American* ventures the assertion that almost half of the half-million were deserters from the ranks of Aglipay.

It would seem that the momentary rushing into schism of a hot-headed and emotional people who had mixed up national politics with religious discipline has been reconsidered, and that a solid devotion to the Blessed Virgin has once again brought an erring nation to its true bearings—union with Rome.

The *American* attributes the breaking up of the Aglipayan schism to the wise and prudent administration of Archbishop Harty, of whom it says: "He is to be congratulated upon his success; and all Americans, regardless of creed, feel proud to know that Western Catholicism has, through their compatriot, won back to Rome the Filipino people, where European leadership was slowly permitting the Catholic Church to drift on the rocks of error and schism."

Surprise and regret have been expressed that, through lack of organization, or some misunderstanding, the United States and Ireland had no representative at the universal Marian Congress held in Rome last month. There was no one to tell the world of our love for our Immaculate Patroness; and Ireland, the noble mother of so many flourishing churches, was silent as to her own deep and solid devotion. However, as the Rev. Ethelred L. Taunton, who was privileged to represent the secular clergy of England, read a paper, the substance of which had already appeared in these pages, it may be said that our country was not without some representation on the occasion; and the hope of the future of Catholicity here was to be seen in the students of the American College, who were among the most enthusiastic attendants of the Congress.

We learn from the *Annales*, of Lourdes, that Pius X. "just missed," three years ago, being a pilgrim to the Pyrenean shrine of Our Lady. As Cardinal Patriarch of Venice, the present Pope had inscribed his name among those of the Italian pilgrims whom, in 1901, Mgr. Radini-Tedeschi was to conduct to the famous Grotto. Unfortunately, the date fixed for the pilgrimage found Cardinal Sarto somewhat indisposed, and his physician dissuaded him from undertaking the lengthy journey. Since his elevation to the Chair of Peter, the Holy Father has often expressed regret that he had been prevented from carrying out his desire of prostrating himself at the foot of the rock where the Blessed Virgin deigned to show herself to Bernadette,—and, needless to say, all clients of Our Lady of Lourdes regret it also.

The enrolment among the Blessed of the Venerable John Baptist Vianney, better known as the Curé of Ars, and of the Venerable Gaspare del Bufalo, founder of the Congregation of the Missioners of the Precious Blood, has caused universal rejoicing; and, if we except the countries of their birth, nowhere is it more intense than in the United States, where the Curé of Ars has innumerable clients among clergy and laity, and where the religious community founded by Blessed Gaspare has been established for many years. It is interesting to recall that this great apostle of our times was miraculously cured in infancy of a malady that would doubtless have rendered his life useless to any one but himself. The institution of the Feast of the Precious Blood by Pope Pius IX. in 1849 is ascribed to the influence of Blessed Gaspare, whose devotion to the great Price of our Redemption knew no bounds. Yet another interesting circumstance is that he was attended in his last moments by the Venerable Vincenzo Pallotti, founder of the Pious Society of Missions.

The story of the Curé d'Ars is a more

familiar one,—how for upward of forty years he labored day and night for the salvation of souls, enduring hardships and practising austerities the mere recital of which is appalling to the ordinary Christian. The scene of his extraordinary life and labors, and no less extraordinary miracles, is hallowed for evermore. The little French village of Ars is already known to many, but in less troubled times will be sure to attract pilgrims from all parts of Christendom.

As Blessed Gaspare died only in 1837 and the Curé d'Ars as recently as 1859, it is quite possible that many persons are still living who saw these great servants of God. A venerable priest of our acquaintance now living in Spain went to confession to the saintly Curé, enjoyed two conversations with him, and with his permission, gladly given, said Mass in his church.

Commenting upon the presence of a Catholic priest (the Rev. Father O'Sullivan of St. Albans) in the last two legislatures of the State of Vermont, the *Lyndonville Journal* declares that "he has shown conspicuously that a man may be a Roman Catholic and a true American at the same time"! We judge from the comments of other Vermont journals that this conviction is by no means general, even at this late date, among the citizens of the Green Mountain State. The misfortune of Vermont is that the greater part of it is far removed from Massachusetts, which was in a similar stage of progress about a quarter of a century ago. The spread of enlightenment is not rapid in Vermont.

The diocese of Liverpool in a special manner, and in a more general way all Catholic England, is mourning the death of a distinguished nun, Sister Mary of St. Philip, of the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur. Born in 1825 of stanch Catholic parents, Frances Mary Lescher was from her youth marked out for a notable career. At the period of the Oxford Movement she was a young woman of exceptionally wide reading, brilliant conversational powers and personal charm; and she proved both a wise and eminently practical friend to numbers of the converts of that time. The teaching of poor children was her predominant passion, and it eventually drew her into the Congregation of the Sisters of Notre Dame. For the past half century she has been the head and moving spirit of Mount Pleasant, a training college for schoolmistresses in Liverpool. The tributes paid to the dead Sister by secular journals and eminent non-Catholics are in the highest degree eulogistic, though not more so than were the laudatory words spoken of her during her active life. To quote only one appreciation, Sir Francis Sanford, Secretary of the Education Department, once said of her: "She is a woman who might fearlessly place her hand even on the helm of the State." A valiant woman indeed. *R. I. P.*

The notion, so general among all classes of Christians, that there is an obligation to believe that every word, sentence, and passage in the Bible has been divinely inspired, is combated by the Rev. Father Egger in a letter to the *Glasgow Observer*. He writes:

> Most Catholic divines believe that there are passages in which the exact words used by the sacred writers have been literally inspired, but that in other cases there is no obligation ot believing that every word in every sentence and passage has been expressly inspired,—*i. e.*, suggested to the writer by God. When the Divine Spirit by His influence on the mind and will of a sacred writer moved and inspired him to write, He did not use the author as a mechanical writing machine, but as a personal agent endowed with natural and individual characteristics, dispositions, talents, and literary tastes, and living in the general atmosphere of his age and surroundings. God would allow a writer whom He

inspired, *v. g.*, to embody some historical records in writing, to write in his own style and manner, and to choose his own words. It was sufficient that the Holy Spirit should, in this case, so assist and guide the writer as to prevent his departing from the truth. It is likewise important to bear in mind that historical records frequently and of necessity contain narratives of wrong things men have done and of wrong and false things men may have said. It would clearly be a grave error to mistake as divine utterances what men are reported to have said. The fact that God moved a writer to put also wrong doings and sayings on record does not imply divine sanction nor does it prevent us from calling books which contain such records "inspired books."

There is no ground, therefore, for the objection, so often urged by unbelievers, that the Bible contains much that is wholly unworthy of a God of justice and righteousness. Father Egger adds another important observation:

Transcribers of the Sacred Text were not inspired nor even infallibly guided by divine assistance in the details of their task, nor are translators of the Sacred Books under the influence of inspiration or infallible divine assistance. What guarantee, then, has the average Christian that he really has the Word of God in the translation he uses? Catholics have the satisfaction of such a guarantee regarding translations which have the official sanction of the pastors of the Church, whom Christ charged, in the person of the Apostles, to teach all nations to observe all things whatsoever He commanded them.

The announcement that the medical attendants of Bishop Spalding (who on the 6th inst. suffered a stroke of paralysis) entertain bright hopes of his entire recovery, was intensely gratifying not only to the Catholics of the United States but to citizens generally. No American prelate is more widely known or highly esteemed than the Bishop of Peoria, and the solicitude for his welfare was deep and universal. The influence which he exerts in the religious and educational world has increased with the years, and is no less beneficent than widespread. His position as a churchman and citizen is unique and could be filled only by one of like character and mental attainments. The impairment of Bishop Spalding's usefulness would be a distinct loss, its cessation a calamity. In many places, we feel certain, prayers are being offered that a life so precious may be further prolonged.

It is consoling to be reminded sometimes of the vast amount of good done of which little or nothing is ever heard. For instance, we find among the local items of the Philadelphia *Standard and Times*, the statement that during the past year the Catholic sailors' committee of the League of the Sacred Heart attached to St. Joseph's Church distributed nearly seven thousand copies of Catholic periodicals, besides innumerable objects of devotion—rosaries, scapulars, etc. Our gratification is not lessened to learn that as many as three thousand copies of THE AVE MARIA were included in the distribution.

It would be a blessed thing if all public servants were possessed of the spirit which animates Police Commissioner McAdoo, of New York. In a recent reply to the critics of his administration, which dates from January 4, 1904, Mr. McAdoo said:

I believe it to be quite impossible for a man honestly and fearlessly to administer the exacting duties of this position without making a multitude of enemies for the favors that he must deny, in the interests he must antagonize, in the lawbreakers whom he must put down, and the chronic opposition of those self-constituted censors, organized and otherwise, of the public morals, whose fads he can not adopt, whose panaceas he must recognize as quackery, whose personal ambitions he can not join in advancing; who, when honest, are often impracticable; and, when dishonest, cunning, insincere and malignant. As between these contending forces, I am simply in the middle of the road; and there I propose to stay, and make my way as long as I remain here.

To our mind these words reveal a man of sterling character,—honest, upright and courageous.

Notable New Books.

Hurrell Froude. By Louise Imogen Guiney. Methuen & Co.

How does it happen that so little has been written about Hurrell Froude for his own sake, though his name figures so largely in some scores of books about other personages? Around the Oxford Movement and the chief Oxford movers a great literature has grown up; and through almost every page of it sifts the story of that rare youth whom Newman loved and whom he more than once praised as his guide and teacher in the beginning. "He taught me to look with admiration toward the Church of Rome," writes the great Cardinal in the "Apologia"; "and in the same degree to dislike the Reformation. He fixed deep in me the idea of devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and he led me gradually to believe in the Real Presence." Principal Fairbairn says: "Hurrell Froude lives in Newman." And the epigram best explains why one so often mentioned is mentioned only incidentally. Dying at thirty-three, a thinker rather than a man of action, Hurrell Froude did his work by acting on such dynamic forces as Keble and Newman; naturally, therefore, it is through them that he must be disclosed to the world.

Miss Guiney's biography of Froude is unconventional in form. The first half of it consists of memoranda gleaned sometimes from fields inaccessible to the average searcher, but chiefly from the "Remains" and from Newman's early letters. It is a most attractive personality that the record shows,—a picture as full of color as a kaleidoscope. And, needless to say, the portrait is none the worse for the clever touches added by Miss Guiney's cunning hand; her gift of style, her judicial temper, her learning and her discretion (in spite of her enthusiasm), would make any biography notable. Some new and interesting illustrations, especially a portrait of Hurrell Froude as a child, will be appreciated by readers.

The Christian Gentleman and the Social Apostolate. By Katherine E. Conway. Thomas J. Flynn & Co.

The author of the Family Sitting-Room Series has added another volume of homely philosophy to her set of admirable books on subjects pertaining to women and their responsibility in this workaday world of ours. The three chapters of this little book for the family library are, besides the one which gives the work its title (and it seems too large a title): "Being Broad-Minded," "The Novel Habit," and "Uses of Prosperity." In the opening chapter Miss Conway discusses college training for young women; and, as always, she takes the common-sense, practical view—namely, the sending to college of "the girls who have college heads." We think, however, that, as things go now, later editions of this work will call for some emendation. Is college training for women stopping short of boxing, football, and society initiations?

"Being Broad-Minded" should be widely read; for many young women have a wrong idea as regards narrowness and broadness of mind. Miss Conway is eminently practical, always interesting as a counsellor, and is herself a good example of a broad-minded woman.

Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary. By the Count de Montalembert. Translated by Francis Deming Hoyt. Longmans, Green & Co.

This translation of the life of Thuringia's pride calls attention not only to the "dear St. Elizabeth," but to the author of the book as well. And if undue emphasis is attached to the recorder of the saintly deeds of the Duchess, the power of the work does not suffer; for the Count de Montalembert is also a type of one consecrated to the service of religion. He who was strong enough to yield when Rome spoke was gifted with a delicacy of insight and an exquisite sensibility of heart, both of which fitted him especially to understand and to interpret to others the life of St. Elizabeth.

Montalembert's introduction to this biography is inspiring, and one almost feels the thrill of the spoken word in these lines on the Church: "She alone has a compass that never varies, and a Pilot who makes no mistakes." St. Elizabeth's story is well known; but this fresh presentation of a beautiful life must be a new delight, a new inspiration. In this work we have the happy combination of the man, the moment, and the subject-matter.

The Lost Jewel of the Mortimers. By Anna T. Sadlier. B. Herder.

Those who followed the seekers after the Mortimer ruby when only our weekly instalments gratified the reader's desire to hear more about the four youthful knights, will be glad to read the story in book form. It is a delightful series of adventures,—a modern Arabian Nights and Sir Galahad tale in one; and, without preaching in the least, it teaches the five manly virtues of truth, honor, courage, endurance, and gentleness. Julian, the hero, is no end "a brick," and deserved—but that would be telling.

At the Deathbed of Darwinism. By E. Dennert, Ph. D. German Literary Board, Burlington, Iowa.

Most readers who are at all interested either in scientific literature generally, or in the question of organic evolution particularly, will be glad

to possess this authorized translation, by E. V. O'Hara and John H. Peschges, of Dr. Dennert's series of able studies on the different phases of Darwinism and quasi-Darwinism. The ordinary layman, indeed, although dowered with no special training along the lines of scientific thought, will read with appreciative interest at least one portion of the book—Mr. O'Hara's excellent and quite lengthy preface.

As "Darwinism" has come to be a somewhat generic term, covering, in the minds of many, a variety of theories with which others deny that it is at all identified, Dr. Dennert does well to specify just what he means by the Darwinism which he declares is moribund. Some of its characteristic traits are thus explained: "Evolution began and continues without the aid or intervention of a Creator. In the production of variations there is no definite law: chance reigns supreme. Man, whether you regard his body or his mind, is nothing but a highly developed animal." So far as this species of Darwinism is concerned, it is, as the author asserts, decidedly on the wane.

The Gospel Applied to Our Times. By the Rev. D. S. Phelan. B. Herder.

The sub-title of this volume—"A Sermon for Every Sunday in the Year"—is self-explanatory. We have read these sermons with considerable interest and not a little edification; and, while we agree with the author's statement that they differ from any heretofore written, we have not noticed that they differ so widely as to warrant any special emphasis in recording the fact. We mention this point for the benefit of those who, mislead perhaps by the statement just quoted, may expect to find something new and startling, not to say sensational, in some or all of the discourses. We have discovered nothing of that nature on any page of the book,—the preface excluded.

The fifty-two sermons fill 473 pages, the average length being about 3600 words,—easily enough delivered by even a comparatively slow speaker in a half hour. The shortest discourse is about 2800, and the longest about 4800, words in length. For the consolation of some youthful preachers who are occasionally criticised for their use of flowery language, we quote one sentence from a passage of poetic prose in this veteran pastor's sermon on the Day of Judgment: "The heathery mountains loom up, a splendid background for the scenic display of all the glories of leaf and flower and branch; while pearly streams flow gently over limpid beds, their emerald banks antiphoning, from lustrous lips of jasper shelvings, to the symphony of life and shadow that plays over the mirthful face of the rippling waters." And this is no studied period, for the author assures us in his preface: "The sermons I offer have not been written: they have been preached and taken down by a stenographer."

"The Gospel Applied to Our Times" merits a place in the library of the average preacher, and on the bookshelves of the Catholic layman as well. It will form interesting reading for the family circle, and prove a helpful assistant to the pastor who is preparing his Sunday sermon.

The Gospel of the Childhood of Our Lord Jesus Christ. Translated from the Latin by Henry Copley Greene. With Original Text of the Manuscript at the Monastery of St. Wolfgang, an Introduction by Alice Meynell, and a Cover and Illustrations by Carlos Schwabe. Scott, Thaw Co.; Burns & Oates.

In this apocryphal gospel, translated from a Latin version found in the ancient Abbey of St. Wolfgang in the Salzkammergut, we have the tender story of the Christ-Child's early life; and, as Mrs. Meynell puts it, "in English having the calm of a language no longer in the restless current of service." Woven with the story are touches of legend, of tradition full of pathos, of mystic charm; and, when accepted as apocryphal, the narrative should be as a book of meditations to those who love the Gospel record of the Child who grew in age and wisdom before God and men.

The Ruler of the Kingdom. By Grace Keon. Benziger Brothers.

Fourteen short stories make up this attractively bound volume,—the first a love story, giving the book its title. These character-sketches have a charm of reality about them, the delineation of little children and pure-hearted women claiming the writer's most loving touches. A certain pathos marks most of the stories, but we miss the smiles that should shine out near the tears. Needless to say there is a tender piety, a sweet spirit of faith, in all the phases of life pictured; and, whether the scene is laid in a Canadian logger's camp or in the Rome of Domitian's time, one realizes a serious purpose.

Twenty-Nine Chats and One Scolding. By the Rev. Fred C. O'Neill. Christian Press Association.

Father Pardow introduces this little collection of stories; and, after a passing examination of the book, one heartily confirms his dictum that "no child will squirm on his hard chair, or yawn, when Father O'Neill's vivid pictures pass before his eyes." Father O'Neill himself calls his chats "sugar-coated pills of truth." But there is a something about that comparison to which we object; for there is no thought of anything unpleasant in the stories or in their manner of presentation, and the truths they teach are those of immortal souls.

Gontran the Good.

LONG years ago, in the troubled, turbulent days of the sixth century, there lived in Burgundy a King so wise, so just, so chaste, that all his subjects called him "the good King of Burgundy." Unlike the wild knights and nobles of his times, he spent his days in governing his people wisely and well, his nights in prayer and rest. His only recreation was the chase, in which he often indulged, taking with him generally but a few attendants, and not accompanied by a cavalcade of fawning courtiers.

One day, worn out with a long ride, and finding himself in an unknown portion of his domain, he threw himself down to rest by a small river, and there fell asleep, watched by his one attendant, a faithful squire. But while the King slept, the squire saw—or thought he saw—a tiny animal emerge from the King's lips, run to the river-bank and endeavor to cross,—a feat which it could not possibly accomplish.

Much astonished, the squire determined to see what the little creature would do. So he drew his sword and laid it over the stream from one bank to the other,—which, as the rivulet was a mere branch, and the sword a very large one, he could easily do. Apparently delighted at the bridge, the tiny beast ran across it, and was quickly hidden from sight at the base of a hill, where it disappeared into a small crevice. In a few moments, however, it returned and ran back again to the King, who immediately awoke, declaring that he had had a most remarkable dream.

"Methought," he said, "that I crossed a seething torrent of water upon a bridge of polished steel, while below me the waters foamed and gurgled furiously. Upon the farther side rose a mighty hillside, crusted with rocks and crowned with tall fir trees, which swayed in the breeze, and in whose branches the wind whistled and sang. At the foot of the hill was a cavern, and into its yawning mouth I entered, wondering much what there I might find. Lo, all within was like some vast palace! Golden were the pavements, diamonds sparkled from the ceiling like the twinkling lights of the starry heavens. The walls were set with every variety of precious stone: ruby, topaz, emerald, sapphire, chalcedony,—like to the blessed Saint John's visions of the heavenly kingdom. It was the most wonderful sight I ever beheld. And as I looked and marvelled—lo, I awoke!"

Then the King's squire, much amazed, told what he had witnessed while his royal master slept; and Gontran, in deep thought and much perplexed, rode home. There he summoned to council all the wise men of his realm—priests, bishops, and aged warriors,—and recounted to them the dream. They all agreed that but one meaning could be attached to it, and that was that there was treasure concealed under the hill whence the King had come, and that he was destined by a miracle to be its discoverer.

Without delay King Gontran hastened to the spot, and set his people to work excavating the hillside. As had been foretold, a great store of treasure lay buried there,—relics of some past age when men had hidden there the spoils of war, to be in their turn despoiled of life itself, and going whither earthly treasures availed them not.

Regarding the treasure as a gift of God, King Gontran gave the greater part of it to the poor, to the Church, and to works of charity. He built hospitals, he endowed abbeys, he made good roads through his kingdom,—"that none might miss Mass and that all might sally forth on holy pilgrimages." And, last of all, he covered the shrine of sweet Saint Marcel, at Châlons-sur-Saône, with a solid layer of beaten gold; and commanded that, to commemorate this event, the hill whence all this treasure had come should be called "Mont Trésor." And so it is called to this very day; and all Burgundians know the story of the Mont Trésor and the good King Gontran.

M. F. N. R.

The Ups and Downs of Marjorie.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

III.—New Friends. An Adventure.

Marjorie's new life began betimes next morning; and a pleasant, busy life it was. There was the table to set with pretty flowered china and quaint old-fashioned silver; the dishes to wash, under Miss Martha's careful teaching; the big mahogany table to polish; the andirons to rub until they winked back Marjorie's own pretty face stretched into a funny grin.

And when work was done there was time for play; for Miss Martha was no stern taskmistress. When the early dinner was over, Marjorie bundled up head and ears in a red shawl, that Miss Susan gave her to save jacket and hat, and turned out gleefully for a race with Rex over the white hills, just now frosted like a pound-cake with spotless snow.

Then there were so many new acquaintances to make in this strange country world: old Jeb, grizzly and kind, in the stable; Aunt Nance, who was fat and shiny as if she had been upholstered in black leather, in the big kitchen; the horses, the cows, the hens, the awe-inspiring turkey gobbler, and the brand-new calf.

For two whole weeks Marjorie had found all these so diverting that she had been the very model of a little maid indoors. She had learned to skim the cream, to scour the milk-pans, to print the butter, to crimp a ruffle under Miss Martha's critical eye, and turn the heel of a stocking by Miss Susan's nightly lessons.

Still, after having had fifty little girls to play with ever since she could remember, Manor Hill was somewhat lonely, with Rex as the only playmate. At night he dozed stupidly on the hearth rug, while Marjorie turned the heel of her stocking, and Miss Martha read aloud the "Pathfinder."

"O Rex," said Marjorie one afternoon, as, after a brisk race to the store a mile distant, the two friends paused to rest by a low stone-wall beside the road,—I wish you could talk, Rex!"

Rex gave two short barks, and wagged his tail cheerfully.

"I'm just dying to talk to somebody that can talk back. If you were only a girl or a boy, Rex, what fun we could have!"

Rex barked again, and laid his nose on Marjorie's knee apologetically.

"You're the very nicest dog I ever knew," said the little girl, stroking his head; "but you aren't like a person, Rex. This is a lovely place, and it's awful nice to have corn cakes and syrup for breakfast; and hot doughnuts, all cinnamony and sugary, for tea; and baked apples with cream on them. But I'm getting bad, I'm afraid, Rex. I felt like I'd just have to jump up and pull Miss Susan's nose last night, if I sat still by the fire another minute. Goodness! I wonder what would have happened if I had done

it!" (Marjorie gave a funny little shiver.) "It would have been as bad as when I pinned the paper chicken on Sister Bernardine's veil. That kitty-cat of a Nellie Deane told on me. Dear! dear! I could stand even kitty-cat Nellie to talk to now."

Rex started up with pricked ears, as if he heard something. A boy was coming down the road,—a big boy, with a fur cap set far back on a yellow curly head, and a merry, rosy face. He spied Rex, and whistled a clear, loud whistle, that made Rex bound forward, barking excitedly. Boy and dog met in a tussle so fierce, seemingly, that Marjorie leaped on the stone fence and shrieked in wild affright.

"Let my dog alone!" she cried, as Rex was rolled over and over again in the snow, barking madly. "You horrid boy! let my dog alone!"

"*Your* dog!" exclaimed the newcomer, pausing to stare at the little red figure gesticulating on the fence. "*Your* dog! I like that! As if I had not known Talbots' Rex ever since I knew anything! Oh, I'm onto your game straight! You are one of the gypsies from the hollow, and you are stealing Rex."

"You great, big story-teller!" gasped Marjorie, nearly breathless with honest indignation.

"Yes, you are!" The merry blue eyes that met Marjorie's were sternly judicial now. Master Bert Bolton came of a race that had worn "wigs and gowns" before the Stars and Stripes began to wave. "And you'd better make tracks back to your camp before my father hears of you. He said the next one of you he caught stealing—"

"Stealing!" panted Marjorie. "I'm not stealing Rex. He is Miss Talbot's dog, and I'm Miss Talbot's girl."

"Miss Talbot's girl!" echoed the other blankly. "What kind of a girl?"

"Her maid-girl," explained Marjorie, promptly. "She took me out of St. Vincent's Asylum to wait on her—"

"Oh!" said the boy, now comprehending the situation. "I did not know that, you see. I take a run up to Manor Hill pretty often, for Miss Martha is my godmother. I am Bert Bolton, Judge Bolton's boy. But I've been at Uncle Dick's for the holidays and have just got back. That's why Rex and I were so glad to see each other. We've been jolly chums always,—haven't we, old fellow?"

And Rex bounded up on Bert again, and the whole party walked amicably down the white, hard-packed road.

"What did you say your name was?" asked Bert.

"I didn't say anything," laughed Marjorie. "But if you want to know, it's Marjorie Mayne."

"I hope you won't mind my rough talking?" said Bert, apologetically. "But, you see, you called Rex your dog, and I *knew* he was Miss Talbot's. And, then, you do look a little like a gypsy in that red shawl,—a pretty gypsy, you know."

"Oh, you needn't try to make it nice!" said Marjorie. "But I'm not mad any more. I know what you meant. And I certainly am glad that you come sometimes to Manor Hill. I haven't seen a boy or girl since I got there. Everybody is so old and so solemn!" added the little speaker, with a sigh.

"I never think of that. I suppose I'm used to it," said Bert, laughing.

"*I* am not," responded Marjorie, frankly. "I'm used to fifty girls and having lots of fun: blind-man's-buff, and 'Open the gates,' every night in the playroom; and tag and 'pussy wants a corner,' in the big back yard, and all sorts of games; and jack-straws, made of burned matches; and checkers, with buttons on Molly Byrne's plaid shawl; and, then, best of all to steal up to the wardrobe room and get Nora Ryan to tell fairy stories.

I just love fairy stories, don't you?"

"I think I like Indian stories better," confessed Bert.

"Oh, no!" said Marjorie, emphatically. "I hate Indian stories. Miss Martha reads them at night,—about Indians and 'leather-stockings.' I like to hear about fairies, and wands that change things, and princes that kill dragons, and enchanted castles, and all like that. Nora used to tell them fine, but I'll not hear any more now."

"Oh, yes!" said Bert. "You can read them yourself if you want to. I've got a great big fairy storybook that I will lend you."

"Oh, will you?"—the big brown eyes that turned upon Bert fairly danced with delight. "I never had a fairy book to read in my life. What are those things hanging over your shoulder?"

"Skates," answered Bert, laughing. "Didn't you ever see skates before?"

"No," said Marjorie, eagerly; "but I've heard of them. You go on them over the ice, don't you?"

"Yes; and I am going on them now, down the Mill Creek," said Bert, who was beginning to find in this outspoken little person lots of fun. "Would you like to go along?"

"Is it very far?" asked Marjorie, doubtfully.

"Oh, no!" said Bert, who had a country boy's liberal ideas of distance. "Just down the hill a bit. And I'll lend you the skates and let you see what fun it is."

Lend her the skates! This was really more of a temptation than Marjorie could withstand. She would go indeed, let Bert lead where he would; for the frosty nip of the air was making her cheeks glow and her young veins tingle with joyous life. And she had been busy and quiet and good, with only solemn old folks, for, oh, so long! It seemed ages since she had had any fun or frolic, except with Rex; and here was a boy—a nice, jolly boy—offering her fairy books and skates,—delights of which our poor little Marjorie had only heard and dreamed.

She forgot that Miss Susan had told her to come back soon; that there was half a pound of tea and Miss Martha's cough syrup in her apron pocket; that the milk was still to be strained, and the new calf fed, and two pairs of ruffled pillowcases "crimped" before night.

She was "heedless Marjorie" again, and forgot everything as she skipped along to keep up with Bert's big, boyish strides; while Rex pranced and leaped in wild delight at their heels; and the blue sky overhead was flecked with little white clouds, like lost lambs; and the crisp snow crackled merrily beneath her feet; and even the solemn cedars, that should have known better, flashed and sparkled with icicles to lure her on her reckless way.

And as they went on, Marjorie's tongue, that had been tied so long for want of a "person" to talk with, rattled on confidingly; while Bert listened, half in wonder, half in big-hearted, boyish pity, to this poor little girl, who had never known father or mother, sister or brother, or even the still "softer snaps" of grandmother and maiden aunt; this poor, pretty little girl, who had never had a pony or a dog, or even a storybook of her own; who had come down here among strangers to work and wash and knit like a little old woman!

"Gee-whiz! I'll give her one jolly, fine evening, if she never has another!" resolved Bert generously, as they came in sight of the creek curving blue and deep in the heart of the hills.

"Here we are!" he said gleefully, as the whole party scrambled down the snowy bank. "Sit down on that log now, and I'll strap the skates on."

"Oh, no!" replied Marjorie, hastily. "You put them on first and show me how they go."

And, nothing loath—for he was really giving up his own evening's sport for Marjorie,—Bert buckled on his skates and was soon flying down the creek, like the old heathen god who was supposed to have wings on his heels instead of on his shoulders. Marjorie meanwhile stood on the bank, breathless with delight and admiration.

"Now," said Bert, as he came sweeping to the shore in a grand final curve on one leg, "you try it, Marjorie."

"Oh, it's fine, it's fine!" she cried, rapturously. "But I never could go like you, I know."

"Yes, you could," he said assuringly, as he buckled the skates on her rough little shoes. "I'll hold your hand at first. You'll soon get used to them."

And he guided his pupil carefully out on the ice. For a moment she staggered and swayed, then took a timorous slide forward, and nearly came down on her head.

"Hold up! Don't be afraid! I've got you," said her instructor, cheerily. "Everybody goes drunk like this at first. You'll steady up in a minute. There, now: that's better. You're learning fine. Take it long and easy, one foot at a time. Don't be scared: I won't let you fall."

It was like a bird trying to fly, but Marjorie's heart was in the flight. Staggering, stumbling, swaying, she kept on, until suddenly she seemed to find her balance. The sharp steels cut steadily into the ice beneath her feet. Marjorie could skate!

"Oh, I can go! I can go!" she cried, delightedly. "Let me try it all alone."

"Whoop!" shouted Bert triumphantly, as, like an arrow from the bow, his pupil swept down the glassy creek, her red shawl flying behind like a pirate's pennant, her red-brown curls blowing in the breeze. "You're a 'Jim Dandy!' Keep it up, keep it up!"

There was no need of the bidding: Marjorie was keeping it up only too well. Down the blue curve of the creek she skimmed like a bird that had found its wings. Oh, the wild joy of that swift flight through the icy air, the white hills and glittering trees flashing back the sunlight, as she swept on and on—dizzy with delight—she knew not where!

"You've gone far enough now!" shouted Bert. "Come back, come back!"

But the cry was unheeded. Marjorie either could not or would not hear. Round the white curve of the hills fluttered the "pirate's pennant"; and then the situation flashed upon Marjorie's guide and teacher.

"Gee-whil-a-kins!" cried the boy. "She is heading straight for the mill-dam and can't turn around!"

To "turn around" was a part of her skating lesson Marjorie had not learned. Like many an older pupil in life's slippery ways, she knew only how to keep it up. Her teacher's warning shout came to her like a note of triumphant cheer as she sped on her glittering, rapturous course,—until suddenly with an awful crash the whole world seemed to give way, and she was down, down, struggling in black, ice-cold depths, the roar of angry waters in her bewildered ears, and heaven and earth blotted from her sight.

(To be continued.)

The Cradle of Liberty.

This is the familiar appellative bestowed on Faneuil Hall, Boston, Massachusetts, erected in 1742 by Peter Faneuil (1700–1743), and presented by him to the town. In 1761 it was destroyed by fire, but was rebuilt in 1763. During the Revolutionary struggle the hall was so often used for political meetings that it became known as the "cradle of American liberty."

With Authors and Publishers.

—The Nestor of Catholic journalists in America is probably Mr. Patrick J. Meehan, editor of the *Irish American* since 1857. Mr. Meehan is still vigorous at seventy-four.

—A Catholic biography fully as captivating as a good romance is Lady Herbert's translation of the "Life of General de Sonis," by Mgr. Baunard, of which a new edition has just appeared.

—Admirers of "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box," "The Lady Paramount," "My Friend Prospero," etc., will be glad to hear that Mr. Harland is putting the finishing touches to a new story, to be published shortly in this country. His health, we are happy to state, is now much improved.

—The index and supplementary pages for the volume of THE AVE MARIA completed last month are now ready. Those who bind the magazine should have their names added to the list of addresses to which these pages are regularly mailed. Although there is no charge for them, they are sent only to those who make application.

—Catholics who have not seen an adequate biography of Pope Pius X. will find a profitable investment in Mgr. A. de Waal's life of the Pontiff, recently adapted from the second German edition and translated into English by J. W. Berg. The book deserves special recognition on account of its convenient size, its pleasing presentation of facts, and its many interesting illustrations. Published by the M. H. Wiltzius Co.

—The name of Florence Nightingale is not likely ever to be forgotten, for she ranks among the greatest philanthropists of modern times. To a host of readers the announcement of a life of this remarkable woman will be good news. It is written by the author of "The Personal Life of Queen Victoria," who had the good fortune to secure a great deal of new information regarding both Miss Nightingale's work in the Crimean War, and her after career at home, which was hardly less creditable.

—The beatification of the Curé of Ars prompts the statement that the most readable Life of the servant of God in English is the one written by the late Kathleen O'Meara, of whom Cardinal Manning used to say, "She has the genius for biography." The book, we may add, was written to order for these pages. So interested was the author in her subject, and so conscientious were her methods that she made a journey to Ars in order to collect material and to secure the needed local coloring for her narrative, which, it is not too much to say, is one of the most charming in the whole field of Catholic biography.

—The postal regulations controlling the mails from Argentina appear to be slightly defective. A copy of the *Southern Cross*, Buenos Aires, is six weeks in transit before reaching our office. Our Australian exchanges come to hand far more promptly.

—About one half of our exchanges refer to the author of "The Way that Led Beyond" as "Mr.," and the other half as "Miss," J. Harrison. "Who's Who" affords no information on the subject of this writer's sex, but perhaps the publishers will supply it when issuing the second edition of the book.

—The "spiritual letters" of Aubrey Beardsley have just been published by Longmans, Green & Co. The announcement of this volume must have been a surprise to all who are unaware of the fact that the gifted artist was received into the Church some time before his death. Watteau, his great master, was also a convert, we believe.

—Colun Wallace, of the County Galway, Ireland, who celebrated several years ago the centenary of his birth, is still a poet in active service. And we venture the assertion that his verses possess more of the music and rhythmical swing proper to the real lyric than do the average productions of old or young versifiers in most other lands. Typical Irish verse is, above all else, melodious.

—T. D. Sullivan, dean of Irish newspaper men, and author of the Hibernian national anthem, "God Save Ireland," is to publish, shortly, what can not but prove an interesting book of reminiscences—"Recollections of Troubled Times in Ireland." Mr. Sullivan reached, seven years ago, the biblical limit of threescore and ten; and his active participation in Irish affairs throughout his whole life renders his recollections particularly valuable.

—We have received the "Report of the Proceedings and Addresses of the First Annual Meeting of the Catholic Educational Association." It is a substantial brochure of about two hundred pages, and contains much that will interest the bishops, priests, teaching religious, and educated laity of the country. The meeting at St. Louis was significant of a distinct step forward in our educational matters, inasmuch as it marked the realization of a project often mooted,—that of unifying the various Catholic educa-

tional interests of the country; seminaries, universities and colleges, and parish schools. The report of this first assembly of the Association gives bright promise of excellent results to be achieved along the whole line of Catholic intellectual progress.

—We regret to announce the death (which took place suddenly, on the 6th inst.) of Mr. Otto Schnurrer, for many years editor of the *Ohio Waisenfreund.* He was a convert to the Church and had been a Lutheran minister. A man of noble character, pious and zealous as well as learned, Mr. Schnurrer was esteemed and beloved by all who knew him. His submission to the Church entailed many sacrifices, which were borne not only with resignation but cheerfulness. *R. I. P.*

—"Retreat Conferences for Convents," by the Rev. Charles Cox, O. M. I., third series, is a welcome contribution to ascetic literature. Some of the conferences are decidedly better than others; for example, that on "Imperfections" is much brighter and more forcible to our mind than the conference on "Venial Sin." Perhaps our conclusion is influenced by Cardinal Manning's well-known treatise on the latter subject. His Eminence would seem to have said the last word about it. R. & T. Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Hurrell Froude." Louise Imogen Guiney. $2.50.

"The Christian Gentleman and the Social Apostolate." Katherine E. Conway. 50 cts.

"Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary." Count de Montalembert. $2.66.

"At the Deathbed of Darwinism." E. Dennert, Ph. D. 75 cts., net.

"The Gospel Applied to Our Times." Rev. D. S. Phelan. $2, net.

"Twenty-Nine Chats and One Scolding." Rev. Fred C. O'Neill. $1.25.

"The Lost Jewel of the Mortimers." Anna T. Sadlier. $1.

"The Ruler of the Kingdom." Grace Keon. $1.25.

"The Gospel of the Childhood of Our Lord Jesus Christ." $1.25, net.

"Hereafter, or the Future Life." Rev. J. Laxenaire, D. D. 30 cts.

"The Men who Made the Nation." Edwin Erle Sparks, Ph. D. $2.

"Catechism of the Instruction of Novices." Father Gerard, D. C. 85 cts., net.

"A Simple Dictionary of Catholic Terms." Rev. Thomas Brennan, S. T. L. 10 cts.

"Perfect Contrition: A Golden Key to Heaven." Rev. J. Von Den Driesch 5 cts.

"Toward Eternity." Abbé Poulin. $1.60, net.

"The Way that Led Beyond." J. Harrison. $1.25.

"Sequentia Christiana." C. B Dawson, S J. $1, net.

"An American Missionary." A Priest of St. Sulpice. $1.

"Catholic Ideals in Social Life." Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C. $1.25, net.

"An Irishman's Story." Justin McCarthy. $2.50, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Henry Schlichter, of the diocese of Columbus; Rev. Patrick Smith, diocese of Los Angeles; Rev. Cornelius Emperor, diocese of Grand Rapids; and Rev. Nicholas Mazzarini, O. S. F. C.

Sister Mary of St. Agnes, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister Liberata, Sisters of Loretto; and Sister M. Ursula, Sisters of Charity of the Blessed Virgin.

Mr. Joseph Chambers, of Charlestown, Mass.; Col. J. B. Morrison, Fort Madison, Iowa; Mrs. Edward J. Corbett, Detroit, Mich.; Mr. Victor La Brie and Mr. Jeremiah Meagher, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Elizabeth Strain, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. John Cosgrove, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. William Richards, Washington, D. C.; Mr. John Gunn, Memphis, Tenn.; Mrs. Mary Barry, Johnstown, Pa.; Mrs. Julia Caldwell, Cleveland, Ohio; Miss Margaret Donlon, Oswego, N. Y.; Mr. Tobias Mullin, Carbondale, Pa.; Mrs. Elizabeth Ward, Toledo, Ohio; Mr. James Cahill, Kilkenny, Ireland; Miss Katherine Albinger, Akron, Ohio; Mr. Michael McGushin, Liverpool, England; Miss Clara Jacobs, Kent, Ohio; Mr. Michael O'Brien, Limerick, Ireland; Mrs. L. E. Sacksteder, Tiffin, Ohio; Mrs. Rosanna O'Boyle, Scranton, Pa.; Mr. Albert Meeks, Lockport, N. Y.; Miss Mary Gallagher, New York, N. Y.; Mr. William Hutchinson, Lima, Ohio; Miss Mary Walsh, Baltimore, Md.; and Mr. Nicholas Roskell, Stoneycroft, England.

Requiescant in pace!

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Lucis Creator Optime.

TRANSLATED BY DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

O THOU Omnipotent, whose might
From out the dark didst draw the light,
Beginning with its radiant birth,
Creation's task in heaven and earth;

Thou who the morn and evening ray
Didst blend in one and call it day,—
Now that the darkness reappears,
Deign to regard our prayers and tears.

Nor let our souls oppressed with crime
And lost amid the lures of time,
Bereft of life, foredoomed to woe,
From darkness into darkness go.

Nor let us entry seek in vain
At heaven's high portals, but obtain
The deathless prize, and enter in,
Forever safe from shame and sin.

This grant, O Father, only One;
And Thou, His sole-begotten Son;
In union with the Spirit, He
Who reigns with both eternally.

Concerning Saint Fursey.

BY E. BECK.

SAINT FURSEY, son of Fintan, "King of part of Ireland," as the old annalists style him, is not renowned alone for his holy life, nor yet for his missionary labors in East Anglia and Gaul. Notable authorities state that the visions of the sainted son of Fintan, as recorded by the Venerable Bede, inspired Dante in his great work; and the ordinary reader can find many points of resemblance between the poem of the Italian poet and the visions of Saint Fursey. After the lapse of thirteen centuries traces and memorials of him are found alike in the wild west of Ireland, in France, and in Protestant East Anglia. The great writer of English ecclesiastical history devotes many pages to Saint Fursey's vision of heaven, hell, and purgatory; while Canon O'Hanlon tells us that the names of the various old lives of the saint would suffice in themselves to make a goodly volume.

Saint Fursey's father, Fintan, was a son of Finlog, King of Munster. In youth Fintan was no less remarkable for his uprightness and honesty of purpose than for his great personal beauty. When twenty-five years of age he set out on a visit to Aed Finn, King of Leinster—who had, with his family, been converted to Christianity,—and fell in love with his daughter Gelges. The King, however, would not permit the princess to wed a pagan; but the maiden, nothing daunted, contrived to have her suitor instructed in the true Faith and baptized, and the pair were secretly married. On discovering the fact, the anger of the King knew no bounds, and he decreed that his daughter and her husband should be put to death. Gelges was ordered to be burned at the stake; and was, according to the inhuman order, bound on a pile of burning wood. Her tears fell fast, and where

they fell a fountain sprang up that quenched the blazing fire. Astonished at the miracle, the Leinster King changed the death sentence to one of exile from the province, and Fintan and Gelges repaired to the west of Ireland.

Saint Brendan, the famous voyager, was, it is said, Fintan's uncle, and to his monastery on Inisquin the royal exiles soon repaired. A son was born after their arrival at Brendan's Abbey, and was baptized by the holy abbot, who gave the child the name of Fursacus, or Fursey, a Gaelic word which signified virtue. As the child grew up, the venerable abbot instructed him in the lore and learning of the monks. Afterward Fursey was placed under the care of the Abbot Meldan. When Fursey journeyed to Gaul in the after time, he carried the relics of his saintly instructor with him and deposited them in the church of Peronne.

The miracles wrought by Saint Fursey and his holy life drew many disciples to his side. It was when he was dwelling in a monastery which he had erected on the shores of Lough Corrib that he had his wondrous visions of the things of the other world. He had been preaching, and had fallen ill. On entering his cell, a sudden darkness fell on him, and his faithful comrades mourned for him as dead. Then three beautiful angels approached and bore him upward. At day dawn those who watched by the dead body saw a sudden quiver pass through it, and Fursey opened his eyes. Again at midnight he passed into a trance, and heard horrible sounds from a great multitude; but the angels comforted him, and again he saw the joys of heaven and the fires of hell and purgatory. Among the blessed he recognized Bevan, and Meldan his former instructor. Bevan the priest thus addressed Fursey: "Be a faithful steward, temperate in all things; for, though the poor and needy and prisoner may beg, the rich should give to those who are in want." And Dante wrote:

> Such cleansing from the taint of avarice
> Do spirits, converted, need.

Many such similarities are met with in his works and in Fursey's visions. The Abbot Meldan spoke at length on the sin of pride, and Fursey was told to go forth and preach the Gospel. When the three had ended their discourse, the saint awoke from his trance. Ever after he carried on cheek and shoulder scars received from the burning torch of a lost soul.

For some months after this, Fursey preached to the people of the islands off the west coast of Ireland; then, accompanied by his brothers Ultan and Foillan, and by three priests, he set out for Britain, and was most kindly received by Sigeberht, the monk-king of East Anglia,—"a worthy servant of the Lord," William of Malmesbury styles him. At Sigeberht's court was the Burgundian Bishop, Felix, who was, some writers say, the founder of Cambridge; and, influenced perhaps by him, Fursey decided to proceed to Gaul. Before leaving East Anglia, however, he founded the great monastery of Burg-Castle in Suffolk.

It is related that at this time a famine prevailed in the land; and one day Fursey, with some of his companions, went out to sow a field of corn. In three days the field was covered with a luxuriant crop of ripe yellow grain ready for the sickle. He placed his brother Foillan in charge of the monastery; and, after a long time spent in prayer, he set out for Gaul, and landed at the mouth of the Somme. The lord of that part of the country was in great grief for the death of his son. Fursey restored the child to life; but continued his journey, despite the grateful Duke Haymon's entreaties to remain near him. The little village of Fors-hem, in Picardy, really means "the house of Fursey."

At Peronne he was welcomed by its mayor, Erchenwald, a good and holy man, who at once undertook to build a church for the saint; but Fursey died many years before it was completed.

Saint Fursey's fame had, however, spread afar, even to the court of Clovis II. and his English wife, Baldchilde; and he was compelled by them to take up his abode at Lagny. The King bestowed a piece of ground on him, and Fursey began to build his church. Close by rose the royal Convent of Chelles, founded by the Queen in her widowhood, and restored or rebuilt many years after by Gisela, a sister of Charlemagne.

When a few years had elapsed Fursey felt a great longing to converse with his brothers Ultan and Foillan in their East Anglian monastery; but sickness came on him ere he had proceeded far on his journey. He died where he had wrought his first miracle, on French soil, in the country of Duke Haymon, in Mezerolles, near Doullens. The soldiers of the Duke guarded the body till it could be decided what spot should be selected for its repose. The Duke was anxious that the saint should be buried in his domains; but, after some delay, the remains were conveyed by Erchenwald back to Peronne, and placed in the still unfinished church.

Four years later, as the Venerable Bede tells, the saint's body was found free from any trace of decay; and was then translated from its resting-place to a receptacle on the east of the high altar of Peronne.

THE title of "Our Lady" first came into general use in the days of chivalry; for she was the Lady "of all hearts," whose colors all were proud to wear. Hundreds upon hundreds had enrolled themselves in brotherhoods vowed to her especial service, or devoted to acts of charity to be performed in her name.—*Mrs. Jameson.*

Young Mr. Bretherton.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

IV.—WHO WAS THAT LITTLE GIRL?

THAT afternoon of August held a suggestion of autumn in the deeper, mellower tints of its sunshine, in the very luxuriance of the foliage, and in that indescribable touch of melancholy which overspread the landscape; just as in the meridian of the most brilliant human life there is a hint of decline. The air was of a brisk coolness, which told of mellowing fruits and of reddening leaves, with the bountiful harvest of the autumnal season. Miss Tabitha's flower-beds were ablaze with dull crimsons, fiery reds, and orange yellows. The tall sunflowers, sentinel-like, watched over the premises, as if repelling outside intrusion; their brown and yellow disks seemed as silent, vigilant eyes regarding the old lady and her doings.

Miss Tabitha was at her post upon the porch, busy with a bit of tatting, when young Mr. Bretherton paid his second visit. The spinster had been listening to the mill noises with that vague sense of disquiet which forever lingered in her mind. She always pictured the manager, Eben Knox, like some huge spider, weaving silently in the darkness a web which would one day inclose herself and the Bretherton family. And that catastrophe now seemed to her the more dreadful, since she had known the bright and attractive young man, who had already won his way into her heart.

When Mr. Bretherton swung the gate open and entered, Miss Tabitha, discomposed by her dark thoughts, rose so hastily to greet him that a corner of her lace mantilla caught in a projecting nail and tore. The rent was an ugly, jagged one, not easily repaired; but

LIBRARY

after one swift, regretful glance, the old lady gave all her thoughts to her guest.

He advanced up the walk, tall and erect, and, as Miss Tabitha thought while surveying him from her post of observation on the porch, every inch a Bretherton. He was certainly very like his father, and another member of the family for whom the spinster had once cherished a particular regard. A swift pang shot through her. Why—oh, why were they in the power of such a creature as that who now governed affairs at the mill, and looked out, darkly brooding, with cavernous eyes, upon the alder bushes?

The young man brought a couple of magazines which his mother had lately received from Boston, and which he fancied Miss Tabitha might care to see. When they had been gratefully accepted, Jim refused all offers of a comfortable chair, and sat down upon the step at his hostess' feet, talking in his easy fashion on a variety of subjects.

"Are there any pretty girls in the town?" he asked presently. "Of course I've scarcely seen anybody yet."

"There are some," answered Miss Tabitha; "but not a great many in your circle."

"Have I a circle?" inquired the young man, his brown eyes laughing in their amused way. "I didn't know."

"You know very well what circle the Brethertons move in," reproved Miss Tabitha.

"Well, if it isn't profane to say so, they scarcely seem to move at all now," young Mr. Bretherton retorted. "My dear old mother loves her corner upon the veranda, and my father gets nearly all the exercise he wants in his own grounds."

"You are incorrigible!" cried Miss Tabitha, shaking her head at him in mild disapproval.

"No, but really, Miss Tabitha, where do all the girls keep themselves?"

"Let me see!" mused the spinster. "Of the young ladies upon the Thorneycroft Road, who are the only ones at all admissible—"

"Am I to be restricted to neighborhoods?" asked the Governor's son, in mock desperation. "Besides, if Thorneycroft Road is to be my happy hunting grounds, the prospects are very bad. I believe there is a conspiracy in progress there."

"A conspiracy?" exclaimed Miss Tabitha uneasily, her mind at once reverting to Eben Knox, who, as she had heard, had lately purchased ground in that aristocratic region.

"I mean amongst the womenkind," explained Jim Bretherton. "It must be some new and dreadful phase of the Woman's Rights movement. I haven't seen the face of a girl in all my peregrinations out there."

"Oh," said Miss Tabitha, relieved, "that is merely accidental! You will meet them soon enough; and very glad they will be, I am sure, of the society of another young gentleman. But you will be going away to Boston after a while, to bring back a wife who will be suitable for young Mr. Bretherton of the Manor."

"I should think it hard lines to have to marry a wife merely because she is suitable," laughed the young man. "Perhaps I should bring back quite another variety. Meanwhile you ought really to take pity on me and introduce me to some of the hidden beauties on the Thorneycroft Road, or anywhere else you please."

"Some are away this summer," replied Miss Tabitha, cautiously; "and I have not a very large acquaintance amongst young people on the Road. Those of this generation do not care very much for maiden ladies who live in an unfashionable quarter."

"Then we shall leave Thorneycroft to its seclusion," said young Mr. Bretherton. "I'm afraid they wouldn't care about me either. I'm a simple sort of

chap, don't you know? And I should immensely prefer Rose Cottage to any of the villas."

He was silent for a few moments, looking about him; then he observed:

"Those sunflowers over there remind me of an afternoon long ago when I came to play here. I plucked one of your sunflowers, and the little girl who used to be here told me you would be very angry. She was quite annoyed herself, and I had to give her half the seeds before peace could be restored."

He laughed as he recalled the incident. Then he pushed his straw hat back upon his head, and, looking up at his old friend, asked abruptly:

"Miss Tabitha, who was that little girl?"

Miss Tabitha started, as in the old days she had started when the boy Jim Bretherton had touched her suddenly with a switch. She answered presently, with a deliberate gravity quite unlike her usual manner, and as if the subject were distasteful to her:

"I wonder that you have so long a memory for children with whom you played. But that little girl was my niece, Leonora Chandler."

"Leonora,—yes, that was the name," replied Mr. Bretherton, his face lighting up. "What a pretty name it is, and how unusual!"

"Yes, it *is* rather uncommon."

And then there was silence, the old lady busying herself with the threads of her tatting, but she was likewise busy with other threads which had been woven into her life's history. She remembered another Bretherton who had come to the cottage when she herself was young, with the spring of life blooming all about her; when her withered cheek had been smooth as ivory; when her eyes, now dimmed, had been full of the gracious light, the glad and buoyant glow of youth; when her smile had been accounted as very sweet, and her figure rarely lithe and graceful.

Well, that Bretherton had come and gone. There had been certain love-passages between them,—the giving of a flower upon her part, the stealing of a ringlet upon his; a few impassioned words; a letter, quaint in phraseology now, just as the parchment on which it was written had become yellow and time-worn.

Miss Tabitha, in her reverence for the great people—a reverence which had been sedulously cultivated from her youth upward,—scarcely expected anything more. Through the difference of condition, family pride, and the stress of other circumstances, that old romance had come to naught. How far its termination had been responsible for disastrous results in the one case, it is impossible to decide. Miss Tabitha, for her part, had sat there in loneliness, though many a suitor had plucked the roses from the vine and had spoken words of love. Therefore, sitting silent now, busy with her fancywork, a fixed resolve shaped itself in her mind.

But youth is ever impatient, and the young man presently broke in upon her musings.

"Tell me, Miss Tabitha," he said, pleadingly—and the old lady reminded herself that the Brethertons ever had that way with them,—"tell me, *where* is that little girl now?"

"She is no longer a little girl," Miss Tabitha answered, gravely.

"Oh, of course I know that! She was not so very many years younger than I was."

"She was four years your junior, which would make her present age twenty," the old lady explained.

"But why do you speak of her in the past tense? And why—oh, why do you look so grave? Surely, surely, she is not dead!"

The young man spoke with unwonted eagerness, and he felt a curious pang at the thought that she should be no longer upon the green earth's

surface. Through all the eager, strenuous days at Oxford, when he had been winning his "double first," or bringing every nerve and muscle into play in the Varsity Eight and Eleven, as well as the days succeeding at old Heidelberg, where he had borne away high honors and once again set men talking about the clever American, he had never given the little girl a thought. She had faded, with all his earlier recollections,—with the flower-beds at Rose Cottage and the lawn at Bretherton Manor. All these things had at least lain dormant with the other memories that belonged to youth.

Now, it seemed to him as if he had been always perfectly familiar with this cottage, and as if that little girl had been constantly in his thoughts. He remembered the stamp of her foot, and the sweet and yet imperious voice in which she had ordered him to do this or that; while he, in his boyish self-will, had just as often as not refused to do her bidding. That altercation, for instance, about the stolen sunflower seeds recurred to him with extraordinary distinctness.

Whilst her youthful visitor was thus recalling the past, and questioning Miss Tabitha about her niece Leonora, that farseeing spinster had jumped to the conclusion that it was very much better for all concerned that the girl should be away. She had gone for the summer as companion to a widowed relative, who was also Leonora's great friend. It was understood that she was to return and give her aunt at least a month or two of her society before she should begin an engagement for the winter. Now Miss Tabitha hurriedly resolved that she would sacrifice the cherished companionship of her niece, and forego the pleasure of having her with her for any time at all. She further determined that if Mrs. Brentwood did not re-engage Leonora for the winter, then the girl must go and spend the coming months with other relatives in Boston. By that time young Mr. Bretherton would have settled down into his proper sphere, and formed intimacies within his own circle, thus averting the danger which might arise from his present aimless condition of mind.

She answered the young man's last question with the same sober and restrained manner which was calculated to dismiss the subject.

"No, Leonora is not dead: she is away."

"I am glad to hear that," said the inquirer, eagerly,—"I mean I am glad that she is alive. And, of course, if she is away she will come back again."

Miss Tabitha made no answer. She was reflecting.

"Unless, indeed, she is married," added the young man uneasily, but with a light laugh designed to conceal his anxiety.

"Married? That child? Why, bless your heart, no!"

"Girls are sometimes married at twenty or even before," he observed, with laughter in his eyes.

"Yes, yes, I suppose they are," assented Miss Tabitha. "I forget how time flies. But, somehow, I think Leonora will be a long while making up her mind. Dearie me, dearie me, it is only yesterday she was in short dresses!"

"And pinafores, which she always got torn," put in the young man. "She was a pretty little girl then,"—he added to himself, by way of mental reservation, "that is, when her face was clean."

"Oh, but nothing to what she has grown up!" answered Miss Tabitha, forgetting her prudent resolves.

"Is she so very pretty, then?" asked the youth,—"so very lovely, I should say, if she has really improved upon what she was?"

"Many people say that she is lovely," Miss Tabitha declared, with a degree

of caution; "though her beauty does not appeal so forcibly to everyone."

"Oh, why did she go away?" the young man exclaimed involuntarily.

"Because," said Miss Tabitha, recalled to a sense of her plain duty, and hoping to impress upon this perilous young visitor the difference in station between him and her niece,—"because our circumstances required that she should go. She is a poor girl and has to earn her own living."

The young man was silent an instant, then he burst forth:

"It is a shame that any one so pretty as you describe her—or, in fact, any girl at all—should have to go away from home."

"Many others have been under the same necessity," said Miss Tabitha, dryly; "and, though Leonora is well-favored enough, I always impress upon her the old maxim that 'handsome is as handsome does.'"

"Yes, you used to try to impress it upon her long ago," said young Mr. Bretherton, delightedly; "but, somehow or another, the consequences were usually disastrous. She always climbed more fences and tore more pinafores as the net result of your admonitions. One day she pinched my arm till it was black and blue and gave me a sounding slap, to prove her contempt for the axiom."

"Oh, dear me, how dreadful!" cried the aunt. "She must have quite forgotten herself."

"I pulled her hair in retaliation," declared the young man. "I believe I was restrained from returning the slap by some sort of sentiment. She hadn't much respect for me, I assure you. I remember her saying that if *her* father had been governor of the State, she wouldn't be such a miserable boy as I was."

He laughed heartily at the recollection; but Miss Tabitha, shocked, exclaimed:

"Dear me! How very rude of her!"

"She had her moods, like the rest of your sex. Soon afterward I came to tea one afternoon, and she offered me a rose, with the prettiest little curtsy possible; and poured out my tea, and let me eat plum-cake off her prettiest plate. I was in a good mood too, and I told her I liked the frock she wore, and that she looked like the picture of a queen in one of my father's books. She answered that she would love to be a queen, or at least a great lady, and receive the guests at a state ball."

"What a child!" cried Miss Tabitha, half-vexed, half-gratified.

"I believe she promised to make me an A. D. C. if she ever married a governor or other notability."

"Poor Leonora!" sighed the aunt. "I am afraid her dreams will never be realized. She is now companion to Mrs. Brentwood, who is, however, a relative on her father's side; and she receives a very liberal salary."

She looked half defiantly at Mr. James Cortlandt Bretherton, to see if he were shocked by this intelligence. He scarcely seemed to notice, merely observing:

"So you don't think there's much chance of her coming back at present?"

"No, not the least in the world," she replied, heartily. "And, indeed, it is much better that she should be away."

"Why?" asked the young man, in genuine astonishment. "I should think you would be lonely here without her."

Miss Tabitha turned away her face to hide the quivering of her lip.

"I am lonely. But, then, it is better for her to be earning; and I—I am accustomed to loneliness."

The kind-hearted young gentleman felt quite sorry for his old friend, and somewhat resentful on the subject of Leonora's earnings. He had at once that disregard for small sums of money which is often seen in the children of the rich, and a distaste to the notion of women going out of their sphere.

"Well," he said, cheerfully, "I hope she will marry a governor, or, better still, the President of these United States. Then she can give me a post, if she will; and you can be always with her, Miss Tabitha."

He broke off abruptly, as a harsh sound disturbed the afternoon stillness.

"By Jove," he cried, "is that the five-o'clock bell of the mill? Your cottage must be enchanted, Miss Tabitha,—time seems to pass so quickly here."

"It passes quickly everywhere," Miss Tabitha answered, raising her voice because of the clangor of the mill bell.

"I had promised my father to look in at the mill," Jim Bretherton declared. "I suppose it's too late now; and I'm not sorry. That manager seems a surly brute."

The young man paused in dismay. Miss Tabitha had turned deadly pale, leaning back in her chair, with a scared, hunted look in her eyes.

"Are you ill?" he cried. "Can I get you anything?"

The old lady shook her head.

"No, no!" she answered. "It's just a faintness. I don't need anything. I shall be better in a moment."

She made a determined effort to rally her forces, which had momentarily deserted her on hearing her visitor so lightly allude to a subject which dwelt hauntingly in her thoughts, and to that manager who in her eyes constituted a dire menace to the peace of the Bretherton family.

"So the five-o'clock train is really in!" Miss Tabitha exclaimed, anxious to divert attention from her late weakness. "There is the stage coming up the street, unless my eyes deceive me."

"It is certainly the bus," young Mr. Bretherton assented,—"which reminds me that I expect a cousin of mine and my college chum one of these days. There is no danger of his arriving, however, without having sent a wire."

(To be continued.)

In a Convent.

BY MARION MUIR.

THERE is a quiet convent, where the lawn
Dips in from city blocks, as holy dawn
May rest on battlefields where those who die
Receive a benediction from the sky,
Before the shadows claim them; and where I
Would like, at last, a little space to lie,
Feeling the Angels of the Altar close
Softly about me, in well-earned repose,
And hear the Saviour's promise: "In My name
Storms shall be stilled and evil things grow tame."

Essentials and Nonessentials of the Catholic Religion.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

II.—What are Catholics Free to Believe or Not?

WE have seen that Catholics are strictly obliged to give assent of one kind or another to three classes of pronouncements made by the Church: namely, to doctrines which she teaches as truths of revelation; to other truths which she defines in the infallible exercise of her office of protector and custodian of revealed truth; and, lastly, to those words of warning and direction which, without calling into exercise her prerogative of infallibility, she frequently utters for the guidance of the faithful, either through the Supreme Pontiff himself, by the decisions of Sacred Congregations, or by the voice of her pastorate.

To the first class of pronouncements is due, as has been said, the assent of divine and Catholic faith; to the second, the assent of ecclesiastical faith; to the last, the assent of religious obedience,—such an assent as we give when we bow to the superior judgment of one who may be expected to know better than we do, and who has by his position a right to give us directions.

But beyond these matters there is a large field wherein a Catholic is completely at liberty to give or to withhold consent, according to his own judgment. The matters in which a Catholic is thus free may be conveniently classed under the three heads of (1) opinions of theological schools or of individual theologians, (2) pious beliefs, and (3) private revelations and particular alleged miracles. We will consider these in order.

And first, as to opinions of theologians. The very name "opinion" shows that there is here no question of any obligation to assent; for an opinion means precisely something about which we have not certainty, — something probably true, perhaps very probably true, yet not certain. The office of the theologian is not merely to lay down and defend what, by the teaching of the Church, is to be held as true without doubt: he has, besides, to illustrate the great Catholic dogmas by analogies taken from truths of reason,— to show how marvellously they bear out and supplement all that reason itself teaches. He endeavors to penetrate more and more deeply into their inexhaustible significance; to show that while the mysteries of faith, consisting as they do in revelations about the nature of the infinite God Himself, are therefore beyond the capacity of finite intelligence wholly to fathom, they yet contain nothing that is in open contradiction to the truths taught us by the same God through the light of reason. Moreover, he draws probable conclusions from the teachings of faith, offers solutions of difficulties, and proposes reconciliations between those teachings of faith and dicta of science which may at first sight be in apparent opposition.

It is inevitable that in these matters, until the Church herself has spoken, there should be differences of opinion. One school of theology may consider this explanation of a difficulty to be right, while another school may hold to a different one, and another to a third. This learned doctor may propose an interpretation of some obscure text of Holy Scripture, another may reject it. Thomists and Scotists and Augustinians may dispute concerning the best mode of reconciling the action of divine grace with the free will of man; and in all this Catholics are free to choose. Such matters are not of faith, and, unless the Church has stepped into the arena of dispute, we are left to adopt that opinion which appears to our reason to be the best grounded.

When, indeed, all schools of theology, carrying on their investigations under the eye of the Church, unanimously hold any doctrine to be a truth of revelation, we have a sure indication that this doctrine is the belief of the universal Church, since otherwise such unanimity would be impossible. We are, therefore, bound to believe it,— not on the authority of the theologians, but because it is proposed to us by the Church as divinely revealed, and to be believed, in consequence, on the authority of God. Moreover, supposing all schools of theological thought to hold a doctrine as certainly *true*, without, however, attributing to it the character of divine revelation, it would be rash for a Catholic to deny their teaching. But here, again, the obligation not to deny rests not upon the authority of theologians as such, but upon the fact that, under these circumstances, they do, when unanimous, represent the mind of the Catholic Church.

It should be observed, however, that to constitute this "consent of theologians" it is necessary that their consent be not only morally unanimous, but extending over a period of the Church's history long enough to constitute a constant belief. The consent of theologians merely for a period would not

suffice. "But when," to quote the illustrious Cardinal Franzelin,* "we have not this constant and unanimous teaching, but theologians of authority hold different views, and especially when they propose their teaching not as a fixed persuasion, but by way of opinion only, then, although their authority is not to be at once set aside as of no value, yet the fact of their discussion shows that the matter can not be decided by their authority, but that we must decide according to the reasons brought forward, and adopt that opinion which (we speak of theological matters, not mere philosophical theories) seems most in agreement with the teachings of Scripture, the elucidations of the Fathers, and the mind and consent of the Church." A little later, quoting Melchior Canus, the same eminent theologian remarks: "Anything is not erroneous because it happens to be contrary to the dicta of the Thomists or the Scotists."

To come now to "pious beliefs." Of these there are a multitude. They consist for the most part in a pious persuasion, resting upon some tradition or upon some private revelation made to a saint, that certain spiritual benefits will be obtained by the devout performance of specified religious practices. I do not speak here of such things as the sacramentals of the Church, given to us by her express authority as an efficacious means of obtaining grace,—these will find their proper place in these papers when I come to treat of Catholic practices. Nor, of course, do I include amongst pious beliefs the faith we have in the efficacy of holy indulgences,—a faith which, resting upon the infallible pronouncements of the Church, is much more than a mere belief.

Amongst pious beliefs a well-known instance is the persuasion that those who communicate devoutly on the first Friday of nine consecutive months in honor of the Sacred Heart of our Divine Lord, will obtain the grace of final perseverance. I am aware that considerable discussion has lately arisen in some quarters concerning this belief, and concerning the best theological explanation of the famous "twelfth promise" made to Blessed Margaret Mary upon which it rests. It is not, however, to my present purpose to enter into this question, which, as we are dealing now with matters which are not of faith, is immaterial to our subject.

Amongst pious beliefs are included also the other promises stated by Blessed Margaret Mary to have been made to her by Our Lord in favor of those who should practise devotion to His Heart. Another familiar instance is the widespread belief that those who die wearing the little Carmelite Scapular will be saved; and, connected with this, the famous "Sabbatine Indulgence," as it is called, according to which our Blessed Lady is said to deliver from purgatory, on the Saturday following their death, the souls of those who have died wearing the Scapular, and who have observed certain conditions during their lifetime.

Beliefs of this kind are usually connected in this way with some practice of real piety and utility; many of them have been expressly encouraged and approved by Popes; and they have without doubt been the source of many good works and consequent grace or merit. To cast ridicule therefore upon pious beliefs in general, to despise or scoff at those who hold them, could not be excused either from uncharitableness or a certain disloyalty to the Church, which approves or at least tolerates them. But they are not matters of faith or obligation; their authenticity is a matter for historical investigation; they depend frequently

* De Trad. et Script., Thesis xvii.

upon the authenticity of some alleged miracle or private revelation,—matters of which I shall speak shortly; so that, in practice, while Catholics may not despise, they are not bound to take up such things.

The Church leaves each of her children free to adopt them or not, according as they find them helpful or the reverse to their spiritual progress. Like all good things, they are open to abuse; and we sometimes hear of people so unreasonable as to think that the wearing of scapulars or medals, or the formal recitation of some prayer, will avail to salvation irrespective of conduct. It may well be doubted, however, whether cases of such extreme ignorance are anything but exceedingly rare, since the most elementary knowledge of Christian doctrine would suffice to disabuse any one of such an idea. A somewhat careless attitude about such things, a taking them up because they may happen to be the fashion, without any attempt to gauge their usefulness to the individual, or to extract from them that edification which a more careful and reasonable use of them would give, is probably more common, and is not free from the charge of a certain degree of superstition. Pious beliefs are allowed and approved not as substitutes for earnest efforts to live a Christian life, but as aids to that end; and the endeavor to make the substitution is an abuse.

For convenience' sake, we may consider here the question of relics, shrines, and places which are the object of particular devotion. Our persuasion of the authenticity of these, while, strictly speaking, dependent upon questions of historical fact, is often, nevertheless, due to a pious frame of mind which inclines us to look for special marks of God's presence and power in one place rather than another, and to expect that things and places in some way connected with Our Lord and His saints have been used by God as the instruments and occasions of special manifestations of Divine Providence, and have been the object of continued veneration on the part of Christians. Thus there is what may be described as a presumption in favor of those shrines and relics which a long-standing tradition offers to our devotion.

Apart from the tenet that sacred relics are to be venerated, which is of faith, and the belief that these certain favored spots are chosen from time to time by Almighty God as the scene of His wonders—a belief which is borne out by the constant practice of the Church,—the persuasion we have of the authenticity of relics and special shrines, since it is partly due to considerations of a pious nature, may fitly be included under the present head of "pious beliefs." As I have said, history, in the last resort, must be the final judge, not of the propriety of the veneration shown to these objects of devotion—for which propriety we have the distinct word of the Church,—but of their *authenticity*. History, in numerous cases, amply justifies devotion; while in other cases—such as that of Lourdes, for instance,—not history so much as present-day fact attests the reasonableness of Catholic piety.

The famous shrines and relics, some of world-wide, others of local, renown, which are to be found throughout the length and breadth of the Catholic Church are many in number. Some of them, like the martyrs' tombs in Rome, date from the very beginning of Christianity; others are of quite late origin. The tomb of St. Peter on the Vatican Hill, that of St. Paul on the Ostian Way, the relics of the True Cross, are amongst the most ancient devotional treasures of the Church. It is piously believed by many that the Holy House of Loreto is actually that in which the great mystery of the Incarnation took

place, and that it was miraculously transported to its present position by angels. It is piously believed that the Holy Stairs at Rome are the very steps of the Pretorium down which our Blessed Lord walked on His way to death; that the *Volto Santo*, or Handkerchief of St. Veronica, bears the actual impress of His sacred face. The list might be indefinitely extended.

The relentless spirit of modern historical criticism is calling into question the authenticity of many long-cherished objects of devotion of this sort. Some of them will, doubtless, be discredited, while those that survive the test will have enhanced value in our eyes. But, whatever may be the outcome, one thing will be clear from what has already been said,—namely, that Catholic *faith* is not concerned in these things. How far, then, do the obligations of Catholics in regard to them extend? I reply that, while we may by no means deny the teaching of the Church that sacred relics and holy shrines are rightly made the object of veneration; while, too, we must not refuse to believe that God does from time to time choose out special places in which His divine favors are conspicuously granted, we are perfectly free to judge of the authenticity of each particular instance according to the evidence that can be brought forward in its support.

Such matters are not part of the divine revelation made to the Apostles and handed down by them to the Church; nor are they of such a nature as to be intimately bound up with any revealed truth, so as to come under the scope of her infallible authority as custodian of the Faith, except in so far as we must allow that she can not err in her approval or toleration of this kind of devotion in general. Thus the great doctrine of the Incarnation stands firm whether or no the Holy House of Loreto is an authentic relic; the doctrine of the Redemption is untouched, if it be proved that the "Holy Face" is a comparatively late painting, or that the tradition about the Holy Stairs was unheard of until the fifteenth century.

An objection might here be raised to the following effect. Catholics do undoubtedly make a great deal of pious beliefs. The wearing of medals and scapulars, the performance of certain set acts of devotion with a view to obtaining specified benefits, the visiting of various shrines and places of pilgrimage where some miraculous event is considered to have happened, form a great feature in their religious life, especially in Latin countries. If they had the assurance of faith in the authenticity of such things, this custom would at least be explained. As it is, Catholics may be altogether deluded in expecting certain benefits from certain practices, and quite mistaken as to the authenticity of shrines and relics. Moreover, there would seem to be, in truth, some color for the assertion that the Church does impose these pious beliefs upon her children, since they are frequently the subject of devotional treatises, are spoken of in terms of high approbation in Papal Bulls, while acts of devotion of this kind are rewarded by Popes with the grant of large indulgences.

In answer to these objections, I would first reply that the approbation or toleration of the Church in all these matters means simply this: that we may be sure, upon the Church's authority, that our devotion, if rightly and reasonably exercised, is useful and salutary; or, in the case where it is plain that not downright approbation but rather a mere toleration is given, that there is no danger therein to faith or morals. It is a fact, which ought by this time to be sufficiently clear, that these devotions are not imposed upon Catholics as matters of faith.

Next I would call attention to the teaching of the Church concerning the nature of the honor that is paid to relics, shrines, holy images, pictures, medals, and scapulars. This honor is that which is termed "relative" honor or worship; that is, it is directed not merely to the material object—shrine, relic, or picture,—but to a *person:* the person, that is, whose shrine or relic or picture it is. Consequently, even supposing a case where, by mistake, a Catholic were to venerate some spot or some supposed relic which had really nothing to do with the person whom he intended to honor, such an accident could in no degree depreciate the real value of his personal act of devotion. His intention is not to venerate, in itself and for itself, merely the material object concerning the connection of which with the true and final object of his homage he happens to be in error; but he means to pay honor to God or to one of God's saints by the respect which he shows to that which he supposes to have a special connection with the person venerated. His intention is good, and the person whom he wishes to honor is really honored by his act of devotion. Hence the fact of a shrine's being mistakenly connected in his mind with some special interposition of God or the Blessed Virgin or the saints, the fact of a relic's being erroneously ascribed to some holy servant of God, does not destroy the intrinsic value of his devotional act.

Again, supposing, for instance, the famous "twelfth promise" to rest upon an error, it still remains true that devotion to the Sacred Heart is theologically correct; that it is of the greatest spiritual benefit to all who practise it; that it may easily turn the scale in favor of salvation rather than damnation; and that the nine devout Communions made on the strength of it will be of a value simply inestimable, to say nothing of the fact that the good habit thus formed of communicating regularly every month will frequently be kept up. Without presuming for a moment to decide the question of the authenticity or exact theological explanation of this promise—about which the Church will speak if she sees it to be necessary,—but merely supposing, for the sake of argument, that the contentions of its opponents are correct, it appears to me that the undoubted spiritual benefits to be obtained fully justify the approval which the Church has given to the practice of the Nine Fridays' Communion which has resulted from the pious belief of Catholics in the promise.

To pass off sham relics on the faithful, to "get up" a devotion to some shrine or sanctuary on false grounds, to publish false promises of spiritual or temporal benefits to be gained by some devotion,—these things would indeed be most reprehensible, and would meet with the sternest repression from authority; but there may be perfectly innocent mistakes about these matters, and it is to such that the foregoing remarks apply.

As to Bulls of Popes published in praise of relics or places of pilgrimage the authenticity of which may, in the light of historical research, become doubtful, we must remember the words of Father Thurston, S. J.:

"The approval of the Holy See which may be accorded from time to time to such popular devotions does not involve any infallible pronouncement upon a question of pure history. It implies that reasonable care has been taken to exclude fraud or the probability of error, but that such care is necessarily proportioned to the canons of historical criticism prevalent at the period at which the approbation was first granted. Hence it may readily be allowed that the Pontiffs of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries were

often satisfied with evidence that would be far from conclusive in our own more sceptical age. Similarly, the facts which are recounted in the Martyrologium or the Roman Breviary are not guaranteed free from all error because these books are formally authorized by Papal Bulls. All the world knows that corrections and emendations are occasionally made in statements which the progress of knowledge has shown to be no longer defensible. But where the disproof of an old tradition depends only upon negative criticism, the Holy See is naturally slow to act."*

With regard to the grant of indulgences for acts of devotion performed in some place erroneously supposed to possess a sacred connection, we should remember that, although the devotion, or some particular form of devotion, doubtless grew up in the Church because of that supposed connection, yet it is the *act of devotion* that is rewarded with indulgences; and such acts of devotion need not depend upon an accidental question of history. If and when it is proved conclusively that any object of veneration is not authentic, the ecclesiastical authorities will always take proper measures.

Thus the "Table of the Last Supper," preserved in St. John Lateran, was formerly the object of great devotion, being publicly exposed in the church on certain days. Now, since great doubt has been thrown upon the alleged fact of its being the identical table upon which our Blessed Lord instituted the Holy Eucharist, this is no longer done. Any one who wishes may see it for the asking, but it is not brought prominently forward as before. Surely no one will say that all the fervent acts of devotion formerly paid to it—not, that is, to the material wood, as such, but to the great mystery of the Blessed Sacrament—counted for nothing in the sight of God. It is difficult to understand the spirit of those who would leave off saying the Rosary because a modern writer brings forward reasons to show that the person to whom its great utility was revealed, and who was entrusted with the task of promulgating it, was not, after all, the great St. Dominic. Surely that utility is not altered by a mistake in history.

Whether such popular shrines as the Holy Stairs or the Holy House of Loreto will ever be interfered with by authority on account of destructive historical criticism, may be doubted. Such things have taken deep root in the affections of the people; they are the cause of true and real devotion; they bring home to the faithful the great truths of the Christian religion, and it would seem both unnecessary and heartless to abolish them. Of this the Church herself is the judge.

Meanwhile Catholics are perfectly free to hold or not these pious beliefs which we have been considering. They must not deny their utility to many, though not finding them of use to themselves; they may not despise nor ridicule those who do make use of them and who find them helpful to their spiritual life. Nevertheless, to repeat it once more, the Church does not impose them as matters of faith in which we are bound to believe.

(To be continued.)

LET us in our health and strength never forget the countless souls who are departing from the world every second of its existence. It will sweeten our own lives if during our daily occupations we give even a passing thought to the dying, and let the fervent aspiration go up to Heaven, "God have mercy upon them!"

—*Henry Potter.*

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* "The Holy Year of Jubilee." London, 1900. p. 190.

A Sister of Charity in China.

(CONTINUED.)

THE next letter, probably in answer to a question from home, alludes to some of the strange things which come under the observation of the Sisters:

"*March 29, 1894.*—It is very true that necromancy is much practised in China, and it is often a great temptation to the Christians in times of difficulty, when they are anxious to know what is likely to happen....Not only where people are, but where they have been and what they have done, is often very correctly told. With newly-baptized Christians, it is most common for the devil to appear to them and try to terrify them. For a long time I thought it imagination, but it seems to be true. A woman who died in the hospital last week was tormented, or rather frightened, several nights, until she was protected with medals. One queer illness I have often met with outside, but never have had a case inside the hospital. They declare that the devil comes to them every night and makes them eat all kinds of horrible things. The poor creatures certainly eat next to nothing during the day, look terrified to death, waste away and die. I should like to have such a case, to see what it really is...."

The Chino-Japanese war, with its consequences of heavy taxation and depressed commerce, brought great suffering to the Chinese of Ning-Po. "We know not what to do," writes Sister Xavier (January 3, 1895), "to relieve the large number of poor infirm creatures who are thrown on our hands. Rice is so dear! One paralyzed girl, with a rope round her neck, was being dragged to be drowned in a canal. She was rescued and brought here by a Christian....We have nowhere to put the women. It is a terrible thing to be obliged to refuse them admittance.... Let us hope that Providence will come to our aid. It would not cost much to erect what is absolutely necessary in the way of accommodation...."

The distresses of war quickened into yet greater activity the inventive charity of Sister Xavier. She was already helping the women and girls, and now her thoughts were for the boys.

"*Jan. 20, 1895.*—It is impossible to tell you the comfort it is to be able to give work to these people, or how thankful they are to get it. It is the poor boys who are going to the bad, simply because there is no helping hand to put them in a position to earn their living. If we could get together means to put up a few looms, it would be a small beginning, which could by degrees develop itself. We would like to begin with the satin-making. It is the trade of the place; and satin, if not sold in China, can always be sold elsewhere; so results are speedy and sure. Perhaps St. Joseph, who knew what it was to face great poverty, will take the matter in hand, and send us enough to make a tiny start."

"*Ning-Po, Feb. 19, 1895.*—Our former doctor has been sent to attend a large hospital of Chinese wounded at Ninchang. The bandages must all be broad, as most of the wounds are said to be on the backs of the soldiers. Our Sisters have a hospital at a place about six days' journey from Tientsin.

"Here there have been disturbances caused by the soldiery passing through the town. They wanted to break into the Sisters' house and to search it, saying that European soldiers were hidden inside. The authorities, however, behaved very well, and with great energy scattered the mob and placed guards in front of the house....Since then we hear that disturbances have broken out again; and it was thought wiser to send to Tientsin six Sisters, most of whom are young and have not been long in China....We are anxiously

waiting to hear of their arrival at Tientsin; for a six-days' journey in carts and barques, across a country overrun by a wild and undisciplined soldiery, is rather dangerous.

"The people here are as quiet and as steady-going as usual, though they have no commerce and everything is very dear. In consequence, we receive many presents of children; and we hope that the much-needed establishment for boys may soon be started...."

"*Ning-Po (or rather Afloat), April 17, 1895*....To-day news comes that peace is at last made, thank God! Our Sisters' hospital at Tientsin is full of Chinese soldiers, and they have established an ambulance. The Protestants have done the same. The Chinese had made no preparations for the wounded, and some who have arrived at Tientsin were hurt a month ago."

Cholera followed in the wake of war; and the calm and equable pen which has narrated the dangers incurred from fanaticism, fire and sword, describes the new infliction:

"*Ning-Po (Afloat), Aug. 26, 1895.*—Here there has been a cholera panic,—a great many cases, most of them bad ones; but not a regular epidemic as at Shanghai, where seventeen hundred natives died daily during several days. Many Europeans also fell victims; and among the Auxiliatrice Sisters, five died within twenty-four hours. Providence has watched well over the Sisters of Charity; surrounded as they are by the dead and dying, not one has taken it, nor a missionary either. The weather has improved, and the cases are now diminishing, and prove less fatal....

"A sad affair has happened at Fokien,—the massacre of five women, four children, and one man. The Consul was talking about it a couple of days ago, and told me the English Consul at Fouchou had warned them repeatedly not to go to that place. He could understand their running the risk if it was necessary for the accomplishment of their work; but it was not wise of them to go as they did, for mere pleasure and fresh air; and so it proved. The Consul says that unless the cannons are heard, and something striking is done to show that Europeans are not to be touched, there never will be peace in China. All these commissions end in nothing, and the Chinese laugh at them. Near Canton, a missionary took another line of action. When he and his Christians were attacked, they all collected in the church and presbytery—a 'walled-in' compound,—got hold of firearms and ammunition, and stood a week's siege.

"Here at Ning-Po the people are perfectly quiet: not a rumor in the city. If there was anything, we should hear of it through the Christians quicker than anybody else; for now they are very numerous and always on the lookout."

In September Sister Xavier writes that her new hospital is now in working order. "Such a nice one,—a great contrast to my former barn, which was unhealthy to a degree, and much too small.... God is certainly blessing the work in the Tche-Kiang; you would be surprised how all is changed even in the few years that I have been in China. The embroidery is going on very well; we have just sent a large box to England. If we had funds we would start a place to make better satin than we can buy in Ning-Po. It would soon pay its way, and would employ and train many hands...."

"*October 1, 1895*.... We have good news of conversions in the Taitchou. One thousand new catechumens at the central church appeared for the Feast of the Assumption,—a nice offering to Our Lady. There are two very energetic young priests in that district,—a European and a native. Their last capture was the captain of a band of

thieves, who brought over all his men. It will be curious to know the result. Piracy there is a lucrative and a very common profession...."

The letters of November give news of fresh chapel-burning by the bonzes near Chusan,—speedily checked by the appearance of two men-of-war; of the death of another zealous and over-worked priest; and of the ordination of some young Chinese priests after a training of fourteen years. "They are all promising and full of zeal, but not very healthy," writes Sister Xavier. "Study is a dreadful strain on a Chinaman, though some of them are very clever." She adds regretfully that they "do but replace the six missionaries who have died since I came here—four years ago. One is dying now, in great part from overwork. He had a huge district, numbers of catechumens, and he went preaching, instructing, and vomiting blood, until he brought himself to his present condition....In some districts it is killing work, as the catechumens have increased so rapidly, and everything depends upon their being well instructed. Whole villages in the Taitchou have begged for instruction. In one place they have given over the pagoda to make a chapel, smashing the idols themselves. They are very much in earnest, and certainly have obtained the grace of conversion in an extraordinary way....They are, as a rule, good, simple, hard-working countrypeople, and will in time make excellent Christians. But God must send priests to the rescue, and no doubt He will in His own good time."

One of the greatest blows which can fall upon a community—the loss of a beloved superior—occurred before the end of this eventful year; and on November 21, 1895, Sister Xavier, in announcing the apoplectic stroke which had seized "our good superior, Sister Saloniac," adds her simple panegyric: "Over twenty years superior here, only fifty-six years of age, she was full of life, most energetic in visiting the poor and in making baptism expeditions; in fact, it was going out on a bitterly cold day that gave her violent bronchitis, which we fear accelerated the attack. She dropped quite suddenly when dressing, without there being a symptom before.... Her work seemed accomplished, so her *Nunc Dimittis* is sung; but it is so sad to see her lying there, not knowing any one....We are so short of hands, but God knows what He is doing. Three Sisters arrive at Shanghai this week,—a French, a German and an English one. But what is that to fill up the vacancies caused by death and sickness? Besides, a new house is to be founded at Kiang-Si.... The house is built; the people and the missionaries are calling out for the Sisters. They can hardly be kept waiting any longer."

The satin-making scheme for the boys is slowly being realized. Three or four have been apprenticed; and the eldest, remarks Sister Xavier, with justifiable pride, "already works better than his master." A welcome gift of five pounds is invested in two cotton-beating machines, worked by the feet; and this is her plan: "We will get a couple of youths to work the machines, to earn enough (about from twenty to twenty-five dollars) to buy themselves one each, with which they will return to their village; and be replaced by other boys, who will do the same. Thus little by little various families will be helped; for when they have a cotton machine, a good living can be earned; it is an excellent though very tiring trade. A few little five-pound notes do turn out very useful, don't they?"

(To be continued.)

GENEROSITY often clasps hands with Extravagance, while Economy sometimes walks shoulder to shoulder with Avarice.

Customs for Candlemas.

BY MARY F. NIXON-ROULET.

FROM the earliest Christian times Candlemas Day has been observed on the 2d of February, the Feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin. Some say that the feast was first instituted to take the place of the old Roman februation, or purification of the people of pagan Rome, which took place at that season; but there is no proof of this, although it coincides well with the sensible policy of the early Church.

The festival was, however, designed in honor of the Purification of Our Lady: in honor of the exquisite humility with which she, though immaculately preserved from the law of sin, made herself subservient to the laws of her land and people. The lighted candles of the day are in honor of the words of Simeon when he took in his arms the Infant Christ, proclaiming Him "a light to lighten the Gentiles"; and many facts and fancies cluster around the celebrations of Candlemas Day.

In Catholic England, the people believed the burning of the candles at the procession of early Mass brought good fortune,—the best to those whose burned longest; and that pieces of the candles, if preserved during the year, would keep away evil spirits. An old rhymer says:

Each man his candle lights,
  Where chiefest seemeth he,
Whose taper greatest may be seen;
  And fortunate to be,
Whose candle burneth clear and bright:
A wondrous force and might
  Doth in these candles lie;
And if at any time they light,
They sure believe that neither storm
  Nor tempest doth abide,
Nor thunder in the skies be heard,
  Nor any devil espied,
Nor fearful sprites that walk by night,
  Nor hurts of frost or hail....

When England apostatized many of the ceremonials were retained. Even Henry VIII. could not release himself from the customs of the Church he despised, and in 1539 he proclaimed: "On Candlemas Day it shall be declared that the bearing of candles is done in memory of Christ, the spiritual Light whom Simeon did prophesy, as it is read in the Church." Even as late as the days of King Charles II., when lights were brought in at nightfall the people would say, "God send us the light of His heaven!"—a pious lifting of the heart to God which it would be well for us of the twentieth century to imitate.

On Candlemas Eve it is customary to remove every bit of the Christmas decorations; and good old Herrick says:

Down with the rosemary and bays,
  Down with the mistletoe!
Instead of holly now upraise
  The greener box for show.
The holly hitherto did sway:
  Let box now domineer,
Until the blessed Easter Day
  Or Easter Eve appear.

In Scotland, Candlemas Day was attended with a custom very agreeable to the school-teacher; for the pupils all made presents to him of money, supposedly to buy his candles for the year. Each child gave, according to the ability of his parents, to provide the necessary sum; and the boy and girl giving the largest amounts were called "Candlemas King and Queen." The teacher then made a bowl of punch, and "treated" his scholars to a generous goblet with which to drink the health of the King and Queen; and all repaired to the edge of the town, where took place the "Candlemass Bleeze,"*—*i. e.*, the conflagration of any bit of furze bushes; or failing their presence, a made bonfire.

Another Scotch custom of the day was to hold a football match, all the

* Blaze.

young men taking part,—the unmarried men against the Benedicks, or one parish against another. "Candlemas Ball" was looked forward to all the year by the village athletes; and on one occasion a merry party of rogues, with a shout of "Put out the Candlemas lights!" led the whole ball game down a steep hill, into a stream of shallow water, and there fought out the battle, to the amusement of the spectators.

It is difficult to arrive at the reason for the popular idea that the weather upon Candlemas Day determines the length of the winter and the condition of the crops; yet such is the firm belief of the husbandmen of many countries, Protestant as well as Catholic. Sir Thomas Browne, in his poems, quotes an old Latin distich:

> Si Sol splendescat Maria purificante,
> Major erit glacies post festum quam fuit ante.

And a free translation of this occurs in a Scotch ballad:

> If Candlemas Day be dry and fair,
> The half o' winter's to come an mair;
> If Candlemas Day be wet and foule,
> The half o' winter's gane at Yule.

In Germany there is a proverb, "The shepherd would rather see the wolf enter his stable on Candlemas Day than the sun"; while in Russia they say, "The badger peeps from his hole on Candlemas Day, and, when he finds snow, walks abroad; but if he sees the sun shining, he draws back into the hole." Similar to this is the Negro superstition of our own South as to "Ground-hog Day"; and even in the far lands of the North the same ideas prevail as to the weather. In the islands of the Hebrides the people watch eagerly for the weather of Candlemas Day, assured that the welfare of their crops depends upon it; and the first snowdrops, blossoming ever on that day, were taken as emblems of good fortune, and were called "Purification flowers" or "Mary's snowflakes."

Degenerate Words.

A curious fact that is safe to surprise and interest any student of the history of English words is the number of those words that in the course of time have suffered deterioration. From having once possessed only an honorable meaning, they have come to be significant of things discreditable, vicious or degrading. The primary meaning of a great many such terms is now altogether lost sight of.

To illustrate by a few examples. "Knave" once meant simply a lad or boy; "villain," a farmer; "minion," a favorite; "pedant," a tutor; "crafty," skilful; "cunning," having knowledge; "paramour," a lover; "swindler," a daring mercantile speculator without thought of cheating or defrauding.

The word "maudlin," derived from Magdalen, meant originally nothing more than tearful, penitent, weeping. Afterward it implied sentimentalism and foolish demonstrations, in which sense it is still sometimes used; and, finally, it has become so degraded as to signify tipsy, confused, foolish from intoxicating drink.

The present writer remembers being greatly amused, years ago, at the reply of a waiting-maid who, when asked by her mistress to perform a certain service, briskly remarked: "Certainly, madam, with the greatest of pleasure and animosity." Yet the maid merely employed "animosity" in an obsolete sense, as it used to mean simply courage, spiritedness, or animation. Two centuries earlier the remark would have been excellent English. There are many surprises always awaiting the explorer who enters the field of old English.

EVERY wise man has a parachute of prudence attached to his balloon of enthusiasm.—*Anon.*

Notes and Remarks.

Rev. Dr. Homer C. Stuntz is the presiding elder of the Methodist conference of the Philippines. The recent religious demonstration by the islanders in connection with the "Virgin of Antipolo," noticed in these columns last week, has apparently roused the reverend elder's ire. In any case, he condemns the action of the Philippine Commission in making a legal holiday of a Filipino religious festival. "Dr. Stuntz," says a Washington dispatch, "remonstrates against the official recognition of a religious feast-day celebrated by one denomination only, and particularly, as he alleges, because it is an official and formal endorsement and encouragement of a superstition and form of idolatry repugnant to the intelligence of the American people and the spirit of American institutions."

We have only two comments to make on the foregoing. The first is that failure to grant the official recognition in question would have branded the Commission, and the United States which it represents, as utterly incompetent for the task of wisely governing our wards in the East. The second comment is that a man who, in this twentieth century, and to an American audience, speaks of a devotion dear to twelve millions of his fellow-citizens as "a superstition and form of idolatry," gives evidence of limitations that obviate any necessity of his being taken seriously by either the President to whom he makes his protest or the humblest Catholic, brown or white, whom he insults.

It is a shameful and damnatory indictment of our government in general, and of the department of Indian Affairs in particular, that is drafted by Mr. Charles F. Lummis in the current issue of *Out West*. And, more's the pity, his charges are substantiated,—are fully proven by evidence which there is no gainsaying. Briefly, the mission Indians of the five Campo reservations of San Diego County, California, have been slowly starving to death, have had no food but acorns and far from enough of these, have been destitute of both clothing and bedding with which to withstand a mountain winter whose snows and cold, even in California, are heavy,—and all this because of the systematic neglect or flagrant incompetency of Washington and of officials whom Washington appoints to look after these wards of the nation. Fortunately, the people of San Diego and Los Angeles have come to the relief of the starving Indians—for the time being; but there is patent need of reforming the whole method by which the Indian Department partially performs, or wholly shirks, its duties. "The government," says Mr. Lummis, "has often been generous to the Indians—often too generous,—but it has almost never been just. Plain justice is all the Indian needs—and the nation equally needs to give it." The American who can read the paper, in *Out West*, from which we quote, without a lively sense of shame, and a feeling of righteous indignation that such things are possible in this country, is not to be envied; and the neglect, carelessness, and mismanagement that have brought this state of things to pass are crimes that ought not in any way to be condoned.

A cursory glance at the somewhat lengthy list of notable disasters to be found in the statistical review of 1904 furnishes abundant matter for varied and serious reflections. In the first place, one can not but be impressed with the number of cases in which the catastrophe—railway collision, shipwreck, conflagration, collapse of bridge or of crowded platform—deserved to be called, not so much an accident or a

casualty, as the direct result of criminal carelessness, the legitimate outcome of reckless imprudence, or, at the very least, the strictly logical consequence of unpardonable want of foresight. A second reflection is that the lesson of such catastrophes is practically lost upon the overwhelming majority of those who should certainly take it to heart. True, such an appalling event as the burning of the Iroquois Theatre or of the excursion steamer *General Slocum*, is followed by strenuous measures on the part of the public authorities in the greater cities not far removed from the scene of the disaster; but in the country at large the fearful object lesson produces little effective action looking toward the prevention of similar holocausts.

To instance just one fruitful source of desolation—the scourge of fire in public institutions. How many of our colleges and convents, especially those situated elsewhere than in our larger cities, are at all adequately supplied with means for effectively fighting a sudden conflagration at night, or with appliances—fire-escapes, numerous exits, etc.,—for saving the lives of young people sleeping in rooms and dormitories four or five stories from the ground? Trust in Divine Providence, unbounded confidence in God, is admirable; but Divine Providence, while supplementing human prudence, does not always supply its lack.

From bad to worse would seem to be the order of events in Servia. There is increasing corruption in society, in the army, and in the government, with no power to check it. The condition of the schismatical church, however, seems to be most hopeless. Says a writer in the *Press* of Belgrade:

> The election of Metropolitan Innocent has had disastrous results. Of a weak character and very full of human faults, he has not dared to undertake reform or strive to uplift the standard of faith and morality. Therefore, things have steadily become worse until the scandals in our church make every Serb blush with shame. Whether our Metropolitan actually contributed to the downfall of the church will be decided by his judges, and it will be thus shown if a passive attitude is or is not conducive to active demoralization. Afraid to undertake any change, and confident that the safest course for himself was to let things be, he has had a rude awakening. In this very land we have recently had a terrible punishment meted out to a culpable king. His anointed head did not escape just retribution. If a simple church clerk were accused of one-half what is laid to the charge of our Metropolitan, he would never again be allowed to serve within the sacred precincts. Shall his lofty post, then, be a bar to the condign punishment of this unworthy prelate? It remains to be seen whether the Archiepiscopal Council is equal to the grave duties imposed on it by the interests of our people and their creed.

It is not unworthy of remark that, in the matter of warlike courtesies, commendable self-restraint, and even magnanimity in victory, the Japanese measure fairly well up to the standard of Western civilization. The circumstances attending the surrender of Port Arthur, the treatment accorded to the vanquished, and the interchange of civilities between Generals Nogi and Stoessel will compare very favorably with the record made in similar conjunctures by European powers in more than one war of the nineteenth century. The world has learned a good many things about Japan since that day, some ten or eleven months ago, when a Russian general complacently declared that he would eat his Christmas dinner in Tokio. And there is more to be learned.

While the number of divorces in this country is still, unfortunately, on the increase from year to year, it is encouraging to note that the advocates of the marriage tie's inviolable sacredness are growing both more zealous and more aggressive in their endeavor to check the monstrous evil. When the

leaders of the various sects unanimously denounce the unchristian practice, and place those who are guilty of it under the ban, much will have been done toward effectively stamping out this successful agent of social disorder; and it is accordingly gratifying to see a distinguished Baptist clergyman adopting the Catholic view of marriage and the indissolubility thereof. Commenting on Christ's words, "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder," the Rev. Dr. Dixon is quoted as saying: "The word 'asunder' is very suggestive. Some early Christians 'were sawn asunder,' and that is the kind of work the divorce courts are doing. They are *sawing asunder* those who in God's sight are organically one, and are thus murdering the home life of our land."

It is to be hoped that this Baptist minister's influence in his sect is sufficiently strong to bring a large number, if not all, of his reverend brethren to his way of thinking; and that these in turn may influence their congregations to discountenance, frown upon, and condemn the profanation of the sacrament of marriage. The safeguarding of the family is a prerequisite condition to a healthy civilization, and divorce is an enemy to family life.

"What will be the religious situation a few years hence?" was a question asked and answered by Dr. Barry in a recent interview with a representative of the *Westminster Gazette*. It will be seen that the Recluse of Dorchester shares the optimistic views of Cardinal Newman regarding the future of the Church in England. He said:

> I see the Church of England disestablished, unbelief widespread, and schools secular in tone and teaching, without any practical substitute for the Christian life. Will not many, when they see the foundations of religion threatened, turn to the oldest and most historic form of religion,—to that religion which defends marriage, forbids divorce, pleads on behalf of the helpless, and above all, has an outlook? Would Papal Supremacy be too high a price for these things? I myself think that minor differences will tend to vanish when it is a question of the total elimination of religion from society. All those who wish to live on the great and eternal ideas, not for this world only,—all those who hold any fragments of Catholic faith, will be led to alliance with Rome. I believe also that the protest against luxury which has already taken a form of asceticism will bring many unbelievers into the Church, that they may "live the Life," as Laurence Oliphant admirably phrased our highest duty.

One must be an optimist to hold that the modern spirit makes for the Catholic idea. But, then, how can a real Christian be otherwise than optimistic about the future of the Church?

There is a goodly harvest of parental approval awaiting that superintendent of education who, ruthlessly sweeping aside the pedagogical fads and fancies now encumbering the curriculum of primary schools, shall insist upon a more thorough drilling of the children in the oldtime fundamentals: grammar and spelling, reading and writing, arithmetic and geography. The boy or girl whose efforts up to the age of thirteen or fourteen have been confined to these branches will be ignorant, of course, of a number of "ologies" and "ogonies," any one of which some empirical educationist will be found to declare absolutely essential; but, on the other hand, he or she will be far and away fitter for the exigencies of everyday life, and immeasurably better prepared for secondary education of any kind, than is the average graduate of the typical high school.

Much may be said, no doubt, in favor of this, that, and the other branch that have been introduced into the primary schools during the past quarter of a century; but one prominent fact that challenges attention as the concrete result of the multiplication of text-books is the verdict of the

journalists, merchants, and professional men of the country: that the young people whose energies have been dissipated in acquiring a miserable smattering of knowledge about a score or more of ornamental subjects are often enough incapable of writing a letter fairly free from grammatical blunders, or of taking from dictation a paper that will not bristle with unpardonable mistakes in orthography. It is full time to hark back to the simple life in the school-room.

While there is nothing absolutely novel in the story of a destitute American orphan's rising, in the course of several decades, from the precarious livelihood of the streets to the luxurious affluence of the millionaire, there are circumstances connected with this transition in the case of the late John Dunfee, of Syracuse, New York, which merit passing mention. It is related that in the days of his poverty-stricken boyhood, he was taken seriously ill and ordered to a city hospital. Rebelling against the abuse therein heaped upon him, he escaped one night and made his way to a Sisters' hospital. The sequel to that incident is found in Mr. Dunfee's will, which distributes over half a million dollars among the Catholic charities of Syracuse. This unusual generosity is but the culmination of a series of good works in which Mr. Dunfee had for years before his death been uniformly prominent. The wealth which came to him as the legitimate increment of his thrift and business ability cheered many an orphan, fed many a destitute family during his life, and now fully one-half of that wealth is devoted to benefactions that will perpetuate his memory and the prayers of the poor for his soul's repose, throughout all the decades of this twentieth century. "Blessed are the poor in spirit," and Mr. Dunfee's career is an exemplification of the fact that great wealth may sometimes sanctify a soul, though it more frequently, perhaps, tends to endanger its salvation.

Our observant contemporary, the *Casket*, takes issue with an American exchange on a point of etiquette to be observed by the young. The American periodical advocates the use by boys and girls, when answering their elders, of the curt "Yes" and "No," and intimates that the oldtime forms, "Yes, sir," and "No, ma'am," smack of provincialism. Our Canadian friend deplores such teaching, and, to our mind, with excellent reason. Respect and reverence for elders, simply *as* elders, and quite apart from other considerations, are qualities none too prominent and enduring among youthful Americans, even when impressed upon them habitually at home and in the school. To prompt their assumption toward their seniors of a style of address that bespeaks the fullest equality is, in our opinion, a lamentable mistake. It is, moreover, a mistake which is not universal, or, for that matter, very general, among parents and teachers in this country. So far as our observation extends, it still appears to be the correct thing in well-bred circles for boys and girls in their early teens to say, "Yes, sir," "No, ma'am," and we hope the fashion will never die out. The briefer form may spell commendable independence to some people, but by most it will be interpreted as simple impertinence.

With respect to the fall of M. Combes and the reconstruction of the French Cabinet, the general impression appears to be that any change at all probable will be distinctly for the better. While some dailies affect to believe that the anti-clerical war will still be prosecuted with unrelenting vigor, we expect the contrary course to be pursued.

Notable New Books.

Rosa Mystica. By Kenelm Digby Best, of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. London: R. & T. Washbourne; B. Herder.

Of all the Golden Jubilee tributes to Mary Immaculate that we have been privileged to examine, this sumptuously bound and beautifully illustrated quarto of Father Best's is easily the handsomest. The resources of the typographer's and the bookmaker's arts have apparently been exhausted to render its outward form a thing of beauty to the eye; and this admirable exterior is no more than a congruous setting for the rare jewels of ardent filial love and tender devotion which sparkle on its every page.

The sub-title of the volume is descriptive of its contents. It runs: "The Fifteen Mysteries of the Most Holy Rosary, and other Joys, Sorrows, and Glories of Mary. Illustrated with Copies of the Rosary Frescoes of Giovanni Di San Giovanni and Other Artists." Part First, comprising eighty-five pages, is devoted to the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary, each gracefully-written and adequate explanation being preceded by one of the appropriate frescoes of Di San Giovanni (Mannozzi), originally painted on the walls of the Annalena Convent at Florence. In Part Second, Father Best gives from five to ten pages to each of nine other Joys, five other Sorrows, and fourteen other Glories of Our Lady; the accompanying illustrations being copies of paintings by many artists of world-wide fame. Every page, whether of text or engraving, is an eloquent exhortation calculated to intensify the fervor of our love for the Blessed Virgin, and to stimulate our zeal in translating that love into generous action.

Nor should we omit mention of the introductory poem, not less doctrinal than melodious, wherein the author sings the glories of the great prerogative of Our Lady to which his fine volume is a not unworthy tribute. Its last stanza will serve as a conclusion for this too brief notice:

> What Mary's clients long have held
> Is now the Faith of all:
> None hesitates, none has rebelled—
> All join her children's call.
> O Mary without Sin Conceived!
> By thee be all our wants relieved!

The Middle Ages. By Thomas J. Shahan, S. T. D. Benziger Brothers.

This important volume, which the author modestly describes as "sketches and fragments," deals with some of the most attractive phases of life in the Middle Ages. The thirteen essays composing it are all concerned with serious subjects—Gregory the Great, Islamism, the Cathedral-Builders, the Medieval Teacher, and so forth,—but Dr. Shahan's style lends a certain quality of lightness as delightful as it is rare in books of this kind. Another characteristic of this author's work which we greatly admire is the reverential spirit in which he writes of the past, of the great personages of history, of the Church and her ministers; he writes like a true historian and like a true priest. Whitewashing is a craft abhorred of both scholarship and honesty, but there are those who fluster about as though the boot-black's brush were the only alternative; historians like Dr. Shahan and Dom Gasquet (to speak only of our own people) have had the grace to follow the virtuous middle course: to care everything for discovery and nothing for invention, to paint the warts on the great man's nose without making the great man *all* warts.

The present volume is a worthy companion to the author's "Beginnings of Christianity," and awakens the hope that Dr. Shahan may yet cover the whole period of Church history by similar studies. The publishers have appended sixteen pages of advertisements having no relation whatever to Dr. Shahan's work.

The Soul's Orbit. By M. D. Petre. Longmans, Green & Co.

The writer of "Where Saints Have Trod" could not give us an ordinary or an uninteresting book. In this her latest "compilation or redaction" we have general philosophizings, from a Christian and a Catholic standpoint, on man's journey to God. We were about to say "man's journey from God and to Him"; but the orbit once started is the path not from Him but to Him.

"We go abroad to learn the value of home; and we seek God elsewhere, to find Him at last in ourselves," and the Pascal adaptations, "The truth lies at home, and we should not seek it unless we had found it," are two passages from the prologue to "The Soul's Orbit," which indicate the trend of the work,—a work which hints at dangers to faith in the era upon which the world is entering. The remarks are thoughtful, deeply pious, and worthy of serious consideration; for throughout there is the inculcation of what St. Paul terms "a reasonable service."

The Know-Nothing Party. By Humphrey J. Desmond. The *New Century* Press.

Mr. Desmond has shown a nice choice of seasons for the publication of this work. An era of peace and good-feeling is clearly the right time to make a study of so thorny a subject as the rise and fall of the Know-Nothing movement,—the simple mention of which arouses passion, and which, though utterly un-American on its very surface, is natural-seeming enough when one considers the condition of the country and the people at the time. As for the author, he is unusually well

equipped, by training, experience, and temperament, to deal with this subject in a judicial spirit, and to save the narrative from degenerating into a mere declamatory document.

Mr. Desmond very properly begins with a preliminary view of the irruption known as "Native Americanism," a fact which increases our surprise that he did not round out his study by a chapter or two on the so-called American Protective Association, a subject on which he is known to have collected much material. (The present volume, which contains only 159 pp.—each page a ribbon of print running through a napkin of margin—would have permitted such enlargement without appearing bloated.) We also regret that he has limited himself so relentlessly to making a sketch of the movement, instead of indulging himself with the color and the dramatic quality with which his theme on its popular side is instinct.

But these things aside, Mr. Desmond has produced an interesting and valuable volume of the sort American Catholic literature ought to be richer in. We admire particularly the prominence he has succeeded in giving to the main lines of the story, the skill with which the minor elements are correlated, and the fine impartiality and scientific spirit of the whole work. On the point wherein Mr. Desmond seems to differ most from non-Catholic historians of the movement—the contention that Native-Americanism and Know-Nothingism were essentially anti-Catholic rather than essentially anti-foreign,—we are inclined to think he is right.

The Quest of John Chapman. By Newell Dwight Hillis. The Macmillan Company.

This "story of a forgotten hero," as the Rev. Mr. Hillis calls his somewhat unique historical romance, is much more likely to achieve what the French term a *succès d'estime*—the moderate approbation of competent critics—than any measure of that instantaneous popularity which forthwith places a newly published volume among "the six best-selling books." The author rather idealizes his hero, and the story is perhaps longer drawn-out than the diversity of its incidents altogether warrants; but there is much in the narrative to praise and but little to which serious objection can justly be taken. The wanderings of Chapman will recall to lovers of Cooper the atmosphere of the Leather-Stocking Tales, to whose central figure, Natty Bumppo, Chapman indeed has not a few points of resemblance.

Shadows Lifted. By the Rev. J. E. Copus, S. J. Benziger Brothers.

This latest story by Father Copus is a sequel to "St. Cuthbert's," but will be found quite complete in itself, and thoroughly enjoyable even to those who have not read the former work. Some Catholic writer recently stated in a weekly through which we were looking that there are now published enough books for Catholic children,—a statement that partakes, we think, more of exaggeration than truth. In any case, of the class of books which Father Copus and Father Finn are supplying, our boys and girls are not likely to have too many; and we trust that both authors will continue their specific educational work. "Shadows Lifted" will be generally considered a stronger book than either "St. Cuthbert's" or "Harry Russell." It is, of course, a Catholic college story and should delight three classes of boys: those who are actually, those who expect to be, and those who have been, Catholic college boys themselves.

Teacher's Handbook to the Catechism. By the Rev. A. Urban. Joseph Wagner.

This comprehensive Catechism consists of three volumes: On Faith, On the Commandments, On the Means of Grace. The author's plan is somewhat original. Each topic is fully discussed in a running narrative of three or four pages, and then follows a series of questions and answers by way of "a thorough rehearsing of the substance" of the lesson. These questions and answers are quite exhaustive. The volume on Faith, for instance, contains over three thousand five hundred questions and answers. Father Urban has in mind what he calls "Practical Catechising," and his work, we think, fulfils his purpose. Each volume has an appendix containing many happy illustrations, anecdotes and historical incidents—taken principally from the Lives of the Saints,—which enhance the value of this eminently practical work. It is intended for "school and pulpit," and to both we sincerely recommend it.

The Life of St. Teresa. Translated from the Spanish by David Lewis. Re-edited by the Rev. B. Zimmerman, O. C. D. Thomas Baker; Benziger Brothers.

This new (third) edition of David Lewis' translation of St. Teresa's Life is a delight as a fine piece of bookmaking. Of the autobiography, no word is needed to commend it to all who are alive to the interest attaching to genuine human documents. To the saint and to the sinner, to those beginning in the way of perfection and to those who are advanced in sanctity, to confessors and to penitents, to practical teachers in the science of the Saints and to students of the mystical, the writings of St. Teresa must appeal. To all we commend this edition, which contains twenty-seven pages of new matter, and a new photogravure portrait of the Saint after the celebrated picture in the convent of the Carmelites at Seville.

A Legend of the Holy Family.

THE desert way was hard and long,
The desert way was wild,
And Joseph feared lest harm should come
To Mary and the Child.

The evening shadows nearer drew,
No refuge was in sight:
Where should he get them food and drink
To stay them for the night?

When, lo! the dry palm where they stood
Burst forth in living green,
With branches laden down with fruit
The fairest ever seen.

And from the roots there bubbled forth
A spring of water clear,
While soft clouds like a shelt'ring tent,
All star-flecked, gathered near.

And softest music Joseph heard
Round Mary and her Lord,
While hosts of angels from on high
Kept loving watch and ward.

The Ups and Downs of Marjorie.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

IV.—In the Hunter's Shack.

THERE was one black, awful moment, when poor Marjorie, choking and gasping, tried to murmur a little prayer for help; and then—all was blank silence and darkness to her.

"Get her, Rex,—get her quick, old boy,—quick!" came the wild shout from afar.

And then there was a mad splash and scurry in the broken ice; the unconscious Marjorie was caught up in strong white teeth; and Rex, whose four legs had naturally outstripped Bert's two, dragged the little girl to the shore, just as her teacher, in dismay at the result of his skating lesson, came dashing up, white and breathless, with old Lem Stokes, whom the boy's cries had brought hurrying down from his rabbit traps on the hill.

"Consarn you young ijots!" said old Lem savagely, as he lifted Marjorie gently in his strong arms and poured liquor from his leather flask down her throat. "Don't you know the ice round the dam is rotten as burned paper? You ought to be thrashed for this, Bert Bolton; and I'd like the job of doing it. I seen you setting this little creetur off on your skates up the creek."

"I was just trying to give her a little fun. I didn't mean her to go so far," said Bert, remorsefully. "Oh, she isn't dead,—is she, Lem?"

"'Tain't your fault that she isn't," growled the old man. "If it hadn't been for that there dog—but a good dog is worth half a dozen boys most any time, to my notion,—if it hadn't been for that dog, she'd been dead as Moses before you or me could ha' got her out of that ice. There she is coming to now!"—as Marjorie choked and spluttered over a second dose of the fiery draught. "But she'll freeze to death here, in these wet clothes. What's to be done with her now?"

"Oh, I don't know!" answered Bert, who, in spite of the six generations of ancestors who had made and dispensed laws, was quite unequal to this trying occasion. "She lives with the Talbots at Manor Hill."

"Five good miles from here, if it's a foot," said Lem; "and the air getting icier every minute; and the mill-house shut and nailed up for the winter. Ain't nothing to do, as I see, but carry

her up to that old shack of mine on the hill, and thaw her out."

"Oh, if you would, Lem!" said Bert, quite subdued by the responsibilities of the situation.

And so it happened that when Marjorie fully awoke from the sleep that had come very near being her last, she found herself steaming away like a little Christmas pudding, in a soft nest of skins and blankets, in the very queerest house she had ever seen. It went up in a peak against the rock that formed one of its four walls, and in which a big chimney-place had been hollowed out. A wood fire was burning cheerily therein; two or three dogs were stretched out, dozing comfortably in the ruddy light; and hanging all around were deerskins and antlers and guns and powder-horns; while directly over her couch a big, black, furry head looked down with awful eyes. And in the midst of all stood a long, brown, grizzly-bearded man, stirring something in an iron pot over the fire,—something that, despite its grim surroundings, smelt very hot and nice.

For a moment Marjorie stared around her in speechless bewilderment. Where was she? What had happened? Was she lost or stolen—or—or—enchanted? Could this big brown man be an ogre? Chilling doubt assailed Marjorie's early teaching, in spite of Sister Mary Ann's instructions. Were Nora's fairy tales true, after all?

Marjorie came very near crying out in her terror, when she heard a friendly sniffle near by, and there was Rex—dear old Rex, who could not be enchanted too—snugged up beside her, licking her hand.

"Hallo!" The big brown man looked up from his pot in rather a friendly way. "Woke up at last, hev you? Feel pretty warm and comfortable?"

"Ye—yes, sir," answered Marjorie, tremulously.

"Wal, stay there and take it easy. No use in kicking gin your quarters, though they might be better. You're the first little girl was ever caught here, you see."

The first little girl ever caught! Marjorie's heart gave a wild leap of terror. Only the friendly rub of Rex's cold nose against her hand kept her from screaming outright.

"You had a shave of it," her host continued,—"a purty close shave. If it hadn't been for that dog there, I guess you'd be playing the harp in 'kingdom come' now."

Marjorie stared at the speaker uncomprehendingly. "Playing the harp in 'kingdom come'" had no meaning to her little Catholic ears. But she was wide awake now, and beginning to remember—the crash, the fall, the black, icy, roaring waters.

"Did Rex pull me out?" she asked, with a reminiscent shiver.

"He did that," was the answer. "Was down the bank, and had you out of that ice before any human could get nigh to you. For real down hard sense, give me a dog before a human every time,—specially a collie dog. I knew one up at Colonel Lowe's stock farm at Belair that could count good as a school-teacher. They'd set him to watch a flock of twenty sheep, and you'd see him prick up his ears and look them over. 'Eighteen, nineteen,' he'd sort of say to himself, and then stop to think. 'One is missing,' he'd bark, 'and I'll have to look him up.' And look he would, running and nosing and barking around till he found some little fool of a lamb caught by the wool in a briar bush."

The speaker paused, dipped up a big spoonful of the mixture he was stirring, and tasted it critically.

"There now, I guess that's 'bout done. Would you like to hev some?"

"What is it?" asked Marjorie, who, though reassured by her companion's friendly talk, still regarded the iron pot doubtfully.

"Most everything," he laughed: "a bird and a hare, a bunch of yarbs, a bit of onion. Try it," he added, ladling out a generous supply into a brown earthen bowl. "It's so baking hot by this fire you might as well get up. Your clothes will dry better."

And Marjorie, still feeling queer and light-headed, staggered up and over to the little wooden stool the old man pulled to the fire for her.

"Sort of shaky yet, ain't you?" he said, kindly. "You won't be any worse for a bite of supper."

And he pushed out another stool for a table, on which he put the steaming bowl, gave her a battered tin spoon; and Marjorie, who felt very weak and hungry, tasted the compound before her hesitatingly. But one spoonful settled the matter. Faint and shaken as she was, it seemed the best thing she had ever tasted,—better even than Miss Susan's cinnamon doughnuts.

"How is it?" asked old Lem, as the trembling little hand plied the spoon eagerly.

"Fine!" said Marjorie.

"Take some more: it won't hurt you. And I've got some crackers and cheese, and peach-butter that old Miss Dawson puts up for me every year. Pile 'em all in: they won't hurt you."

And, setting forth the various articles as he named them, the old man seated himself in a three-legged chair and surveyed his guest's efforts to "pile 'em in" with great satisfaction.

"Been up to Manor Hill long?" he asked, when Marjorie had gradually worked down to Miss Dawson's peach-butter, spread thick on the crackers.

"Only two weeks," replied Marjorie. "And, oh, what will they think of my staying away like this?"

"Don't you fret 'bout that. I saw that Bert Bolton made tracks back there right off to tell 'em all about it. They took you out of the asylum, I hear. Hevn't got father or mother or any kinfolks?"

"No," answered Marjorie,—"no one that I can remember."

"Cur'us!" said old Lem under his breath. "Such a purty little creetur to be set all adrift! But you sartinly hev got into the right place," he added, nodding cheerily. "If there was ever two angels walked the earth in bonnets and shawls, it's them Miss Talbots. Laws, when I think how them two blessed weemen nursed me through the rheumatiz last winter,—rubbing and dosing and feeding me as if I was their born brother! Wanted me to come up to Manor Hill and live for the bad weather. Miss Susan spoke her mind plain and said this was no sort of a place for a Christian."

"It must be—lonesome," said Marjorie, sympathetically.

"Lonesome!" echoed old Lem. "Wal, I suppose it is; but I'm used to it,—used to be alone with only dogs and wild creeturs. I ain't no sort of company for folks, specially ladified folks like the Miss Talbots. It would make their hair lift to hear the way I light out on these dogs when they get to snarling and fighting over their bones."

"And have you lived here always, just with dogs?" asked the little girl, wonderingly.

"No," answered old Lem, filling a long pipe he took from a shelf over the fire. "I tried humans for a while, but I like dogs better."

"Oh, but I don't think that is right!" said Marjorie quickly.

"Why not?" asked the old man, with a twinkle in his sunken eye.

"Oh, because—because—they are dogs," said his little guest, hesitatingly; "because they can't talk or think, or go to heaven when they die. Oh, I know—I am sure—it isn't right to like dogs best!"

"Mebbe it isn't," said Lem, laughing. "But if you want a friend that will

stand by you through thick and thin, and not look for pay, give me a dog every time. There was my Buck,—you see that big black head hanging up there?"

"Yes," said the little girl, casting a half-frightened look at the object in question. "Was that Buck?"

"That!" Marjorie's host chuckled deep down in his knotted throat. "No, sissy: that was the black bear that Buck done for. Mebbe you never heerd tell of a bear?"

"Oh, yes!" said Marjorie, her eyes beginning to kindle,—for black bears gifted with remarkable wisdom and conversational powers had often figured in Nora's fairy tales. "And I saw them, too, in a cage at the Zoo."

"Yes, I've heerd they was there," said the old man; "but I never would go look at them. It's a mean, low-down sort of business to trap a wild creetur and shut it up in a cage for boys to poke fun at. Bears hev their feelings as well as humans; and it must go mighty gin the grain for a strong, free creetur, that has had a hull mountain range for his own, to be shut up behind iron bars and expected to munch peanuts and make himself agreeable. Heap better die in a fair fight, like that big chap there."

"Did you kill him?" asked Marjorie.

"Wal, no," answered the old man. "The boot was rather on the other foot: the black bear came purty nigh killing me."

"Oh, tell me about it, please!" said the little guest, who, between the soup and the warmth and the friendly chat of her host, was beginning to find her novel situation very interesting.

"Wal, 'twas 'bout a dozen years ago," said Lem, taking out his pipe and preparing to spin a real "hunter's yarn" for her entertainment. "I was off on a winter tramp across the mountains 'bout fifty miles away,—me and Buck. I took Buck everywhere, for safe-keeping; for there wasn't such another dog this side of the Rockies. Held his head high like a king; long and lean and straight-limbed, as if he were cut out to order; voice clear and deep as a bell on a frosty night; and a nose,—there was nothing ever made keener than that dog's nose! Blamed, if he couldn't follow a trail with the snow two feet deep on it!

"Wal, Buck and me had been out tramping and camping for 'bout two months, peacefuller than any human pardners; eating and sleeping and purty nigh talking together; for when we'd stretch out at night before our camp fire, and he'd lay his nose on my knee and lick my hand, it meant more than lots of the tongue-twisting that goes for speech. He was all the company I asked, until one of them consarned norwestern blizzards struck us, and we had to make for the nearest road-house to save our lives. It was a mean, or'nary sort of place; and there was a mean, or'nary crowd there, druv in, as we was, by the storm. But it was mighty warm and comfortable, with that blizzard raging outside; and we all eat and drank and made ourselves pleasant together as we could. And I got to playing cards and drinking with the rest; and, whether it was drinking or drugging I never knew, but I went to sleep for the night, and woke to find my pack of furs gone, and my purse of money gone, and, worse than all, my dog gone too."

(To be continued.)

The Greatest Lighthouse in the World.

In a lighthouse on the island of Heligoland, in the North Sea, is the greatest light in the world, having for its base a wonderful mirror which enables it to flash a light of 30,000,000 candle power every five seconds to a distance of twenty-five miles.

Fra Angelo the Blind.

In the Capuchin monastery at Macerata, not far from Ancona, in the olive-crowned land of Italy, there lived in the fourteenth century a monk, Fra Angelo of Canobio, very old, very frail, but very holy. Most useful to the community, he had at last reached a serene and well-ordered old age; but, alas! he was blind. This would have been to him but little trial, so perfectly attuned was he to the sweet will of God, had it not been that by his affliction he was deprived of the blessing of saying his daily Mass. This grieved him sorely, but he bore his trial very patiently.

At length Fra Bartoleme, Guardian at Macerata, said to him one day:

"Fra Angelo, why do you not endeavor to say Mass?"

"But, Padre, it is impossible. I am as blind as the man of Jericho whom Our Lord healed," the old man replied, sadly.

"Yes, but Our Lord healed him when he asked Him," said the Guardian. "Yours is but the blindness of bodily age. Ask the good God to breathe upon your eyes, that you may praise Him once more."

"Nay, Padre Guardian, a miracle is not for such as me,"—the old man shook his head.

"But I desire it," said Fra Bartoleme, led perhaps by a ray from Heaven. "Come, in virtue of holy obedience, vest yourself at once and seek the altar."

Fra Angelo at once made his way, by means of his stick, to the sacristy. There, fumbling feebly, he smilingly vested himself, finding amice, alb, girdle, maniple, stole, chasuble,—all in perfect order. Then, grave and obedient, he took the chalice and was led by a lay-brother to the altar. With the first *In nomine Patris* from his lips his eyes were opened that he might see; and with devout fervor he read the Mass, only to find himself quite blind again when it was over.

For nine days this took place; and when the novena was at an end he told the monks that he would die, God's will having been fulfilled in him. Thus tranquilly and sweetly he breathed his last. And, lo! after his death a sweet fragrance emanated from his body, so that all marvelled, and the Guardian said:

"Behold a miracle! The sweetness of his spirit has communicated itself unto his vile body, and even the dread destroyer Death is the true friend of that sweet soul, Fra Angelo."

In Memory of a General.

If the average wearer of the garment known as the frock-coat were told that one peculiarity of his dress is a lasting memento of a French General, of Napoleon's time, he would probably question the statement. And, nevertheless, it is quite true. The little V-shaped nick in the lapel by the shoulder of the coat was first introduced by the partisans of General Moreau, when the latter had fallen under Napoleon's displeasure. It was not safe publicly to express any sympathy with the General, so his admirers quietly agreed to nick their coat lapels to show who they were. The original nick looked very much like an M turned on its side.

Paris, even in that day, set the fashion in man's as well as woman's dress; and so the nicked lapel—utterly useless for any other purpose than party identification—became the style the world over, and continues to mark the frock-coat to this day.

General Moreau, by the way, when banished from France by Bonaparte, came to this country, settling first in New Jersey, and later at Morrisville, Pennsylvania.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Charles Scribner's Sons have brought out handsome editions of Stevenson's "A Christmas Sermon," and "Prayers Written at Vailima."

—*Ecce Sacerdos Magnus*, arranged for four voices, by the Rev. Remi J. Keyzer, is a beautiful souvenir of the first diocesan synod held in Idaho, last year, and is dedicated to the worthy Bishop of the diocese, the Rt. Rev. A. J. Glorieux.

—From Desclée, De Brouwer, et Cie, we have received an elegantly decorated brochure, "Noël! Noël!" which, in beauty of design and excellence of subject-matter, vies with the "Ave Maria!" issued by the same publishers, and commented upon in these columns some weeks ago.

—A very interesting work for those familiar with the French language is Horace Marruchi's "Elements of Christian Archæology," in three volumes, octavo. Since the death of Rossi, Marruchi is the unrivalled master of this science, and his work is one of incontestable merit. Published by the Société Saint-Augustin.

—"The First Days of Jesus" gives in pictures and text the story of the early life of the Holy Child. The Annunciation, the Nativity, the Vision of the Shepherds, the Adoration of the Magi, and the Flight into Egypt are printed in colors, and they are, to say the least, striking. The value of pictures in impressing on young minds the mysteries of religion can hardly be overestimated. R. & T. Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.

—Those of our readers who have been interested in the papers, on old English shrines, contributed to our columns by Mr. Dudley Baxter, will be glad to know that this writer has published in pamphlet form "Walsingham—The National Sanctuary of Our Lady's Dowry." It is a most interesting account of a once famous place of pilgrimage. Bishop Riddell, of Northampton, contributes a preface. Manresa Press, Roehampton.

—Certain German specialists having suggested that the intellectual pabulum furnished by even the most respected writers of fables may have a pernicious effect upon the youthful mind, the London *Lancet* (perhaps the highest medical authority in English) remarks that the contention is nothing new, for in the early years of the last century George Cruickshank was acutely pained by the immoral tendency of some folk tales. "Puss in Boots," for instance, he considered as an example of the benefits to be obtained from lying. The *Lancet* adds: "There is probably a sound basis for Dr. Heller's contention that the books supplied to children help largely in the formation of their characters, and that the selection of such books should therefore be effected with due discretion."

—The third volume of "Louis Veuillot," by Eugene Veuillot, the octogenarian brother of the great French Ultramontane, has been brought out in Paris. The venerable author announces that the biography will be concluded in a fourth volume. The period covered in Volume III. is the decade and a half from 1855 to 1869, an important part of the *Univers* editor's strenuous career.

—It is hard—perhaps it is not desirable—to say anything new on the subject of oratory, whether sacred or profane. Of this art, far more than of most others, it is true that "all the rhetorician's rules teach him but to name his tools." In "Principles of Sacred Eloquence," by the Rev. John P. Conway, O. P., there are many good things and some new ones, many hints drawn from the ancients and not a few suggested by Father Conway's own experience. The book could be read in an hour, and the reading would be well requited. Joseph F. Wagner, publisher.

—Those who have read Father Kennedy's admirable little book, "Holy Mass: A Morning Paradise," will likely remember this passage: "Hush! A bell is ringing,—ringing so sweetly, so softly, in the tender dawn. It is calling—calling people to come and walk with God." These beautiful words briefly describe that "Morning Paradise" in the Church, and bid us enter. A thoroughly comprehensive and exhaustive explanation, dogmatic, liturgical and ascetical, of the Adorable Sacrifice may be found in "The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass," by the Rev. Dr. Nicolas Gihr. We are in receipt of the second English edition of this masterly work, translated from the sixth German edition. B. Herder.

—The classical feat of the budding essayist who wrote an erudite paper on Chinese metaphysics and explained that he had read up in the encyclopedia under *C* for China, and *M* for metaphysics, and then combined the results, was outdone some years ago by a New York journalist who actually wrote a book on foreign travel before he had ever gone abroad. The book, moreover, proved a success. Its author collected encyclopedias, guide-books, and photo-

graphs; read seven or eight hours a day, and made copious notes. Local color he obtained by visiting the various foreign colonies in New York. When he finally took his first trip to Europe, it was a common occurrence for him to find his book in the hands of English and American tourists.

—"Pastoral Medicine," a handbook for the clergy, by A. E. Sanford, M. D., reminds us of the numerous ways in which the layman can help the priest,—as physician, lawyer, journalist, etc. Dr. Sanford's remarks on the "relation of man in his bodily condition to religion and morality," emphasize the good a layman can do by affording the priest scientific arguments for the saneness and soundness of the Church's position on many moral questions. The prominent physician or lawyer who defends publicly or furnishes proofs for such propositions as "The Right to Life of the Unborn Child," or "No Best Divorce Law," has rendered the Church an abiding service. We trust that the clergy will not overlook "Pastoral Medicine." Published by J. F. Wagner.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"The First Days of Jesus." 15 cts.

"Principles of Sacred Eloquence." Rev. John Conway, O. P. 50 cts.

"The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass." Rev. Dr. Nicholas Gihr. $4.

"Pastoral Medicine." A. E. Sanford, M. D. $1.50.

"Rosa Mystica." Kenelm Digby Best. $6.

"The Life of St. Teresa." $2.20.

"Teacher's Handbook to the Catechism." Rev. A. Urban. $4.50.

"The Middle Ages." Thomas J. Shahan, S. T. D. $2.20.

"The Soul's Orbit." M. D. Petre. $1.48.

"The Know-Nothing Party." Humphrey J. Desmond. $1.25.

"The Quest of John Chapman." Newell Dwight Hillis. $1.50.

"Shadows Lifted." Rev. J. E. Copus, S. J. 85 cts

"Hurrell Froude." Louise Imogen Guiney. $2.50.

"The Christian Gentlewoman and the Social Apostolate." Katherine E. Conway. 50 cts.

"Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary." Count de Montalembert. $2.66.

"At the Deathbed of Darwinism." E. Dennert, Ph. D. 75 cts., net.

"The Gospel Applied to Our Times." Rev. D. S. Phelan. $2, net.

"Twenty-Nine Chats and One Scolding." Rev. Fred C. O'Neill. $1.25.

"The Lost Jewel of the Mortimers." Anna T. Sadlier $1.

"The Ruler of the Kingdom." Grace Keon. $1.25.

"The Gospel of the Childhood of Our Lord Jesus Christ." $1.25, net.

"Hereafter, or the Future Life." Rev. J. Laxenaire, D. D. 30 cts.

"The Men who Made the Nation." Edwin Erle Sparks, Ph. D. $2.

"Catechism of the Instruction of Novices." Father Gerard, D. C. 85 cts., net.

"A Simple Dictionary of Catholic Terms." Rev. Thomas Brennan, S. T. L. 10 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Monsig. Doane, of the diocese of Newark; Rev. Joseph Lambert, archdiocese of Philadelphia; and Rev. E. J. Roche, S. J.

Sister Gerard, of the Sisters of the Holy Names; and Mother Mary de Sales, Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. Arthur Gendron, of Toledo, Ohio; Mr. Daniel Morrill and Mr. Andrew Tracy, Fitchburg, Mass.; Mr. Charles King and Mrs. P. McNamee, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. Annie Foley, Jersey City, N. J.; Mrs. James Fairhurst, London, England; Mr. Horace Weld, Davisville, Cal.; Mr. John Ford, Ottawa, Ill.; Mrs. J. W. McClintock, Springfield, Mass.; Mr. Cornelius Sullivan, Albany, Oregon; Mr. Herbert Tyson, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Agnes Stanton Clarke, Miss Julia Moore, and Leonie G. Ryan, New York, N. Y.; Mrs. K. Russell Devoy and Mr. P. Simcox, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. John McIntyre and Mrs. Eliza Shaughnessy, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Henry Beckerle and Mr. Francis Schumm, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Mary Barrett, Mrs. Bridget Moran, and Mrs. Johanna Nolan, Scranton, Pa.; Mr. John Philipe and Miss Sophie Fairer, Canton, Ohio; Miss Jennie A. Healy and Mr. Bernard Kennedy, Troy, N. Y.; Mrs. Anna Zellar and Miss Julia Hoye, Akron, Ohio; Mrs. John McDermott, Mr. John McAuliffe, Mrs. M. McDonald, Mrs. Mary O'Neill, and Mrs. Elizabeth Wilson, San Francisco, Cal.; also Mrs. Marguerite Noble, Pittsburg, Pa.

Requiescant in pace!

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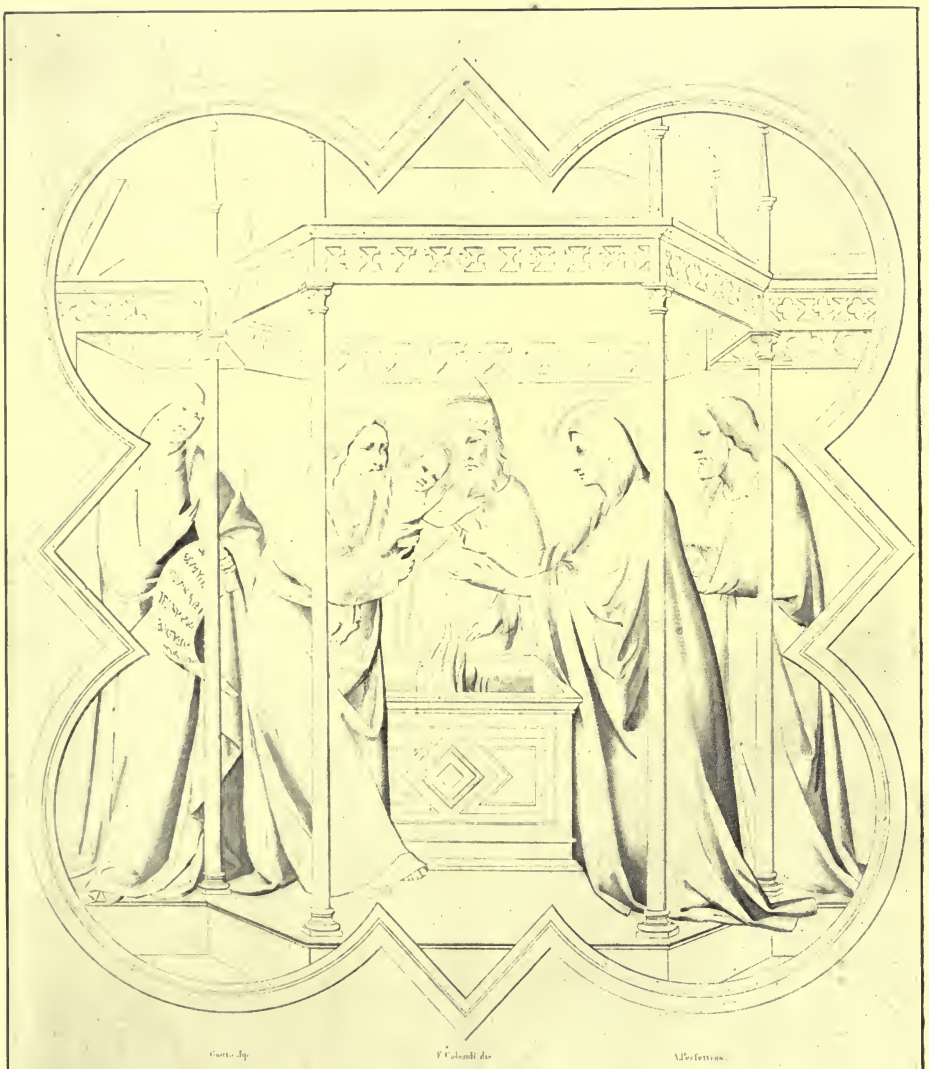

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LA PRESENTAZIONE AL TEMPIO

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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In the Temple.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

SHE bore Him to the Temple,
His head upon her shoulder;
She kissed and kissed His baby lips,—
His sweetness did enfold her.

She heard, before the altar,
The prophecy of Heaven.
O Simeon, 'twas hard to thrust
Those cruel sword-points seven!

She bore Him from the Temple,
Her weary arms about Him
Close clasped,—O dark and dreadful day
When she must live without Him!

The Hospice of the Great St. Bernard and Its Founder.

BY THE VERY REV. A. ALLARIA, D. D., C. R. L.

NO fewer than forty thousand travellers and tourists receive hospitality every year in the hospices of the Great and the Little St. Bernard. But how many, I wonder, know anything of the great man by whom these two famous establishments were founded and after whom they are named? Visitors are unanimous in praising the disinterested charity of the religious, who are ever ready to give of their best, and even to sacrifice their lives, if need be; but few, if any, know that they owe all this to the holy man of the eleventh century, who, in his own way, pierced the Alps. I purpose, therefore, to give here a brief sketch of this noble benefactor of mankind and his work.

The life of St. Bernard of Menthon, as he is called, reads like a romance. He was born about the year of Our Lord 996, of noble parents: Richard, Baron of Menthon (on the lake of Annecy), and Bernoline, of the Duyne family. The ancient chateau still exists, and the room occupied by St. Bernard has been converted into a chapel. After completing his studies at Paris, Bernard, at the earnest request of his parents, was on the point of marrying Marguerite of Miolans, a noble and wealthy heiress of the neighborhood, when, by the inspiration of God, on the very eve of the wedding he fled from Menthon, and, crossing the Alps, took refuge at Aosta in Italy.

Great was the general consternation when the young man's flight was discovered; and the relatives of the bride were anxious to avenge the affront which they considered they had received. When, however, Marguerite understood that the only motive of her betrothed for abandoning an earthly marriage was to devote his life to the service of God, she followed his example and entered a convent at Chambéry.

Meanwhile Bernard was received among the Canons Regular of the Cathedral at Aosta; and, having been in due time ordained priest, he was afterward raised by the bishop to the dignity of archdeacon. In this capacity, at the request of his prelate, Bernard

undertook to preach in all the parishes of the six valleys which then constituted the diocese of Aosta. So abundant were the fruits of these apostolic labors, and so great the fame of the preacher, that several of the neighboring bishops begged him to come and do for them what he had so happily accomplished for his own superior. Tradition tells us that he evangelized the dioceses of Sion, Geneva, Tarantaise, Milan, Novara, Ivrea, Vercelli, Turin, and the greater part of Lombardy. Everywhere his efforts were crowned with success, and to this day his name is held in veneration by the inhabitants of these regions.

It was during these missionary journeys through the Alpine valleys that Bernard's active sympathy and compassion were aroused by the many dangers to which travellers over the Alps were continually exposed. Numerous pilgrims from Ireland, England, Scotland and France, on their way to visit the Tomb of the Apostles in Rome, annually crossed the unsafe passes of the Alps. Travellers to and from Italy or Switzerland were always in danger of being robbed, or of perishing in snowstorms or avalanches. The great highways that had formerly, when frequented by the legions of the Roman Emperors, conducted the wayfarer in safety, had been neglected and demolished during the incursions of the barbarians. The pilgrim had to contend against the inclemency of the weather; and, when successful in this, he was still exposed to the assaults of brigands who infested the passes, and of marauders in the pay of turbulent and seditious chieftains. Of this we find numerous instances in the history of Anglo-Saxon times.

Elsinus, *circ.* A. D. 960, Archbishop of Canterbury, on his way to Rome was frozen to death on the Alps; although we are told that his companions had recourse to the unusual expedient of ripping open the belly of a horse and plunging his feet into it. St. Elphege, A. D. 1007, as soon as he crossed into Italy was robbed by the inhabitants of a small village; although his property was restored by the robbers, who had witnessed a miracle wrought by him. Alred, Archbishop of York, with Gise and Walter, bishops-elect of Wells and Hereford, and Tostinus, Earl of Northumberland, on their journey from Rome, A. D. 1061, were despoiled by brigands.

Of many such cases of misfortune and calamity incurred by wayfarers must Bernard of Menthon have heard during his apostolic journeys through the Alpine valleys. It was believed by many that the devil had taken possession of the two most important and frequented passes; it is said that a statue had been there erected to him, and that he claimed a tenth of all travellers passing that way. Trusting in God, Bernard, followed by many of the neighboring villagers, approached the idol and with his stole threw it to the ground. In accordance with this tradition, the holy archdeacon is usually represented binding the devil with his stole, turned into a chain, while he holds the archidiaconal staff in the other hand.

Having banished ignorance and superstition from the surrounding country, the holy man determined to restore the security of the roads on the Alpine passes. To this end he erected the hospice on the pass now called the Little St. Bernard, and rebuilt another on the pass of the Great St. Bernard. The erection of the first hospice on the Great St. Bernard has been attributed by some to Louis le Débonnaire, and by others to Charlemagne. Certain it is, however, that the Roman legions were wont to cross this pass, and that for their safety a temple dedicated to Jupiter, with a *mansio*, or hospice, had been built a short distance from the present establishment. Little statues of the pagan god, votive

tablets, medals, and other antique objects, have been discovered there, and they may now be seen in the museum of the hospice. There is historic evidence that a monastery existed in the place before the year 851. But the building, or what remained of it, had become in the tenth century the refuge of barbarians, who made it their stronghold, whence they issued forth to lay waste and pillage the adjacent districts.

It was at this time that Bernard conceived and prosecuted the noble design of re-establishing on the pass a monastery, where travellers and pilgrims might receive gratuitous hospitality. Aided by the donations of the faithful, he began to build his hospice. It was also at this juncture that, so the legend tells us, his parents, after sorrowing for the loss of their son many years, heard of the great reputation and the noble charity of the famous preacher. Hoping to learn from so holy a man some tidings of their lost child, they crossed from Savoy; and great indeed was their joy when, after a long interview, Bernard manifested himself to them. They returned to their ancestral home, and thence assisted their holy son in his enterprise by frequent and abundant donations.

English readers will be interested to know that among the first and most generous benefactors of the new hospice was one of their countrymen. The biographers of the holy founder tell us that a nobleman named Richetinus, returning to England from a pilgrimage to Rome, heard of the charitable work of Bernard on the Pennine Alps. Anxious to ascertain the truth of the report, he directed his steps to the mountain. What he saw there of the saint and his work far surpassed his expectations, and so touched his heart that he not only determined to devote his whole property to forward and maintain the institution, but also resolved to spend his life under the holy man's direction. We learn from the same biographers that among other properties so bequeathed to the hospice was an estate in or near London, called Castle Cornutus, which was changed into a small priory, a dependance of the monastery on the Great St. Bernard. This little priory existed till the time of Henry VIII. The building was afterward transformed into a prison.

If the means at Bernard's disposal were abundant, great also were the funds required. Only those who have to build on the top of a distant mountain can form an idea of how great were the difficulties to be overcome. Suffice it to say that when, at the beginning of the last century, it was found necessary to raise a part of the establishment a story higher, although due precautions were taken to prepare everything beforehand in order to expedite the work, it took two summers to convey to the spot the needed materials. The work was completed in five years. The expense then incurred was no less than 72,000 francs; and this sum did not include the keep of the workmen, the labor of the servants who assisted, the use of horses belonging to the monastery, or various other items.

The number of travellers and visitors who receive hospitality from the monks, instead of diminishing, as one might suppose, is on the increase. A few years ago it was again found necessary to build an addition to the building, and this was finished in 1899. The monastic pile, as a whole, claims no special style. It stands on the very crest of the pass, nearly 8000 feet above the sea level, and is about 246 feet long.

It was not enough for Bernard to erect a large hospice for the protection of travellers: it was also necessary to

find men able and willing to take up the work in his absence and to continue it after his death. In his choice of fellow-laborers he did not hesitate. On his first arrival in Aosta, he had found a refuge among the Canons Regular who then served the cathedral church of that ancient city. It was only natural that he should select his brethren in religion as custodians and hospitallers of his institute. Ever since his day these religious, known as Canons Regular of St. Augustine, of the Congregation of SS. Bernard and Nicholas, have carried on the work of benevolence begun so many centuries ago by their holy founder.

A provost, with all the rights and privileges of a mitred abbot, is the head of the Congregation; a conventual prior has the immediate government of the hospice; and the temporal administration of the establishment is under the care of a *clavandier*, or procurator. The community of the hospice is always composed of twelve or fifteen Canons, besides lay-brothers and *marroniers*, or servants. There is also a novice-master, whose duty it is to form the new members of the Congregation to the arduous life which they wish to embrace. The rule is that of St. Augustine, but special and suitable Constitutions have been adopted. The Canonical Office is daily either solemnly sung or recited in the beautiful church adjoining the hospice. On account of the inclemency of the climate, it is impossible even for the strongest men to live on the mountain more than about twelve years. With impaired health, they are then sent by the superior as curates or parish priests to some of the parishes which the Congregation still retains in the Canton Valais.

Not only do the Canons receive indiscriminately all who present themselves at the hospice: it is also their duty, especially after a heavy snowstorm, to go to the rescue of travellers who may have missed the road, or, buried under the snow, lie in danger of death. In their work of love, while striving to save others it frequently happens that the religious lose their own lives. Not long ago two Canons and five workmen were caught in an avalanche. Another religious and a workman were buried under the snow for a whole night. When dug out they were still conscious, but soon afterward expired.

St. Bernard died at Novara, at an advanced age. For some time after his death the hospice was exposed to frequent assaults and incursions from robbers and barbarians who crossed the mountains. It soon, however, acquired immunity, as well as celebrity and opulence. The Roman Pontiffs and emperors vied with one another in generously supporting the spiritual children of Bernard in the prosecution of their benevolent work. Numerous and great were the possessions of the hospice in France, Italy, Switzerland and England. At one time it was possessed of as many as ninety-eight livings. The Reformation, political changes in various States, the French Revolution, and other causes, have greatly reduced the property of the monastery. At present the Congregation possesses, besides the Great St. Bernard, another hospice on the Simplon, a monastery at Martigny, and eight or nine parishes in the Valais.

It is well known that the monks of St. Bernard are much assisted in their charitable work by the famous dogs who are named after the hospice. These intelligent and well-trained animals are of the greatest utility. In regions rendered trackless by the snow, hunger and fatigue, exhaustion and sleep steal upon the traveller in all too rapid succession. Guided by their wonderful instinct, the dogs safely find their way through thick mists, cut a passage through mountains of snow, and rescue

the poor wayfarer buried in an avalanche or overpowered by exhaustion and slumber.

A short time ago a monument was erected to one of these noble animals, with the inscription: "Barry the Heroic saved the lives of forty persons and was slain by the forty-first." Barry is represented in bas-relief with a child on his back. A little lad was lying in a snowdrift, buried in the sleep which, in these cases, so frequently precedes death. Barry, finding him thus, seemed to realize the gravity of the situation. First he awakened the child by licking his face, then lay down and by some means made the lad know that he would carry him to a place of safety. The little fellow understood, and, climbing on Barry's back, was carried to the hospice.

The same tactics were used by the noble St. Bernard dog in the last rescue which he attempted; but, alas! not with the same success. He found a soldier lying asleep in the snow, and strove to awake him by his caresses. The man half awoke, and, imagining he was being attacked by some wild beast, transfixed the poor brute with his sword.

Some time ago a movement was set on foot, and an international committee was formed, to erect on the Alps a statue to St. Bernard of Menthon. We are now informed that the project is being realized, and that, as a memorial of his work, a bronze statue has been raised at the head of the famous pass in full view of the hospice. The statue, which is to be formally unveiled next summer, represents the saint trampling underfoot the dragon which he has secured by his stole converted into a chain.

THERE is nothing between us and hell or heaven but life, which of all things is the frailest.—*Pascal.*

Young Mr. Bretherton.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

V.—A DOUBLE SURPRISE.

MISS TABITHA and Mr. Bretherton kept their eyes fixed upon the approaching vehicle, which always caused a ripple of excitement in the place. The afternoon train usually brought to Millbrook station any passengers of importance who were destined for that town, after which Joe Henderson's stage received all save the favored few for whom private carriages were in waiting.

"Halloo!" cried the young man, suddenly. "You don't expect any one, do you, Miss Tabitha?"

The old lady answered very decidedly in the negative.

"Well, the bus is certainly making for your gate."

Miss Tabitha, at this announcement, stood up in a kind of consternation. She hastily went over, in her own mind, a list of the relatives who might by any chance descend upon her uninvited, as well as their comparative degrees of importance. She thought with despair of the fragment of cold mutton upon which she had counted for her own and the handmaid's dinner, with the barest allowance of vegetables, and no pudding or fruit whatever. The supplies in her larder, never very extensive, had been allowed to run low as it drew near the end of the month.

The pink in Tabitha's face deepened and her hands became quite tremulous with excitement. Whoever the arrival might be, it was very certain that Joe Henderson was stopping at her gate. She sank into a chair without a word; while Mr. Bretherton stood upon the step just below, his brown eyes intently scanning the faces in the vehicle. He, in his turn, uttered an exclamation, and, with a hasty

apology to Miss Tabitha, hurried down to the gate.

A tall and somewhat awkwardly built young man was assisting a fellow-passenger of the feminine sex to alight from the bus. As he turned to open the gate for her, young Mr. Bretherton, who had walked down the path, cried out in astonishment:

"Why, Bob, old fellow!"

"How d'ye do, Jimmy!" responded the newcomer, who was laden with various small impedimenta belonging to his travelling companion. "I couldn't for the life of me tell at first who was speaking."

Planting an eyeglass securely in his eye, he gazed at the other with cheerful good humor; while Jim Bretherton made haste to explain that he would have been at the station with the trap to meet the train, if he had only received a wire.

Meanwhile the young lady, who was engaged in conversation with the bus-driver, suddenly looked around, and it was Miss Tabitha's turn to utter a sharp exclamation of surprise. Young Mr. Bretherton's attention, distracted from his friend, was instantly caught by the appearance of a girl, tall, slender, moving with an unconscious grace, but with an unmistakable air of distinction and a perfect ease of bearing rare in one so young. She wore a simply made gown of purplish gray, which served to bring out the violet color of her heavily shaded eyes. In that first, brief glance, Mr. Bretherton instinctively recognized a charming personality.

Suddenly the silence was broken by the sound of a voice, clear and well-modulated, melodious as the note of a bird heralding the spring:

"Why, Aunt Tabitha, have I gorgonized you, and turned everybody else into stone?"

The expression of her eyes as she said these words was bright and humorous; while her glance, flitting from one to the other of the group, made the young gentleman from the Manor feel like an awkward schoolboy.

"But where—where did you come from, Leonora?" gasped the astonished Miss Tabitha.

"From Mrs. Brentwood's, to be sure," Leonora placidly responded. "That was, at least, my starting-point. If you want me to enumerate intermediate stations, I should have to call upon my fellow-traveller. Perhaps, Lord Aylward, your memory will be better than mine?"

The tall man so addressed advanced hastily toward Miss Tabitha, to whom he was duly introduced. If the spinster had had any breath left after the unexpected arrival of her niece, it would have been taken away by this apparition of a genuine nobleman, who was also a friend of the Brethertons. She rallied her forces by an effort, however, employing the recognized formula of Millbrook:

"I am very pleased to meet you, Lord Aylward. But, indeed, any friend of young Mr. Bretherton must be welcome to the town, and especially to Rose Cottage."

This formal speech seemed greatly to discompose the person to whom it was addressed.

"Oh, yes, I dare say!" he exclaimed. "It's awfully kind of you to say so. Miss Chandler has been good enough to let me look after her luggage."

"And you have been good enough to do it beautifully," Miss Chandler observed. "It's such a relief not to have to bother about checks and rush into those awful baggage departments. You took the whole responsibility upon your shoulders, Lord Aylward."

"Oh, no, really I didn't do anything!" Lord Aylward put in, beaming delightedly upon the girl, who turned at that moment to Mr. Bretherton, standing uncomfortably apart from the group.

"I can guess who you are," she said,

frankly. "No other I am sure than young Mr. Bretherton."

"I shall not have to hazard any conjectures," the young man answered, "since I have heard you claim relationship to Miss Tabitha. You must of necessity be the little girl for whom I have been so often inquiring."

They both laughed, and the young man went on:

"It is a day of surprises. I have been confidently expecting telegraphic messages from Bob Aylward here, who has been promising me a visit, and he suddenly appears at the gate of Miss Tabitha's cottage."

"I guess I must be movin', gents," called out Joe Henderson from his seat upon the bus. "If you're comin' my way, I'll ask you to get in. The hosses has to be fed, and I'm jest about famished myself."

At which everyone laughed except Miss Tabitha, who stood bewildered upon the steps.

"All right, Joe!" cried young Mr. Bretherton. "This gentleman and I will drive up with you in an instant. Good-bye, Miss Tabitha! I shall be here very soon again."

"A Bretherton is always welcome at Rose Cottage," responded Miss Tabitha, majestically.

Jim Bretherton thanked her; and then he said, somewhat irrelevantly, to Miss Chandler:

"I can not help wondering how you knew who I was."

"Oh, from my aunt's tone and the general probabilities," the young girl replied, lightly.

"What are the probabilities?" he inquired.

"It is far better to leave them general," said Leonora; "especially as Joe Henderson is waiting, and in his present state of mind he might be dangerous. Besides, there is Lord Aylward half choked with dust."

"Oh, I am all right!" cried Lord Aylward, as he followed his friend out to the bus.

Bretherton declared that he would hasten to take Miss Chandler's advice, and avoid any chance of unpleasantness on the part of the hungry Joe. He was conscious of a slight feeling of resentment at being thus unceremoniously dismissed. Miss Tabitha's niece had certainly a very imperious way with her, though she was indeed lovely. There was no disputing the latter fact, especially as he looked back from the seat of the departing bus, and perceived the girl standing beside her aunt, with the light of the setting sun falling about her. There was something fine and almost noble in her pose and in the expression of her face.

It was highly characteristic of Lord Aylward's English habit of reticence—which young Mr. Bretherton, to some extent, had also acquired during his college days—that during the homeward drive he never once referred to his late travelling companion. Miss Chandler's name was never so much as mentioned, although the two men talked cordially until the bus drove in at the iron gates, and deposited the son and heir and his whilom college chum at the door of Bretherton Manor. As they entered the spacious hall there was a faint, far-away and barely suggestive odor from the kitchen, which bespoke something savory in process of preparation.

The Governor came genially forward to meet his young kinsman and introduce him to his wife, who appeared, a stately figure, at the drawing-room door. The welcome was thoroughly cordial and genuine, making the traveller feel that he was entirely at home.

"Bless my soul!" cried the Governor, "is this Bobbie Aylward,—little Bobbie whom only the other day I carried upon my shoulder?"

"It is certainly not *little* Bobbie now, my dear," observed his wife, taking the

young guest's hands into her own cool, slim ones and holding them there an instant, as she bade him welcome to America and to Bretherton Manor.

After that, Jim—or Jimmy, as he had been indifferently known at college—carried his friend off to the "blue room," which was one of the apartments reserved for strangers. It had a history, as Mrs. Oliver, the housekeeper, could have told; and more than one Revolutionary celebrity had slept there. The shades of Joseph Warren and of Washington himself hovered around the chamber, where, according to tradition, both had spent an occasional night.

"If you care about dressing for dinner, Bob, you have just half an hour," declared Jim; "but if you feel disinclined for the exertion, I am sure my mother will excuse you."

"Oh, I must get some of this dust off me!" cried Lord Aylward. "And I expect Saunders—my man, you know—has got out some of my clothes by this time. I sent him on from the station with my luggage."

Saunders, indeed, appeared at that moment from the dressing-room with Lord Aylward's evening clothes. The latter gentleman, while dressing, looked about him, reflecting that the apartment was very much like similar ones in the old country, only a trifle more luxurious, and with an indefinably Occidental flavor.

Jim Bretherton was the first to complete his toilet; and, descending to the veranda, walked about there, deep in thought, while waiting for his guest. He would not have found it easy to express how absorbing were his reflections, nor how large a part was played in them by the sudden apparition which had met him that afternoon at Rose Cottage. That was, indeed, the little girl about whom he had been inquiring of Miss Tabitha, and whom he distinctly remembered as she had been many years before. But, though he had been recalling her to life, and, as it were, reconstructing the drama of their childish days together, it had been startling, positively dramatic even, to behold her thus appearing in the charm of a very lovely womanhood. Nor was the effect in any way lessened by her showing herself to be on carelessly familiar terms with Lord Aylward, who belonged to a family dating from the Conquest and ranking among the wealthiest of the English landed gentry. Jim Bretherton suddenly remembered, and not altogether pleasantly, that Leonora Chandler had long years ago announced her intention of marrying a great personage.

At that moment the unconscious Lord Aylward slapped him on the shoulder and asked why in the name of Jupiter he was staring so intently at the iron railing. Jim Bretherton burst out laughing at the curious absurdity of his own thoughts.

"I was thinking, Bob," he explained, "that I might have a chance to be your A. D. C., if you go in for a career and get yourself appointed after a while to Canada, Ireland or India. It's quite immaterial to me which country you govern."

Lord Aylward stared.

"By Jove, old fellow, you're looking ahead with a vengeance!" he cried. "But whatever put such an idea into your head just now?"

Neither then, however, nor at any subsequent period, could Jim Bretherton be induced to explain this allusion; and presently, dinner being announced, the two young men found themselves in the company of their elders, so that the topic was necessarily dropped. Once only at table was some casual reference made to Rose Cottage, and the Governor remarked, addressing his wife:

"We must send down the carriage one of these days for Miss Tabitha. It is a long time since she has given us the pleasure of her company."

"And it is a genuine pleasure," said Mrs. Bretherton, in her slow, deliberate way. "You see, Lord Aylward, we old people cling together. We like to recall the past with those of our own generation, who are getting fewer every year."

It was a curious fact that neither of the young men mentioned Leonora Chandler's name; though the Governor said presently:

"I am told Miss Tabitha's niece has grown into a very beautiful young woman. I haven't seen her lately; but I warn you, my boys, to look sharp, or she will be playing havoc with your hearts."

Was there ever so slight a frown upon the fair forehead of Mrs. Bretherton while her husband spoke thus? She seemed, however, absorbed in the peeling of a splendid peach, and did not look up or make any remark whatever.

At dessert the Governor, who was old-fashioned, proposed some toasts, though in a deprecatory, half-jesting way. The first was to his wife, the second to his guest, and the third to "all fair women who are good, and to all good women whether they be fair or no." This was a favorite sentiment of Jim Bretherton's father, and represented his usual attitude toward the sex. The young men responded to the toast—Lord Aylward, in particular, with great heartiness,—and sipped the claret from their glasses.

"I suppose each one of you boys has some particular fair one in mind?" cried the Governor, genially. "I know it must be the case with Jim, if heredity counts for anything."

"Why, father," expostulated Jim, "I always heard that the Brethertons were an unimpressionable lot!"

"Then let me tell you, my lad," said the Governor, laughingly, "that the Brethertons, in that case, were grossly libelled."

Mrs. Bretherton laughed, too, as she gave the signal for leaving the table. The little party adjourned to the veranda, where in the soft dusk of the summer evening, lighted by myriad stars, they sat and talked, until presently the Governor dozed, and the two young men went for a stroll about the premises. There was much to see, as the Governor prided himself upon the perfection with which his grounds were kept.

"To-morrow you will have a better idea of what the old place is like," Jim Bretherton said. "It *is* old for America: the house was built in colonial days, though additions have been made since. The garden was laid out chiefly in my father's time, and he has made a heap of improvements."

Lord Aylward was immensely interested. He had a fresh, almost boyish power of enjoyment; and he was prepared to be pleased with everything on his first visit to this half-fabulous land of America.

Young Mr. Bretherton, on his part, felt a certain natural complacency in displaying to his kinsman and college chum these ancestral acres, upon which men of his name had so long resided.

"I am very fond of the old place," he observed, "and very proud of it; though, of course, Millbrook is small and necessarily dull."

"Not in the least dull!" cried Lord Aylward, with an animation which led his friend to conjecture, rightly enough, that Rose Cottage was uppermost in the speaker's thoughts.

"Excitements may crop up anywhere, of course," returned Jim, suppressing a smile.

"Yes, by Jove!" said the Englishman, with an energy which still further amused his friend.

But neither made any comment. They stood there side by side, all unconscious how the threads of their lives were interwoven.

(To be continued.)

Our Will or His.

BY LIONEL BYRRA.

THE "hand of God" is readily descried
In projects large that flatter our conceit
And with our humor jump. We find it meet
To deem His Providence our only guide
Whene'er the road subserves our ease or pride,
And plume ourselves on pliancy complete
Unto His holy will, the while that cheat
Ambition, solely, doth our plans decide.

"Thy will be done!" full cheerfully we say
When once persuaded that His will is ours,
Straight-pointing to a smooth, congenial way,
Sun-gilded, and bestrewn with fragrant flowers.
Forget we not, the vital question is:
Whether, for weal or woe, our will be His.

Essentials and Nonessentials of the Catholic Religion.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

VI.—Ecclesiastical Miracles and Private Revelations.

CONCERNING the miracles recorded in Holy Scripture, there can, of course, be no question that Catholics are bound to believe in them. To doubt them would be to doubt the inerrancy of Holy Writ. It is not, therefore, of those that I speak now, but of miracles that have taken place since Scriptural times, and are often termed "ecclesiastical miracles."

It was Cardinal Newman who said that the Church is hung about with miracles like gems; and no one who has any acquaintance with Church history can doubt that this has always been so through the long ages of the Church's life. It is so plainly part of the Church's ordinary belief and teaching that miracles both can and do from time to time happen, that a Catholic may not deny either of these truths. But with regard to this or that particular miracle recorded in Church history or the Lives of the Saints, we are free to accept it or not, according as the evidence is satisfactory or otherwise. That evidence is frequently overwhelming, and such as to convince any man of sense who does not begin with the sceptic's principle that miracles are an impossibility, or with the arbitrary postulate of most Protestants that they stopped with the age of the Apostles.

Moreover, for Catholics, no inconsiderable evidence is afforded in particular cases by the very careful inquiry instituted by ecclesiastical authority. A story familiar to many of my readers is that of the English Protestant who was shown in Rome the documentary evidence in favor of certain miracles alleged to have been worked through the intercession of a deceased holy man whose cause for beatification was before the authorities. On reading the evidence, he exclaimed that it would be enough to convince a Protestant British jury. "It has not convinced us," was the reply.

The strictest inquiry is made into the proofs of miracles, whether alleged to have been worked by a saint during his lifetime or obtained by his intercession after death; so that we may with full confidence accept those which have been authoritatively examined and admitted by the appointed tribunals of the Church. Nevertheless, rash though it would be, and even disrespectful, to set up our judgment against that of authority in this matter, and foolish as it would be to reject plain evidence, particularly when it has satisfied those appointed to adjudicate upon it, the Church does not impose belief in any particular ecclesiastical miracle as a matter of faith.

In this connection it should be noticed that not miracles, but heroic virtue is the primary subject of inquiry in the process of canonizing a saint. "When inquiry is instituted for the purpose

of beatification or canonization," says Benedict XIV.,* "no examination is made of miracles until *after* the heroic virtues or the martyrdom of the servant of God has been proved. These virtues are the first and most decisive witness to sanctity. Visions, prophecies, and miracles are of only secondary importance; and they are absolutely ignored if proof of heroic virtues is not forthcoming." Catholics may not, then, deny the possibility or the fact of "ecclesiastical miracles" in general; it would certainly be rash and disrespectful to cast doubt upon those which, after careful investigation, have been passed by authority in processes of canonization; while with regard to others we are in no way bound to accept any one in particular. They stand or fall by the evidence forthcoming in their favor.

To come now to the question of private revelations, of which we read in the Lives of many saints. These, or the documents in which they are recorded, are from time to time approved by the Church. In order to understand the attitude which Catholics ought to adopt toward them, we must first inquire what precisely is the nature of such approbations. On this question Cardinal Franzelin† writes as follows: "As regards the judgment of the Church, by which private revelations of this kind are sometimes approved, such judgment is not intended as proposing these revelations to the faithful as to be believed with divine faith, but as declaring (*a*) that there is in them nothing contrary to the Catholic Faith, nor to good morals and Christian discipline; and that (*b*) there is sufficient indication of their being true to justify their being piously and prudently, and without risk of superstition, believed with *human* faith, and also to justify their being read by the faithful for the purpose of edification." Lastly, he lays down that (*c*) after such approbation by the Church it would be wrong to *cast contempt upon them.*

In the matter both of approved miracles and approved private revelations, the wrong committed by a Catholic in "casting contempt" would be, not a sin against divine faith, which, as the Cardinal points out, does not come into the question; but an error of imprudence and rashness in setting up our judgment against that of the tribunals appointed by the Church to examine into these things. Their carefully considered decisions merit an assent of "human faith" which it is nothing but reasonable to accord.

On the nature of private revelations Cardinal Franzelin says: "Revelations and prophecies which since the times of the Apostles have been made, are now made, and will be made in the Church, *do not belong to the deposit of Catholic Faith** entrusted to the Church to keep, to preach, and to evolve. The reason is that these revelations are not directed to the universal Church, but to private individuals. They are called *private* individuals because they are not constituted by God as His legates to the Church, as were formerly the prophets and Apostles and holy men who were inspired to write the Sacred Scriptures; but they receive such revelations either for their own direction and benefit or for the *private* direction and benefit of others. Hence neither do they properly pertain to the *evolution* of the Catholic Faith, to carry out which Christ our Lord has instituted, with a promise of infallible direction, the ordinary ministry, consisting of the visible Head of the Church as the principle and foundation of the unity of faith,

* Apud M. Joly, "The Psychology of the Saints," p. 80, Eng. Trans.

† De Divina Traditione, Thesis xxii.

* The italics throughout are mine.

and of the apostolic succession united to that Head. Hence, according to Benedict XIV. (in his work on the Canonization of Saints), amongst the reasons that render private revelations suspect is this, 'that anything be said to be revealed which is still under consideration by the Church.'"

Private revelations, then, are not to be believed with an act of divine faith, except by those to whom they are directly made with an infallible assurance of their divine origin. Whether this infallible assurance is given even to the recipients of such revelations is a matter of discussion amongst theologians. These revelations, then, are to be accepted by us merely on "human faith," meriting credence or not according to the evidence for their genuineness; in which evidence the approval of the Church in the sense just explained is an important factor.

"A considerable number" (of private revelations), says M. Joly,* "come to us on very trustworthy authority; as, for instance, those which St. Teresa relates of herself. From a purely human point of view, I know of no evidence worthy of credence on any subject, if we are to reject the great Carmelite saint's testimony, which she gives with so many precise distinctions and luminous explanations."

And of all phenomena of this class, whether visions, revelations, or miracles, the same author wisely observes, after pointing out one of the tests of genuineness: "At other times the character alone of the person will ensure, first of all respect, and then a reasoned acceptance of the truth of the revelation. In cases of this latter kind, we may say that it is the proved sanctity of the person which reassures men's minds as to the truth of the phenomena, rather than the phenomena themselves which gain credence, be they revelations, prophecies, visions, or any other favors. The same is true of miracles."*

And again: "More than any one else, St. John of the Cross has labored to impress upon men the teaching of Catholic Tradition: that phenomena of this kind do not constitute sanctity. We may go further and say that in those countries which produce saints, and where saints are most honored, these occurrences always, in the first instance, create distrust and suspicion."†

These extracts, as well as what has been said above about miracles, should be enough to disabuse any one, who is not fixed in his prejudices, of the idea that the teaching of the Catholic Church consists chiefly in a mass of incredible wonders to be without question blindly accepted by the faithful. It is strange that it should be necessary even to mention so absurd a conception of our holy religion; but it is, unfortunately, a conception that still possesses the minds of many. Real miracles and genuine visions and revelations are few and far between; and the Church herself is the first to recognize that such things are "subject to a thousand dangers, imitations, and illusions." Only upon unexceptionable proof does she give any sort of approbation to them.

Because we see in foreign countries shrines literally covered over with *ex voto* offerings, we are not to conclude that each of these represents a miracle examined and approved by ecclesiastical authority. Many of them are in thanksgiving for ordinary answers to prayer,—for recovery from illness that may have been quite naturally brought about, though rightly regarded as a favor from Divine Providence, which such things certainly are. Where faith is bright and living and vivid, it is a natural consequence that the common people should not always

* Op. cit., p. 75.

* p. 79.

† p. 75.

make fine distinctions in these matters, and should even sometimes see a miracle where there is not one in the strict sense. Shall we prefer the cold spirit of unbelief to a faith well grounded as to essentials, filling the lives of those who are so happy as to possess it with light and joy, though it may sometimes lead them to overpass the strict limit, always observed in authoritative teaching, which divides the supernatural from the ordinary effects of that Providence who is the source alike of nature and of grace?

(To be continued.)

In the Sunny South.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

"THERE is no alternative, mother. With all our people gone except Cynthia and Homer, we can not work the land, and must go to live in Savannah. You will be sorry to leave the old home; yet you may be happier among your friends in the city, while I hope to be able to obtain a contract for engineering there."

Young Arthur Morton, an ex-Confederate major, spoke gently—indeed, in his voice there was a tone almost of apologetic entreaty—as he turned to the elderly little lady who, during this beautiful spring morning of 1866, a year after the close of the Civil War, sat on the vine-screened gallery of a plantation house of southern Georgia, and looked abroad as far as she could see over the now uncultivated cotton fields, whose product had "in the old days" brought her a generous income.

In her girlhood a petted daughter and an heiress, an indulged wife, a mother whose slightest wish was as law to her children, a widow, long of abundant means, few even among the noble women of the South who so bravely accepted the trials of the great conflict and the period of reconstruction, had been called upon to face a wider change of fortune than was Mrs. Morton. And yet this handsome son, and the three daughters already gone North to put to practical use their skill in music and drawing, had as far as possible mitigated for her the annoyance of the straitened circumstances which, in spite of the shadows of the Four Years of Tragedy, she did not yet fully realize.

So now she looked up into the major's serious countenance and answered, as if she conferred a favor:

"Very well, my son. I am ready to accompany you whenever you arrange to go."

"Thank you, mother!" he said, smiling now, and patting her shoulder.

Any one seeing them together thus would readily have surmised their relationship. Yet he was tall and athletic, and his dark locks were nearly straight; while her short flaxen curls, only lightly touched with silver, just reached the edge of her collar at the back of her head, and bobbed around her serene face, setting it off like a golden frame. From childhood she had worn her hair in much the same manner. Somewhat short in stature she was, too; and an old-fashioned gentlewoman, from her white hands, protected from rough contact with the world by black lace mittens, to her small, well-shaped feet.

As a matter of fact, Mrs. Morton looked forward to the prospective abandonment of the plantation, which had been a part of her dowery, more cheerfully than she would have admitted.

"What a contrast between the condition of this place now and the appearance it presented upon my wedding-day!" she cried, as the scene arose before her imagination,—"the afternoon when all the Blacks from the fields, and even the little pickaninnies

from the cabins, were brought up to the house to wish me joy!"

Again in fancy she saw, not only the festivities in the old mansion, but in the Negro quarters: the dancing, the singing, and the feast provided by the bride,—"Little Missy," as she was still called by her former servants, who came to see her sometimes, bringing trivial presents bought with the first money they had earned. The retrospect was a portrait of slavery forgetful of its bondage. And, then, there was the companion scene: the laborers at work upon the broad acres.

Those were the days on the plantation when, winter and summer, the spacious front door of the great house stood always open,—an invitation alike to the expected guest or the passing friend to enter and accept the hospitality of the master and mistress for a day or a week, at will; when a card to a wedding meant a visit of a fortnight; when all the principal families of the neighborhood "claimed kin" with one another, and gave balls and parties at frequent intervals.

Such were the gala occasions. But Mrs. Morton looked back upon other days of the same period,—days when, in the performance of her duty as the owner of many slaves, she had kept half a score of seamstresses employed. For, even though the Blacks were scantily clad, the garments of many of the women were made under the supervision of the mistress. She thought of the times when she had been wont to compound potions for the sick, to visit the superannuated and the babies in the cabins, and sit by the bedside of the dying; duties these of which the white women of the North took small count, and for which they gave little credit to their Southern sisters.

Remembering these things, Mrs. Morton felt that, after all, she had emancipated herself from many cares when, forced by the approach of Sherman's army, she had given her Negroes their freedom. Nevertheless, without the planning for the entertainment of guests who came no more, without the lowly black people so dependent upon her, yet upon whom she had been in turn so dependent, her occupation was gone.

"Yes, it will be better to go away," she said aloud; "to look forward with hope to the future rather than back with regret on the past."

And, plucking a bit of honeysuckle from the budding vine that twined around one of the pillars of the gallery, she idly pinned it upon the lapel of Arthur's coat.

Little remained of the furniture of the house to be disposed of, but Mrs. Morton promptly set about collecting the few treasures she still possessed. Of these the most precious in her estimation was the small crayoned portrait of her eldest son Edward, a West Point lieutenant who, at a frontier post of the Indian Territory, had been shot down in a fight with the Apaches shortly before the National Struggle. Placid as this Southern woman appeared, she considered that she bore a cross whose burden no one could lighten—namely, her inconsolable grief for the death of this gallant soldier. Not the love of all her living children combined could make up for the loss of her first-born. Accordingly, she cherished the souvenir, and a handful of uncut garnet pebbles which he picked up somewhere on the Plains, and which she proudly called "the last of the family jewels."

Beside this picture on the wall of her own room there hung, in a little frame about seven by nine inches, an ordinary colored print representing the Madonna. To this also she was especially attached. Yet Mrs. Morton was not a Catholic. That she had once been nearer to the Faith than even her family supposed, the sweet

lips of Our Lady might have told had they spoken; and, sad to say, the portrait and all it represented were what held her back. She was enthralled by the sorrow that might have been to her as are the wings with which the bird soars into the skies.

For it was that cruelest of cheats, Spiritism, that kept her out of the Church. During two years she had wavered,—daily praying, indeed, to the Blessed Mother, whose likeness she loved, but clinging to her error with a strange tenacity. Such was her state of mind at the time when she found it necessary to leave this plantation home and take up her abode in a city boarding-house.

The day of departure arrived. Mrs. Morton's belongings were packed for the removal,—all save a few trinkets and ornaments. After a lingering glance around the pleasant room where she had often been both happy and sad, she took into her hands the pictures that she so prized, and, kissing one affectionately and the other reverently, said aloud:

"O Holy Mother, I place this portrait of my dead son in your care! Guard it safely for me, I beseech you; for I value it above any other memento of happier days that is left to me."

Then she put the two together into her trunk.

After a drive across the country, the Mortons took the train for Savannah, some two hundred miles distant. The first part of the journey was uneventful; but, well on in the afternoon, the engine stopped unexpectedly when only halfway across a barren tract, and far from any station. The conductor and train employees ran to and fro on the sandy ground; the men among the passengers left the coaches to ascertain the reason of the halt, and there was a commotion among the ladies.

Mrs. Morton waited in dignified serenity, without joining in the chatter that went on around her. The major would presently tell her what had happened.

"Do not be alarmed, mother," he said when he at last returned. "There is no danger for us, only the baggage cars are on fire."

"On fire!" she repeated, starting up.

"Yes, but they have been detached from the rest of the train."

By this time the news had spread; and presently the majority of the women, Mrs. Morton with the others, walked out upon the stretch of sand, to witness ruefully the conflagration that consumed their luggage. It was a lonely scene. The April day was overcast, the region desolate; and the blazing cars burned like tinder, for no water could be obtained to quench the flames. The more well-to-do among the passengers took the mishap philosophically; but there were others to whom it meant the loss of almost all they possessed, and these openly lamented their misfortune and denounced the railroad company.

Mrs. Morton appeared to accept the inevitable, as, with her son, she watched the dreary spectacle. Suddenly, however, she thought of her treasures.

"O Arthur," she exclaimed, "the little portrait of Edward and my picture of the Madonna! I put them in my trunk. Is there no chance to save them?"

The burning cars showed now only a skeleton of glowing and blackened timbers.

"See, dearest!" replied the young man. "The baggage is already entirely destroyed."

His mother dropped her veil over her face and wept quietly, as he led her back to the coach.

There was still a long delay, for in this section of the country trains seemed to be run on the principle that there was always plenty of time to spare;

and a heap of ashes would be more easily removed than a quantity of wreckage. A number of the passengers beguiled the tedium of waiting by dining from the baskets they had brought with them. Declining their wayfarers' hospitality, Mrs. Morton disconsolately contemplated the prospect from the window.

Arthur went out to try to discover when the train would start. As he stood with several casual acquaintances, former planters and ex-soldiers, before the spot where the fire had been, he reflected that seldom had he seen ruin more complete. Of the two cars there were left only a few charred pieces of wood; of the baggage not a vestige remained.

"A clear case for suits for damages against the road, Major," remarked a gentleman, addressing him.

"Yes," answered Morton. "But I dare say the ladies in yonder coaches have lost keepsakes that can never be replaced."

He was thinking of his mother's tears.

The man did not continue the conversation, but strolled about; occasionally thrusting his walking-stick among the embers, chiefly for the sake of occupying the moments.

"Nothing, absolutely nothing, has escaped destruction," he declared, on the point of abandoning his pastime. "Yet, no,—after all, I have found something!"

The stick struck some hard object. The next minute, as he turned over the ashes, there lay revealed a small package, which he caught up and examined excitedly.

"Two pictures, as I live!" he cried,—"two pictures absolutely unspoiled, although the backs of the frames have been scorched by the fire!"

Arthur Morton drew near.

"A portrait sketch, and a representation of the Virgin and Child," continued the finder, while the loiterers crowded around him.

Arthur claimed them.

"They belong to my mother," he said.

"Then I congratulate her; for she is the only individual who has saved anything from the wreck," responded the gentleman, giving them up to him.

The emotion of Mrs. Morton when Arthur restored the pictures to her can be better imagined than described. In a voice tremulous with feeling she told him how she had entrusted the portrait to Our Lady's keeping.

"The preservation of the souvenir is indeed a coincidence," he acknowledged, amiably.

But his mother was not satisfied.

"*You* may think it a coincidence, dear," she objected; "but I believe the Blessed Mother *did* guard my treasure as I begged of her."

And, as she kissed the two pictures once more, she added mentally:

"Yet how unworthy of such a favor!—how selfish I have been! In my grief for the dead I have failed to appreciate the love of the living. My eyes are opened: henceforth all shall be different."

So impressed, indeed, was she by the occurrence that, a few days after reaching the city, she applied for instruction, and a short time later was received into the Church.

Mrs. Morton was well known to the writer of this story, and many people have seen the pictures upon which the proofs of the incident are recorded in "the writing of the flames."

No one can worthily approach the most pure Heart of Jesus, or draw near to that Mother who was sinless by His grace, unless he recognizes the danger of temptation, keeps a tight grasp on the reins of self-restraint, and turns to God with honest contrition whenever he is conscious that he has offended.—*Bishop Hedley.*

A Sister of Charity in China.

(CONTINUED.)

EARLY in the year 1896, Sister Xavier's letters tell of hard work, of cholera, and at the same time of remarkable success:

"This is one of the most important houses in the province, having usually four hundred souls within its walls, and two hundred more outside dependent on it. At Pekin the Sisters have over eleven hundred souls to look after and to feed. At Kiu-Kiang we have for a considerable time been compelled to refuse to receive children for want of room. It is terribly sad not to be able to take children into the houses.... We have had rather a trying time. Three Sisters ill; one young one very bad with fever. Imagine, she went up to 107½, and continually to 105. Now, *D. g.*, she is out of danger, but very weak. This letter is being partly scribbled by her bedside. Next month we hope for our new superior. She will indeed be welcome, we are so short of hands.

"*April 15, 1896.*—We had such crowds for Easter,—a very consoling sight, as it shows how religion is spreading.... And coming here is such a difficulty, especially for the women, with their small feet. Some have to spend several days and nights in boats.

"Another example of the results of that dreadful foot-binding was brought to us last Friday: a little girl of ten with both feet dropping off. All we had to do was to cut the tendons, etc., and the feet dropped off, and she is left with two stumps. When healed over, she will perhaps be able to get about with two wooden feet. Several of our cripples inside do. They bind the feet so tight, it stops all circulation, often breaks them at the instep so that they are quite doubled up; and they use terribly hot water to soften the feet for all these purposes. Our Ste. Enfance children do not have their feet bound, but the extern pupils do; and it is quite an undertaking. At Sister Foubert's, at Kiu-Kiang, all the orphans have to have small feet, as otherwise husbands could not be got for them."

Letters reporting how chapels in the Southern Kiang-Si are destroyed almost as soon as they are put up, converts cast into prison on the most flimsy pretexts, and how even "perils from false brethren" are not unknown, alternate with glad accounts of the Chinese Christian virgins who four years previously had entered upon their religious life, and who now, having made their vows, are going out in bands to different mission centres as schoolmistresses and catechists; "and they are terribly needed" to instruct the women.

So great an influence does the Chinese woman possess when once, after the novitiate of suffering and slavery of her early life, she has given birth to a son, and is the mistress of the house, that "if she becomes a Christian," writes Sister Xavier, "she generally draws after her the husband and children; but if the man comes first, he often remains a tepid kind of creature, and the home is pagan.... The missionary (in the Taitchou district), a very energetic young man, has the greatest faith in the influence of the women, and will not baptize a man unless the woman is also a Christian, to keep the home and the husband straight.... It is extraordinary what influence the Chinese woman can often exert, where everything is done to lower her. She is sold almost like a beast to her husband, who has the right to resell her, though it is considered an ugly thing to do. She has not even a name, but is called by the name of her son—*Lipa-am* ('Lipa's mother'). When bought as little girls... they are considered and treated as slaves; and very, very frequently they

die of bad treatment, are tossed into the canals or thrown out of the house when reduced to the last extremity....

"To-day one of our girls was married, her husband paying twenty dollars for her. Among the Christians they are not allowed to pay more than fifty dollars, which must be spent on the trousseau, to break them of this idea of selling....Some of our children turn out really well; though this early married life, surrounded by pagans, is full of difficulties. The other night, returning rather late from a distant village, it was quite dark, when far along the river we could hear the *Ave Maria* being chanted. On coming up to a little fishing-boat moored to the bank, we found that it was one of our girls and her husband deep in their Rosary, and quite heedless of passing pagan boats....One thing all fairly good Chinese have is great devotion to Our Lady, and I think that she gets them to heaven in spite of their faults....

"*November 16, 1896*....We have a French man-of-war here on her way to the Taitchou, where one of our chapels—a former pagoda—has been burned, and where a mandarin is making himself most objectionable. Our new house in the Kiang-Si is doing so well! The people are most sympathetic and kind. A refuge for lepers, who are very numerous there, is being begun. That disease is comparatively rare here. I have seen only three or four cases....

"*November 25, 1896.*—There is little news to give you: one day is so like another, with hardly ever a breathing moment. We are in much need of two more Sisters to get through the work properly; but it is difficult to secure them from Europe, and Chinese vocations are comparatively few. To have to learn French and to be ready to go to any part of China is a great deal for Chinese girls to face....What suits them best seems to be their Chinese orders; they are local affairs, attached to one vicariate and under its bishop...."

The fields whitening more and more for the harvest, and the number of the laborers, alas! so few, is the constant theme of the letters, as the wonderful workings of grace unfold themselves before the writer's eyes: "You know that Tche-Kiang has a population of about twenty-four millions—and hardly a priest for a million of people! For one is now dying on the other side of the road; and two others are terribly delicate, but they work away still. The seven young priests ordained last year are a Godsend, though they only fill up the gaps made by death: they do not increase the number of laborers.

"I am sending you by this mail a sketch drawn up by the Bishop....So many Europeans have the same opinion of the Chinese, formed from the 'port' specimens they meet, and the double-faced mandarins who so often are too sharp for them. This opinion is far from correct with regard to the mass of the people, who, away from the ports, live their simple lives much the same as the countryfolk and small country-town people do at home. Even here the difference between the Ning-Po and the village people is striking, and farther away it is still more so.

"There is a third part to this sketch, *Les Espérances* ('The Hopes of the Future'), which I will send later on. I should like to have it translated and printed; it might open the eyes of some to what China really is, and God might use it to awaken some vocation for the Chinese missions.... I am also enclosing an account of our work during the past year. You will see the baptisms used to be between three and four thousand annually. This last year not quite two thousand. God send us Sisters, and quickly!...

"Up in the north of the province (Taitchou) there is more trouble, about

a silly quarrel in which a Christian fought a man who refused to pay him a couple of dollars he owed. He was seized by the mandarin, marched through the town with the *kang* on his neck and the inscription, 'This is the way in which we shall treat all Christians.' He was thrown into prison, where he still lies. A Chinese prison is something awful. The satellites receive no pay worth speaking of, so they torture the prisoners—hang them up by their thumbs, and will not release them until, bit by bit, they make them sign away to the executioners their house, land,—in fact, everything they possess. Continually there are affairs like this going on....The Christians have a great deal to put up with, and they must feel that they have European protection to be able to endure it....

"*December 16, 1896.*—In the boat to-day I have been able to read the manuscript I am sending....It gives an idea of what has been done during the last few years; for formerly there were hardly any Christians in the Tche-Kiang: they had been quite annihilated during one of the persecutions, and flourishing Christian centres had entirely disappeared. During the Sisters' first year, there were in all Ning-Po only two Christian families—the *Chus* and the *Ous*. And it was much the same all through the district. Even ten years ago it was a very barren land, catechumens few and far between. God has blessed the work at last, has He not? If He would only send more laborers! But of course He *will* in His own good time....

"*June 10, 1897.*—The cheque arrived most opportunely when all the purses had run dry....We are generally in low water in June and July, as the Ste. Enfance and the Propagation of the Faith send contributions only in August and September, and they hardly last until the end of April. After that we live on bits and scraps—*i.e.*, casual donations. The works have doubled and trebled....In time perhaps the children's earnings will do something toward meeting the expenses of the house....

"Among our externs, a girl who has lately come proves a little of what I told you about women. Her father, a pagan, was taken ill about three months ago. Tchingvong instructed him in the principal articles of faith; taught her mother (a new and not very bright Christian) how to baptize, and made her administer the sacrament when she saw there was no hope. They are the only Christians in their little village. The mother then caught the same illness. Tchingvong instructed her for confession, her First Communion and Confirmation, and brought her here, where she received all before she died....

"*Ning-Po, April 15, 1898.*—It is very strange people do not see at once the absolute necessity of English-speaking priests in China at the present time. In the ports the souls of Europeans are going to destruction for want of them; in the missions it will be the great means to prevent a civil war, or something like it, between Protestant and Catholic natives. The tension between them is terrible, and will go on increasing....The presence of an Englishman would do much to settle matters....

"*Ning-Po, April 22, 1898.*—Here the great tide of conversion is going on in the most extraordinary way,—ever on the increase even in money-worshiping Ning-Po. People are continually asking us what steps they can take to become Christians. Among all classes it is the subject of the day. A catechist was telling me how, to his intense astonishment, every one in the country, rich and poor, is inquiring about Christianity. Oh, if we only had priests at the present moment, they would need simply to speak and all would believe!...

"Sister Germaine found one woman

almost speechless. She murmured that for two months she had been asking her neighbors to carry her to the hospital, but they would not. Sister Germaine told her the absolutely necessary truths; and, more by signs than words, the poor creature declared that she believed, and began rubbing her forehead. Thinking she was in pain, Sister did something for her relief. 'No,' muttered the dying woman: 'baptism, baptism!' Sister then made the woman who accompanied her ask again if she really believed, and wished to become a Christian. 'Yes; tell the Sister to baptize me quickly,' was the answer. This was done; and soon from that hovel, where the poor inmate was dying as much from want and misery as from illness, went forth a bright soul heavenward. What an exchange!"

(Conclusion next week.)

A New Phase of the Public School Question.

ACCORDING to a correspondent of the *Chicago Israelite*, who is a strong advocate of our educational system, it is not Catholics but Protestants who are "its most dangerous enemy." Unorthodox Jews, who see no reason why moral instruction should be given in our schools, are, naturally enough, opposed to any change in the existing system. That Catholics, besides educating their own children, should be taxed for the education of others, does not strike them as being in the least unjust. Their own religion is not much to them, but this does not at all lessen their antagonism to other religions.

"The Roman Catholic Church," says the writer referred to, "is only fighting for the control of a portion of the money raised by taxation for school purposes: the Protestant bigots want the whole of it. The Catholic priests would be content to control the primary schools,—or, rather, to give the children primary education in their own way: the Protestant pastors want to be in control of the whole educational system—primary, intermediate and high schools, and the universities in addition. They will not accept defeat, and no sooner are Protestant religious exercises abolished in a school than they try to sneak them back under the guise of 'unsectarian' hymns, prayers, etc.... It is the Protestant fanatics, with their sectarian hymns and prayers, which they insist upon children of other denominations listening to, who are a menace and a nuisance."

This is frank, to say the least of it. The editor of the *Israelite* shares the views of its correspondent, and is persuaded that the time has come to defend the public school system against Protestants as well as Catholics. No comment is made on the letter just quoted, but some weeks ago our Chicago contemporary had this to say on the subject:

> A considerable number of Protestant Christian representative bodies have apparently come to the conclusion that their Catholic brethren arrived at some time ago—*i. e.*, that, unless they can control the primary education of the children, they will not be able to keep up their church membership; and are therefore seeking to reintroduce religious worship, Bible reading, singing of sectarian songs and repeating of sectarian prayers in the public schools. In this they are less honest than the Catholics, who admit that it would be wrong to force the children of adherents of one faith to receive instruction in another, and therefore boldly and openly ask for a division of the school fund among the various sects. These Protestant bodies who are clamoring against the "godless" schools are not half so decent. They are opposed to any division of the puplic school fund, but they want the whole of it used for their exclusive interest, for the ultimate increase of the membership of their churches.... It appears, therefore, that the system of secular education in the public schools, which the vast majority of the people of the country have declared to be not only just to all, but best adapted to the maintenance of our form of government, must be defended against others than the Roman Catholics.

The school question may still be far from settlement; but interest in it is evidently becoming more intense, since Jews now array themselves against Protestants, and a Jewish editor is found to advocate some Constitutional amendment for the preservation of our educational system against its Catholic and Protestant opponents.

A Mistake and Its Correction.

François de la Rochefoucauld—not the famous Duke, but the saintly Cardinal whose piety and beneficence made him the idol of his clergy and people in the diocese of Clermont during the first quarter of the seventeenth century,—was noted for the delicacy with which he performed his charitable functions.

On one occasion a poor woman and her daughter, the latter as beautiful as she was modest and devout, presented themselves at the Cardinal's palace. Their story was to the effect that they were about to be evicted from the little cottage which they occupied, because of their inability to pay their landlord, a wealthy man, the rent due him—a sum of five crowns.

Readily perceiving that their necessity was due to the preference which they gave to virtue rather than riches, the Cardinal wrote a note and told the mother to deliver it to his almoner. Upon opening it, the latter at once counted out fifty crowns.

"The Cardinal has certainly made a mistake," said the woman.

To satisfy her, nothing less would do than the almoner's accompanying her to the Cardinal's study.

His Eminence, taking back his note, said: "Yes, I did make a mistake. Madam's conduct proves it."

Then he wrote another note, this time for five hundred crowns, which he begged the mother to accept as a marriage-portion for her daughter.

Notes and Remarks.

Of all the unfortunate mortals who belong to the far too numerous class known as "fallen-away" Catholics, the most illogical is surely he who has abandoned the Church because of some real or fancied injustice received at the hands of one of the Church's ministers. As if God's claim upon our love and service depended upon the conduct of our parish priest! "A common sop to one's conscience," says a contemporary essayist, "is to grow eloquent over the shortcomings of the clergy; but it is doubtful if God will judge us by what the clergy do." Yet, because Father A ten or fifteen years ago rashly judged or unjustly upbraided Mr. B, the latter, as some of his sympathetic neighbors will tell you, "has never put his foot inside the church from that day to this."

These same neighbors, with their half-hearted deprecation, not to say their actual condonation, of his unjustifiable action, are anything but robust children of the Church, and in one sense are more culpable than the recalcitrant Catholic himself. The sense of injury, fostered and fed until it has grown to be a monster passion, may partially explain, though it can not of course palliate, his insensate conduct; but the cold-blooded, deliberate approval of such conduct by Catholics who profess to be sensible men and women is a piece of folly that would be incredible were it not often met with. Losing one's soul "to spite the priest" is surely the very climax of unwisdom, and to justify it is a work more congruous to the enemy of mankind than to a genuine Christian.

An English agency which, while operating in a less aggressive way than our American missions to non-Catholics, seems to be effecting equally gratifying results, is the Correspondence Guild for

Enquiring Protestants. "This little guild," observes the London *Catholic Times*, "was founded for the purpose of assisting, chiefly by correspondence, those outside the Church who, feeling irresistibly attracted toward her, are either uncertain how to obtain a clearer knowledge of her doctrines, or fear lest, by approaching a priest, they should commit themselves to any definite course of action for which as yet they are scarcely prepared. The experience of all who are brought much into contact with non-Catholics tends to show that there is a large class of such persons; and it is to smooth for them the frequently difficult and thorny path which leads to the One True Fold that the Correspondence Guild exists."

Although scarcely two years have elapsed since the founding of such an association was first mooted, the results already achieved are distinctly gratifying. The first annual report, indeed, contained the statement that numerous inquiries had been received, not only from all parts of England, but from France, Belgium, India, and certain districts of West and South Africa. While the members of the Guild are, as one would naturally expect, only educated Catholics, there is provision made for utilizing the good will and zeal of all children of the Church. Those who do not care to qualify as members may become associates, and further the good work in a variety of ways. Subscriptions and donations, which are greatly needed for its maintenance and extension, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary L. M. Baker, 77 Fleet Street, London, E. C., who will gladly receive applications for membership, answer inquiries, or supply any further information that may be desired.

Students of the industrial problem, civil service reform, municipal expenditures, and similar questions of political economy, may find something of interest in the following news items clipped from different columns of the same journal a few days ago. Denis Mulvihill, who is known as the "Stoker-Mayor" of Bridgeport, Connecticut, has asked for a reduction of his salary from $3000 to $2000. William Carmen, on the other hand, has resigned the postmastership of Hawthorne, New Jersey, because, while his annual receipts from the office have been only $30, his expenses in "running" it have been nearly $100. Now, if Bridgeport were in New Jersey, or Hawthorne in Connecticut, the mayor's superfluous thousand might be utilized in compensating the disgruntled postmaster; but, as it is, such a course is impracticable. In the meantime we should judge that the country has a good many more Carmens than Mulvihills.

In 1381 a body of one hundred thousand English peasants, rendered desperate by the oppression of their rulers, marched to London to demand redress of their grievances. The boy-king, Richard II., rode into Smithfield to meet Wat Tyler and his insurgents. As the story runs, Tyler, during their parley, put his hand upon his dagger and touched the King's bridle, whereupon he was immediately stabbed by Walworth, lord mayor of London. The insurgents, at the fall of their leader, bent their bows, when all at once the young King galloped up to the astonished band, exclaiming: "Tyler was a traitor! I will be your leader." And the insurrection subsided.

It is a matter for world-wide regret that Russia's second Nicholas in the twentieth century has not measured up to the standard of England's second Richard in the fourteenth. On Sunday, Jan. 22, he allowed to slip by him, unimproved, what will turn out in all probability to have been a golden opportunity to buttress up his autocracy for another generation. As it is,

the psychological moment has passed; and, whatever be the immediate outcome of current events in Russia, the death knell of autocracy and its attendant bureaucracy has assuredly been sounded. The pathetic fiction of the "Little Father" cult is forever shattered. The world has long heard that to scratch a Russian is to find a Tartar: Father Gapon has demonstrated that to scratch the "Little Father" is to find a despot. Whether the popular upheaval in Russia will, at the beginning of this twentieth century, take on the semblance and reality of the uprising in France at the end of the eighteenth, or whether the widespread revolt will in the course of a few weeks or months be apparently crushed, can hardly be stated at this writing; but it is a safe prediction to declare that absolutism in the Czar's dominions is in its death-throes. Within the present decade constitutional government will be established in St. Petersburg. In the meantime it may well happen that, once more, the sowers of the wind will reap the whirlwind.

The beatification of the Curé of Ars has doubtless recalled numerous instances proving that he was endowed with the gift of prophecy and possessed of an extraordinary divining power. It is well known that he told Mrs. Widdrington Riddell, mother of the present Bishop of Northampton, England, that one of her sons would be a bishop. Although she may have given the fullest credence to this prophecy, she concealed it from her sons; and it was only on the appointment of Dr. Riddell that it came to his knowledge. An aunt left by will to her brother a gold chain to be given to the bishop on the day of his consecration. These circumstances were put on record by the former bishop of Northampton, Dr. Amherst.

The late Comte Jules de Maubou, of Lyons, who was well acquainted with the saintly Curé, was fond of relating anecdotes about him, one of which, illustrating his power to read consciences, has never, we believe, found its way into print. It comes to us from a correspondent in Paris who was an intimate friend of the Count, and often heard him repeat the story. Always a deep student and particularly interested in psychological phenomena, the Count once participated in what is called "table-turning," which at that time was a favorite pastime in many of the salons of Paris. On revisiting Ars some time afterward, the Count perceived his venerated friend standing at the door of his church, and hastened forward to receive his blessing. But for once the gentle countenance did not beam with its wonted smile, so sweet and familiar. Putting out his hands in a repelling gesture, the holy old priest said, in a stern voice: "My son, you have had intercourse with Satan!"—"I, Father?" exclaimed the Count, in honest surprise.—"I say you have had intercourse with Satan," the Curé repeated. Whereupon the other related his experience in table-turning, received absolution, and promised never again to dabble in spiritism.

A fundamentally false impression conveyed by many books like Mr. Mallock's "Veil of the Temple"—books which are in the hands of simple-minded people everywhere, and of which adequate refutation is generally very tardy—is pointed out by the Rev. Father McNabb, O. P., writing in the current *Dublin Review*. The book under consideration claims to be a defence of theism, but it would be euphemistic to say that Mr. Mallock shows more zeal for his methods than reverence for his subject. He himself apologizes for the flippancy of the work. But, as the questions that come up for solution in it are all-important, Father McNabb does well to take "The Veil of the

Temple" very seriously. The false impression which unenlightened readers of it will come away with is this: that even as scientists are absolutely agreed in maintaining that oxygen and hydrogen unite to form common water, so are they agreed in denying a personal God, free-will, and immortality,—three truths with which Mr. Mallock rightly identifies religion. Says Father McNabb:

> But he affirms that science absolutely contradicts these three truths, and this is preposterous. Let us hear such a typical scientist as Huxley, writing in the *Fortnightly Review* (vol. xl, 1886): "If the belief in a God is essential to morality, physical science offers no obstacle thereto; if the belief in immortality is essential to morality, physical science has no more to say against the probability of that doctrine than the most ordinary experience has, and it effectually closes the mouths of those who pretend to refute it by objections deduced from mere physical data." Does Mr. Mallock know such opinions as these? If he does not, then he should enter into explanations with science; if he does, then it would seem imperative that he should enter into explanations with himself. In either case, he must learn greater accuracy in thought, or greater accuracy in speech—and I might add, greater dilatoriness in publishing books of apologetics. I do not mean to urge the futile argument that Huxley's dictum clenches the matter. But I do mean to urge that if Huxley and other scientists recognize that physical science has not a word to say against the three root truths of religion, then it is highly reprehensible of Mr. Mallock to represent scientists as absolutely agreed.

One is always glad to meet with a bit of criticism like this, and always sorry when it happens to be belated,—as, truth to tell, is often the case. We have yet to see an adequate reply to the untrue statements and exaggerations and misunderstandings contained in Lord Acton's Letters, a work which has now been several months before the public. There is no telling what harm it has done. We know of one inquiring Protestant whose submission to the Church was prevented by reading that unfortunate production. "Unfortunate" is a very mild term in this case, as any reader of the Letters will admit. Truth is mighty, of course,—but it is mighty slow sometimes.

The death of the venerable Monsignor George Doane removes a figure long associated with the diocese of Newark, of which he had been vicar-general for many years. He was a son of the late Bishop Doane, of the Protestant Episcopal Society, and a brother of the present P. E. Bishop of Albany. His conversion to the Church took place in 1855, and he was elevated to the priesthood two years later. During the Civil War he served as chaplain in the Army of the Potomac, and was under fire at the first Battle of Bull Run. The funeral of this venerable and beloved priest is said to have been the largest and most imposing ever held in Newark. Chief among the mourners were Dr. and Mrs. Doane of Albany, who were accompanied by numerous other non-Catholics. During the obsequies the bell of the Presbyterian church was tolled,—a mark of respect for the dead prelate by the pastor, the Rev. Dr. Frazer. Monsignor Doane was a priest of great piety and learning, and was distinguished for zeal in propagating the Faith and charity toward the poor. He has left many friends who will not soon forget his ready sympathy, loyal co-operation, and goodness of heart. May he rest in peace!

Dr. Forbes Winslow, a specialist in mental diseases, predicts that the statistics of lunacy will be greatly swelled in Wales during the next few years, in consequence of the religious revival (Dr. Winslow's phrase is "religious frenzy") now going on in that country. The declaration is of contemporary interest in our own country just now, because of the notable revival occurring in Schenectady, New York. Some of our secular dailies, we see, are proclaiming the practical identity

of the Protestant "revival" and the Catholic "mission." There is, however, between the two, a radical distinction that should not be lost sight of. The revival is far and away more emotional than is the mission, and its emotionalism is based on a much weaker foundation than is the passionate earnestness of the Catholic exercise. There is more of persuasion in the former, more of conviction in the latter. The preacher of a mission may make eloquent appeals to the feelings, but his most passionate exhortations are solidly based on the bed-rock of definite dogmas; the revivalist's eloquence is calculated to touch the heart rather than the understanding, and hence, while splendidly effective for the time, is less liable to produce stable and durable results.

We are not decrying Protestant revivals; on the contrary, we should be glad to see them common throughout the land,—but they are not on a par with our missions. To mention just one specific difference: the confessional during a mission curbs, regulates, and corrects an enthusiasm which in the revival occasionally becomes extravagant. Pertinent to this point is the declaration of the specialist quoted above, that "religious insanity is much less common among Catholics than among Protestants, the former being free from religious doubts, the latter being often harassed by uncertainty on points of doctrine."

There was a pathetically interesting meeting at the St. Louis Exposition when the far-famed Helen Keller came in contact with Lottie Sullivan, a young girl who, afflicted as is Miss Keller, bids fair to become as celebrated as that remarkable person herself. Miss Sullivan is a pupil of the Colorado State School for the Deaf, Dumb, and Blind. At the age of seventeen, she has mastered four distinct systems of communication with the outside world, and is proficient in the usual branches of a public school education. It was only during her visit to the World's Fair that Miss Sullivan was able to make her First Communion. We can readily understand this statement made in the *Twentieth Century Home:* "When she found that arrangements [for receiving the Blessed Eucharist] had been made for her at St. Joseph's Convent, her delight knew no bounds."

It would seem that there is room for congratulations to the United States in the acceptance, by Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, of the position recently held by the late General Cesnola,—that of director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. As art director of the great South Kensington Museum, London, Sir Caspar has achieved the reputation of being the best equipped man for such a post to be found on either side of the Atlantic. Our country is as yet far less prominent in art than in industries; and, inasmuch as the distinguished Englishman's services will certainly promote the best artistic interests, his coming takes on the complexion of an event as gratifying as it is notable.

Sir James Donnet, K. C. B., M. D., R. N., whose death, in his eighty-ninth year, occurred last month at the home of his daughter at Bognor, England, had the distinction of being the first Catholic to receive the honor of a Knight Commandership of the Bath. His father served under Nelson, but was never allowed to attain rank in the British Navy on account of being a Catholic. Sir James was a member of the Arctic expedition which in 1850 first discovered the footprints of Franklin, and also a veteran of the Crimean War. At the time of his death he was an honorary physician to King Edward. *R. I. P.*

The Snowstorm.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

I.

HURRAH for the snow!
Like a flock of sheep
The soft flakes creep
Slowly, at first, from the fold;
Then they scamper down,
Covering the town
With a mantle white and cold.

II.

Hurrah for the snow!—
Now with motion swift
They scatter and drift,
Like blossoms in perfumed May;
And they drop to earth
In their silent mirth,
For they know we are glad to-day.

III.

Hurrah for the snow!
It covers the ground
Without a sound;
And to-night, while the children sleep,
The wind will blow
And the white waves flow
O'er hillock and canyon deep.

IV.

Hurrah for the snow!
To-morrow we'll play
All the long, long day.
And what if our hands *are* cold!
When the lamps are lit
Straight home we'll flit
Like tired lambs to the fold.

THE words volt, voltaic, voltameter, etc., owe their origin to the great Italian scientist Volta, who extended the discovery of the galvanic current, adding to it the discovery of the voltaic cell. Volta was a fervent Catholic and a devout client of the Blessed Virgin. He used to take delight in explaining publicly the catechism to children.

The Ups and Downs of Marjorie.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

V.—A Bear Story.

"DID they steal your dog, sir?" asked Marjorie, breathlessly.

"Aye, they stole him," replied old Lem, fuming fiercely at the remembrance; "though the folks at the road-house said I bet him on cards,—bet him with my furs, money, and everything else, when the rascals had muddled me. 'Bet Buck!' I said, ragin' mad. 'I'd as soon bet my brother. Where's the thief that got him from me?'—'He is gone,' some one answered,—'gone off in his sled an hour ago,—before you woke up. Said he'd been lookin' for just that kind of dog for years. He had to tie him head and legs to get him off.'"

"Oh!" cried Marjorie, listening with flushed face and tightly clasped hands. "Wasn't that dreadful?"

"Dreadful wasn't no name for it. I tell you, the way I talked round that road-house then ain't for no little girl to hear. I swore I'd catch up with that there dog-thief if I had to foller him to a place 'tain't good or perlite to mention. They tried to keep me back, tellin' me I'd get lost and frozen in the snow; but iron chains wouldn't hev held me, much less lyin' tongues. So I started off on that thief's track, hot with rage that couldn't feel wind or storm. And, laws, what a storm it was! Only a madman, like I was just then, would hev put foot out in it. I had no money to pay for horse or sled, so I just had to make tracks as best I could to the nearest station;

for I thought the trains was naturally held up by the snow, and I could catch my man waitin' there for them to come along.

"I tried to keep the road, but soon found there wasn't no road to keep. Wind shriekin' like a thousand devils; while drifts scurryin' before it like as if hull graveyards had let loose their ghosts; fences, trees, houses, everything lost in a blank, wild sort of cloud. And Buck gone,—that was worst of all! No steady feet patterin' beside me; no friendly bark to hearten me on my way; no keen nose to lead me straight even through a white whirl like this. Buck gone! I kept on and on, Lord only knows where; for, old hunter that I was, between the piled-up snow and the scurryin' drifts, I got as clean dazed as any tenderfoot on his first trail.

"I tramped on, circlin' and twistin', until I found myself lookin' down on a ridge where Buck and me had camped a couple of days before. I knew where I was now,—knew there was a sort of cave under the rocks below me, where Buck and me had made a cache and left our biscuit and bacon until we got back after the storm. I was purty nigh done out; so I tried to scramble down for a little shelter and rest, when I made a false step in the drifts. I went down, with a twist in my ankle that made me nigh dizzy with pain. Wal, there was my old camp place before me, snug and warm enough; there was our cache, uncovered and scattered; and there, too, lickin' his lips over our bacon, was the biggest and the blackest and the fiercest old mountain bear 'twas ever my luck to see—"

"Oh," gasped Marjorie, "don't say he killed you, please!"

"Wal, no," chuckled old Lem, with a softened look at the pretty little face upturned to him in such breathless interest. "I rather think somebody else would hev to tell you that. But 'twasn't the bear's fault that my story didn't end then and there. He was savage with hunger and thirst, and everything that makes a bear's temper rise; and here was I just droppin' in to meddle when he had found a bite. He turned on me with a growl that I can hear sometimes in my dreams now. And there I was, with rocks and snowdrifts stretchin' above and below me; not a leg to stand on, for my ankle wouldn't let me rise to my feet; and my rifle left at that road-house six miles away. I hadn't a ghost of a chance, I knew; but I pulled out my knife to make a last fight for it, when I heerd a sound that made me think I was dreamin' death-dreams. Then in a minute something came leapin' and barkin' down the ridge—"

"Buck! Buck! Oh, I know it was Buck!" cried Marjorie, clapping her hands delightedly.

"Aye, it was Buck," said the old man, his sunken eyes shining,—"Buck, that had torn himself loose from that there dog-thief and struck my trail, spite of storm and snow; Buck, fairly boilin' at the way he had been put upon, and ready to take it out on the first thing that come his way. And he got it then and there." The old man put his hands on his knees and shook with delighted remembrance. "Laws, what a fight it was! Buck with his fangs on that bear's throat, and the two rollin' and snarlin' and tearin' at each other, till I managed to stagger up somehow and end it with my hunter's knife. Then I took that there bleedin' dog in my arms, and cried over him like a woman."

"But—but he didn't die?" asked Marjorie, with a suspicious quaver in her voice that told she was very near crying too.

"Buck die? Land, no!" laughed Lem. "There he is, stretched right before you now. Buck, old chap! Buck!"

The hound pricked up his ears even in his dreams at his master's voice.

"There! there! We won't disturb him. He don't do much but sleep now. His teeth are gone, his nose is gone, and he ain't good for nothing but dozin' before the fire. But we're slickin' it out together; ain't we, pardner?"—as the dog rose stiffly, and, wagging his tail, laid his head on the speaker's knee. "This old shack ain't no sort of place for Christians, as Miss Susan said; but it's good enough for Buck and me."

And Buck, for answer, licked his master's hand trustfully.

"But you didn't tell how you got down the mountain," commented the little girl, as Lem continued to stroke and rub the head upon his knee.

"Oh, that was easy enough,—wasn't it, Buck? We stayed there till next mornin', when the storm stopped; and I cut a stick and limped on to a farm-house not far away. And when the men heerd that bear was done for, they weren't sorry, you may be sure. They skinned him, and gave me the head, all stuffed and mounted as you see—hallo! what's that?"

The old man started up as a sharp knock sounded on the cabin door, and Miss Susan Talbot burst in with scant ceremony.

"Marjorie! Where is the child? I've brought dry clothes and hot bricks and a bottle of red-pepper tea, for she must be chilled to death. Eh, God bless me!" The good lady started back at sight of the little figure standing rosy and happy in the firelight.

"Oh, no, I'm *not*, Miss Susan! I'm not hurt a bit," said Marjorie, eagerly. "I'm so—*so* sorry I troubled you, but—"

"If there's any blamin' to be done, that there Bert Bolton ought to be man enough to take the hull of it," interposed old Lem quickly.

"I'm not blaming anybody," said Miss Susan, bluntly. "Thank the Lord the child is alive and well! You get outside there and look after Dobbin, Lem, while I put some dry clothes on her to take her home."

And, thoroughly warm and dry and comfortable, Marjorie, with Rex cuddled at her feet, was soon snugged up under the buffalo robes of the old sleigh, and speeding back to her own little white nest at home.

But the two friends she had made by her misadventure were not lost to her. Bert, who had a big, beautiful home about three miles away, and father and mother and sisters, to say nothing of a delightful grey pony—"Jack"—all his own, often broke away from all these attractions to find his way to Manor Hill. He brought the fairy books he had promised,—two big ones, somewhat dog-eared, but full of beautiful pictures; he brought real checkers instead of buttons, and a pretty red board that was a decided improvement on Molly Byrne's plaid shawl; besides other delightful games rummaged from the old nursery closet at home.

And one day he rode over on his grey pony with a mysterious bundle carefully tied on his saddle-bow.

"I don't know whether you will like it or not. Maybe you are too big," he said, as he presented it to Marjorie on the kitchen porch.

"Oh, it's a doll!" cried the girl, rapturously, as she quickly tore off the wrappings,—"a beautiful, beautiful doll! Oh, look at her lovely blue eyes and her real curls and her dear little pink boots! Oh, I never had a doll in all my life!"

"Well, you've got one now," replied Bert, with great satisfaction.

"You don't mean she is mine,—mine to keep?" said Marjorie, breathlessly. "I thought you were taking her home to your sister."

"Not a bit of it: she is yours now. Ethel got too big for her three years ago, and she has been laid away in the nursery closet ever since. Mother said

she would be glad to get her out of the way. I don't see much fun in dolls myself, but I thought maybe you would like her."

"Like her!" exclaimed Marjorie, with a delighted hug of her new treasure. "I'll love her! Has she a name?"

"I believe Ethel used to call her Rosabelle," said Bert, laughing.

"Rosabelle! What a darling name!" said Marjorie. "Oh, I'll love her, and keep her forever and forever! It was so good of you to bring her to me!"

And Rosabelle, seated in a cozy corner of Marjorie's room, became the little girl's cheering companion by day and night.

Nor was Bert the only friend Marjorie had made by her tumble into the ice-cold creek. Old Lem never forgot the bright-eyed little guest who had cheered his lonely fireside; and, as the grey wintry days wore on, he often stalked across the fields, his dogs at his heels, to spend an hour or two at Manor Hill. There was always something for Marjorie in the hunter's pouch slung across his shoulder: a pair of red mittens bought at the "store," a gay bead bag traded for with an Indian squaw in his last year's tramping through the Canadian forests, a pretty box made of birch bark, or a basket whittled from a walnut shell. And as the old man strode away in the gloaming, Marjorie always tripped as far as the meadow gate, holding his horny hand.

"Ladies don't seem chipper as usual," remarked Lem, thoughtfully, on one of these occasions. "Miss Martha ain't so well, mebbe?"

"I'm afraid she isn't," said Marjorie. "She cries all to herself at night. I find a wet handkerchief rolled in a ball under her pillow. And Miss Susan hides the letters I bring from the post office, and won't let Miss Martha see them. And, then, we are making novenas all the time."

"What's novenas?" asked the old man, gruffly.

"Oh, don't you know?" said Marjorie. "Novenas are prayers that you say for nine days when you want anything very, very badly. We always made novenas at St. Vincent's when we didn't have shoes or coal."

"You did?" said old Lem, staring. "And then did you get them?"

"Always," answered the little girl, positively. "Mrs. Grosvenor sent up the shoemaker, or somebody sent a lot of coal, sure."

"And is Miss Susan prayin' for shoes and coal, you reckon?"

"Oh, no!" replied Marjorie. "Miss Martha always puts in the intention. It is to—'save our dear home.'"

"Save their home!" exclaimed the old man, in a startled tone. "From what?"

"From tumbling down, I guess," said Marjorie, seriously. "The kitchen chimney is very shaky, and the porch roof all fallen in. And Miss Susan has no money to have it mended. But we trade butter and eggs at the store, and get everything we want," concluded Marjorie blithely, as they reached the meadow gate.

"Everything they want!" murmured the old man to himself grimly, as, after bidding his little companion good-bye, he stalked away over the hills. "That blessed little sparrow is so used to chirpin' over crumbs that she don't know trouble when she sees it. And it's comin', if I can read signs right. There's trouble comin' that I'm afeerd prayin' won't hold back from them good weemen at Manor Hill."

(To be continued.)

WHY do we cry "Whoa!" to a horse when we want him to stop? We say it for the same reason that the ancients cried "*Ohi!*" and the Hindoos three thousand years ago called out "*You!*" which means "Stop!"

A Truthful Critic.

The grandfather of the present Shah of Persia took it into his head one day that he could write poetry. He accordingly set to work, and in the course of three or four hours turned out some stanzas which impressed him as being pretty good.

Wishing to be assured of their merit, however, he sent for the poet laureate, the official versifier of his court; and, handing him the verses, ordered him to read them and then state truly his sincere opinion as to their worth.

The poet was not much of a courtier. After reading the manuscript very attentively, he said:

"Sire, since you command me to tell the truth, you will permit me to remark that, in my humble opinion, there's nothing at all poetical about these lines, and—"

"Here, guards," furiously interrupted the Shah, who, like most writers, wanted praise when he asked for criticism, "take this jackass out to the stable and tie him up alongside of one of his long-eared brethren."

No sooner said than done. The unfortunate poet was forced to live during several weeks side by side with a peculiarly stupid donkey called Aliboron.

At last the Shah, thinking that the lesson had been sharp enough, gave the poor poet his liberty. But he caused him to appear before him again, and submitted to his criticism a second bit of verse, taking the trouble this time to read it aloud himself.

The poet listened attentively, and, as soon as the Shah stopped reading, turned quickly and hurried toward the door.

"Hello, where are you going, man?" inquired the Shah, with considerable surprise.

"Back to the stables, Sire."

Now, the monarch was not a fool; and this method of letting him know that his composition was worthless rather tickled his sense of humor. He burst out laughing, forgave the poet for his frankness, and—gave up writing verses.

Weathercocks.

From very ancient times the weather-vane comes down to us; for Vitruvius calls it a triton, probably from its being in the form of a sea-god. Many other writers also mention it. On the old castle towers, the vane was generally in the shape of a banner; but on churches it was a cock, with mediæval symbolism, to typify the necessity of vigilance.

Many churches have as a vane the emblem of the saints to which they are dedicated. St. Peter's, Cornhill, England, has a key for weather-vane. Another dedicated to St. Lawrence has a gridiron; while the Church of St. Lawrence at Norwich has a gridiron with the figure of the saint extended upon it.

St. Sepulchre's Church, Skinner Street, London, has four spires, each with a vane; which caused an English writer to say: "Unreasonable people are as hard to reconcile as the vanes of St. Sepulchre's towers, which never looked all four upon one point of the heavens." From this comes the quaint admonition so often given to quarrelling children: "Don't be like St. Sepulchre's vanes!"

The City of the Three Kings.

Cologne, on the Rhine, is called the City of the Three Kings, in reference to the old legend which makes Cologne the burial-place of Balthassar, Melchior, and Gaspar—the Magi, or Wise Men of the East.

With Authors and Publishers.

—A facsimile reprint of the rare first edition of Bacon's Essays is to be made from the copy in the British Museum, and will be published by Dodd, Mead & Co. The date of original publication is 1597.

—Oscar Fay Adams has added 1200 new names to his "Dictionary of American Authors." The book now contains almost 10,000 names, which is probably about one half the number of people who think their names *should* be there.

—"Health and Holiness" is the name of a new book by Mr. Francis Thompson, shortly to be published by Burns & Oates. It is described as a little treatise on "Brother Ass" (St. Francis' nickname for the body) in relation to its burden, the soul.

—While the contemptuous "Who reads an American book?" has no longer any point, there is some force in the cognate inquiry, "Who reads a second time any contemporary American novel?" The best-selling books of 1904 will be forgotten in 1907, whereas the infrequent classic enjoys perennial vogue.

—Messrs. R. R. Donnelly & Sons, Chicago, are about to issue "The Life and Letters of Eliza Allen Starr," edited by the Rev. James J. McGovern, D. D., with an introduction by William Seton Merrill, A. B. The volume will be a small octavo of four hundred and fifty pages, handsomely printed and elegantly bound. The edition is to be limited to three hundred copies.

—The ordinary reader probably thinks that finding a title for a book is the simplest thing involved in the making of it. Such, however, is not the experience of the average author. Henry Harland finds it extremely difficult to select just the right title. It is said that when he finally chose "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box" for his first great story, he had to revise the whole book to make the title appropriate.

—Contributions to Franciscan literature appear almost every month, and all are welcome, even those in which the *Poverello* is regarded chiefly as a lover of nature. We are very glad to find that the English Catholic Truth Society has issued a second revised edition of "The Real St. Francis," by Father Paschal Robinson, O. F. M. This truly important publication has already been noticed in these pages. It should be popular in its new form, which is ideal for the purpose.

—From St. Mary's Dominican Academy, New Orleans, there has come to us a dainty little brochure entitled "Maria Immaculata" It is a souvenir of the Golden Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception, and contains seventeen lyrics by pupils of the institution, all dealing with the prerogatives of Our Lady. The thoughts embodied in these verses are notably beautiful, although the technique leaves something to be desired. A hexameter line is out of place in a sonnet, and the modern preference is for uniformity of stanza-structure.

—There is fine sarcasm in the following bit of literary gossip appearing in the London *Athenæum:*

> A correspondent from the United States, who writes to us protesting against the review of a book, and adds that he has not read the book, can hardly expect, we think, a hearing. To begin with, such qualifications are now so common that we should be overwhelmed with communications from experts of the sort, if we began to encourage them.

Not less sarcastic, but incomparably more good-natured, was the reply to a letter recently addressed to "Ben Franklin, publisher *Saturday Evening Post*, Philadelphia." The writer of it, who wanted an advertising rate, had not heard, evidently, that Mr. Franklin had retired from business. The *Post* replied that its rate was $3 a line; and incidentally, broke the news, as gently as possible, that the late Mr. Franklin was no longer in control, having relinquished the same upon his demise in 1790.

—Mr. H. J. Desmond has discovered that whoso would write the inner life of anti-Catholic movements in this country must be satisfied with second-hand information. It is an instinct with the dark-lantern gentlemen who belong to such movements to cover their tracks. Speaking of the Know-Nothing Society, he says: "If even the records of so late a movement as the American Protective Association have been burned (as its founder, H. F. Bowers, informs me), what can we expect as to the records of a secret movement of fifty years ago?" Though generally hard, the way of the transgressor may sometimes be smooth.

—Commenting on the statement recently made by the publishers of "The Philippine Islands: 1493–1898," that less than one hundred sets of this great work have been placed in the United States, *Out West* remarks:

> If it is difficult to write with moderation concerning the presiding deities of public institutions who fail to see that they might better scrimp a little on the supply of the latest novels for the sake of placing at the disposal of serious workers the tools which are indispensable, it is even harder to be patient with a certain class of individuals—the people who profess to care for this sort of work and who are amply able to help it along, but who think they can't afford to buy the series. If fifty sets had been ordered in

California alone for private libraries, that would have been, not a large, but a decent sale. In reality only seven sets have been ordered in the entire United States, apart from those ordered taken by public institutions. *Seven sets!*

The work in question covers a field almost new to English students; and the information contained in the scholarly introduction by Prof. Bourne of Yale is just what our people need. Alas that such a work should be *caviare* even to educated Americans!

—The thirty-sixth annual report of St. Mary's Industrial School for Boys (Baltimore, Maryland), and the twenty-sixth report of St. James' Home, both appear in a good-sized brochure, whose form, make-up, illustrations, and general typographical excellence reflect not a little credit on the printing department of the first-named institution. The report itself testifies to a condition of prosperity that is both surprising and gratifying. Of similar import is the evidence afforded by "The Messenger of St. Joseph's House for Homeless Boys," of Philadelphia. Some day a clever secretary of an institution such as the foregoing will hit upon a brief title for his report, bulletin, monthly or annual messenger; and will earn the gratitude of all editors to whom it is forwarded.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"The First Days of Jesus." 15 cts.

"Principles of Sacred Eloquence." Rev. John Conway, O. P. 50 cts.

"The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass." Rev. Dr. Nicholas Gihr. $4.

"Pastoral Medicine." A. E. Sanford, M. D. $1.50.

"Rosa Mystica." Kenelm Digby Best. $6.

"The Life of St Teresa." $2.20.

"Teacher's Handbook to the Catechism." Rev. A. Urban. $4.50.

"The Middle Ages." Thomas J. Shahan, S. T. D. $2.20.

"The Soul's Orbit." M. D. Petre. $1.48.

"The Know-Nothing Party." Humphrey J. Desmond. $1.25.

"The Quest of John Chapman." Newell Dwight Hillis. $1.50.

"Shadows Lifted." Rev. J. E. Copus, S. J. 85 cts.

"Hurrell Froude." Louise Imogen Guiney. $2.50.

"The Christian Gentlewoman and the Social Apostolate." Katherine E. Conway. 50 cts.

"Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary.' Count de Montalembert. $2.66.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. J. R. Hermon, of the diocese of La Crosse; Rev. Christopher O'Reilly, archdiocese of New York; Rev. John Colgan, diocese of Buffalo; and Very Rev. Lorenz Conrad, archdiocese of Milwaukee.

Brother Thomas, O. C. R.

Sister M. Pachomius, of the Sisters of the Incarnate Word; Mother Mary Austin, Sisters of St. Joseph; Sister Marianna, Sisters of Charity; Sister M. Celestine and Sister M. Cerene, Sisters of Loretto.

Mr. Benjamin Sanford, of St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Marie Nadeau, Marinette, Wis.; Miss Catherine Flynn and Miss Sarah Regan, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. Joseph Baltes, Oswego, N. Y.; Mr. Terence McGovern, North Platte, Neb.; Mr. J. A. Scott, Manchester, N. H.; Mr. Thomas Corcoran, Santa Cruz, Cal.; Margaret Beley, Maxwell, N. B., Canada; Miss Barbara O'Hara, Dunmore, Pa.; Mrs. Edward Barron, Baltimore, Md.; Mr. Timothy Crowley, Ithaca, N. Y.; Mr. Henry Beckerle, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. H. G. Donnelly, Latrobe, Pa.; Mr. Philip Studer, Massillon, Ohio; Mrs. John Kane, Montreal, Canada; and Dr. T. M. Weadock, Lima, Ohio.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the Propagation of the Faith:
M. A. M., $40; N. N., 60 cts.

The Holy Childhood:
Thomas Foy, $5.

To supply good reading to hospitals, prisons, etc.:
Mrs. N. R., $2.

For the Missions in Annam:
Children of Mary, $5.

Mlle. Mulot's school for blind children:
B. G., $5; E. G., 50 cts.; G. N., $1.50.

The White Fathers, Africa:
G. N., $1.50.

The Maori Mission:
G. N., $1.20.

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LX. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 11, 1905. NO. 6.

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Replaced.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR B. O'NEILL, C. S. C.

ONCE did I waken
To mourn, forsaken,
A mother taken
By Death's decree,
Who left me dreary,
Bereaved and weary,—
No prospect cheery
To solace me:
Though stars were glowing,
And moonbeams flowing
In tides o'erthrowing
Night's heavy gloom,
No star might brighten
Or moon-ray lighten
The dead-black sky of my orphaned doom.

Yet, though the morrow
Quenched not my sorrow,
Still could I borrow
A promise fair
Of future clearer,
Of peace brought nearer,
And comfort dearer
Than mourned-for care:
I found another
Still sweeter Mother
Whom Christ our Brother
Gave unto me,—
O Mother-Maiden,
With love o'erladen,
Console us all till thy face we see!

THE justice of God is as worthy of admiration as His mercy; for rest assured that sin of itself is a much greater evil than the penalty you incur through it.—*Ven. Louis de Blois.*

A Convert of the Sixteenth Century.

IN the character of Sir Tobie Matthew, a sketch of whose life and conversion is here given, we find a curious and somewhat amusing blending of simplicity and shrewdness, gentleness and uncompromising adherence to convictions, downright honesty and the guileless craft—if we may use the expression—which are necessary and effectual in the silencing and discomfiture of the enemy who, in Sir Tobie's day no less than in our own, goeth about seeking whom he may capture and devour.

Sir Tobie Matthew was the eldest son of Dr. Tobie Matthew, who before the close of his career became Archbishop of York. On his mother's side he was related to Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury. His grandfather was reputed to have been the man who consecrated Matthew Parker, of odious memory, the founder of the new Anglican hierarchy. Dr. Tobie Matthew was famous for his vigorous repression of Catholicism in the North of England, and for his polemical discourse in behalf of the Protestant religion.

His son, Sir Tobie, afterward to be distinguished for his stubborn adherence to the Church toward which his father was so bitter an enemy, was born on October 3, 1577, in the city of Salisbury. His intellectual powers were remarkable. When only twelve years of

age he matriculated from Christchurch, and very early began to display his skill as a disputant and orator.

He led the life common to the young men of his day; and, having accumulated considerable debts, was treated with great harshness by his father (always a severe man), and went upon this occasion to stay with a friend, young Throckmorton of Coughton, then residing in France. A reconciliation, however, was effected; the son was admitted to Parliament, and soon after his election determined to visit Italy.

Whether his parents had at that time any ground for their fears that he might become a Catholic is not stated in his biography;* but it appears such must have been the case, as they opposed his journey on that account. From his own relation of the circumstances which led to his conversion, it is evident that nothing at the time was farther from his thoughts. Finally, he obtained their permission to spend six months in France, with the express stipulation that he would not visit Italy or Spain. He did not keep this promise, but in 1605 journeyed to Florence, where he entered the Church.

Returning to England, he was discarded for a time by his parents. Francis Bacon, who was an intimate friend, employed many efforts to induce him to return to Protestantism; but Sir Tobie was equal to all arguments and routed every attack. He was imprisoned because of his refusal to take the oath of allegiance to the King,—not because of any want of loyalty, but on account of certain objectionable passages it contained regarding the Church. When he was subsequently released, the King gave him permission to travel abroad, but would not permit him to return, solely on account of his adherence to his religion. After this he went to Rome to study for the priesthood; and was there ordained by Cardinal Bellarmine in May, 1614.

In France he met the Duke of Buckingham, through whose influence he was permitted by the King to revisit his own country. Even his most intimate friends were ignorant of the fact that he had become a priest. Once more exiled because of his unswerving adherence to his religious belief, he took refuge in Flanders. On the accession of Charles I. he identified himself still more with Catholics, and resided in England for some time. But the approach of the Civil War again sent him abroad. He was received into the Society of Jesus a short time before his death, which occurred in Ghent, at the age of seventy-seven.

In his own quaint, delightful manner we will now let him relate, for the most part, the main incidents of his conversion and subsequent trials. As a self-revelation and history of the ways and manners of his time, the reader will find them unexcelled. It may not be amiss to remark here that his father, though displeased when he learned that his son had gone to Italy, forgave the disobedience, and for some time carried on with him a correspondence, in which he never failed to adjure him to be faithful to his religion. At that time such adjurations were superfluous; for with religion of any kind Sir Tobie was, in those days, very little concerned. But the way of salvation was about to open for him. He says:

"It was not long after this when God stirred up some English Catholic gentlemen of my acquaintance in that country [Italy], who held discourse to me sometimes in favor of the Catholic religion. But I would not hearken then to those inspirations which God sent

* "A True Historical Relation of the Conversion of Sir Tobie Matthew to the Holy Catholic Faith; with the Antecedents and Consequences Thereof." Edited, and now published for the first time, with a Preface, by his kinsman, A. H. Mathew. Burns & Oates.

me by the diligence of His servants, who were also my particular friends. For I remember that two of them [Sir George Petre and Mr. Robert Cansfield] were walking once with myself into certain villas to see the manner of the country and to taste their fruits; and by accident we fell into a church which chanced to be on our way; and it was that of Fiesole. They two did reverence to the Blessed Sacrament, and performed some short devotion of prayers, whilst I walked by.

"When they rose we went all together; and so, in a certain dark chapel which stood behind the high altar we found a countryman, retired and all alone, at his prayers. His countenance was very devout; and his words, though spoken softly, seemed yet to be uttered in great earnest. And his eyes were not less busy than his words, for the tears flowed down apace from them. Upon this, one of my *camerades* took occasion (with a serious mind, I think, but yet with a smiling face) to say that a man might have walked long enough amongst Protestants in England, and especially in their country churches, and upon a working day in the afternoon, and in a retired and darkish kind of chapel, before he should have found a poor country fellow so earnestly at his prayers, which were accompanied with such tears as those. I heard him, and was troubled that he had so easily asked me so hard a question, to which I was unable to give a good answer."

This incident, which Sir Tobie afterward saw repeated many times, was the first sowing of the good seed in his soul.

The liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius gave him food for further reflection. He did not see the marvel with his own eyes, but it was vividly described to him by an English Protestant friend who had witnessed it; and the thought of it made him chafe and rebel that such a thing could be possible. But he banished these disturbing thoughts from his mind, in so far as he was able to do so; reminding himself that he was in Italy mainly for the purpose of studying the language of the country.

Later, on his way to Naples, he met with an accident by falling from a bridge into a torrent, from which he was almost miraculously preserved. But he thought little of it at the time; and, arriving at that city, plunged himself, he says, into its dissipations with the greatest abandonment.

There he met some English Catholic gentlemen who pressed upon him a few doctrinal works, which he did not decline; but for the present they had no influence upon his thoughts. Here, nevertheless, we find him unconsciously approaching the threshold of that House of Peace in which he was so soon to enter as his permanent abiding-place on earth. He says:

"Yet there I had a certain odd encounter which was this. Every day there passed once, and sometimes oftener, under my window, near a certain hour, a procession of little boys singing the litanies of our Blessed Lady. And I know not by what chance, or rather Providence of Almighty God, the tune of that sweet verse, *Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis*, came so often in at mine ears, and contented me so much that at length my tongue took it up,—not indeed as a prayer (such was my misfortune at that time; for it is a misery to have been, at any time, other than our Blessed Lady's most humble servant), but as a song, whose ditty fell not unpleasingly to that air; and so, when I found myself alone, my usual entertainment would be to sing *Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis*, in the tune of those babes and sucklings who showed forth her praise. These would ordinarily fall out to be the last words before my sleep, and the first

after it. And though I pronounced them, at that time, but like a parrot, yet those words made me grow into some few thoughts; and I considered what hurt there might be, or not be, in desiring the Mother of God to pray for us; and at last I was enured thereby to pronounce them, as I now do."

In Rome, to which he soon betook himself, he became acquainted with Father Persons, who, it seems, never missed an opportunity, albeit indirectly, to make comparisons between the life of this world, the care and anxiety manifested in behalf of its preservation, and the indifference shown by the majority of mankind toward all that belongs to the life eternal.

It having been represented to Sir Tobie that the Jesuit and his coreligionists were not to be trusted as to their ulterior motives, nor to the method of accomplishing them, even to the extent of endangering the safety of the young Englishman, he relates that, while he had but little fear of any such trick, he concluded to prevent the worst, if possible. Therefore, with his usual straightforwardness, he revealed the whole to Father Persons, who, in order to reassure him, at once had him placed under the protection of a Cardinal of the Congregation of the Inquisition.

The Cardinal received him with great kindness, promised him (smiling inwardly the while, no doubt, at his fears) that every protection should be accorded him. At the same time the Prince of the Church requested as a favor that, being a stranger and a traveller, his visitor would "be careful not only to view the antiquities of the old decayed *Roman* Empire, but also of the not decayed Catholic *Roman* Church, which were there to be read in a fair letter and in a large volume."

Sir Tobie profited by this advice, and was greatly impressed by what he saw; confessing, he says, "in the presence of God, that the sight of those most ancient crosses, altars, sepulchres, and other marks of the Catholic religion, having been planted there in the persecution of the primitive Church (which might be more than fifteen hundred years ago, and could not be less than thirteen hundred), did strike me with a kind of reverent awe, and made me absolutely resolve to repress my insolent discourse against the Catholic religion ever after."

This was a strong point gained,—the entering wedge in what was later to follow. But, far from having any idea of embracing the Catholic religion at this time, Sir Tobie did not even read some books which Father Persons lent him.

Once more returned to Florence, he removed himself altogether from English society, that he might the more quickly and surely perfect himself in Italian. To this end he occasionally attended sermons which were given during the holy season of Lent, till, in a manner which seemed to him sudden, but which was really the sequence of all that had gone before, he began to look into his own heart and ponder upon the life he had hitherto led.

Little by little he found himself in pursuit of the true Church, which, the search once begun, he had but small difficulty in finding. His was a logical mind; he had studied much and thought deeply. Having gone thus far, the example of many good Catholics around him still further strengthened the convictions that he could not any longer dislodge from his mind. Step by step he arrived at the point where, to use his own words, "I held myself to be wholly inexcusable before Almighty God if, upon the affectation of such a dangerous, yea, and foolish kind of wisdom, I should delay my conversion to His Divine Majesty; and that if, in the meantime, He should call upon me to give account of myself upon a short warning, I might justly and most worthily fall into the hands of His

justice for having neglected to make better use of His unspeakable mercy."

And now, as soon as he had fully resolved to become a Catholic, the enemy of souls began to lay before him how impossible it would be for him to reform his disordered life; how many would be the vexations attending his conversion,—confiscation, perhaps, of the property now his, and the certain deprivation of all he might expect to inherit from his parents; the blasting of his worldly reputation; the loss of friends, even of liberty; ending, it might be, in an ignominious death, as had happened to others of his compatriots who had been faithful to the religion of their fathers, or who, through the grace of God, had in their mature days allied themselves with it. But God, who suffers no man to be tempted beyond his strength, did not withhold the help which the contrite sinner so fervently implored; and, once having resolved to put behind him all these specious temptations, he became suddenly strong, and was soon delivered of all hesitancy of mind.

Having placed himself under the direction of Padre Lelio, at the end of ten days he was admitted to full communion with the Church of God. And then he felt his fears and anxieties fall from him as an unseasonable garment; the Father conjuring him, at the same time, to resolve to approach the sacraments weekly, that he might be fortified and preserved in the practice of virtue. Sir Tobie thanked him for his good counsel, and promised faithfully to do as he had proposed. And so, his difficulties removed, as being obstacles which did not count at all when weighed in the balance with faith and virtue, Sir Tobie entered into the practice of the religion to which he was steadfastly to adhere, in spite of trials and persecutions and imprisonment and banishment, until the hour of his death.

(Conclusion next week.)

Young Mr. Bretherton.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

VI.—The Manager of the Mill.

THE return of Leonora Chandler, attended by a stranger who was designated in local phraseology as an English swell, created a mild sensation in Millbrook. The girl was, of course, well known, having grown up from childhood in the town; and to her credit it may be observed that she had more friends than enemies. Many of the young people admired her at a distance, and took a certain pride in her beauty, as though it redounded to local credit; whilst the greater number of the elder people shared in this sentiment. It is true there were exceptions: ill-nature and envy existed at Millbrook as elsewhere; but, generally speaking, the popularity of Miss Tabitha's niece was indisputable.

Leonora had, moreover, her special admirers. Reuben Jackson, of the big department store, for instance, would have sacrificed—or so he thought—his entire worldly goods for a very small modicum of her favor. Tommy Briggs, the enterprising assistant at Stubbs & Co., regarded her with romantic veneration, as some lady of the olden time, or one of those wondrous heroines who adorn the pages of melodramatic fiction. To these and to many more the arrival of Leonora was as a gleam of sunshine illumining the dreary commonplaces of life at Millbrook.

But she had one admirer of a very different description, who had watched her grow to womanhood and beheld her charms develop with a jealous and resentful admiration. In his morbid communings with himself, Eben Knox almost hated the girl for possessing those very gifts and graces which, on the smallest encouragement, would have made him her bounden slave. As it

was, he almost counted her footsteps, and he was as familiar with every expression of her face as though he had photographed each with a camera.

Despite the fact that he was a very busy man, and that his hours at the mill left him but little leisure, he contrived to keep a constant watch upon Leonora Chandler and her doings. There was one window of the mill from which he could observe intersecting roads, and gain at least a general idea of what was passing at the Cottage. Before this window stood a desk screened from the drying room by a partition; and there Eben Knox sat and watched whenever he was not more actively engaged making up his accounts.

The manager had not the consciousness of social inferiority to prevent him, as it prevented so many others in Millbrook, from aspiring to Miss Chandler's hand. He came of a very respectable stock in his native State of New Hampshire; he had travelled much in his early years, and had amassed considerable wealth, in addition to his handsome salary at the mill. Save for his extraordinary way of life and his total disinclination for society, he might have had access to the privileged circle upon the Thorneycroft Road; or even aspired still higher—to association with the people at the Manor.

The dwellers upon the Thorneycroft Road, however, were not at all to his taste. He hated their mannerisms and their narrow provincialism; while as to their womankind, he considered that the fairest among them, compared with Leonora Chandler, was as a rushlight to a waxen taper. For her he had saved every dollar of his money and had lived after the most parsimonious fashion, denying himself all save the barest necessaries of life. His one great hope was that the girl might be induced to accept his wealth in place of those physical attractions which nature had denied him.

Eben was encouraged by the fact that in the actual town of Millbrook there was no one who could reasonably aspire to a matrimonial alliance with Miss Tabitha's niece; and that Thorneycroft Road was almost bereft of marriageable young men, even if any of the few had sought or obtained more than a bowing acquaintance with the penniless beauty. Young Mr. Bretherton, on the other hand, had been so long away, and, in any case, stood upon so remote a social elevation, that Eben Knox had never seriously taken him into his calculations. He had had but one serious anxiety regarding Leonora, and that was that she so frequently went away from home on a visit to some of her relatives, or in the capacity of companion, as had recently been the case.

He had determined, during the course of that summer, which had seemed to him interminable, that immediately upon her return he would acquaint her with his hopes and plans, and put himself definitely forward as a suitor. In furtherance of his design, he was resolved to make use, if necessary, of a weapon which he possessed with regard to Miss Tabitha, and which he hoped might be of the greatest assistance.

It was with no common emotion, therefore, that he was suddenly informed of Leonora's return to Millbrook. It was a genuine surprise. The circumstances of her arrival, as he heard them related by one of the mill hands, filled him with indescribable fury. He was standing in one of the principal rooms of the mill, which had been vacated by nearly all the operatives at the very first stroke of the five-o'clock bell. The sun coming in streaked the floor, and threw slanting beams over the unsightly looms, upon which was stretched out the yarn preparatory to its conversion into cloth.

Dave Morse, a tall, high-shouldered

lad, who seemed to have put all his strength into inches, and was distinguished by a worn, pallid face, had been sent to the station with a message to the baggage-master from Eben Knox himself. He returned shortly after the ringing of the bell, and delivered the answer to the manager, who stood staring at the looms with hollow, cavernous eyes, as though he would fain have forced them to go on and weave dollars for him.

Dave Morse retired from his interview with the manager to a corner of the room, where the foreman, Matthew Tobin, had lingered, sorting over bales of goods. Now, this corner was immediately outside of that partition which screened from view Eben Knox's desk; and to the desk the manager had returned,—unluckily, as it proved, for David Morse. The latter was fairly bursting with the latest news.

"I say, Matt," he cried out, "Miss Tabithy's niece is come home, as purty as a peach; and a big gent come with her, dressed in a suit you could play checkers on. They got into Joe Henderson's bus, and Tommy Briggs and I got on too. The bus druv straight to Miss Tabithy's gate; and there was the old lady on her stoop, all of a-tremble like, and talkin' to young Mr. Bretherton. Tommy and I listened round a bit; and we found out that the big gent is a real live lord, come down here to stop at the Manor. Tommy says he's either married to Miss Tabithy's niece or goin' to be soon."

The narrative, to which Matthew Tobin listened eagerly, was suddenly interrupted in a most unexpected manner. Eben Knox, having heard the tidings of Leonora's return, which he had failed to observe from his corner window, flushed a deep red, which faded to ashen gray on learning the further course of events. Dave Morse's final words seemed to voice an unspoken fear which had always lingered at his heart. It had been an actual terror to him that some day he might hear of Leonora's engagement or marriage. Beside himself with fury, smarting under the intolerable pain of that announcement, he strode to where the unsuspecting Dave stood, and struck him a sounding blow, first upon one ear and then upon the other. Dave might have received still further punishment had not Matthew Tobin interfered to draw him out of the way.

The manager's voice was hoarse with passion as he cried:

"Get along out of here, you young rascal! How dare you come into my presence lying about a lady?"

"I ain't lyin'," whimpered Dave, endeavoring to effect a safe retreat to the stairs; while Matthew Tobin eyed his employer sullenly, and seemed on the point of expostulating.

"Get out of here, I say!" Eben Knox repeated, as the boy vaulted over the bales in his eagerness to obey the injunction.

"I'm gettin' out as quick as I can," retorted Dave, trying to dodge a final blow, which, nevertheless, descended at the very moment he had reached the staircase.

Matthew Tobin, who was amongst the most fearless and the most valuable of operatives, would have interfered, but even he was deterred by the expression of the manager's face. The latter, having disposed of Dave, seized his hat, and, muttering that he would leave Tobin to lock up, rushed down the stairs and out. Dave, being still within hearing, was terribly alarmed at the swiftly descending steps. He feared that the boss intended to give chase, and he fled with a velocity unparalleled in his whole record.

Matthew Tobin stood scratching his head thoughtfully, puzzled by the extraordinary scene and the unusual

order to lock up; for rarely indeed did the manager trust the keys of the mill in other hands than his own. The foreman, however, obeyed orders, and came forth, keys in hand, stopping an instant to look down into the stream which gurgled beneath the wooden bridge under his feet.

"I reckon he's got a bee in his bonnet, buzzin' pretty loud too," he said to himself; and, reaching the door of the manager's house with the keys, he discovered that Knox had not proceeded thither. "I hope he ain't gone crazy mad, roamin' round the streets and hittin' folks over the head," he soliloquized.

Eben Knox, however, had done otherwise. He had stolen along, swiftly and silently, by a short cut under the alder bushes, soon reaching a vantage point overlooking Rose Cottage. Standing upon the opposite side of the street, he beheld Leonora, more beautiful and radiant than ever; and a tall man in a checked suit, whom he had no difficulty in recognizing as, indeed, a Britisher. He also perceived, standing at the foot of the steps, at the very moment when Leonora was dismissing him, young Mr. Bretherton.

It is hard to say through what process of reasoning, but from that instant Eben Knox was convinced that the story related by Dave Morse was a baseless fabrication, such as is very apt to gain currency in suburban districts. He felt, however, a sudden instinctive hatred for the future master of the Manor, who stood, handsome, gay and graceful, in familiar conversation with Leonora Chandler. He hated him for possessing those attractions in which the poor manager was so lamentably lacking, and for thus stepping out of his sphere to make the acquaintance of Miss Tabitha's niece.

Young Mr. Bretherton, following Lord Aylward into the bus, was utterly unconscious of the ghastly, scowling face which looked out from behind an elm tree. He did not even perceive that there was any one there at all. Far less was he aware that he had just made a dangerous enemy, already linked, as Miss Tabitha could have explained, with the fortunes of the Brethertons, and ready to play in their regard the rôle of evil genius.

Eben Knox, having watched the bus disappear, turned homeward, darkly brooding. It is wonderful what rage and malice against other human beings can do to darken the sunlight and blight the most beautiful landscape. To the manager, that peaceful rural scene—the brook flowing beneath the alder bushes, the trees and the grasses touched by the dying sunlight—seemed part and parcel of a dreary waste upon which his lot had been cast, and whereon the inhabitants were as so many vultures preparing to pounce upon their prey. He went slowly downward, proceeding this time by the ordinary beaten path, which led past the mill and toward his own small and gloomy house. In that single instant the iron had entered his soul; for he felt convinced that, no matter how slight and transient might be Leonora Chandler's association with young Mr. Bretherton, it would, nevertheless, have a deterrent effect upon his prospects. Comparisons would be particularly odious in his case, and of this he was well aware.

For Eben Knox, possessing a sufficient bump of self-esteem in certain directions, was fully alive to his own deficiencies on the score of physical attractions. He had obtained the knowledge by long and painful study. He was sufficiently clear-sighted to believe that, in any contest where a girl's fancy was concerned, he could have little hope of success, and especially where manifold advantages were upon the other side. He determined that

he would put on the brakes, as he expressed it, and induce Miss Tabitha to discourage all intimacy between her niece and the people at the Manor. This resolution curiously coincided with a similar resolve to which Miss Tabitha had come, though on totally different grounds, and which had been thwarted, as we have seen, by Leonora's untimely appearance.

It was well for the mistress of Rose Cottage that she could not, by any species of telepathy, have been made aware of the dark thoughts which were just then uppermost in the mind of Eben Knox. He had never disclosed to her his intentions with regard to her niece. Such news, had he given it, would have filled her with the deepest dismay; for she had never suspected the prosaic manager of the mill of entertaining a romantic attachment to a beautiful, penniless girl. He was generally regarded as a business drudge, devoted to money-getting, with never a thought beyond the manufacture of woolens and the accumulation of dollars. As well might any one have dreamed of a union between the noxious weeds upon the shore and the lilies adorning the calm surface of the water. Eben Knox had no intimates, and he was not a man to betray his feelings by so much as a look.

That night the manager scarcely slept, roaming, an unquiet spirit, about the brook where the alder bushes grew tallest, and where it was most thickly shaded by overhanging willows. They waved weirdly in the midnight wind, and the brook murmured in the darkness. The man heeded none of these things, nor the stars shining peacefully overhead in the blue vault of heaven. His mind was full of those plans by which he might control the situation. He hoped to dominate the timid spirit of Miss Tabitha by means of the secret which he shared in common with her,—a secret which had haunted the mill precincts for years and had intruded into the calm of Rose Cottage.

He entered the house at last, and threw himself upon the bed, only to wake again and stare with strained eyeballs into the darkness. The dawning day found him still watching; and presently the morning bell rang loud and clear to summon the operatives to the mill. Almost simultaneously came the tinkle of another bell—the morning herald of the Incarnation. But the notes of the Angelus were as the still, small voice, unheard, save by the faithful few, in that clangor of the metal tongue calling to labor.

Eben Knox descended from his room, and swallowed the coffee which had been prepared by his housekeeper. This latter personage was a crone of a decidedly unprepossessing appearance, bent almost double, but as smart and agile in her movements as if she were still upon the sunny side of middle age. None knew whence she had come, and there were not wanting those in the neighborhood to charge to her account unusual happenings in the vicinity. For superstition dies hardest where faith is weakest; and the ancient Puritanical fear of witches crops up at intervals in places where the muscular Christianity which first inspired it has long since been a dead letter. The old woman was both ill-famed and sinister in aspect, and her chuckling laugh was full of malice. It had not added to the popularity of the mill manager that he had retained this strange creature in his service.

As Eben Knox swallowed the coffee without eating a morsel, his housekeeper eyed him keenly, noting the haggard eyes and the accentuated pallor of an always colorless face.

"You were up the night," she said,—"aye, and out the night, wandering with the screech owl and the bat. Them and me is the fittest company for you, Ebenezer Knox."

She gave a shrill laugh as she hobbled about the room, putting a touch here and a touch there, followed by the scowling glances of her employer. He did not, however, attempt any reply to her unflattering speech, for the old woman was one of the few people whom the manager really feared. He continued to drink his coffee and to watch her with grim furtiveness. All at once she approached and stood gazing at him, with both hands resting upon the table; her bleared eyes looked into his, and her pointed nose and chin were brought into quite unpleasant proximity.

"Does the white dove mate with the black hawk?" she inquired; "or will the swan make choice of the water-snake?"

Eben Knox gazed upon the crone steadily from under his bushy brows, his teeth set and his upper lip drawn down. He said no word in answer to her query; for in his heart, commingling with his rage, was a fear of the woman's prescience. It seemed to him almost preternatural that she should thus guess a secret which he had guarded with the most jealous care. It was a weird scene, that low-ceilinged, smoke-darkened room, with its cheerless furnishings, its narrow windows, and these two singular beings confronting each other.

At last the manager broke the silence, saying, with a sardonic laugh:

"Mother Moulton, I will give you a conundrum. What is the difference between a mill-clapper and the tongue of a woman?"

Mother Moulton making no reply, Eben Knox supplied the answer:

"The noise of the clapper produces good results, whereas a woman's tongue produces nothing."

With that he arose and left the room, giving his housekeeper no time for a rejoinder. He heard her spiteful laugh, however, as he strode along to the mill, which was in the same hollow as the house and but a few yards distant. He was invariably first to arrive in the morning, marking relentlessly upon his score the names of late-comers. At eight o'clock precisely he always returned home for a substantial breakfast, upon which it was his habit to subsist till evening. When the evening bell had rung, he waited to consign the great building to darkness and silence, after which he took his final repast and retired. Such was his life, except at those seasons of the year when some extra demand of work caused him to return to the mill after hours. He appeared then, a gaunt figure in the silence and loneliness, moving from room to room, from vat to vat, from loom to loom, feverishly, expectantly, as though he were calculating in advance just what work might be done and what profits might be reaped.

This singular existence had practically disqualified Eben Knox for the society of his kind. He had suffered himself to degenerate into a machine, giving little heed to what was passing in the various parts of the universe, and never a thought at all to that great life of the future which he should have to live, for good or for evil, when this earthly life was done. He never prayed, he never entered a church; the name of God was never uttered within the four walls of his house; and if he believed at all that there was a principle of vitality which outlasted death, he certainly never allowed such conviction to influence his conduct. His standard of morality for himself and for his operatives was how much could be got out of the looms. Their ceaseless activity when in full motion was his highest idea of good, and their hum and whir sweeter in his ears than all the harmonies of earth and heaven.

And yet this materialist who had eliminated from his own nature and from his surroundings all that was

spiritual and ideal, would fain have united himself with a girl young, beautiful, and richly endowed with the intellectual and moral gifts which he despised. Leonora Chandler, a devout Catholic by training, was eminently religious in temperament, and looked upon all things from a more or less supernatural point of view. Without any pharisaical Puritanism, she had a perfectly clear conception of the difference between what was right and what was wrong, and in all important concerns was prepared to act accordingly.

The manager hoped, notwithstanding the incongruity of their natures, that Miss Tabitha's niece would look favorably upon his suit. Of course he meant, in that case, to discard Mother Moulton and the dreary house near the mill, and to rent or purchase a villa upon the Thorneycroft Road, or wheresoever else the lady of his choice might elect. He intended to give up, at the same time, his frugal and solitary manner of life, and to permit Leonora to lavish his wealth in such manner as should best display her beauty and her accomplishments. He hoped, indeed, to surround his future wife with an ease and luxury to which Miss Chandler had undoubtedly been a stranger.

It was, perhaps, a redeeming feature in Eben Knox's character that he had worshiped money not so much for itself as for that one prize he had believed it would secure. As for Leonora, she had heard the mill bell ring out at regular intervals since her childhood, and had listened to weird tales of Eben Knox and his uncanny housekeeper without even for an instant imagining that she had had any connection with the matter or had been the inspiring cause of the manager's phenomenal parsimony. So is woven the web of existence, the interweaving threads being frequently unconscious of each other's proximity.

(To be continued.)

Loyalty.

BY D. C.

DEEM not a friend disloyal for that he
Consorts at times with others than the group
Wherein alone, encircled by the hoop
Of tastes congenial, thou art frank and free.
What though he shares not each antipathy
That frets thy heart, nor feels his spirits droop
In gatherings to which thou wilt not stoop,—
No treason, this, to friendship or to thee,
So long as in thy presence no disguise
He wears, and in thine absence still doth speak
Thy praise as one esteemed both good and wise.
Let not, for this, affection's bond grow weak:
Twin-brother of thy soul, thy friend hold close,
Yet seek not all his action to engross.

Essentials and Nonessentials of the Catholic Religion.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

VII.—What are Catholics Free to Believe or Not?

ONE of the most fruitful sources of misconception in regard to the Catholic religion is the general ignorance prevalent amongst those outside the Church as to the true meaning of what we call "devotional practices," and their place in the religious system of which they form a part. Our good non-Catholic friends observe us devoutly "telling our beads," kneeling in prayer at this or that shrine, wearing scapulars and medals, reciting certain prayers in honor of the saints, taking holy water, receiving blessed ashes, candles, or palms; and they are apt to conclude that all these things stand upon the same level as the reception of the sacraments or the observance of the moral law and the Commandments of the Church. Not knowing the distinction between essentials and nonessentials, they class together all the practices which they observe to be in use amongst Catholics, and think that they are all

equally binding upon us. Finding some of these practices very distasteful to them, failing to see any signification or usefulness in others, they deem that they could never bring themselves to embrace them even for the sake of that peace and certainty of faith which they often instinctively feel is not to be found elsewhere than in the Catholic Church.

To remove this misunderstanding, it will be necessary to explain what is meant by Catholic "devotions," and to show what place they hold in the life of Catholics and of the Church as a body. I shall make no excuse for quoting from a recent writer* who has handled this subject with admirable clearness:

"There is a beauty in the theological meaning of the term 'devotion' which has been lost to its ordinary, everyday sense. We should have rather to use the cumbersome word 'devotedness' to express the signification of St. Thomas, and that which we have in view in the use of the word in the following essay. We will, however, retain the original term, with the proviso that readers shall understand it in the accepted theological sense, as meaning the English 'devotedness' or the French *dévouement*. It is according to this meaning that we wish to contrast 'devotion' with 'devotions,' not as things contradictory and incompatible, but as different manifestations of spiritual life, of which the latter should subserve the former, should at once spring from it and minister to it, if they are to preserve their character as legitimate products of spiritual life."

Certain observances, as we have seen, are made obligatory by the Church upon all Catholics; some because, as in the case of the sacraments, they are the regular and appointed channels by which the life of divine grace flows through the whole body; others because they are of peculiar and universal efficacy in insuring a practical Christian life. But beyond these, there is the very large class of practices which go under the general name of "Catholic devotions." Not essentially necessary to the spiritual life of a Catholic, as are the sacraments, nor of such universal efficacy in the promotion of the essentials of a practical Catholic life as are the Precepts of the Church, they are, nevertheless, of greater or lesser utility as helps to true devotion. This greater or lesser utility depends, as is pointed out in the foregoing extract, upon their source as real manifestations of healthy spiritual life—as originating in devout meditation enlightened by sound doctrine,—and upon their tried efficacy as instruments in the promotion of a high standard of Christian practice amongst those who make use of them.

Men's souls have many needs in common, yet each particular soul or class of souls has its own special needs. Catholic devotions are intended to meet these needs, both common and individual. Thus it is that we find in the Church so great a variety of devotional practices, some of a more or less universal character, coextensive almost with the Church itself, as satisfying wants which are felt by all or by the greater part of the faithful; while others are of less extension as appealing to certain souls only.

The attitude of the Church herself toward these devotional practices is somewhat different from her attitude in matters of faith. Of both she is, of course, the supreme judge; but, in the nature of things, her judgments in doctrinal matters must more often be strict and peremptory than in the matter of devotions. While it is true that not only will false doctrine produce wrong practice, but wrong practice will also frequently result in damage to faith, yet the boundaries within which varieties in practice may move

* M. D. Petre, "Where Saints Have Trod."

without damage to faith are wider than those limits beyond which opinion in matters of doctrine passes into error.

The Church, therefore, is very tolerant in regard to practices of devotion. The moment, indeed, that they involve or imply a false conception of the teachings of religion, she puts her ban upon them; but, with a deep insight into human nature and its wants, she does not hesitate to permit many practices which are the outcome of a simple faith and affection, and are of real use to large numbers of her children, though they may draw a smile or a jibe from superior and "enlightened" persons. Guided in this matter, as well as in her doctrinal teachings, by the Spirit of Truth promised to her in the beginning, she extends to such practices as pious meditation upon the truths of faith suggests to her children, now her strongest approbation or recommendation, now her protection or kindly toleration, according as she judges them to be of universal utility or useful for certain persons only, and according to their greater or lesser efficacy in the promotion of true holiness.

Thus, as the writer whom I have already quoted puts it, "the Church reserves to herself a certain right of discrimination in this matter. She meets the various devotions that arise with approval or toleration or condemnation, according as she judges them sound in doctrine or the reverse, and helpful or harmful or indifferent to the spiritual life. By her approval she guarantees that they are sound in doctrine, and, at least, have it in them to be helpful to salvation and sanctification. By her toleration she insures to them a certain negative virtue and harmlessness, without any assertion as to their being actually ennobling and useful. But here her mission ends. It is not as with the sacraments, which she presses on the use of the faithful; it is not as with her doctrinal definitions, which are to help on the life of spiritual knowledge, as the sacraments help on that of grace.

"In this other field she assumes to herself no final responsibility, except in the merely negative manner which we have indicated. She approves in the name of doctrine, she permits in the name of liberty; but she commands nothing except that toleration and respect which she has herself manifested, and she refuses to take up that burden of individual responsibility which many are too ready to fling on to her shoulders at every turn of the spiritual life. The right of choice and its duties remain to the individual soul, which has to manifest its loyalty by exercising, in things religious, that temperance and courtesy which are the spiritual counterpart of social good manners. We are not bound to practise all the devotions which the Church declares holy and harmless; but we are bound to restrain our criticism in the spirit of respect for our fellow-Christians; and we are also called on to conform to certain general usages under pain of becoming boors in our religious communion."*

The Church, then, wisely leaves these things to our own choice, in which we must be guided by the adaptability of various devotions to the needs of our own souls, and the approbation extended to them by ecclesiastical authority; the latter being, in the main, protective rather than directive. She thus insures us against any practice contrary to the spirit and teachings of the Catholic religion, and leaves it to ourselves to select those devotions which we find most conducive to our own progress in the spiritual life.

Thus, far from being bound down and restricted in the development of spirituality, Catholics have the widest freedom—far more than is to be found

* Ib.

in any of the sects, amongst whom, just as faith has suffered by insistence upon some truths to the exclusion of others, so also spirituality suffers by insistence upon some particular method of devotion, with the inevitable result of cramping and confining the spiritual energies that, given free vent, would lead to higher things.

We have already noticed that devotional practices do not all stand upon the same footing. There are some which experience has proved to be so generally helpful to a fuller and more fruitful Catholic life that they have obtained almost universal acceptance among the faithful, and have been encouraged and promoted far and wide by the Church, who has put her seal upon them in an unmistakable manner. Such are the well-known devotion of the Rosary, the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, various practices in honor of the sacred humanity of our Divine Lord, others in commemoration of the various mysteries of His life and passion.

Much as she encourages these devotions, however, the Church does not make them obligatory upon all. A Catholic, indeed, who should deny that the sacred humanity, as personally united to the Eternal Word, is to be worshiped with divine honor, or who should refuse that worship to Our Lord, would make shipwreck of the faith. So also would he who should deny the utility and propriety of invoking the intercession of Our Lady and the saints. Nevertheless, a Catholic is not compelled to invoke the saints, or to take up any special form of devotion to Our Lord's sacred humanity, excepting, of course, the worship he is in duty bound to offer to Him present on our altars in the Blessed Sacrament. But he is not forced to take up the special devotion to the Sacred Heart or to the Five Wounds or to the Precious Blood. At the same time, any child of the Church who should set up his private opinion in opposition to that of the whole body would, in the words of the writer I have quoted, do so 'under pain of becoming a boor in his religious communion.' He would, moreover, be depriving himself of a means of furtherance in the Christian life, of the efficacy of which, in view of the strong approbation of the Church, there can be no doubt.

The history of certain widespread devotions plainly shows them to have been awakened in the Church by the action of the Holy Spirit, to meet the needs of souls at various periods of the Church's life. In these matters the Church moves with the times; and not to move with her argues a certain failure to realize those teachings of faith which express themselves from time to time in new forms of devotional practice, according as fresh aspects of ancient truth exhibit themselves to her understanding. Not unfrequently such fresh aspects are the consequence of the rise of some error which draws attention to a view of doctrine not explicitly considered before by the Church at large; and a devotional practice arising from this new contemplation of Truth, unchanging in itself, may be a protest against prevalent heretical tendencies. Such was undoubtedly the case with the devotion to the Sacred Heart, which, by its warmth of tender affection to the person of our Blessed Lord, and its lively appreciation of His love for men, together with a consequent great increase of the use of those sacraments by which we enter into the closest union with Him, acted as an antidote to the cold formalism and harsh rigorism of the Jansenistic heresy.

So, then, should a Catholic abstain from a devotion of this kind, one would say of him that he is not compelled to take it up, but that he proves himself more or less out of sympathy with the spirit of the Church

by refusing to follow her in that continual progress she exhibits alike in the development of her understanding of doctrine and in consequent adaptations of practice. Not to follow her in such adaptation to new needs and conditions is at least to run the risk of finding oneself out of harmony with her teaching. The appeal to antique as against contemporary ways of devotion has a dangerous kinship with the appeal from the teaching of the present living voice of the Church to the dead letter of the past.

There are two other ordinances of the Church which enter largely into Catholic life, and may be, for the purposes of this paper, conveniently classed under the head of "devotional practices," though differing in one important respect from such devotions as we have hitherto considered. These are holy indulgences and the sacramentals of the Church. They differ from other devotions in this, that they have a close connection with the sacraments themselves, and are, consequently, recommended and even pressed upon the faithful by the Church with more insistence than she uses with regard to "devotions" in general.

The grant of indulgences—that is, of the remission of temporal punishment still remaining due for sins already forgiven—is an integral part of the power of the Keys exercised by the Church in absolution from sin. Indulgences complete the work begun by the sacrament of penance. The sinner has been reconciled with God, but the demands of Divine Justice have still to be satisfied by temporary suffering, endured either on earth or in purgatory. In holy indulgences we have a means of satisfying these demands in an easier way; or, rather, in them the Church has an authoritatively ordained means of making that satisfaction for us,—a means purchased, like pardon itself, by the merits of the blood of Jesus Christ. The utility of indulgences, and the power of the Church to grant them, are truths of faith which no Catholic may deny. No one, however, is *bound* to avail himself of them. Nevertheless, it will easily be seen that the rejection of so great a spiritual advantage would argue a still greater want of conformity with the spirit of Catholicism than the rejection of even the most widespread of the devotional practices of which I have hitherto spoken.

The same may be said of the sacramentals. Partly by virtue of the official prayers and blessings of God's representative, the Church, and partly by reason of the faith and devotion of those who use them, the sacramentals are true means of grace, and are, as such, brought prominently before her children by the Catholic Church. They are closely connected with the sacraments, inasmuch as, by remitting venial sin, they prepare the soul for their more worthy reception; and because some of them are invariably connected by the Church in her liturgy with the administration of certain sacraments and the celebration of Holy Mass. Thus the blessing and use of holy water, of palms, of ashes and candles, and of the holy oils, find a place in the most solemn liturgical functions. Here again, although there is no compulsion to use these things—except when, as in the case of the holy oils, for instance, they form part of a sacramental rite,—a Catholic who should withdraw himself from the universal practice of the Church at large would rightly be suspected of some want of harmony with her spirit.

But beyond indulgences and sacramentals, beyond those devotional practices the universality of which is a recommendation not lightly to be passed over, there remain a multitude of devotions which will be useful to some, but by no means to all. These a Catholic may leave aside without

the slightest imputation upon his conformity to the mind of the Church. Indeed, to leave them aside may often be a virtue; for it is not to be denied that some, oblivious of the real object of such things—to minister, that is, to the needs of particular souls and to help them forward in the practical life of a Christian,—make of the means the end, and turn devotion into a kind of spiritual amusement, to the immense detriment of solid virtue and real progress. This is the fault neither of the devotions, which are excellent in themselves if wisely chosen and properly used, nor of the Church, which approves of them precisely on the understanding that such wise selection and prudent use of them shall be made. It is the fault of the persons who misuse a good thing.

It should be clear, from what has been said in the present paper, that no one who submits to the Catholic Church will be called upon to take up any special form of devotion as a compulsory duty. The sacraments, Holy Mass, the Commandments of the Church will certainly be imposed upon him as conditions of membership. In all other things he will be free. Since, presumably, by the time he comes to be received into the Church, he will to some extent understand and appreciate her spirit, far from feeling any difficulty in availing himself of the rich treasure of approved devotional practices which she offers to him, and which he is free to take or to leave, he will thank God that he has found the religion which was made to meet every need of every soul; and he will have no hesitation in drawing from that treasury those things which he finds most helpful to the new spiritual life he will have received.

Having made his act of faith, having taken the great venture, he will find that the shadows have fled away and that the bright light of the truth of God illumines his soul. In the great brotherhood of the Catholic Church he will learn to exercise toward the devotional practices of others that respect which Christian charity, as well as the approval of the Church, demands from him, and which he, in turn, will receive from his brethren in the faith. He will see things in their due proportion, as they can be seen only from within; and he will find that his old fears and difficulties about such nonessential matters as it has been my humble endeavor to discuss in these papers were the creations of misunderstanding and prejudice alone.

(Conclusion next week.)

A Sister of Charity in China.

(Conclusion.)

NEARLY all the Chinese missions are French, and the lack of English-speaking priests mentioned in Sister Xavier's letter of April 15 is once more insisted upon:

"*April 24, 1898.*—Monseigneur is craving for priests. You know all the open ports are really English in tone, language, and everything else; to meet this, a sprinkling of English-speaking priests all through China is what is required.... I had another proof to-day of how much an English priest is needed in *this* small port,—how much greater must the need be in the large ones! It was an affair of some importance, in which the Catholic mission ought to join with the other Europeans to prevent trouble. No one connected with the business could speak French; word was sent into the city to ask me to go to the settlement and explain the affair to the Fathers.... These are temporal matters: what about the spiritual ones in some ports where there are so many Catholics!...

"It is extraordinary how the spirit has changed during the last three years. We can not go out without being

questioned on religion....On all sides the great topic among the people and even among the *lettrés* is religion. All we want is priests. God grant they may soon come!"

An instance of the new spirit abroad in Ning-Po is given in the account (dated October 7, 1898) of the presence in state of the tao-tai and all the mandarins at the consecration of Bishop Ferrant. "One result is that a mandarin, the general of the troops in Ning-Po and the neighboring towns, with all his family, spent the afternoon with us yesterday. We had made his acquaintance when we were called in to doctor his wife's teeth; so we invited him to the consecration, and asked him to call and see our house. This he did, and he was so delighted that he returned with all his family. As they never leave the *yamens*, they were enchanted, and marvelled at all they saw. The tai-tai is a very intelligent woman, so are her daughters and her daughter-in-law....Chinese women as a rule, if properly educated, would be very superior...."

The same letter speaks of the supposed murder of the young Emperor: "There are sad doings at Pekin. The report of the Emperor's murder, though contradicted, is still firmly believed. He was making such reforms,—in fact, overthrowing paganism with one blow by handing over the non-imperial pagodas for educational purposes, and sending all the bonzes to the big central monasteries. Our missionaries were everywhere being asked to found colleges, but all this for the moment is stopped.

"*October 11, 1898.*—We are passing through a series of changes. For one month reforms were going on apace: *yamens* being overthrown, pagodas and bonzeries offered to the missionaries to turn into colleges, etc., etc. Then came the Emperor's death, and everything was revoked, awaiting further changes. All are now in expectation of what is going to happen. It is extraordinary how quickly news is known through the city. When the riot took place at Shanghai it was known among the people while it was still going on,—before the Europeans on the Concession had got the telegrams."

The following year saw the great work of the industries for Christian and pagan boys in good progress,—bringing the latter and their families into continual contact with the Sisters, and overthrowing all prejudice. There is a pretty picture in a letter of March, 1899, of the good done among the girls and boys.

"Many homes outside are entirely kept by the work they get from the *Œuvre*. In some cases they would be actually starving except for this,—women are so badly paid, as a rule. One sees these poor girls sitting at their doors—or, when there is a big piece to be done, several together in the courts of their little houses,—working away, hardly lifting their eyes; yet seeming very happy over their work, for it means so much to them. It raises their position. A breadwinner is a person to be considered and respected; even in matrimonial arrangements it has its weight, and wins for a girl a better match. If you could but hear them in the workroom after the day's labor is over,—the noise and almost screams of laughter of all those young people! It makes one thankful that they have some happy days in their otherwise very dark lives."

This is Sister Xavier's account of the boys:

"There seems to be a real blessing on our little weavers....We picked out the children in the greatest peril,—some poor little men with very doubtful characters. But the result is more than we could have hoped for. These small boys, who were on the high road to become a disgrace to society at large,

are now perched by their looms, as serious as judges, working like little men, and doing so well. It is true, the work once over, they are regular little *diables* for noise and pranks. But they are practical in their way, all the same; and duly informed the priest that if in the evenings they were taught reading, writing, and ciphering, they would keep quiet and enjoy it, as then they would be able to become master-workmen, and not be cheated. Their evening education is, therefore, going to begin,—rather to the relief of the rest of the establishment.... After work is over all kneel down in the shop and chant their night prayers, pagans of their own free will joining with the Christians....

"Chinese children are most winning, warm-hearted, truthful, and honest. They grow up such hard-hearted liars and thieves because they are taught, trained, even punished to make them tell lies and be 'sharp.'...This kind of work among the outside poor, to preserve our own youth and assist the pagans, had not yet been tried; and if we succeed here, it will doubtless extend elsewhere, and be the means of saving numberless souls, besides forming happier and more prosperous families. Get many prayers for these works, and also for more missionary vocations. I forgot to tell you the apprentices are paid as soon as they can earn; thus when their apprenticeship is over they have a little sum in the bank (for the money is not given into their hands) to start life with, unless the poverty of their families requires it before."

In 1900 the Boxer rebellion, and the murder of the German Ambassador at Pekin, filled the whole world with dismay. Sister Xavier writes (June 25):

"The anxiety and suspense are now intense. All fear that the silence will be broken by the account of some fearful catastrophe. . . . Our largest house in Pekin is next to the cathedral, and has over one thousand inmates, not including a large number of refugees. It is a great comfort to feel that all is in God's hands, and nothing will happen except what He permits. May all turn out for His greater glory and the conversion of this unfortunate people!... For over a month our Sisters in the North have been fully expecting and preparing for a violent death. Mgr. Favier, Bishop of the Northern province, warned all the foreign ministers of the terrible rebellion that was brewing, but none of them would believe him until it was too late...."

The heroic defence by a mere handful of French and Italian sailors of the French Concession in Pekin is matter of history. Sister Xavier writes:

"Only on September 2 came the first authoritative account of the missionaries and Sisters in Pekin. Eight missionaries dead (two massacred, several burned in their churches), two Marist Brothers, and dear old Sister Jaurias. During the siege she was the heart and soul of the establishment, going about cheering and encouraging, in spite of being close on eighty years,—forty-five years in China. Everything was done to destroy the orphan asylum,—arrows of fire, bombardment, and mines. These last, at one explosion, killed seventy people, among them all the little ones in the *chrèche*.... The day the allies entered, Sister Jaurias broke down, . . . and expired peacefully on August 22....A beautiful end to a beautiful life.

"It is really miraculous that during the two months' siege not a Sister was wounded or killed. . . . At the hospital, which is near the legations, the Sisters were still there on July 16, having refused to leave their house, crowded with refugees. At two o'clock next morning some men from the legation rushed in and compelled them to leave. An hour later the Boxers invaded the

house, bringing carts to carry off the Sisters. Like wild beasts they rushed over the place, yelling out for the nine Europeans; they fell on their knees, offering incense, imploring that they should be delivered into their hands, to be taken to the pagoda for execution. At last, disappointed in their hopes, they fell upon the Christians in the house, and murdered every one except two servants, who escaped to tell the sad tale. One young aspirant, seeing herself in the hands of these wretches, sprang into the flames and expired kneeling. Two virgins who assisted the Sisters were flayed alive, etc., etc. Certainly China has a glorious band of martyrs this year. May they draw down God's blessing on this unfortunate people!"

Between fifteen and twenty thousand was the number of the martyrs; "for scarcely one apostatized," writes Mgr. Favier in his first letter from Pekin after the siege. "We are twenty-seven thousand Christians instead of forty-seven thousand. I venture to predict that within five years we shall number fifty thousand."

"We are sending you a souvenir of the siege of the Peitang [Pekin] in the shape of small cannon balls," says Sister Xavier in a letter dated June 13, 1901,—"two of the thousands that were fired into the asylum. They must remind you of the special Providence that watched over and guarded all the Sisters in China. Last year six houses were in imminent peril, three burned to the ground, the Pekin asylum battered to pieces; but not a single Sister met a violent death, though during the siege the sight of a cornette was a sign for a volley of bullets from the Boxers. An altar was promised to the Sacred Heart, if no Sister was killed; and it has just been erected at the central house. The columns on each side of the statue, and those supporting it, are made of balls fired into the Pekin asylum."

Here we must bring these extracts to a close. Crushed but not broken, strengthened by adversity, the works of the Sisters of Charity revived after the passing of the storm. The cry is still for vocations,—for help to carry on the work. In May, 1903, Sister Xavier came to England for a few months to make known her wants; and a small society, with the Duke of Norfolk as president, was founded to help the "Native Technical Schools in China." In July of the same year his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons wrote a letter expressing his high approbation of the work, and his hope that it might extend and prosper,—a hope which may many a Catholic heart echo, and help to realize! M. H.

Our Power of Will and the Reality of Conscience.

ONE of many false teachings of the new philosophy is that our power of will does not really lie within our control, because every action we perform is the result of an infinite evolution, in the same manner as our bodies are the inevitable product of our irresponsible descent. As a corollary, there can, of course, be no such thing as sins of thought. Instead of discussing the theory of a revealed philosophy of human life with the disciples of the modern materialistic school, a writer in the *Month* for January asks them to turn to the practical and common-sense teachings on this subject of volition, of the great philosopher of the Greeks. We quote:

Are we responsible, discusses Aristotle, for our habits, often so overmastering that they become as second nature, and seem almost involuntary? The answer is affirmative; for each habit is made up of a series of actions, growing in intensity and fixity by repetition, and we are responsible for the initial acts by which the habit grew. Hence for crimes done, as it were, involuntarily through drunkenness, he would make the punishment double,—for

the crime itself, and for the *habit* of drink engendered by the primary acts by which it grew, which we could certainly have helped. "Free-will again," the modern philosopher says; and that is so, but also common-sense. Is there one among us, sunk in the deep of degrading or overmastering vicious habit, who, if honest, can not recall the day long ago when the first conscious departure was made, the first act when "I will" and "I will not" was a possible choice? Grasped in the iron vise of evil habit now, with will-power almost gone, they yet, if really honest, remember the day when choice was presented and was possible. Something tells them they are responsible, in spite of the modern school. In theology we should call it *the first occasion of sin.* Greek philosophy agrees, in other terms, that there was an initial time of choice, a responsibility. It is the individual who is to blame himself, not to fall back upon the excuse of his inevitable atavistic tendencies.

We said above, "something tells them," and this brings us to a fact which the modern school has not yet clearly explained. Evolution does *not* explain the reality of conscience. There is no need to enter upon the discussion of this particular branch of evolution in a purely materialistic sense, or debate as to whether conscience is a natural faculty or the result of training and inheritance. It stands before us as a fact in every man, woman, and child, who has not slain it by inattention. What do our Catholic missionaries tell us of the heathen who come to the Fold? That they have no need to instruct them for confession in what have been held to be the great primary truths of morality: they come naturally with their faults ready on their tongue; the great moral truths seem natural to them, and the "inner voice" is a sure prompter. In spite of philosophies, in spite of evolution, in spite of absence of free-will, men come simply, when they are honest, and say, "*Mea culpa.*" Whence comes it? How does the materialist explain it? The grand new philosophy falls to pieces before the greatness of the sense of sin; and, in spite of evolution, heredity, environment, and all, men come simply, humbly, like the publican in the Temple of old, and say, "*Mea culpa, mea maxima culpa.*"

This, surely, is practical, common-sense teaching; and if there were more of it the dogma of "No will" would claim fewer disciples. There is much talk nowadays about the results of scientific analysis; but in many cases the analysis is not scientific and the results are imaginary.

Notes and Remarks.

If, as Swift was wont to say, censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent, it would clearly be futile to expect that so exalted a personage as the Pope should escape such payment. One may be pardoned, nevertheless, for deploring that, in the case of the Holy Father, the collector of this special sort of tax should often be a self-styled "good Catholic." Without unduly, we hope, distrusting the honesty of newspaper letter-writers, we are inclined to question the genuineness and goodness of the Catholicity that is continually flooding the columns of the secular press with carping criticisms of ecclesiastical action and ecclesiastical personages, from "Peter's Pence" to the Vatican's attitude toward France, and from the parish priest to the Sovereign Pontiff. Fault-finding is a perennially easy proceeding; grumbling requires neither brains nor manners; but it is a radically contemptible act to publish in vague general terms insinuations against the honor or honesty of prelate or priest. And the writer's declaration that he is a Catholic, together with his signing a Catholic name that may or may not be his own, in no way palliates the indignity of his conduct. Several letters that have appeared in American dailies in criticism of Mgr. Falconio's appeal for an increase in the "Peter's Pence" contributions have impressed us as being gratuitously insulting; and it would require more evidence than the communications contain to convince us that their writers are either good Catholics or respectable non-Catholics.

That was a ringing speech by President Roosevelt at the Union League Club in Philadelphia last week. He demanded wider supervision of business interests, declared that Government's

hands must be free to smite greed wherever practised, enunciated the obligation of the nation to protect the poor man in his rights, and affirmed that the power of corporate wealth must not be used against the people as a whole. Not less notable was the President's message to Congress on the same day, urging the necessity of legislation for the suppression of the divorce evil. As a preliminary to the enactment of new and more strict laws, he suggests the compilation of statistics on divorce and marriage from 1886 to the present time.

It can not be said that President Roosevelt is unconscious of the difficulty of the positions he takes, or of the fact that much legislation and weak enforcement of laws is the way with democracy; or, again, that he is blind to another great fact—that unless backed by public sentiment laws are mere palliatives for evils that threaten the very foundations of our social organization; for in an address at the dedication of a Lutheran edifice in Washington on the 29th ult. the President said:

> In the last analysis the work of statesmen and soldiers, the work of public men, shall go for nothing if it is not based upon the spirit of Christianity, working in the millions of homes throughout this country; so that there may be that social, that spiritual, that moral foundation, without which no country can ever rise to permanent greatness. For material well-being, material prosperity, success in arts, in letters, great industrial triumphs,—all of them and all of the structure raised thereon will be as evanescent as a dream if it does not rest on the "righteousness that exalteth a nation."

The London *Tablet* calls attention to an article in the periodical *Etudes* treating of the veneration in which the Blessed Virgin is held in many Mohammedan countries, and referring to the respectful references to her in the Koran. In Syria and Palestine, Mary is specially honored, and her mention in the sacred book is the reason assigned. In ordering all the images in the Kaabah to be destroyed, the only exception made by the Prophet was in favor of those of the Madonna with the Divine Child in her arms. On one occasion, it is narrated, when an Iman spoke slightingly of the Blessed Virgin, he was driven out of the mosque by his auditors, and allowed to return only when he had made ample amends.

Mass-meetings in this country to protest against Russian despotism, and to raise funds for promoting the cause of freedom in the land of the Czar, are, circumstances considered, a little absurd. They are very much worse when perfervid orators "come out flat footed," as one of the newspapers expresses it, for political assassination as a remedy for Russian misrule. Advocacy of such a measure, flat footed or otherwise, was hardly to be expected from a citizen of Mr. John De Witt Warner's standing. Reform laws have already been enacted in Russia, and the Czar has declared his intention of carrying them out to the letter.

If Mr. Warner is so fortunate as to peruse the reports of a recent lecture by Dr. Felix Adler of his own city, he will at once perceive that his indignation against Russia is inconsistent as well as immoderate. Dr. Adler inveighed against the inhuman treatment of child-laborers in American mills and mines, and compared abuse of children in factories of some States with horrors swept away in England by Parliamentary laws. He referred to canning factories where children seven years old work twelve hours a day, and declared that there were many children among the workers even in the sweatshops. "Pennsylvania has 40,000 child-laborers under sixteen, of whom a great part are certainly under twelve." Apropos of a case of extreme cruelty brought to the notice of English statesmen, Dr. Adler told of a twelve-year-old lad

in a cigar factory at Wheeling, West Virginia. "He works from 6 a. m. to 6 p. m. The room is dark, the atmosphere filled with tobacco dust. When the inspector talked to him, he was coughing. 'Where are you ill?' he was asked.—'I have a pain there and there,' he said, pointing to his chest and the small of his back."

"It is cheap to be indignant at the Czar!" exclaimed Dr. Adler. "What do you think of our own czars of industry? What do you think of us as a civilized people?"

The ranks of American Catholic citizens prominent in government service have suffered a heavy loss by the sudden death, on January 30, of the Hon. Anthony M. Keiley, former Chief Justice of the International Court of Appeals at Cairo, Egypt. Born and educated in the United States, Mr. Keiley began active life as an editor and publisher, though by profession he was a lawyer. In 1881 he became prominent in politics and was mayor for one term of Richmond, Virginia. President Cleveland appointed him Minister to Italy and afterward to Austria; but in each case he was forced to resign on account of race prejudice, his wife having been a Jewess. It is a singular fact that one who suffered so much injustice at the hands of others was never known to be guilty of an act of injustice himself. Mr. Keiley has left many friends who admired his sterling character and kindly disposition. *R. I. P.*

From information furnished by an official of the Belgian government we were enabled, some months ago, to reveal the true inwardness of the opposition roused against Belgium on account of alleged inhuman treatment of the natives of Congoland by Belgian colonists, and the indifference to such cruelty on the part of the colonial government. The jealousy of sectarian missionaries and the trickery of politicians are at the bottom of the affair. One enemy of the Belgian government having gone so far as to assert that the silence of Catholic missionaries regarding the alleged atrocities was explained by their fear of losing subsidies, the heads of the different religious Orders laboring in the Congo Free State have published a joint letter denying the accusation and praising the government for its treatment of the natives. The letter is published in the London *Monitor and New Era*. It will suffice to quote a single paragraph:

> Catholic missionaries have never gainsaid that in Congoland—as in all new colonies—cruelties have been practised in isolated instances. They have not had to denounce such cruelties, however, because—to the knowledge of all—the government of the Free State has always been prompt to redress abuses, in order to prevent their recurrence.

This ought to have the effect of silencing the outcry against Belgium. In our country, we are glad to say, little heed was paid to the clamor even when it was most vehement, and every effort was being made to rouse the world to indignation and interference.

A notable Golden Jubilee, the celebration of which was merged into the proceedings of the recent Australian Catholic Congress, was that of his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Sydney. While the world at large is conversant with the intellectual activity of this distinguished prelate, his fellow-citizens can speak most authoritatively of his physical condition; so we borrow the following paragraph from an Australian exchange, the *Catholic Press* of Sydney:

> No one would dream that his Eminence the Cardinal is anything approaching seventy, let alone over that age, if one noted his elastic step and vigorous bearing. . . . But some men have the secret of youth. His Eminence has had a marvellous career among us, when we think how young and democratic this country is and how strange it must have appeared

at first to one trained in old-fashioned, conservative Rome. It is something more than wonderful to note how soon the Cardinal appreciated the needs of a new people, caught the atmosphere, and became the very leader of its best democratic ideals. In its ambitions for fuller nationhood, and in its yearning for more equitable social conditions, Australia found a consistent friend in the first Cardinal Archbishop of Sydney, and there is no name held in greater honor among the great masses of this country. His sympathies have always been with the people; and in his public addresses, as well as in his many charitable institutions, he has sought to lift and help them.

"An ideal Benedictine"—significant phrase—was the late Abbot de Grasse, of the Sacred Heart Mission, Oklahoma, who, with never a regret, exchanged a life of ease and luxury for one of hardship and privation among the Osage and Pottawatomie Indians. He was one of the pioneer missionaries of Indian Territory, though his most fruitful labors were in Oklahoma, where numerous churches and schools bear witness to his energetic zeal. A model of every Christian and monastic virtue during life, his death was no less edifying. In spite of much suffering, he was always patient and resigned, glad to endure pain when he could no longer bear labor, at all times content to live and ready to die. The example left by Abbot de Grasse will not soon be forgotten by his religious brethren, and his memory will long survive among the Indians, by whom he was so much beloved.

Another Benedictine prelate who lately passed to his reward in England was of like character and dispositions; though his career was entirely different from that of Abbot de Grasse, having been wholly passed in peaceful retirement. We refer to the Rt. Rev. Benedict Snow, Abbot of Glastonbury, no less beloved for virtue than respected for learning. He was a frequent contributor to the periodical press, and his articles were much admired for style as well as thought. Ill health alone prevented Abbot Snow from writing books that could not fail of enduring fame. His amiable qualities of mind and heart, however, will cause his memory to be cherished by all who ever came in contact with him. In Abbot Snow the Benedictine Order has lost an ornament and a light. *R. I. P.*

The announcement of the appointment of the Very Rev. Thomas Hickey, of the diocese of Rochester, as coadjutor, with right of succession, to the venerable Bishop McQuaid, not only gives gratification but removes solicitude,—gratification that a priest so worthy and so competent has been chosen for the position, solicitude on account of its exceptional importance. Although advanced in years, Mgr. McQuaid is still vigorous and as active as ever; and it is hoped that he may live much longer to administer his diocese, and to direct and perfect the institutions which have given it more than national fame. It is not too much to say that Rochester is the banner diocese of the United States, second to none in organization and equipment. Bishop McQuaid has acted with his accustomed prudence, and at the same time conferred an inestimable benefit, by personally making provision for the future. We congratulate him on this step, one from which a man under delusion regarding his age would have recoiled. The selection of Father Hickey as Coadjutor Bishop of Rochester is a cause of sincere rejoicing to all who know his great worth and appreciate the high importance of the position which he is to fill.

As illuminative signs of the times in the educational life of young America, we quote the following news items from a recent issue of the New York *Sun:* A public-school boy, who had failed to qualify for advancement because of

previous illness, was teased by his classmates, fainted several times, and died, from the effect, said the doctor, of worry and disappointment on a weak heart. The boy was *seven years old.* A fifteen-year-old lad of Philadelphia committed suicide, his action being due, in the opinion of his father, to mental derangement caused by the reading of dime novels. There is food for thought in each item, and not least in the first of the two.

Some of the "wild assertions" contained in "Rome or the Reformation," a recent production by Lady Wimborne, are discussed by Mr. Congreve Jackson, an ardent Ritualist, in the *Nineteenth Century* for January. It would be easy to point out wild assertions also on the part of Mr. Jackson, who, in the course of his rejoinder, naïvely refers to "that infinite capacity for self-deception which seems always to characterize the Protestant apologist." But we are more interested in what this apologist for the Ritualists has to say in reply to Lady Wimborne's opinion that the Church of England owes nothing to Rome; and to her contention that, unless the appeal of the Reformers was to the Bible "absolute, alone and unfettered," their action was "absolutely unjustifiable," and they were involving the Church in a "meaningless schism." On these two points Mr. Jackson says:

> Do we not owe our Christianity to Rome? Was it not due to the missionary zeal of the great Gregory that this land was rescued from the heathenism into which it had sunk, and in which, but for God's providence and the Church of Rome, it might have remained for ages?

This is a refreshing admission, and not less so is the writer's acknowledgment of the supreme authority of the Church. We continue to quote:

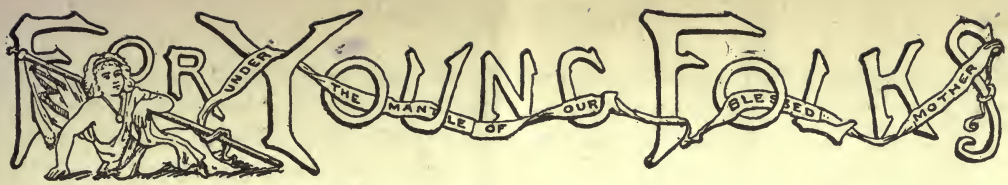
> The Bible is the child and offspring of the Church, written by the Church under the guidance of the Holy Spirit. How, then, can the mother and the creator be inferior to the thing created? The Bible is the documentary evidence drawn up, compiled, and selected by the Church herself, as containing all that is necessary for us to know of the faith once delivered to the saints; and as such it was appealed to by the Reformers. But the Church existed before there was a Bible, and the faith had to be taught and handed on by word of mouth; as Timothy was instructed by St. Paul, "The things that thou hast heard of me, among many witnesses, the same commit thou to faithful men, who shall be able to teach others also." In process of time—a century at the least, if not two—the Church selected certain writings out of a mass of other documents, and formed of them the canon of Holy Scripture, thus setting her seal of authenticity upon them. Therefore, to speak of the Bible as our final court of appeal, as opposed to and overriding the authority of the Church, is about as reasonable as to quote the opinions of the Reformers themselves in opposition to the first four Œcumenical Councils.

If Lady Wimborne deigns to reply to Mr. Jackson, we may expect to hear something about the capacity for self-deception which seems always to characterize the *Ritualist* apologist.

Remarkable indeed are the comments of the London *Saturday Review* on the beatification of the Curé d'Ars. The following are perhaps the most noticeable, considering their source:

> The beatification is a popular one in the Catholic world; and would be popular all the world over if the life of this charming, humble, saintly priest were more widely known.... Except for one or two abortive attempts to retire into solitude, he never went outside his parish. He never said or did a single thing to attract attention to himself; and yet thousands of people—as many as 80,000 in the year, they say—flocked to the insignificant South Burgundian village, just as earlier Christians had flocked to some holy man of the desert, simply to see him and hear him and take counsel with him concerning the welfare of their souls....
>
> One must admit that it is one of the secrets of the strength of the Roman Catholic Church that she can point to a recent confessor of the type of the new Blessed. The subjugating force of sanctity is as old as the hills and as enduring.

"And outside the Catholic Church examples of it are wofully few," is the comment of the *Glasgow Observer*, from which we quote.



The Emperor's Face.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

ON the outskirts of a little village not far from Vienna lived a widow with one child—a boy of ten. She was very poor and had great difficulty in keeping the wolf from the door. But she was also patient and pious, taking all her misfortunes as coming from the hand of God.

One morning in winter she awoke feeling very ill and unable to rise. The child brought her a cup of warm milk, which usually relieved her. But on this occasion it was of no avail.

"Go, my son," she said at last, "and ask the doctor to come to me. I can not endure this pain any longer."

"Where shall I find him, mother?" asked the child.

"He is generally driving along the road in the morning about this time," answered the poor woman. "If you go outside you will see him coming very soon, wrapped in his big cloak."

The boy ran out to the road as quickly as possible, and had not been there long before he saw a one-horse vehicle being driven briskly by a tall man in a heavy mantle.

"Stop, sir!" he cried. "I beg you to stop!"

The gentleman reined in his horse and inquired:

"What is it, my child?"

"O doctor," said the boy, "my mother is very ill, and she wants you to come in and see her! She sent me out to watch for you."

The occupant of the vehicle at once alighted, tied his horse, and followed the boy into the poor cottage, on entering which he was much impressed by the bareness of the room and its exquisite neatness. In front of the fire sat a woman wrapped in a shawl. She looked very ill.

"Mother, here is the doctor," said little Franz. "He was just coming up the road as I went out."

The sick woman turned to the physician, who stood, hat in hand, his cloak thrown open, bending over her.

"This is not our doctor, Franz," she said. "This looks like a very grand gentleman. O sir," she continued, "I could never pay your bill: it would be too heavy!"

The doctor smiled.

"Do not disturb yourself, my good woman," he said. "I may not be your physician—indeed, I am not a physician at all,—but I have some knowledge of medicine, and shall, perhaps, be able to relieve you until your own doctor arrives. What is your ailment?"

"A terrible colic," replied the suffering woman, not forgetting to add, in the midst of her pain: "You are very kind, sir,—you are very kind!"

The gentleman produced a flask from his pocket, went to the cupboard, from which he took a glass, and poured some brandy into it. Then taking the kettle from the hob where it was singing merrily, he half filled the glass with water.

"Drink this," he said, placing the draught to the woman's lips. "It is a strong dose, but it will help you."

She obeyed at once, and had hardly swallowed it before she began to feel relief. Her feet and hands, which had been very cold, experienced once more the glow of life.

"The pain is gone, sir," she said, looking up at the visitor gratefully.

"The medicine acts like magic. God bless you!"

Once more the gentleman glanced about the room.

"Will you not sit down, sir?" asked the widow.

"No," was the reply. "I must go. But before I do, tell me how you live and what are your resources."

"I live by washing and cleaning for my more fortunate neighbors," she answered.

"And do you manage to live comfortably?"

"For a poor widow, yes," she said. "We do not require much,—my boy and I."

"Can you save anything?"

"That I never expect to do," she replied. "But I trust in God."

The gentleman buttoned his cloak.

"I am leaving a small gift on the table," he said. "Continue to trust in Providence." With these words he left the room.

Meanwhile little Franz, having heard from the lips of the stranger that he was not a doctor, had concluded to go out on the road once more and waylay the physician whom his mother had told him to summon, as he feared the ministrations of their unknown friend might not be effectual.

As the gentleman left the house, the doctor and Franz were entering the gate. To the surprise of the boy, the doctor removed his hat and made a deep bow, which was returned with courtesy.

"Frau Katherine, do you know whom you have had for a visitor?" brusquely inquired the physician of the widow, as he opened the door.

"A very kind gentleman, that is all I know," answered the poor woman. "He relieved my distress with some good liquor, though he says he is not a doctor. And he left a gift on the table, which was very kind. There it is, doctor,—near your hand."

The physician took a twenty-crown gold piece from the table and held it up to the eyes of the sick woman.

"Do you recognize that face, Frau Katherine?" he asked, turning the gold piece toward her.

"It is the same!" she cried, in astonishment. "Can it be possible?"

"You see it before your eyes," replied the doctor. "Your kind visitor—God bless him and grant him length of days!—was no other than our most charitable and beloved Emperor—Franz Joseph of Austria."

The Ups and Downs of Marjorie.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

VI.—Hillcrest.

The fierce grip of Jack Frost had loosened, and the snows had melted from Manor Hill. Already there was a faint touch of green in the meadows; the creek had broken from its icy fetters, and was foaming merrily down to the dam. And more than once Marjorie had discovered a little brown bird perched without her window, surveying the apple boughs below with an evident eye to early house-building. Everywhere there was the stir and flutter of awakening things—bird and tree and plant and stream,—as if old Mother Nature had flung off her white blanket for good, and roused herself from her winter nap.

Something of the joyous thrill of the coming spring was felt even in the quiet old manor, where there was a pleasant hum of preparation. The great parlor, unused through all the winter, had been opened; the floors had been waxed, the furniture polished, the big silver candlesticks rubbed until they shone like new.

Father James was coming to say the annual Mass at Manor Hill, as the priests from Sandy Point had come

for years too long to reckon; for "Talbots'," being fully fifteen miles from the nearest church, had been thus honored for generations. Not for the price of a new cathedral would good Father James slight these two old ladies, last of their loyal line.

So once more the big parlor was to be transformed into a chapel, the piano made into an altar, and all that was richest and most beautiful in this old Catholic home brought out to honor the greatest of guests. And, as always in the past, there was to be breakfast served afterward to all, old and young, rich and poor, white or black, who should come fasting to the Mass.

"I don't see how we can manage it this year," Miss Susan had said, doubtfully.

"We must, Susan dear,—we must, if we starve for weeks afterward," Miss Martha had answered, with a faint flush on her pale, thin cheek. "Let us do everything as usual,—everything as it has been done for more than a hundred years. It may be for the last time, I know,"—and the gentle voice trembled; "but let us have all things as they were in our mother's time, in our grandmother's,—in all the dear, blessed past."

So Miss Susan had baked and boiled in the kitchen until the pantry shelves fairly brimmed over with good things,—home-cured hams and home-raised chickens and homemade sausage; loaves of white bread and brown bread and gingerbread, doughnuts and cookies and apple pies.

Miss Martha in the meanwhile had laid aside all other work, and busied herself with more beautiful preparations; and Marjorie Mayne, tiptoe with delight and excitement, had been her eager little handmaid. Only Marjorie had seen the tears dropping from the dim eyes as Miss Martha unlocked the big chest in the attic, and drew out the yellowing lace and linen and hand-embroidered vestments, and the chalice that had been pressed to the lips of a martyred Talbot in a far-off past.

"For the last Mass!" the trembling lips whispered again and again, and only wondering little Marjorie caught the sounds,—"the last Mass at Manor Hill! I wish we had some flowers, Marjorie," Miss Martha spoke aloud to her little helper. "My mother always had rows of lilies in bloom. But all my house plants were touched by the frost. And now, dear, you must take these notes to our neighbors—the Croftons, Hills, and Lacys. You know the three houses straight down the road. Say that we shall have Mass at Manor Hill on Sunday, and we hope all will come as usual. Keep to the open road, child; and don't loiter, for you must be home before dark."

And, donning hat, jacket, and red mittens, Marjorie started out, blithely calling to her playmate as she went:

"Rex, Rex!"

"Rex dun gone, little Missy," said old Jeb, shuffling out from the barn where he was mending a broken plough. "Marse Bert cum 'long 'bout an hour ago and whistled him for a race to the mill."

And Marjorie was forced to take her trip alone down the road that wound past the old homes whose owners had been neighbors and friends of the Talbots for more than a hundred years. Everyone had a kind word for the little messenger. Old Mrs. Lacy brought her into the kitchen, where she was baking cookies, and filled her hands and pockets with the crisp hot cakes that only grandmothers can make; while Miss Betty Crofton brought out gingerbread and milk, as she plied the little visitor with anxious questions about Manor Hill; for bad weather and bad roads had kept these lifetime friends apart all winter.

"Oh, it's going to be beautiful,"

said Marjorie,—"almost like a real church! And Miss Martha is going to play on the little organ, just like Sister Seraphina does at St. Vincent's. And she wants everybody to come, because it may be the last Mass at Manor Hill."

"I am afraid it will," said Miss Betty, shaking her head sadly. "They can't keep up much longer with that old skinflint Asa Greene holding the mortgage, and Judge Rowe urging them to give up, and Martha in poor health as she is. Well, we will all come, child,—of course we'll come and see the last of it," concluded Miss Betty, with a cheerful sigh.

So Marjorie kept on her way wisely and well, as a little maid should, until she reached Hillcrest, where only Eveleen was at home, her mamma and sisters being off on a visit to grandmamma. Eveleen was just Marjorie's age, and for more than a fortnight had been shut up with a bad cold from all outdoor amusements.

With the bright sunbeams frolicking in the lawn, and the birds chirping in the box hedges of the garden, the strain was really becoming too much for Eveleen. She had exhausted all her Christmas toys and games; and, with her little freckled nose flattened on the window-pane, had been drearily looking out into the bright, free world for an hour or more, when she spied Marjorie coming up the garden path,—Marjorie with her red-brown curls flying in the breeze, and her eyes dancing merrily, a very spirit of life and mischief.

"It's the little girl from Talbots with a letter!" called Eveleen to her old nurse Rhody, who was stiff and lame. "I'll go get it," she said, bounding downstairs.

And Marjorie was welcomed as a delightful break in the long, tiresome day.

"Come in and rest," said Eveleen, hospitably. "You have had such a long walk!"

The big open door showed an inviting vista within. Hillcrest was the finest place in the country; and Eveleen, whom Marjorie had seen sometimes driving by Manor Hill wrapped in velvet and furs, was the first little girl she had met since New Year's. She was the "spiledest chile in all creation," according to old Nance, who had once been her nurse; and Marjorie scarcely expected such cordial consideration from her.

"Come up to my room," said the young lady of the house, as simple Marjorie stood quite dazed by the splendors of the open drawing-room, with its mirrors and draperies and pictures. "I've got a cold and can't stay down here. Mamma and Marian are out, so you can talk to me."

"It's only a note from Miss Talbot," said the little visitor, hastily. "She wants you all to come to the Mass at Manor Hill next Sunday. Oh, isn't this a beautiful house?" continued Marjorie, with a long-drawn breath of admiration. "Pictures everywhere, and pink roses all over the carpet, and—my goodness!" the little speaker recoiled before a full-length mirror, at sight of the small figure that confronted her therein. "Why, that's *me!*"

"Yes," replied Eveleen, staring. "Did you never see yourself before?"

"Never—big like that," said Marjorie, laughing at the rosy image that faced her. "Such a head! My! I look funny, don't I?"

"Yes," said Eveleen. "You ought to make Miss Talbot buy you a new hat. I wouldn't wear that old thing for anybody. I've got three feathers in mine, and a velvet coat trimmed with fur."

"I know," said Marjorie. "I've seen you often driving by Manor Hill, and you looked fine."

"And I got lots of things Christmas," Miss Eveleen went on, naturally pleased at so appreciative a listener: "a pearl

pin and a watch and a new muff, and a globe of gold fish."

"Gold fish!" echoed the other girl, prepared for any sort of glittering possessions in this boastful young lady. "Are they alive?"

"Alive? Of course! What a queer girl you are! Come up and I'll show them to you."

And Marjorie followed her hostess up the broad, polished stairs to a room that, to the simple little orphan of St. Vincent's, was a very dream of wonder and delight. The big, broad windows were draped in silk and lace; the soft rugs were of fur spotless as snow; the tiny toilet-table glittered with gold and silver and crystal things that Marjorie could not even name; while all around, on table and shelf and bookcase, were the treasures that love and wealth shower on the young lives they strive to bless,—books and games and costly toys; the gold fish darting hither and thither in their crystal prison; a yellow canary singing in his gilded cage; a white poodle curled up in a satin-lined basket; a French doll that could walk, stiffly, around the room, in a trailing gown of pink satin, waving a feathered fan. And "spiled" little Eveleen, who had grown tired of all these wonderful things, found a new pleasure and pride in Marjorie's honest bewilderment and delight.

"Oh, it's like a fairy tale!" said Marjorie, who had quite forgotten Manor Hill and the message and Miss Martha—everything, in this enchanted palace. "It's just as good as being a fairy queen."

"Yes," said Eveleen, quite charmed at such homage. "I can have everything I want,—everything! Come into the conservatory now," she added, as she led her visitor down the stairs into a great, crystal-domed room, where Marjorie stood absolutely speechless for a moment with wonder and admiration; for here was Fairyland indeed; here was Summer in all her beauty; here were palms waving and roses blooming, and vines trailing over trellis and wall. Here—the thought struck Marjorie in the midst of her bewildered delight—here were flowers,—flowers in plenty for the altar at Manor Hill! And Miss Martha wanted them so much,—kind Miss Martha, who was so sad, and cried so often when no one but Marjorie saw her, and who wanted all things beautiful for the last Mass at Manor Hill.

Marjorie found courage and voice.

"Oh, can I have some?" she asked appealingly of the queen who claimed all this as her own. "Can I have some of these beautiful flowers to take home with me? Miss Martha is so sorry because we have none for our altar for the last Mass at Manor Hill!"

Could she have flowers,—*flowers?* Miss Eveleen was fairly struck dumb for an instant by the effrontery of such a request. Flowers, that even Eveleen herself, "spiled" child that she was, was not allowed to touch! Only yesterday mamma had scolded her for picking a single rose,—for, outside of her own room, Miss Eveleen was only a very small princess, and stately mamma was the queen of Hillcrest.

But it was hard to lay down the sceptre she had been flourishing so proudly before Marjorie; hard to confess she could not give even a rosebud from this fairy realm. What a fuss there would be if—if—a naughty gleam flashed into Eveleen's grey eyes.

"Take all you want," she answered, hurriedly,—"all you want."

"Oh, how nice you are!" exclaimed Marjorie; and, needing no further bidding, she plunged into the fragrant depths around, and began to pluck bud and blossom with reckless hand.

Oh, how beautiful they were,—how beautiful! Red roses and white, and long rows of the spotless lilies Miss

Martha had longed for; and great, golden-hearted scarlet blossoms that Marjorie could not name; and trees of soft, feathery green towering over all. Nothing could be too beautiful or sweet for God's altar, as Sister Seraphina had always said, when she stripped the white rosebushes in St. Vincent's little garden of every bud for the Forty Hours'.

"Oh, how beautiful Manor Hill altar will look, and how pleased Miss Martha will be!" thought Marjorie, as, unconscious in her delight that naughty Eveleen had slipped off and left her alone, she snapped the long-stemmed lilies one after another, broke off the feathery palms and ferns, stripping the richest and rarest exotics of their brightest bloom.

She had just climbed up on a green bench to a blossom-laden orange tree, when a voice, thunderous as the "Beast's" in the fairy tale, made this poor little "Beauty" almost topple down.

"Ye murdherin' little thafe of the wurruld, what is it ye're doin' at all?"

And an awful-looking old man sprang out upon her,—an old man with bristling red hair and fiery eyes.

(To be continued.)

The Meaning of "Tale."

"Tale" is a simple little word, common enough in everyday speech, and apparently presenting no difficulty as to significance. Ask a clever boy or girl its meaning, and you will be told that a tale is a story, a fable, a legend, an anecdote, or a narrative. If the young person be *very* clever, you may receive the additional information that the phrase, "telling tales out of school," does not mean relating narratives or recounting stories so much as revealing secrets; and in all probability you will also learn that to be accused of "telling tales"—no mention being made of the inside or outside of school—is to be charged with lying.

None of these meanings, however, can be attributed to the word as it is used in the Bible, where it is said that the Israelites were compelled "to deliver their *tale of bricks*." So an old English author, Randolph, talks of "the lawyer that sells his words by weight and by tale." Milton, in the "Allegro," describing the pleasant sights of a country morning, declares:

> And every shepherd tells his tale
> Under the hawthorn in the vale.

Those of our young readers who have read one of the best of George Eliot's books, "The Mill on the Floss," may perhaps remember that, even in so modern a work as is that story, there occurs this sentence: "Now that Maggie's tale of visits to Aunt Glegg is completed, I mean that we shall go out boating every day until she goes." In each of these four quotations, "tale" retains its primary meaning—"number" or "count." Milton's shepherd is not supposed to be narrating stories, but counting his sheep; and Randolph's lawyer sells his words by weight and number.

This primary meaning of "tale" is preserved in the similar word "tally"; to keep tally is to count or number. And so in the expressions "untold gold" and "the sum twice-told," the idea of enumeration, not narrative, is the prominent one.

Abuse of Good Things.

The Latin saying, *Corruptio optimi pessima*—literally, "The corruption of the best possible is the worst possible,"—means that the better a thing is, the worse is its abuse. Shakespeare well expresses the idea in the concluding couplet of one of his sonnets:

> For fairest things grow foulest by foul deeds;
> Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

With Authors and Publishers.

—New volumes of the popular Saints Series are announced: St. Bernard, by the Comte d'Haussonville; St. John of God, by M. François Coppée; Ven. Père Eudes, by M. Ferdinand Brunetière; also the Curé d'Ars, St. Catherine of Siena, St. Philip Neri, St. Thomas à Becket, St. Gregory the Great, and St. Charles Borromeo.

—"History in Our Public Schools," by the Rev. Francis P. Donnelly, S. J., is a reprint from the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* (Oct., 1904). Father Donnelly's treatment of the subject is clever, and his exposé of the shortcomings of such histories as those of Professors Robinson, Andrews, and Emerton, is wholly admirable. The concluding remarks on the "Duty of Catholics" are an apt and practical inference from the preceding scholarly statements.

—The poet has told us that if we would "view fair Melrose aright," we should "visit it by the pale moonlight." The same might undoubtedly be said of the many shrines that overlook the River Shannon. Yet those who have never seen the River Shannon and its shrines either by moonlight or daylight, can glean some little knowledge of these historic spots from an interesting and well-written pamphlet published by the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland,—"The River Shannon and Its Shrines," by J. B. Cullen.

—The announcement is made that a translation of Haeckel's "The Wonders of Life" has been published in this country. The object of this book, according to its author, is "the construction of a rational and solid philosophy of life." In view of the adequate refutation of Haeckel's "Riddle of the Universe," by Father Gerard, S. J., it is not at all hazardous to predict that before many moons some Christian apologist will demonstrate that the German zoölogist's philosophy of life is far from being either rational or solid.

—The serious illness of Bishop Spalding will not prevent his annual contribution to modern thought. It is very gratifying to announce both a steady improvement in the Bishop's health and the early appearance of a new book from his pen. It is entitled "Religion and Art, and Other Essays," and will be issued about the 11th of March. Interest in the writings of Mgr. Spalding seems to be on the increase among thoughtful readers everywhere. The most popular of his books, by the way, is "Education and the Higher Life," of which as many as thirteen thousand copies have already been sold. Following is a complete list of the series in which this popular volume appears: "Glimpses of Truth," "Socialism and Labor," "Religion, Agnosticism, and Education," "Aphorisms and Reflections," "Education and the Higher Life," "Opportunity, and Other Essays and Addresses," "Thoughts and Theories of Life and Education," "Things of the Mind," "Means and Ends of Education," "Songs, chiefly from the German."

—Why should not newspapers and magazines, periodicals of every kind, in fact, have their place of publication and their specific character, weekly, monthly, or quarterly, prominently set forth in that part of the periodical where one naturally looks for such information? We have wasted during the past fortnight considerable time, and not a little patience, in the industrious quest of facts that should have stared us in the face as soon as we took the offending periodicals into our hands.

—From the English Catholic Truth Society we have received a new Life of St. Anthony of Padua, a translation of a manuscript—a brief but most interesting document—recently brought to light in the Municipal Library of Bordeaux. The author, Jean Rigauld, Friar Minor and Bishop of Tréguier, entered the Order shortly after the death of St. Anthony; and his chief source of information is the testimony of those who had lived with the Saint and who had been witnesses of his actions. The booklet is well printed and appropriately bound in brown linen. It is to be had also in paper covers.

—A biographical item that will probably prove of interest to a number of our readers in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick is given in the report of an address delivered recently before the Daughters of the Confederacy, in Baltimore, by James Ryder Randall. The author of the famous war-time lyric, "Maryland, My Maryland," stated that, at the time of writing the poem, he was a professor at Poydras College, Pointe Coupee, La.; and added that near by "was a settlement of Acadians, the people of Evangeline, from whom I am, in part, descended." Our French friends of Canada's maritime provinces are to be congratulated on their kinship with so celebrated a lyrist and so stanch a Catholic as Mr. Randall.

—In a communication to the London *Tablet* Dom Gasquet repudiates what purports to be an account of an informal talk given at the Dunwoodie Seminary during his visit to this country, an account which appeared in the New York *Sun* and was copied by many Catholic papers, the *Tablet* included. "The greater part of it," writes Dom Gasquet, "is certainly not what I

said at all; much is obviously contrary to fact, as all who know anything about the subject will see; and the rest is so distorted from what I did say as to make me think that some one has been perpetrating an American joke at my expense." The "joke" is rather at the expense of the papers that published the account. We are surprised that the *Tablet* should have been caught napping, but of some of our own Catholic papers it must be said that somnolency is their habitual condition.

—The Notre Dame University Press has issued, in appropriate form, the dissertation submitted to the faculty of philosophy of the Catholic University of Washington for the degree of Ph. D. by Michael M. F. Oswald, C. S. C. The purpose of this thesis is to show how closely Apollonius in his Argonautica reproduced the Homeric usages of the prepositions. The field of Greek roots has had many grubbers, but we doubt whether any of them have worked therein more industriously than Dr. Oswald. It is for philologists to estimate the worth of his labors,—to say if the contention is established that the story of the Argonauts reflects the diction of the Iliad and Odyssey. Typographically, the present publication is something of a curiosity.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"The First Days of Jesus." 15 cts.

"Principles of Sacred Eloquence." Rev. John Conway, O. P. 50 cts.

"The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass." Rev. Dr. Nicholas Gihr. $4.

"Pastoral Medicine." A. E. Sanford, M. D. $1.50.

"Rosa Mystica." Kenelm Digby Best. $6.

"The Life of St Teresa." $2.20.

"Teacher's Handbook to the Catechism." Rev. A. Urban. $4.50.

"The Middle Ages." Thomas J. Shahan, S. T. D. $2.20.

"The Soul's Orbit." M. D. Petre. $1.48.

"The Know-Nothing Party." Humphrey J. Desmond. $1.25.

"The Quest of John Chapman." Newell Dwight Hillis. $1.50.

"Shadows Lifted." Rev. J. E. Copus, S. J. 85 cts.

"Hurrell Froude." Louise Imogen Guiney. $3.

"The Christian Gentlewoman and the Social Apostolate." Katherine E. Conway. 50 cts.

"Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary." Count de Montalembert. $2.66.

"At the Deathbed of Darwinism." E. Dennert, Ph. D. 75 cts., net.

"The Gospel Applied to Our Times." Rev. D. S. Phelan. $2, net.

"Twenty-Nine Chats and One Scolding." Rev. Fred C. O'Neill. $1.25.

"The Lost Jewel of the Mortimers." Anna T. Sadlier. $1.

"The Gospel of the Childhood of Our Lord Jesus Christ." $1.25, net.

"Hereafter, or the Future Life." Rev. J. Laxenaire, D. D 30 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. P. H. Schaaf, of the archdiocese of Philadelphia; Rev. James Curry, diocese of Kansas City; Rev. John Kroeger, O. M. C.; and Rev. Thomas Smyth.

Sister Mary of St. Devota, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister Mary Bertha, Daughters of Charity; and Sister M. Celeste, O. S. D.

Mr. Henry Weckman, of Canton, Ohio; Mr. William Bell, N. Cambridge, Mass.; Miss Mary Hyland, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Miss Eugénie Uhlrich, New York, N. Y.; Miss Agnes Brown, Rockford, Ill.; Mr. John Dolan, Peoria, Ill.; Mrs. Mary Flanagan, St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. Nicholas Noirot, Hickville, Ohio; Mrs. Joseph Pate and Mrs. Margaret Corbett, Baltimore, Md.; Mr. Bryan O'Donnell, Elmira, N. Y.; Mr. John Rich, Fremont, Ohio; Mr. Frank Preto, Warren, Ohio; Mrs. J. Reidy, Mrs. Mary Cooney, and Mrs. Mary Downey, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. George Gordon, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Mrs. Margaret Keegan, Oakland, Cal.; Mr. Philip Weber and Mr. Louis Vogel, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Bridget Leonard, Mrs. Johanna Jennings, and Mrs. Bridget McNamara, Scranton, Pa.; Mr. Matthew Holfelder and Mr. David Stanton, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mr. Patrick Curran, Mr. William Shanley, and Mary McGuinness, New Haven, Conn.; Mrs. James Lee and Mrs. Mary Sweet, Willimantic, Conn.; Mr. John Carroll, Winsted, Conn.; John and Bartholomew Donoghue, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. Hannah Ward, Cambridge, Mass.; Mrs. Margaret Watson, Dunkirk, N. Y.; and Mr. Joseph Ambrose, Geddes, S. Dakota.

Requiescant in pace!

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN
HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LX. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 18, 1905. NO. 7.

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The Shadows.

WHILE Mary in the Temple grew
In wisdom and in grace,
Her gentle fingers swiftly learned
The loveliest flowers to trace.

And fairest blossoms bloomed for her
In shining warp and woof,
Their fragrance wooing e'en the doves
From out the Temple roof.

But best of all she loved to paint
In silks of Tyrian dye
The cross and crown that, clearly traced,
In passion flowers lie.

Ah! Mary, even in thy youth
The shadows touched thy heart,
And with the fairest flowers of life
The sharp thorns had a part.

* * *

Washington's Religion Again.

BY WILLIAM F. CARNE.

IT is annoying to the lover of truth to see, as the years roll on, how the idle talk of a gossiping hour adds, by mistake or otherwise, incidents that never occurred to the printed stories of Washington's life; the more so that the Great Chief has striven, by voluminous diaries, letters, and notes, to let posterity know him as he was.

So prevalent has this obscuration of the truth of history become that it excites, on the 22d of February and thereabouts, the merriment of the newspapers. Last year the Petersburg (Va.) *Index-Appeal* was jocose after this fashion: "It is hardly conceivable that George Washington could have remained the richest man in America had he paid rent for all the church pews accredited to him. Scarcely a village that had a church in his day but points with pride now to the Washington family pew."

It is a well-known fact that the genuine Washington pew in Christ Church, Alexandria, Virginia, pays a higher rent than any other pew in the world; the fees from visitors to it from all portions of the civilized world rising into thousands of dollars annually. From this pew Mrs. Washington often approached the communion table of the Episcopal Church. And the Great Chief often sat there, reverently attending the ordinary services; but he never went from that pew to the communion table.

Not at all jocose, but serious indeed, is the Rev. Epiphalet Nott Potter, of Geneva, New York, in declaring in a brochure* that "if the prayer-books Washington used could be collected, the association would make them priceless." It is not understood that Dr. Potter refers to the prayer-books found in various Episcopal churches and said to have been written by Washington. These prayer-books have recently been the subject, in Washington, of a

* "Washington in His Library and Life." By the Rev Epiphalet Nott Potter, D. D., L. H. D., LL. D., D. C. L., President of Hobart College and Lecturer on Civics. New York: E. & J. B. Young & Co.

newspaper controversy which came apparently very near to settling the question whether Washington was an evangelical Christian; but in the end left the controversy in a most unsatisfactory condition.

THE AVE MARIA of February 24, 1900, mentioned, among "The Washington Myths," a book of family prayers in Washington's own handwriting. The existence of this book was cited, in proof of Washington's devotional character, in a contribution to the Washington *Post*, in July, 1903. Thereupon Mr. W. A. Croffut, a well-known journalist, denied that such a production of the pen of Washington ever existed, and said: "Gentlemen rectors, produce the volume, . . . bring on the book." Although nearly two years have since elapsed, the book has not been produced.*

There was, indeed, published some time ago, as a pecuniary venture, a pamphlet made up of what was alleged to be a facsimile of a MS. in Washington's handwriting, called "Prayers for Family and Private Use"; but if the so-called facsimile has an original, the original has never been brought to light. So the proof through the prayer-book has failed.

The dreamings of the Rev. Mason L. Weems, in 1808,† about Washington's religion were long ago set aside by all critics. Since then—from the Rev. Albert Barnes,‡ who in 1840 collated all the evidence in favor of Washington's piety, to the Rev. Dr. E. N. Potter, who in 1895 maintained the same theory mostly from his inner consciousness,—there have been many writers on the subject, none of whom added any fact to the testimony.

The question of Washington's religion will, it is now certain, never receive a definite and conclusive answer. Once the Episcopalians had him, in some form or other, all to themselves;* but in late years the Baptists have claimed him as immersed. In the last week of September, 1902, Pastor W. A. Oldham, of the Christian (Campbellite) Church at Holton, Kansas, sent to the Kansas City journal a letter from Gen. R. M. Gano, as follows:

General Washington was immersed during the Revolutionary War by my great-grandfather, John Gano, a Baptist minister. He never became a Baptist, but asked John Gano to immerse him, stating that he believed that to be the only baptism taught in the New Testament. He did not want the army called out or any parade made, so he was immersed in the presence of about forty-two witnesses, all of whom are now dead. One of the witnesses was old Uncle Daniel Gano, the oldest son of the minister John Gano, who was captain of artillery at the time. I talked with him and stayed at his house all night, when I was ten years old, in 1840. My father, John Allen Gano, baptized old Uncle Daniel Gano when he was about eighty-six years old, and he died at about ninety-four. My father, older sisters, Mary Buckner, Margaret Ewing, and Cornelia Henry, saw their grandfather who immersed Washington, and talked with him about it. A family named Beale in Virginia—a Baptist family—have the tradition in their family.

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* During the controversy the writer made the following fair suggestion:

EDITOR *Post*:—The *Post* deserves general thanks for bringing the vexed question of Gen. Washington's religion within easy range of an answer.... Why not have the book [of prayers] examined by three experts? Their report would answer the vexed question.

WM. F. CARNE.

† See "Life of George Washington. By M. L. Weems, formerly Rector of Mount Vernon Parish." Philadelphia: Printed for Matthew Carey. 1809.

‡ *The Evergreen*, a monthly magazine, Vol. I., p. 17, 1840. New York: J. Winchester, publisher.

* The Episcopalians are commemorating by the erection of handsome churches, the very faintest of traditions concerning Washington as a saint. Last June, near Valley Forge, the press mentioned this item:

An incident filled with sentimental interest was the laying of the corner-stone of Washington Memorial Chapel, at Star Redoubt, on the road to Port Kennedy, about a mile from Washington's headquarters. Tradition says that when the sufferings of the patriots at Valley Forge were greatest, a Quaker found Washington kneeling in a lonely thicket among the hills, and deep in prayer. The idea of commemorating this event by the erection of the memorial chapel originated with the Rev Herbert Burk, rector of All Saints' Protestant Episcopal Church, Norristown....The corner-stone was laid by Bishop Ozi W. Whitaker, of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

In Hosack's Life of De Witt Clinton it is stated that Washington partook of the Lord's Supper in connection with the Presbyterian church (near Morristown, N. Y.), at the hand of its pastor, the Rev. Dr. Johnes. We well remember seeing, many years ago, a published statement that Gen. Washington was at heart a Catholic, and always had a picture of the Blessed Virgin at the head of his bed. Mr. W. A. Croffut alleges in the *Post*, published at the nation's capital, that "Gouverneur Morris told Jefferson that Washington was an atheist."

Whether Washington ever received the Communion of the sects is a vexed question. That he was not a communicant during the last thirty years of his life is certain. The most notable, indeed the only, testimony that he ever approached the communion table at any time comes by hearsay to Mrs. Nellie Custis Lewis, the granddaughter of Mrs. George Washington and of Benedict Calvert of Maryland. She gives this as Washington's custom in church while he was President of the United States: "My grandmother always knelt. The General, as was the custom, stood during the devotional parts of the service. On communion Sundays he left the church with me after the blessing, and we sent the carriage back for grandmother.... I have heard my mother [Mrs. Custis No. 3*] say that Gen. Washington always received the sacrament with my grandmother before the Revolution." This is the nearest to evidence we can get, and it is at least worthy an examination.

Dr. Potter brings forward Mrs. Custis No. 3 as follows: "While at Mount Vernon with Mrs. Washington, one of the family, an eyewitness, declared that 'he always received the sacrament.'" As Mrs. Custis No. 3 came to Mount Vernon after her marriage in February, 1774, and Gen. Washington left for Boston to take command of the army June 20, 1775, and was afterward absent, the whole time during which Mrs. Custis No. 3 could have been an eyewitness is limited to fifteen months. During these fifteen months Washington was often absent from Mount Vernon. Early in May, 1774, he left for Williamsburg, and was occupied there until the 20th of June, with the social life of balls, receptions, races, etc., which welcomed the new governor, Lord Dunmore, and his lady; and likewise with the political measures which opposed Dunmore's policy.

On his return to Mount Vernon, the General was busy forwarding the Articles of Association against the use of British goods; and presided in Alexandria at the Fairfax county meeting which resolved "if Boston submits we will not," and begun the American Revolution. In August he went again to Williamsburg and participated in the General Convention of Virginia, which elected him a delegate to the Congress of the States at Philadelphia. He was absent at that Congress for fifty-one days, and did not return to Virginia until late in the autumn. During the winter he was active in drilling troops for the patriot cause; and in March, 1775, he attended at Richmond the convention at which Patrick Henry declared "we must fight." Soon after that convention the Great Chief left for Boston; and in the fifteen months during which Mrs. Custis No. 3 was an eyewitness of his conduct, it is safe to say that Washington was not at Mount Vernon during ten months.

If, however, Washington ever received the sacrament, it is probable he did so at some time during these fifteen

* We have called Mrs. Custis, *née* Calvert, Mrs. Custis No. 3, because there are five matrons of that name prominent in the Washington amily.

months. At the deathbed of "Patcy" Custis, June 19, 1773, he was overcome by his anguish and prayed fervently for her recovery. After her death he seemed for a while more nearly religious than ever before or afterward; and when, in 1774, the Convention of Virginia set apart the 1st of May as a day of fasting and prayer on account of the passage of the Boston Port Bill, he records in his journal that he "fasted all day."

The Great Chief, it is certain, was a baptized Christian: his father's Bible records his christening; but he was not a member of the Visible Church. Protestantism exercised no more influence upon Washington in the eighteenth century than did Catholicity upon Belisarius in the fourth. To both the Church seemed only a valuable ally of the State. All the evidence which has been developed since the twentieth century begun has strengthened the statement made in THE AVE MARIA of February 24, 1900, that Washington's religion was the [American] Masonic religion: the determination "to meet upon the level and part upon the square,"—i. e., to do equal and exact justice to all men.

Recent writers do not agree with Dr. Barnes and Dr. Potter. The Rev. E. D. Neill, in the *Episcopal Recorder*, declares that Washington and his wife were regular attendants upon his ministry while residing in Philadelphia. "The President was not a communicant, notwithstanding all the pretty stories to the contrary; and, after the close of the sermon on sacramental Sundays, had fallen into the habit of retiring from the church, while his wife remained and communed. Upon one occasion Dr. Abercrombie alluded to the unhappy tendency of the example of those dignified by age and position turning their backs upon the celebration of the Lord's Supper. The discourse arrested the attention of Washington, and after that he never came to church with his wife on communion Sunday. Dr. Abercrombie, in a letter which appears in the fifth volume of Sprague's 'Annals of the American Pulpit,' mentions that he [Washington] did not find fault with the sermon, but respected the preacher for his moral courage."

In an article on Washington's spiritual side, contributed recently to one of the popular magazines, Gen. A. W. Greely, U. S. A., says:

> What Washington really believed as to the fundamental truths of Christianity, or as to nonessentials on which so many sectarian issues have been raised, can not be definitely stated. He inherited the Episcopal form of faith by baptism, and throughout his life took an active part as a vestryman of that church. But even if he was ever confirmed in its faith, there is no reliable evidence that he ever took Communion with it or with any other church....
>
> As to the Sabbath, he conformed to the local Virginia habits. After service the day was largely given to riding, visiting, dining, and to those innocent amusements and gatherings that many then believed to be essential safeguards of a community. From his childhood he travelled on Sunday whenever occasion required. He considered it proper for his Negroes to fish, and on that day made at least one contract. During his official busy life Sunday was largely given to his home correspondence, being, as he says, the most convenient day in which to spare time from his public burdens to look after his impaired fortune and estates.

"YOU need but to take away"—thus writes the devout Abbot Rupert—"the daily commemoration of our Saviour's death in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass from the worship of the faithful, and you will soon perceive of what use it was. All that is now kept in constant and lively remembrance in the Christian Church would fall out of mind; charity would grow cold, faith would grow dull, hope would begin to waver; for then the blood shed by Jesus Christ, the innocent Abel, would no longer cry daily to Heaven in propitiation for the sins of mankind."

Young Mr. Bretherton.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

VII.—Miss Tabitha is Shocked.

NEXT morning Miss Tabitha made a careful toilet, having arranged to accompany her niece upon a shopping excursion. She was ready first, and stood in the porch, drawing on her Lisle-thread gloves with careful precision. There was, perhaps, a slight access of stateliness in her deportment, a dignity which was due to her cordial relations with young Mr. Bretherton and the visit which she had received from a live lord. She could not, for the life of her, help feeling elated at these circumstances, which elevated her so considerably above the common herd.

Suddenly the lady was hailed by her loquacious neighbor, Jesse Craft:

"Good-mornin' to you, Miss Brown!"

"Good-morning, Mr. Craft!"

"I see the bus comin' to your door yesterday evenin'," Jesse Craft went on, with cheerful friendliness.

"Yes, it came," Miss Tabitha replied, smoothing the thumb of her glove.

"Brought your niece home again to you. When I seen the young man helpin' her out of the bus, says I to myself, 'Jesse Craft, the young girl next door has gone and got married unbeknownst to her aunt.'"

"You are altogether mistaken!" Miss Tabitha cried hastily, discontinuing the work upon her glove, and opening her parasol with a snap as if it were a weapon of aggression.

"So I calculated, by usin' my ears for a spell," Jesse replied. "I caught on, as the sayin' is. The young man was a lord spoonin' round, I take it, after your niece,—seein' to the luggage and all that. I know the game. Yes, ma'am; and Jesse Craft, old hulk as you see him now, has had a hand in it, too. Well, as I was sayin', Miss Brown, he was castin' sheep's eyes at the girl, and he was powerful scared of you. He seems to be a good feller, though I don't hold much to lords and such like. Let them stay in their own country and in the halls of Parlyment, where they belong. Then the other young man, he chips in; he's kinder cute, d'ye see, bein' the son of a bright man like the Governor, and—"

Jesse might have gone on indefinitely, undeterred by the glare in Miss Tabitha's eye by which she sought to transfix him, had not Leonora appeared and created a diversion.

"Good-mornin' Miss!" cried Jesse. "There you be, fresh as a posy,—a real bloomin' rose. Jesse Craft knows one when he sees it, battered old hulk though he be. I was just talkin' to your aunt about your beaus. She don't hold much with beaus, Miss Tabithy don't." (And the profane wretch gave a wink at Leonora, while he pursued the current of conversation.) "I guess she's forgotten what they're like, Miss Tabithy has. But, anyway, as I was sayin', that English Johnny you've got hold of seems to be a good sort of chap, though he wears a suit of clothes that I don't specially admire. As for the Governor's son, he's the kind of feller that suits me."

Here Leonora broke into one of her ringing, unrestrained laughs, the humor of the situation appealed to her so forcibly; and she whispered to Miss Tabitha:

"O aunt, the awful majesty of your look and the awful unconsciousness of the said Jesse Craft!"

"You've got a real good laugh, sich as I like to hear," went on the neighbor. "But I was referrin' to young Mr. Bretherton. I heard him tellin' your aunt how you and he scrapped over a sunflower, and how he gave you the seeds to make up peace. I just sat and laughed to myself on my doorstep. He's real entertainin', he is."

LIBRARY

Ever so faint a touch of color came into Leonora's face as she listened. That picture, which it appeared Jim Bretherton had been conjuring up, was present to her mind distinctly. She could recall the fragrance of the flowers growing around the two children upon that far-off day, and see before her the brown and yellow disk in the boy's hand; and the gap in the careful row of sunflowers, which had ever since remained, and through which the talkative neighbor was just then thrusting his head.

"But," said Jesse Craft, taking his clay pipe from his mouth and waving it toward the girl, in warning, "don't you be settin' your heart on any of them 'big bugs.' When you think of marryin'—and you've got time enough to consider—just come to Jesse Craft and he'll point out the sort of young feller that will make you happy. 'Tain't any use, my dear, lookin' up too high. A violet can't live the life of a hollyhock. Lowly it was born and lowly it flourishes."

Now, this concluding oration of the philosopher filled Miss Tabitha with greater indignation than anything that had come before, because it voiced her own misgivings. Moreover, it had the effect of momentarily banishing the smile from Leonora's fair face and leaving a hint of sadness there instead. The girl held up her head very high, however, and spoke in that voice of hers, so silvery sweet that it might have been learned from a bird in the treetops.

"Thank you ever so much for your warning!" she said. "It will probably be long before I think of marrying; but when that time comes I will do very well to take your advice. You are as wise, I am sure, as those old oak trees in which the wind is murmuring. Only I shall do, after all, precisely what I am destined to do."

This speech, spoken so softly and prettily, very much gratified the old man; though it puzzled him, too. He withdrew from the gap in the sunflowers, and watched the aunt and niece go down the little path and out at the gate. Having scratched his head in a doubting way, he hobbled back to his doorstep.

Scarcely had Miss Tabitha got clear of the gate when she began:

"Intolerable old vulgarian! It is dreadful to have him so near us."

"Poor Jesse Craft!" said Leonora Chandler, with a sigh. "He only puts into words what the trees and the grasses and the birds—the unspoken wisdom of Nature—is teaching us, and we don't get angry with them."

Miss Tabitha, who did not always understand her niece, and thought her fanciful at times, answered with some asperity:

"I don't see how you keep your patience with such a creature. He's always intruding; he admits, himself, that he listens to what goes on in our premises. To think of his intolerable presumption in venturing to address you as he did, merely because young Mr. Bretherton pays us an afternoon visit, and a gentleman happens to escort you upon a railway journey!" Miss Tabitha, pausing an instant to get her breath, resumed with increased asperity: "You must really be very reserved with him, Leonora, and merely say 'Good-evening' or 'Good-morning.' He will get worse and worse if you encourage him."

"Poor Jesse Craft!" repeated the girl, stroking with her delicate fingers, as if it were something human, a flower which she had plucked.

"Only that it has always been my axiom to be on good terms with all neighbors," said the irate aunt, "I should take some means of offending him,—I positively should."

"It would be difficult enough to offend Jesse Craft," laughed the niece,

"Well, I would find some way to make him discontinue his impertinent intrusion," persisted Miss Tabitha.

"Does it matter so very much?" inquired Leonora. "This is a glorious world, and why should we keep watching the gnats and flies instead of the sun and stars?"

"You are a strange girl," answered Miss Tabitha, glancing half resentfully at her niece. "But here we are at Jackson's store, and I want to order some groceries."

"Have you got enough money, aunt?" asked the niece, opening her pocket-book. "You know I am quite wealthy now."

"I have all I want for the moment," responded Miss Tabitha. "Thank you very much, my dear!"

They arrived, just then, at the door of the shop, and perceived young Mr. Bretherton swinging upon a high office stool and talking animatedly to half a dozen rustic youths. Prominent among them were Reuben Jackson and Tommy Briggs, the latter having been sent thither on an errand from Stubbs & Co., and lingering, nothing loath, after his errand had been accomplished. Smith Jackson himself leaned over the counter, his rubicund face aglow with interest.

Miss Tabitha, recognizing the young friend whose exclusive acquaintance she had for a time enjoyed, was conscious of a shock at seeing his father's son and his uncle's nephew and his grandmother's grandson thus on familiar terms with what she indignantly designated the riffraff of the town. Times, indeed, had changed, and manners with them. In Miss Tabitha's opinion, there was not a Bretherton among them who would not have arisen from the grave, were such resurrection possible, to protest against the indignity. It would have appalled Madam Bretherton of aristocratic memory, and have convinced her that some such catastrophe as the French Revolution was imminent in Millbrook.

The question under discussion was one of sport, and, as such, altogether unintelligible to the mistress of Rose Cottage, who could make nothing of pitchers and catchers, clean balls and home runs, hits and throws, balks and wild pitches, even when this strange jargon was uttered in the clear-cut, gentlemanly tones of young Mr. Bretherton himself. For a baseball contest was approaching, in which the Governor's son declared his willingness to take part; admitting, however, his greater proficiency in football or cricket. For the two latter games he also proffered the services of a friend of his who was in town just then.

Miss Tabitha's horror reached a climax at the idea of Lord Aylward engaging in a contest with Tommy Briggs. The good lady could bear no more, and advanced majestically into the store, trailing her silken petticoats with an air.

Leonora preferred to wait outside. She walked up and down in familiar conversation with the Jacksons' dog, a brown and white spaniel. He wagged his tail at her, and raised his ears, and fixed his eyes upon her face, in evident appreciation of her desire to communicate with him, and a corresponding anxiety on his part to reciprocate.

Young Mr. Bretherton promptly jumped down from the stool and took off his hat to Miss Tabitha, greeting her with cordiality, and offering her his place at the counter. The eager sportsmen of a moment before, most of whom were known to the elder lady, gave various sheepish marks of recognition, and, retiring to the back of the store, continued their conversation in a subdued tone.

Reuben Jackson and Tommy Briggs, having discovered the presence of Miss Chandler without, communicated the fact to each other by inarticulate signs,

watching discreetly from the window.

Young Mr. Bretherton, having become cognizant of the same fact through the same medium, the shop window, left Miss Tabitha absorbed in her grocery list—which Smith Jackson, with cheerful alacrity, noted down in his order book,—and sauntered forth to the sidewalk. There he found Leonora still engaged with her shaggy, four-footed acquaintance.

"Good-morning, Miss Chandler!" the young man said, pleasantly.

"Good-morning, Mr. Bretherton!" responded the girl, giving him a single glance of greeting and again directing her attention to the spaniel, who was playing with the tassel of her parasol. "Have you settled all about your baseball match?"

"Oh, no! It will take half a dozen meetings for that. I want to get up a football team as well. Aylward plays a splendid game. He's a capital sport."

"I wonder what we poor women have in compensation for sport?" Leonora asked, making the spaniel jump still higher, only to fall to earth with a howl of disappointment, and to make a new and fiercer onslaught upon the parasol.

"Many things, I should say," replied Jim Bretherton. "But your games are fought out on other fields, and I'm afraid your playthings are very often what old rhymers call 'the hearts of men.'"

"Hearts would be so unsatisfactory, so intangible," argued Leonora; "there wouldn't be half so much excitement as in a game where one could see all the moves."

"Would there not?" inquired Jim.

"No. And, then, you have other things besides athletics. You have fox-hunting and deer-stalking,—not to speak of the big game far off in the wilds."

"Well, you have forever the same substitute—men, men, always men."

"Sameness is monotonous."

"For some of your sex, I should fancy there might be infinite variety."

"Possibly,—oh, do look at that spaniel, Mr. Bretherton! Isn't he the dearest thing? And see how hard he tries to get that tassel! I would give it to you—yes, I would, you poor old fellow!—if it were of the slightest use to you."

She bent and caressed the spaniel with her long, slim fingers, smoothing his shining hair, till the dog seemed quite reconciled to his recent failure, and wagged his tail gratefully.

"You've cajoled him,—successfully cajoled him from his purpose," laughed Jim Bretherton. "Poor little beggar, he looks so happy and contented over it!"

"Yes, he's a philosopher,—a woolly philosopher," Leonora assented; adding presently, with a very slight change of tone: "How is Lord Aylward this morning?"

"Oh, he's in splendid condition! He's gone off with my father to have a look at the farm."

"So the change of air agrees with him? He used to complain of the heat, and I always told him he was afraid of being stuck in Jersey mud."

"You met him in Jersey, then?" he inquired, with some curiosity.

"Why, yes! Didn't he tell you? He came to visit some people I was staying with in the Orange Mountains. I was companion there to my cousin, Mrs. Brentwood."

"So Miss Tabitha mentioned, but Aylward did not say where you and he had met."

"We had a very pleasant summer," Leonora went on, reminiscently.

Jim Bretherton wondered if Lord Aylward had been there *all* summer, but he did not like to ask. Miss Chandler, however, soon volunteered the information.

"Lord Aylward came in June and stayed on and on. The country is perfectly lovely thereabouts, and he seemed to enjoy it very much."

"I'm quite sure of that," replied Jim Bretherton, rather lamely; and then there was a pause.

"You have come back since I left?" Leonora resumed presently.

"Yes, I suppose I shall be here for good and all now."

"Well," said the girl, "Millbrook is a dear old place; and you might be worse off, you know."

She absently stroked the spaniel, who continued to jump about her, as if anxious to attract her attention.

"Millbrook certainly has its advantages," he agreed; but his tone was not enthusiastic, and Leonora laughed.

"Resignation is a virtue!" she said; "and your family have long had to submit to Millbrook."

"That is what your aunt told me. She said three generations had lived here and had not complained."

"Which remark might be more fitly addressed to a hill or to a tree," Leonora said. "For I suppose each generation of men must live their own life, form their own ties, and love or hate as they may."

She spoke thus with a certain poise and gravity, which was contradicted by the extreme youthfulness of her appearance; and Bretherton observed:

"You are a strange girl—if you will forgive my saying so."

"Why am I strange?" she asked, turning her eyes full upon the young man,—a movement which gave him an odd sensation and deprived him somewhat of his admirable self-possession.

"Oh, well, I can't exactly explain!" he replied. "But you don't talk like most of the women I've met."

"I'm not of the Bretherton circle, you see," she said calmly; and the young man could have bitten out his tongue for that unlucky remark. He felt a certain resentment against this girl, who seemed to be constantly putting him in the wrong.

"I merely meant that you had an original way of looking at things," he explained.

"No doubt that comes of having to look at things at all,—of having to think," she answered gravely, giving her attention once more to the spaniel.

The animal leaped and jumped more obtrusively than ever, so that Mr. Bretherton felt very much like saying, "Down, cursed beast,—down!" He refrained, however; and Miss Tabitha's coming forth just then terminated an interview which somehow left the future master of the Manor in a slightly irritated mood.

Leonora Chandler seemed to put him completely out of the question, so far as any personal interest on her part was concerned. She almost gave the impression that he was in some sense trivial, and occupied only with what, in her eyes, was desultory and unimportant. Those lovely eyes even while looking at him were filled with a peculiar dreaminess, as if her thoughts were absent or concerned with other matters.

Young Mr. Bretherton did not offer to accompany the two ladies, as he would have done if Miss Tabitha had been alone; but, instead, bade them a somewhat formal "Good-morning." Leonora smiled at him her careless, abstracted smile. She parted more effusively from the dog, whom she adjured by every flattering epithet to remain at his post, guarding the premises of Smith Jackson, and by no means to follow her down the street. When she had gone a few yards, however, she turned again and called out to Jim Bretherton:

"Be sure to bring Lord Aylward over to tea at the Cottage,—I mean old-fashioned high tea!"

"When may we come?" cried the

young man, forgetting his dignity and his recent grievance.

"Oh," said Leonora, with a laughing glance at Miss Tabitha, "that is my aunt's affair!"

"A Bretherton is always welcome at Rose Cottage," Miss Tabitha declared, majestically; "and I shall feel honored if you and Lord Alyward will give us the pleasure of your company at half-past six this evening."

"Unless Lord Aylward has made some other engagement," added Leonora.

"Oh, no! I can answer for him," said Jim Bretherton, eagerly. "We shall be there on time. And thanks very much, Miss Tabitha, for your kind invitation!"

As he walked away, he said to himself:

"I fancy in this affair I am merely the A. D. C. in waiting,—only that and nothing more."

Miss Tabitha was at the same instant confiding to her niece that she would like to have had a little more time to receive a Bretherton in proper style.

"We shall all have to put our shoulder to the wheel for the mighty task," laughed Leonora; "and we shall have to impress Mary Jane, if we can, with a due sense of her responsibilities."

"I assure you dear, it's no laughing matter," said the aunt, severely; "and we had better go straight home now and get to work. The silver will have to be cleaned, and the best china got out and wiped over, and the whole place tidied."

"Why, it looks as clean as a new pin!" objected Leonora.

"Still, it has to be put in order; and some cooking will have to be done, and the fruit picked. Living away as you have been doing amongst rich people, you don't realize what it means to entertain company."

"No, I suppose not," agreed Leonora; "and, indeed, it's scarcely worth while. "It was thoughtless of me to ask the two men, who could very well have dined at the Manor and come over after."

"Oh, I am very glad you asked them!" hastily corrected the aunt, who was a hospitable soul, and was, moreover, delighted at the prospect of entertaining two such visitors.

As they were yet speaking Eben Knox, the manager of the mill, passed them in a manner which suggested that he had been walking close behind them. He slowly raised his hat, letting his hollow eyes rest an instant on Leonora, and then fixing them upon Miss Tabitha. They were full of a portentous anger, and a significance which the elder lady all too well understood. She cowered and shrank away as if he had struck her, and Leonora shivered slightly.

"What a singular-looking person that Eben Knox has got to be?" she remarked, when the man had passed out of earshot. "I think he carries the damp of his house about with him. The very sight of him gives one a chill."

"O my dear, he's a terrible man!" said Aunt Tabitha, in a low, troubled voice. "I fear him very much."

"Fear him!" echoed Leonora, in astonishment. "Why, what harm can he possibly do? You surely don't believe all those old stories about him and his housekeeper?"

"Oh, no, it isn't that, dear! And there's no use talking about him."

She relapsed into silence, which she presently broke to observe, inconsistently enough:

"I wonder what brings him out of the mill at this time in the forenoon?"

"Business, I suppose," suggested Leonora. "But I thought we were not to talk about him, and certainly there are pleasanter subjects."

Miss Tabitha sighed, and, as they had just then reached the gate, entered

the hitherto tranquil precincts of Rose Cottage with a mind disturbed by conflicting emotions. She was presently absorbed, however, in those preparations which, as every housekeeper knows, are not to be despised, especially when one's only domestic dependence is on an inefficient maid-of-all-work.

(To be continued.)

The Irish Mother's Song.

TAKE me back to Erin,
Let me live in Erin,
Where peace is all the day;
Where the kind old neighbors,
Friends in joys and labors,
Live in the good old way.
There is no fortune-making;
There no hearts are breaking,
Home and friends forsaking
For the love of gold;
But there's rest in Erin,
Love to-day in Erin,
As in the days of old.

Take me to my own land
From this grand but lone land,
Though kindly to the Gael;
For I love each valley,
Homestead, field, and alley,
In distant Innisfail.
Oft I see, in dreaming,
Golden sunshine streaming
On rich harvests, teeming
With the bending grain;
And I hear the singing,
And the laughter ringing
Through all the simple plain.

"Where in Erin, mother,
Is one spot or other
That still you love the best?"
Hear me, O my daughter!
'Cross the rolling water
I love Killarney best.
Mountain, vale, and river,
Glorious lakes forever!
These old eyes have never
Seen the likes out West;
And in all my groping,
There have I been hoping
To lay me down to rest.

R. O'K.

Essentials and Nonessentials of the Catholic Religion.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

VIII.—What are Catholics Bound to Practise?

THE Catholic Church is acknowledged by her children as their infallible guide, not only in matters of belief but in conduct also. And, indeed, since belief is for the sake of conduct, and directed to conduct, we should expect that the religious society which teaches the truth should also point the way to right living.

So it is with the Catholic Church: the truths which she proclaims are saving truths, not addressed merely to the intellect but also to the heart and will. It is one of the signs of her divine origin that she satisfies both heart and mind,—confirming, developing, and completing that instinctive teaching of man's understanding and conscience which we usually speak of under the name of natural religion—the revelation of divine truth and law written on the heart of man. All truth has a value in itself, and is admirable for its own sake; but religious truth has always a practical, not simply a speculative, value; and he only profits rightly by the heritage of divine revelation who strives to make it bear upon his life. It is the constant endeavor of the Church to aid us in doing this. Hence, recognizing that true religion is a right life moulded upon true beliefs, from her speculative doctrines she draws practical conclusions,—that is, she instructs the understanding in order to guide the will; and in this work she is infallibly preserved from error by the spirit of her Master, who is not only the Truth, but the Way and the Life.

From what the Church teaches us about God, then, and about our relations to Him, there follow certain duties

which we owe to Him. These are summed up in the twofold obligation of worship and service. Thus much of his duties man might have learned without a church; but the Church, having been formed by the Son of God to continue His work of evangelization, tells us in His name what worship and what service we are to render, and how. Moreover, as God's accredited representative, she claims a service and obedience due to herself,—or, rather, due to Him in her. Above all, preaching the doctrine of her divine Founder, she tells us that both worship and service are to take their rise in, and be permeated through and through by, love of God.

Thus her primary message to mankind is, "Worship God and do His will for love of Him"; and she provides ways and means of doing this which she has learned from Jesus Christ, and the Holy Spirit who dwells within her. Vested with divinely granted authority, and guided into all truth by the Spirit of Truth, she is able to particularize this general precept, and has power to impose such regulations upon the consciences of her children as she knows to be conducive to its due observance. Hence her code of morality, and those laws which we know as the Precepts of the Church. In these two is comprised all that Catholics are bound to practise.

Of the Church's code of morality it is not my intention to treat. Based on the Ten Commandments, it would be generally acknowledged as binding upon Christians by those for whom I write. Nor is it necessary here to refute oft-refuted calumnies, such as the old lie that the Church advocates the doing of evil that good may come, or teaches that the end justifies the evil means, or that lying is allowable. I shall confine myself in this paper to those distinctively Catholic practices which the Church enjoins as necessary to that good life lived for love of God which it is her mission to promote amongst men.

To take, then, first, the obligation of worship which arises from the relation of the creature to his Creator. This worship must include the four elements of adoration, thanksgiving, propitiation for sin, and prayer. The Catholic Church possesses the only form of worship upon earth which fulfils these four duties in a way entirely worthy of the infinite majesty of God. That form of worship is the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in which for those four ends the oblation of the true body and blood of the Incarnate Son is offered to the Father. What wonder that the Church enjoins upon her children as a solemn obligation to participate in the offering of this sacrifice! Particularizing the natural obligation which rests upon every human being of devoting some notable part of his time to the worship of his Maker and Father, and possessing the most perfect means of fulfilling it, she commands us to observe the Sundays and certain holydays by devoutly hearing Mass; adding, for the more complete consecration of those days, a prohibition of ordinary weekday labor. This precept we know as the first Commandment of the Church.

As we have already seen, the Church's law of conduct is the law of love. He who loves will not refuse some pain and self-denial. Moreover, without self-denial and restriction the spirit can not be free of the bondage of the flesh and fleshly desires. Men found that out before Christianity dawned upon the world. For this double reason—to train her children to the proof of their love of God by the taking up of the cross, and to aid them in subduing their carnal appetites to the spirit—she imposes upon them the duty of fasting and abstinence at certain seasons. Hence the second Commandment of

the Church, "To keep the days of fasting and abstinence."

Every Catholic knows that he is not expected to injure his health by the observance of this precept, and thus to incapacitate himself from the performance of his daily duties. The duties of one's state of life, performed for God, come first and foremost in the appreciation of the Church as well as in the right order of things. Piety which does not help to this is a sham. Therefore the Church is always ready to grant a dispensation to all who can show good cause for being relieved of the obligation of fasting or abstinence; though, at the same time, she recommends or enjoins, according to circumstances, some alternative form of self-denial which will not interfere with other duties.

The next law of the Church concerns sin and the means and conditions of forgiveness. In none of the man-made religions which have sprung up since Jesus Christ founded the Church has due proportion been observed in this matter. Error, as it always does, has rushed into one or other of two opposite extremes. While in the early days of Christianity the tendency of heretics was to exclude some sins altogether from the hope of pardon, modern religions have to a greater or lesser extent lost the sense of personal sin and of the need of reconciliation with God. The Church from the beginning has steered the middle course, which is also the true one. She excludes none from pardon, whatever his guilt, provided that he is penitent; she insists on penitence as well as upon an humble acknowledgment of personal guilt. This acknowledgment takes a form which the instincts of nature itself point out as the condition of forgiveness—a detailed confession of the sins committed. Hence the third Commandment of the Church obliging the faithful to go to confession at least once a year.

Knowing that, since the promulgation of the Gospel, the prerogative of pronouncing God's forgiveness in His name has been entrusted to her by the commission of Jesus Christ Himself—"Whose sins ye shall forgive they are forgiven,"—she will not allow her children to deprive themselves, without strong protest on her part, of this necessary means of grace. Her children clearly understand that she makes no claim to forgive in her own name; and that though they may deceive the priest who exercises this ministry, and extort absolution from him on false pretences, *that* judgment will not be ratified in heaven. With confession as without, repentance and purpose of amendment are necessary for forgiveness.

The motive of the next Commandment of the Church is the same as that of the preceding,—a desire, namely, on the part of the Church to prevent neglect of a necessary means of salvation. Mindful, therefore, of the words of Jesus, "Unless you eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, you shall not have life in you," "He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood hath eternal life," she lays upon us her fourth Commandment: "To receive the Blessed Sacrament at least once a year,"—and that at Easter or thereabouts.

The fifth Commandment enjoins upon the faithful the duty of providing for the support of their pastors; and the sixth forbids marriage within certain degrees of kindred, and the *solemn* ceremonies of marriage in certain penitential seasons.

In the general law of worshiping God and doing His will from the motive of love, and these six Commandments of the Church which interpret and define that law on certain points, providing thereby for its better observance, we have all that is of positive obligation for a Catholic. By that motive—which, of course, includes love for one's

neighbor, as equally with ourselves a child of the Heavenly Father, the object of His predilection, the redeemed of His Son,—a man's whole life is rightly ordered in its active relations toward God and his fellowmen. By those laws he is directed to the essential means of performing God's holy will. If any one wishes to know what is the Church's conception of a good Christian life, he will find it simply and excellently set forth in any catechism.

To go further into these details here would carry me beyond my scope, which is merely to remove certain misconceptions as to the strict obligations of Catholics. When we have said that the Church teaches us to worship God by faith, hope, and charity, and that the greatest of these virtues is charity—love of God, and of men for His sake,—we have summed up the Catholic religion. It remains, then, to add here only that, while providing for what we may call the minimum in Christian practice, the Church has never ceased to put before her children the higher standard of evangelical perfection to be aimed at for love of and in imitation of the perfections of God. To all she cries aloud the exhortation of the Sermon on the Mount: "Be you, therefore, perfect, as also your Heavenly Father is perfect." With what fruit she does this the lives of her saints and the holiness of many thousands of her children at all periods of her history bear ample witness.

No earnest Catholic troubles himself about the minimum that he may perform; nor would any inquirer of good-will do so, except for the purpose of getting rid of an exaggerated notion of what would be required of him if he were to submit to the Church. As soon as he began to understand the spirit of the Catholic religion—its intrinsic beauty and reasonableness, its evident power to satisfy all the spiritual needs of the souls of men,—the tried efficacy of the means it offers, whether obligatory or free, to promote the great ends of holiness and salvation would produce in him the same desire that every earnest Catholic feels: not only to use to the full such means as are essential, but also to take advantage of the additional helps that the Church offers in so great abundance to suit the particular needs of individual souls.

I have already spoken of those numerous practices of Catholic piety and devotion in regard to which we are left entirely free. If it shall be made even a little clearer to any inquirer that the Catholic religion is not to the children of the Church, as it appears to so many who are not of her, an intolerable burden, but the highest of privileges, a sweet and easy yoke, a help and not a hindrance to happiness here and hereafter, the object with which I write will have been attained.

(The End.)

A Convert of the Sixteenth Century.

(Conclusion.)

When Sir Tobie had been a Catholic about six months, he returned to England in company with a friend, also a Catholic. On the way to London they stopped to visit Canterbury cathedral. While his comrade was otherwise engaged, Sir Tobie contrived to kneel upon the chair wherein St. Thomas the martyr had so often sat, asking his intercession that he might die a thousand deaths rather than do the least imaginable act against the Catholic Faith.

Arrived at the metropolis, he at once directed a letter to Francis Bacon, who was a kinsman as well as friend, informing him that he had become a Roman Catholic, and asking him to impart the news to Lord Cecil, whose secretary Bacon was; assuring him at

the same time of his undying loyalty to the King and unswerving adherence to the religion he had but recently embraced. This precaution was taken that it might not be brought against him in the future that he had concealed the fact from those whom it most concerned. The reply of Bacon was kind, though it contained a note of surprise and disappointment at the news of Sir Tobie's conversion.

Still further bent on doing the best for himself under the circumstances, he called upon the Archbishop of Canterbury, telling him he had, a short time before, arrived at the conclusion that his salvation could not possibly be secured but through the Catholic Church, and asking his advice and opinion as to the manner in which he might placate his relations and friends. After considerable discussion, the Archbishop promised to perform as good offices as possible for the young man; but told him that he must come to him at certain stated times, when he would show Sir Tobie, to use his own words, "how and when my religion had been contrived and framed, in all those points and particulars wherein it differed from theirs; and that then he would blow it down with as much ease as a man might do a house of cards."

Regarding the last assertion, his listener made bold to speak as follows: "As for that last great point of gallantry of the house of cards, I told him that if he would indeed blow my religion down, as he said, it would betoken a stronger breath than ever any enemy of the Catholic Church was found to have; and that, if he should be able to do it, I humbly prayed him to consider that when he should have blown mine down, he would yet have done but half his business; for that then I must entreat him to try if he could build up his own," which shows that Sir Tobie was by no means a coward, but had the courage of being outwardly as well as inwardly true to his convictions.

After several interviews, the Archbishop lost patience and threatened Sir Tobie with imprisonment. Again relenting, however, he desired him to take the oath of allegiance, which the knight refused to do, saying that while his faith as he knew and practised it did not prevent him from entire loyalty to his sovereign, the oath as now framed would prevent him from loyalty to his religion. Finding that nothing could move him, the Archbishop commanded one of his men to draw up the warrant of arrest. And so Sir Tobie was sent to the Fleet prison, on the Feast of the Translation of St. Thomas of Canterbury, in whose chair he had offered his earnest prayers on his return to England, and to whom he had ever since that day felt a particular devotion.

There came to him in the prison divines and statesmen, all with the same motive—namely, to endeavor to make him change his religion. But their arguments, far from availing, astounded him by their weakness, and served only to make him more firm in the Faith than he had been before.

Finally he was released from prison. He then turned his estate into money, and left England, from which country he remained absent about twelve years. At the expiration of that time he returned, but was once more assailed on the subject of the oath, which he still refused to take. This made it necessary for him to go into exile. But, times growing more easy, he again returned home, and was kindly received by the King, through the intercession of the Duke of Buckingham.

Seeing that some honors and favors were conferred upon him at court, his parents, who had been all this while estranged, began to lose their fear of being connected with their recusant

son, and were at some pains to be reconciled to him; for which he was very grateful.

They did not, however, leave him long in peace. "Being once at my father's house," he says, "it fell out that there came by accident, if it were not rather by design, a kind of lusty knot—if it might not rather go for a little college of certain eminent clergymen: archdeacons, doctors, chaplains,—into a good large room of the house, where both my father and mother were; and so was I also myself, with many others of their great family. And first, after a little preface, some one of them grew to persuade me, and then some other; and they all came in, sooner or later, to fill up the cry for making me return to my former religion, upon such pretences as they called reasons for what they said."

To the long-winded discourses of his opponents, that the doctrines they professed were those of the original Church of God, and to their wonderment that Sir Tobie would set at naught their assertions, he finally replied in these words:

"I protest before Almighty God, I have said nothing to you but what I thought; and, indeed, I do not think it, but *know* it. As for you, I humbly pray you not to talk any longer, but to prove. Let me know what the men were who believed a hundred years ago as you do now. What were their names? Where dwelt they? Who was the pastor, who the sheep? With whom did they communicate? What was the confession of their faith? What the canon of their Scripture? What the number and nature of their sacraments? I hear you say and say, but let me see when you will say and prove; for it is then, and not till then, that you shall have me as good as my word [which was to worship with them the very first Sunday they could prove what they maintained to be the truth].

"But I know you can never do that; and so you will never be able to give me cause to do this. I will believe you, as I said before, to be morally honest and well-meaning men; and that you are grateful for the great benefits which you have received from my friends; and that you desire my conversion to you very much; and that you would be glad to buy it at a good rate. And, therefore, if you can show and prove according to that which I have desired; do it soundly and do it quickly; and, upon my faith, I will be with you at a sermon on Sunday. If, therefore, I hear not from you, I am resolved what to think; and so the world may easily take knowledge that, since you would so fain say somewhat, you are all extremely unable to do it, if you do it not."

Sir Tobie adds: "They heard, and still, I think, resolved to be wondering at me, after the same manner, but (otherwise than by fair words and great protestations) not to let me hear of them any more; for neither did they ever come or send to me afterward."

His father and mother, though their severity toward him had abated, still endeavored to bring him back to Protestantism. Sir Tobie was of the opinion that his arguments had so great an effect upon the former that, were it not for his worldly interests, he would have embraced the Catholic religion. This circumstance grieved the heart of his son, who doubted whether his case was not worse instead of better for having heard proofs which he could not refute and had not the courage to accept. Of his mother he says:

"My mother was much more fervent toward the Puritanical sole-Scripture way, and was ever upon all occasions wont to be as busy with Scripture as if it had been some glove upon her fingers' ends; and accordingly she was held in a mighty kind of opinion with

that sort of people. Yet when her last sickness assaulted her, she could not, with all her Scriptures, find it in her heart to think of dying, by any means; nor ever almost be persuaded so much as to pray at all, though she were much called upon, and though during her health she could be still talking of it. And, which makes her case fit to be lamented much the more, she continued, to all purposes, of perfect sense and understanding, throughout her whole sickness. And yet, instead of disposing herself for God, and preparing herself to die, she would be still diverting and entertaining herself otherwise, and still be calling for her silks and works, with other toys and trinkets of that kind; so that finally she went out of the world more like an ignorant child of four years old than like a talking Scripturist of almost fourscore.

"And I have learnt the truth of these things from such as were present with her at that time, and who were of her own religion, and were scandalized and afflicted to see her death, and how hardly she could be drawn to pray. And the God of Heaven sees my heart, and how afflicted it is to reflect upon the misery of her end. But He knows that I relate it merely in the nature of paying an homage to His Divine Majesty, and to the truth of His religion in the Holy Catholic Church; whilst I show how the most forward and talking Protestants and Puritans have but the bark of the tree without the juice, and the shell without the kernel; and that, indeed, how warm and well-wrapped soever they think themselves to be, whilst the fair cold weather lasts, and they are here at home, yet their cloak hath as many holes in it as a sieve, which is far from being able to keep out a storm."

Sir Tobie concludes by enumerating, in his own philosophical manner, the temporal as well as spiritual advantages that accrued to him by his conversion; and tells how the conditions and capitulations he feared became instruments to his good, after he had thrown himself entirely on the protection and pleasure of Almighty God.

"My parents," he goes on, "grew kind toward me,—yea, and careful of me, and bountiful to me; and expressed not only their love but such a particular kind of respect as was very extraordinary for parents to show toward a son. And though it grew at length to be less tender in my mother than formerly it had been, I impute it but to the craft of certain persons, who, distracting her mind from me by other motives, sought to fasten that wound upon my person for the hatred which they bore to my religion.

"That great man [Lord Cecil] who had formerly borne a most particular hatred against me when I was of the same religion with himself, grew to be of the noblest and greatest friends that I ever had in my life, upon my being a Catholic declared. And particularly I conceive that Almighty God was pleased to allow me unexpected comfort in those two kinds, because they were my greatest temptations; and His mercy made me able to overcome them.

"It is true that my temporal means were lessened almost to the one half by a very hasty sale, which I was fain to make thereof for fear of worse. But yet, still, that which was left was abundant; and afterward my parents themselves gave also good supplies; yea, and formerly I had received some such light from a certain Catholic in the sale of some lands, as it is probable I should have wanted in Protestancy.... And, upon the whole matter, I can without vanity, and may with much gratitude to God, affirm that I have never been either in want or near it; but my hands have always been full of money, and my fortune far superior to my expense; and so my

mind at ease. And, in fine, I have ever been the more able to lend my friends my service in that kind than obliged to expect it from them.

"My country I lost many years, which yet God gave me life and health to expect; and He also raised me friends whereby I recovered it; and amongst whom I enjoy it with as much honor and advantage of many kinds as any man of my poor condition hath received,—yea, and in my conscience, I think, with more than I should have been admitted to had I been a Protestant. So that these things may well be able to teach that part of the world which shall hereafter come to understand of my little story, how they are to cast themselves headlong into the hands of God; and especially to instruct myself that I am ever to be kept in fresh memory of how infinitely I have been obliged to His Divine Majesty, and how carefully I am bound to serve Him all the days of my life."

The Black Cap.

THE donning of the "black cap" by British judges when about to pronounce the death-sentence upon a criminal is the survival of a custom dating back several hundred years. Originally, it was put on rather to hide the emotion of the judge, by partially concealing his features, than to strike terror into the hearts of the assistants at the trial, an effect which appears to be its only purpose at present.

In the seventeenth century, until wigs were generally adopted, the common-law judges, like their precursors for several past generations, wore in court velvet caps, coifs, and cornered caps. Pictures preserve to us the appearance of justices, with their heads covered by one or two of these articles of dress, the mustache in many instances adorning the lip, and a well-trimmed beard giving point to a judicial chin. The more common headdress was the coif and coif-cap. This was a head-covering made of white lawn or silk. It was a sign that the wearer was a member of the learned brotherhood of sergeants. In Sir John Fortescue's "De Laudibus Legum Angliæ," first printed in 1537, we find this paragraph concerning the brotherhood in question:

"Wherefore to this state and degree hath no man beene hitherto admitted, except he hath first continued by the space of sixteene years in the said generall studie of the law; and in token or signe, that all justices are thus graduat, every one of them alwaies, while he sitteth in the Kinge's Courts, weareth a white quoyfe [coif] of silk; which is the principal and chiefe insignment of habite, wherewith serjeants-at-lawe in their creation are decked. And neither the justice nor yet the serjeant shall ever put off the quoyfe, no not in the Kinge's presence, though he be in talk with his majestie's highnesse."

In old times the judge, on making ready to deliver the sentence that was to consign a fellow-creature to the horrible punishment of being "hanged, drawn, and quartered," was accustomed to cover his white coif and partially hide his face by drawing up the flat, square, dark cap that sometimes hung at the nape of his neck or the upper part of his shoulder. The black cap of to-day in English law courts takes the place of this sable covering; and, while it altogether fails to conceal any emotion on the part of the judge, it is of traditional effect in adding to the solemnity of the occasion and the awfulness of the doom pronounced.

IF sorrow and contrition appear wanting, at least be sorry that thou art not sorry; for this indeed is sorrow. The like may be said of the desire to love. If the desire to love God be sincere, it is love.—*John Tauler, O. P.*

A Word with an Extremist.

AN enthusiastic advocate of total abstinence, in a letter of somewhat intemperate length and written in an ardent spirit, takes us to task for quoting the views of the Rev. Father Hull, S. J., on the question of the use and abuse of alcohol. Our correspondent is of opinion that alcohol is injurious in its effects even when taken in small quantities; and seems to think that no one can be a good Catholic, much less a good editor, who does not condemn the large class of persons who are strictly moderate drinkers in the accepted sense,—for instance, those who habitually take, say a glass of beer at dinner, and incidentally a glass of wine during a visit, who claim to get good from it and find it to agree with them.

We can not bring ourselves to condemn this class of persons; nor, although practically a teetotaler ourselves, can we take sides against those who decline to identify themselves with the total-abstinence movement. It is easy for us to believe that there are a great many better men than ourselves in the world who use coffee and tea as well as alcohol, though we are not addicted to any of these beverages. It was a bishop of eminent virtue (Mgr. Amherst, of the diocese of Northampton, England) who, having been asked to preside at a teetotal meeting, declined the invitation, saying: "I do not wish to identify myself with *teetotalism*, believing that, however good and even necessary it may be for some people, it involves the rejection of a good, useful and lawful thing given us by Almighty God for our benefit and delight. *Temperance* is quite another thing. Not being a teetotaler myself, I could not with any face commit myself to the advocacy of teetotalism as a general principle. The temperance movement, good, excellent in origin, has become almost a superstition; and its best advocates seem to ignore the fact that unchastity is, after all, *the* great vice of the world, and there is no crusade against pride, uncharitableness, and a thousand other vices, the cultivation of the opposite virtues to which would bring temperance in its train." We have taken care to quote the Bishop's declaration in full and with exactness. It may be found in the recently-published Life of his Lordship, page 345.

Teetotalers need to be on their guard against allowing total abstinence to have even a suspicion of fanaticism. That one never drinks at all is no reason for condemning one's neighbor who never drinks to excess. In our advocacy of total abstinence as a remedy for the Drink Evil, let us not deny the fact that medical scientists of eminence hold that alcohol is beneficial in many ways; that it is not necessarily injurious in its effects, unless it is impure or used to excess. This is far from asserting that total abstinence is an unnecessary measure; or intimating that the Catholic Total Abstinence Union is not doing admirable and necessary work on all sides; or denying that those who are only in danger of using alcohol to excess should abstain from it altogether; or questioning that persons whose duty it is to oppose the Drink Evil may be morally bound in some circumstances to set the example of teetotalism.

LA BRILHANE, the last ambassador of Malta at the court of France, was warned that his life was in danger. "I am under no apprehensions," he loftily replied. "The moment is come at last when a man of honor who faithfully performs his duty may die as gloriously on the gallows as he could ever have done on the field of battle."

Notes and Remarks.

"An eminent Protestant newspaper," says a Jewish contemporary, "is puzzled to understand the idolatry of the Catholic for the Virgin Mary." If "alleged" be placed before "idolatry" in the foregoing sentence, the meaning will become much more intelligible. It must indeed puzzle any one, eminent or otherwise, who knows the first elements of Catholic doctrine, to account for this preposterous charge of idolatry. While prayer to God for grace, help, comfort, or assistance of any kind, is understandable enough, what possible sense would there be in asking God to *pray for us?* Yet in the "Hail Mary" and the "Litany of Loretto"—by all odds the most common devotional addresses of Catholics to the Blessed Virgin—this is precisely what is done: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners..."; and in the Litany, "Lord, *have mercy upon us;* Christ, *have mercy upon us*.... Holy Mary, *pray for us.*" The very fact of the matter is that no fairly-educated non-Catholic stultifies himself nowadays by harping on the long-exploded charge of Mariolatry. The uneducated, who know no better, are objects of pity rather than resentment.

One of the unforeseen results of the expulsion of the religious Orders from France has been the new orientation of the French popular mind with reference to England and Englishmen. We should judge that nothing which has taken place within the last three-quarters of a century has done so much to lessen the traditional dislike and distrust entertained for "perfidious Albion" by the bourgeoisie and proletariate of France as has England's kindly and generous treatment, during the past year or two, of exiled French priests and Sisters. No habitual reader of French journals, clerical or secular, can be blind to the depth of the impression that is being made upon the Gallic mind by the welcome accorded and the kindliness proffered to the successive bands of religious who in recent months have sailed from Calais or Dieppe for Dover or Newhaven. 'Tis an ill wind that blows to nobody's good, and this incidental outcome of rabid anti-clericalism may well do more toward maintaining permanent friendly relations between the oldtime foes on opposite sides of the Channel than the most elaborate diplomatic alliances or the most advantageous commercial treaties. Such bitterness as has survived the disaster of Waterloo bids fair to be forgotten in generous appreciation of courtesies shown to French religious of both sexes.

Whatever may be thought of the general course followed by the Chicago representative recently expelled from the Illinois Legislative Assembly, few reflecting citizens will question the truth and timeliness of this extract from his last speech at Springfield: "Our country is in greater danger of destruction from the dishonesty of her public servants than from all the armies that can be mustered against her by the civilized world." Allowance made for the "man behind the speech," that utterance might congruously enough come from our energetic chief executive, President Roosevelt himself.

From the *University of Ottawa Review* we learn that Canada also is afflicted with a diversity of Latin pronunciations, "ranging from that of the long *i*'s and *a*'s in vogue in the non-Catholic schools, to that of the French *u*'s and nasal endings common in Lower Canada." (Nasal endings strikes us as being finely descriptive.) But more illogical and awkward than any of these methods, according to the *Review*—"distancing even the 'Kikero'

fad of the Germanizing school,"—is the English Catholic pronunciation. With this latter we are not familiar; but it is hard to conceive anything worse than the so-called "Roman" method — the Weni-Widi-Wiki would be a better name for it,—though it is unlikely ever to prevail over its opponents. Echoing the sentiment of the Catholic hierarchy of Ireland, the *Review* exclaims: "Give us the full vowel intonation of those to whom the language is a direct heritage, whose vernacular is derived from the language; who in language, as in song and instrumental harmonies, excel in musical taste! Let the clergy of Rome be the academy for the standardization of the official language of the Church, and the problem of intelligible oral communication in a cosmopolitan meet of clergymen will be vastly simplified!"

Accompanying a recent generous contribution to the Apostolic Mission House, Washington, D. C., was this inspiring message from an English bishop: "I am deeply interested in the work you have in hand of converting the heretics of your country. In our own dearest England I have seen such wonders of conversion, and such glorious priests and religious as its effects! So may America share in this great and blessed movement! Here it is still going on, all due to one magnificent man—Cardinal Newman, its originator."

Prominent among the preachers of missions to non-Catholics in Great Britain are the zealous converts, Fathers Filmer, Chase, Evans, Sharpe, and Grimes, who have associated themselves in one body under the title of Our Lady of Compassion.

A notable event that escaped adequate notice in our Catholic papers was the recent death, at Baltimore, Md., of the Hon. Edmund F. Dunne. Possibly the spelling of his name as "O'Dunne," in the announcement of his decease, is accountable for the general failure to comment at any length on the passing of one who was assuredly great among the Catholics of his day and generation. Born in Ohio, in the early thirties of the nineteenth century, Judge Dunne, having graduated from college, accompanied his father, in 1852, to California. There he studied law, practised for some years, and was then appointed Chief Justice of Arizona. As a result of study during several visits to Europe, he founded the Catholic colony of San Antonio, Florida. Two incidents in particular merit mention as illustrating the service, to his country and the Church, of this able and eloquent champion,—his ringing plea for Catholic schools during the administration of President Grant, and his effective advocacy, in 1893, of those same schools when threatened with impeding action within the Church itself. Judge Dunne is survived by two sons and two daughters. The latter, with their aunt, Mother Amadeus, of the Order of St. Ursula, are laboring with quiet heroism in the Indian missions of Montana. A sterling Catholic and a patriotic American, Edmund F. Dunne deserved well of Church and State. *R. I. P.*

"Deals in Options and Futures" is the title of an exceptionally important and timely article contributed to the current number of the *American Ecclesiastical Review* by the Rev. T. Slater, S. J., of St. Beuno's College, St. Asaph, Wales. In answer to the practical question, What is to be said of dealing in futures as it is carried on in Exchanges of the great commercial centres? the writer has this to say:

Betting, as we have seen, is not in itself unlawful, provided it is accompanied and safeguarded by certain conditions. When, however, it becomes a habit and degenerates into gambling, our verdict in ordinary cases must be different. The question bears some analogy to that of drink.

Provided strong drink be taken at the proper time, and in moderation, with due care to ensure our being able to keep control over our appetite, it will not do the ordinary healthy subject any harm. But if strong drink is indulged in too freely, if it is taken at all times and begins to usurp the place of solid food, harm more or less serious is the consequence. So too with gambling: if it becomes a passion, if the gambler seeks to make it a substitute for honest toil, and strives to make it support him or bring him wealth, serious harm has already been done. The gambler produces nothing; he adds nothing to the wealth of the community; he soon learns to shun honest work; he becomes a parasite who preys on society, and eventually brings ruin on others as well as on himself. So that dealing in differences, even if regarded merely as a form of gambling and speculation, must fall under the censure of the moralist.

But in practice the transaction is not a mere speculation. When large gains or losses depend on future market prices, there is a very great temptation for all whose fortunes are at stake to take means to influence the market in their own favor. Great financiers, who have immense resources at their command, or combinations of smaller moneyed men, have means at their disposal by which they can raise or lower the market price of a commodity to suit their own interest. "Rigging the market," as the process is called, has been reduced to a fine art; and by this art dealers in futures strive to influence in their own favor the future event on which the bet depends. This is against the rules laid down above, whose observance is necessary if betting is to be an honest transaction. It is like backing my horse against yours in a race, and then bribing your jockey to hold back your horse, or to drug him when the race becomes due. It is a dishonest trick and against the fundamental laws of the game.

We hear of many conversions to the Church in Germany,—especially, perhaps, among the upper classes; and there seems to be no doubt that the Church is making steady progress in all the States of the Empire, not excepting even Saxony, the population of which is overwhelmingly Protestant. But from a study of the religious statistics of Germany in a recent number of the London *Tablet*, we learn that the number of mixed marriages is increasing in an alarming way. In Hamburg, for instance, with a Catholic population of 30,000, there were only seventy-three purely Catholic marriages in 1901. In many parts of the Empire mixed marriages would seem to be the rule rather than the exception. Of the children of these marriages, it is estimated that the larger number are reared as Protestants. "It is evident," remarks the writer in the *Tablet*, "that, though in many ways the Church is making great progress in Germany, the evil of mixed marriages has been a source of serious loss; and, if some remedy be not applied, may prove a source of still greater loss in future."

We quoted, several weeks ago, an extract or two from Cardinal Lavigerie's spiritual testament, made public only twelve years after that eminent prelate's decease. The similar document left by the late Cardinal Langénieux bears the date Aug. 6, 1901; and was perhaps written then because the zealous churchman feared that he could not long survive the storm that was breaking over his beloved country. One or two paragraphs from this last will and testament of a modern Prince of the Church will be read with interest and edification:

On the day of my consecration, I took for motto: *Vivat in me Christus!* (May Christ live in me!) I think that my most ardent desire has always been to realize that wish. But, alas! how many weaknesses, how many omissions through forgetfulness, how many faults to be repaired! I most humbly ask pardon of God for the offences I have committed against His divine majesty. I deplore my negligences in the accomplishment of the great duties successively imposed upon me as priest, pastor, vicar-general, bishop, and cardinal.

I also ask pardon of all those whom I may have offended or saddened in the exercise of my ministry. Never have I cherished the slightest feeling of animosity against any one; so it is very easy for me to forgive, and most cheerfully, those who have injured me or given me trouble....

If I have been able to provide for the spiritual needs of many quarters of the city [Rheims], to come to the assistance of the poor, to aid and promote many good works, it has been due to

the charity of some truly generous souls. I respect the silence which they imposed on me, but I must thank and bless them. It is face to face with God, from whom I hope my salvation, that I shall be able to acquit myself of the debt of gratitude due them from me and from the diocese, as I have endeavored during my life to lessen that debt by assiduous prayer.

The whole paper breathes a spirit of tender piety toward God, and of paternal solicitude for his priests, religious, the laboring classes,—all, in fact, who claimed his unceasing care during his beneficent and edifying career. Verily, his motto was appropriate; Christ truly lived in Cardinal Langénieux.

One likes to believe in the revivification of France, and to see in M. Combes' retirement from office the preliminary of a new era of peace and prosperity for that unfortunate nation, so long threatened with decline and fall. But the birth-rate in France, to take one sure test of a country's well-being, is far from inspiring confidence. The number of births in French families is steadily declining. The statistics for 1903, which have recently been published, show not only a diminution in the excess of births over deaths, but also in the actual number of births. Thus in 1903, when the population of France was 39,119,095, there were 826,712 births and 753,606 deaths, or an excess of 73,106 births. In 1902 the population amounted to 38,961,945, and the excess of births over deaths was 83,944. The reason for the increase of population is that the death-rate has declined, and not that any general increase in the number of births is taking place.

Arizona has not been admitted into the sisterhood of the States. The recent decision of the Supreme Court of that territory, relative to the disposition made of the children forcibly taken from the custody of the New York Foundling Hospital, rather reconciles us to the action of our legislators at Washington. It is to be hoped that the case in question will be forthwith appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States, which body will probably disregard the platitudinous sentimentalities of the territorial judiciary, and promptly reverse their decision.

"Universal peace in South America," says the Buenos Aires *Southern Cross*, "savors so much more of the abnormal than the normal, that the present satisfactory state of affairs should not be allowed to pass unnoticed." Nor *does* it pass unnoticed; for the *Cross* rises to the occasion in the following dithyrambic strain: "Kindly Peace, let us apostrophize thee. Hail, gentle Queen! Delightful and welcome, but too elusive guest, we give thee greeting, and we hope thy stay among us may be long! The sword is sheathed in Paraguay, and peace reigns supreme over every square inch of this vast continent, from the Caribbean Sea to the Straits of Magellan."

The apostrophe, it must be confessed, is cut rather short; but that circumstance may be accounted for by the desire of the editor to get to press before gentle Peace had flown to more congenial shores. He did well, for there has been a revolution in Argentina itself since the foregoing was written.

A girl, seventeen years old, the daughter of a Methodist minister, it is said, was found the other evening singing and dancing in a Chicago concert-hall, a resort shunned by all respectable maidens—and men. A significant statement in the newspaper report of the matter is: "The girl's father is in Oregon, where he directs the work of the International Anti-Cigarette League in the Northwest." A fresh illustration of the neglect of home duties in the engrossing care given to spectacular philanthropic schemes.

Notable New Books.

Socialism. By Victor Cathrein, S. J. Revised and Enlarged by Victor Gettelmann, S. J. Benziger Brothers.

The astonishing strength shown by the Socialists in Chicago in the recent presidential election, when they polled half as many votes as did the Democrats, and almost twice as many as they polled in a local election two years ago, may fairly be construed as a sign of the growing power of socialistic theories over the mind of laboring men. The indefiniteness of the term Socialism, which is used to connote anything from certain harmless political policies down to the antichristian preachments of Tolstoi and the atheistic declarations of not a few American leaders, is doubtless one cause of the seeming development of a philosophy, the extreme forms of which, when understood, cause it to be rejected by the common-sense of the American people. Meantime the duty that lies before Catholic writers is to warn the faithful against the dangerous character of antichristian Socialism, without estranging the people who toil, or seeming for a moment to throw the protection of the Church over the abuses of Capital.

A campaign of education is the best antidote against extreme Socialism among Catholics; and for such a campaign Father Cathrein's work, amplified and adapted to conditions in this country by Father Gettelmann, is a most effective weapon. It has been commended by leading Socialists for the fairness of its presentation of their cause; but if its spirit is scrupulously tolerant, its logic is merciless. Its analysis of systems, its discussion of principles and tendencies, and the great mass of information it affords, make it an invaluable *vade-mecum* for all who are required to deal with the subject of Socialism.

Method of the Solesmes Plain Chant. Adapted by A. Lemaistre, from the German of P. Suitbertus Birkle, O. S. B. Joseph F. Wagner.

Ever since the Holy Father published his encyclical on Church Music, there has been a natural demand among musicians—especially those musicians who happen to be pastors or choir-masters—for a complete and intelligible manual of the Solesmes Chant. As the publishing fraternity is known to be obliging in such circumstances, it was to be expected that a large crop of handbooks would be the result. The first of these to reach us is the volume under review.

It has the merit of compactness. It wastes no time in dissertations on the dignity of Plain Song, nor on its history. It opens with a brief chapter on such fundamental (though not easy) matters as notation, intervals and modes. Then, in astonishingly small compass, it treats the whole subject of the melodies of Plain Chant: the elements and laws of the chant forms, liturgical recitatives, psalmody, hymns, sequences, and independent chants. The author's treatment of these themes is distinguished by commendable anxiety to rescue congregations from "a spiritless drawling of the chant," and from the "false pathos" so familiar to those who hear the Church music sung badly. Indeed, what chiefly differentiates this little treatise from others on the same subject is the attempt—successful, as it seems to us,—to place the Plain Song on the basis of the universal laws governing all the arts. Such a work was needed, and will doubtless be eagerly availed of by those prepared to undertake the study of Church music.

The Feasts of Mother Church. By Mother M. Salome. Benziger Brothers.

In his preface to this truly admirable little book, Dom Gilbert Higgins says that it is a praiseworthy attempt to revive a taste for those powerful, yet too often neglected, aids to practical and joyous religion, the feasts of Mother Church. And the attempt of the gifted author of these pious studies must surely succeed; for she seems to know the spiritual needs of the times, and with a beautiful, loving patience she suggests the right remedy. In some Catholic families it is the custom to read each night a few paragraphs from a spiritual book, and for this purpose we can highly recommend "The Feasts of Mother Church."

Vera Sapientia. Translated from the Latin of Thomas à Kempis by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Byrne. R. & T. Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.

In this attractive volume we have further meditations of the devout À Kempis,—the same admonitions as to the things which are worth while; the same incentives to humility, to fervor, to patience, to resignation, to brotherly love, as are given in that soul-classic, "The Imitation." And the lessons are taught with the same gentleness, simplicity, and earnestness. No doubt this new series of devout reflections will be helpful to many; but, whatever writings of the author may be brought to light in these our times, Thomas à Kempis will always be the man of one book.

The Sin of David. By Stephen Phillips. The Macmillan Company.

Since the publication, in 1897, of Mr. Phillips' volume "Poems," containing "Marpessa," the young English author has been very generally recognized as a notable addition to that not very

numerous body of poets who, without meriting perhaps the epithet "great," have unquestionably risen above the great mass of the "minor" singers. "Paolo and Francesca," "Herod," "Ulysses," and "David and Bathsheba," have, during the past five years, assured Mr. Phillips' rank among the dramatic poets of the day; and his latest volume, "The Sin of David," will not detract from his hitherto acquired fame. This latest work is perhaps more of a dramatic poem than a poetic drama: it lends itself better to leisurely perusal in the study than to effective representation upon the stage.

The title of the piece is merely illustrative, the period of the play being that of the English Civil War between Charles I. and his Parliament. Sir Hubert Lisle is the modern David; and the Puritan, Col. Mardyke, the Uriah who is sent to meet inevitable death in battle, because of Lisle's passion for Mardyke's wife, Miriam. The tragedy that develops is well wrought out; there is no dearth of admirable and stirring lines; and one reads the most impassioned portions with no fear that the passion will grow into rant or the pathos into bathos. Interesting as a story and notable as a poem, "The Sin of David" is a meritorious production.

Cardome: A Romance of Kentucky. By Anna C. Minogue. P. F. Collier & Son.

"Cardome" is an interesting story enough; it would have been *notably* interesting had it appeared twenty-five or thirty years ago. One inevitably wearies of even skilfully executed variations on the same theme; and we found ourselves wishing, before reaching the second quarter of this tale, that Miss Minogue's undoubted skill as a story-teller had been exerted in some less hackneyed direction. At the same time those who have read fewer of the Civil War novels than have we, may very likely hail this book as an exceptionally good story. Considered simply *as* a story, the character-drawing is graphic, the action stirring and unimpeded, several of the incidents thoroughly original, and the *dénouement* quite satisfactory. It is only fair to the readers of this magazine to add that "Cardome," while it is a novel by a Catholic writer, is not to be classed as a "Catholic novel."

Brother and Sister. By Jean Charruau, S. J. Translated by S. T. Otten. B. Herder.

This is a thoroughly good Catholic story, replete with many and varied lessons as to the bringing up of the young, the dangers that beset adolescence, and the most effective means of reclaiming those whom the world has caught in its omnipresent snares. While there is scarcely any plot, the narrative runs along smoothly, and it possesses incidents enough to sustain one's quiet interest throughout. Marguerite, the sister of the title, is an exceptionally devoted and saintly girl; and of her little horse, Fanfan, it may be said that it is an unusually speedy traveller. A gait of fifteen miles an hour, kept up for three or four hours, is something decidedly out of the ordinary in France, as in most other countries.

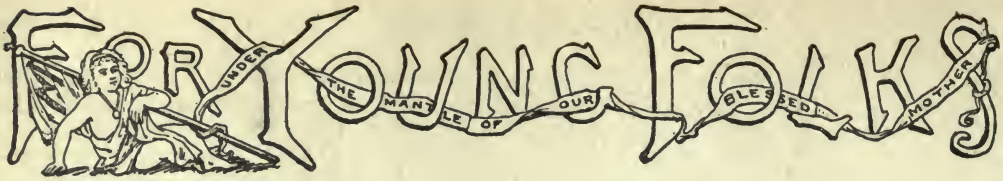
The translation, as a whole, is very well done. Even the French verses are rendered in English lines which are, for the most part, smooth and effective. Should a second edition, however, be called for, as we hope will be the case, some slight revision might be made on page 127, where we read, "A characteristic anecdote which took place..."; and on page 177, which has, "With these and many other tales which it would fail me to repeat...." A book to be warmly recommended for a place in all Catholic libraries, and public libraries as well.

Progress in Prayer. By R. P. Caussade, S. J. Translated by L. V. Sheehan. Adapted and Edited by Joseph McSorley, C. S. P. B. Herder.

The title need not mislead us; for this precious book is neither a new presentation of something we have heard a thousand times before, nor yet a merely speculative discourse on prayer. The little volume is thoroughly practical, and contains many new ideas about prayer and the soul's progress in this holy exercise. We might note this astonishing quotation which appears in the chapter on purity of conscience: "A recognized fault is worth more to us than an angelic virtue appropriated through vain self-complacence." The editor's introduction, dealing with the history of prayer in the Church, and his general remarks on the nature of prayer, are illuminating and form a fitting preparation for the author's serious reflections that follow. The book is creditably brought out.

Letters of Blessed John of Avila. Translated from the Spanish by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. Benziger Brothers.

The Rt. Rev. Abbot Gasquet has lent a special interest to this collection of edifying letters by his introductory sketch of the saintly writer, and by his illuminative comments on the outpourings of Blessed John Avila's zealous heart and mind. The letters are addressed to all sorts and conditions of men, and include a wide variety of subjects; as, for instance, to a priest on due preparation for saying Mass, to a lady grieving for the absence of her son, to a friend on the management of a household, and to another friend on tepidity. The letters breathe insight, sincerity, zeal; and are vital with true charity—the love of God and of God's children.



Sweet Hours.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

OH, sweet the newborn day,
When the sunbeams wake and play
Their game of golden checkers on the floor;
When we rub our sleepy eyes,
And then find to our surprise
That of hours we have slumbered half a score!

Oh, sweet the noonday bright,
When our playtime's at its height,
And we run and shout and hello as we please,
Till the school-bell rings again,
And we take up book or pen
And try to put our teacher at her ease!

And sweet the starlight, too,
When there's nothing left to do
But say our evening prayers and get to bed;
For boys and girls, you know,
Must sleep lots if they would grow,—
And, for one, at night I'm just a sleepyhead.

The Ups and Downs of Marjorie.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

VII.—A Friend in Need.

"JERRY, JERRY!" called a softer voice; and as Marjorie dropped her flowers in a fragrant heap, and stood blank and breathless, Mrs. Hill, wrapped in furs, appeared at the conservatory door.

"Great Heavens!" gasped the lady. "What—*what* does this mean?"

"It manes I'll have the harrut out of this little divil!" cried the old gardener, furiously. "Sure I only turned around for a minute to prune the plum-tree, and whin I got back, ma'am, I found this murdherin', thavin' ruin here! The azaleas, the lilies,—ochone! luk at the wurruk she's done! Sure killin' is too good for her, ma'am!"

"My flowers, my beautiful flowers!" cried the mistress of Hillcrest, hysterically. "She has ruined them all, all,—my roses, my rhododendrons, my ferns! You little wretch!"

"Oh, they were for the altar, for the altar!" replied Marjorie, in bewildered terror.

"For the altar, ye little divil!" roared Jerry, wrathfully. "Did ever one hear the loikes of the lies! For the *altar*, ye murdherin' young reprobate!"

"She told me I could have them,—she told me!" sobbed Marjorie, wildly.

"Who towld ye, ye thafe of the wurruld?" asked the old man, fiercely.

"The little girl—Eveleen."

"O mamma," exclaimed Miss Marian Hill, at her mother's side, "Eveleen would not touch a flower, I know!"

"Go call her,—ask her," said the lady, excitedly.

"She is lying down with a dreadful headache, mamma," said Miss Marian, reappearing. "She says Miss Talbot's little orphan girl came here and gave her a note at the door, and that is all she knows."

"Oh, what a story,—what a big, awful story!" cried Marjorie, with wide-open eyes.

"Hush!" said Mrs. Hill, angrily,—"you wretched little beggar, hush! Do you mean to tell me my daughter lies?"

"Yes, ma'am, I do,—I do!" Marjorie lifted her head and spoke with flashing eyes. "If she says she didn't bring me in here and tell me I could have flowers, she *does* tell lies, ma'am."

"Land! the sassiness of the little wretch!" said the housemaid, who had come to hear the fuss.

"Lock the little beggar up!" cried Mrs. Hill, white with rage. "Lock her up, Jerry, until Mr. Hill comes home. Some one shall pay for this. Those two foolish old maids shall not let such a wicked little creature as this run loose in the county. She is dangerous, positively dangerous."

"It's in the Reform she ought to be this minute," interposed the cook, who had joined the crowd.

"Off with ye!" said old Jerry, catching Marjorie rudely by the arm. "I'll kape her safe enough, ma'am, till the masther comes home, and it's the jail or workhouse she'll get thin."

"Oh, no, no, no!" cried Marjorie, bursting into wild, terrified tears. "Don't send me to jail,—don't, don't, don't, please! Oh, I didn't know it was any harm! She told me to take the flowers,—Eveleen told me, indeed."

"Aye, I'll swear to that!" said a clear young voice; and a tall boy of about sixteen suddenly rose from behind a screen of vines.

"Dick!" exclaimed Mrs. Hill and Marian, in amazement.

"Yes. I stole off from Mr. Brace this afternoon to go fishing, mother; and was down there in Jerry's potting bed, digging worms," confessed Dick. "Heard the whole business. Thought I'd lie low and see if things wouldn't blow over; but it's up to me now to bear witness for this poor little kid. She is telling the simple truth. She said she would like to have some flowers for the altar at Manor Hill; and Eveleen, who was making a big bluff in your absence, told her to take all she wanted."

"Eveleen!" exclaimed his mother. "O Dick."

"It's time your eyes were opened to that young lady's tricks," said Dick. "Fibbing is an old game of hers, as I know; but she has been such a poor, puny little thing always, that I never 'peached' on her before. But I couldn't stand back to-day even for my own sister. She lied, mother,—tricked and lied; that's the beginning and end of it. I suppose I ought to have struck in sooner; but I was out on the sneak myself for a fish in the creek, and didn't want any one to know. Father threatened to cut off my pocket-money the next time I stole off from old Brace; and I knew Eveleen would report promptly to headquarters if I meddled with her little game. So I was cad enough to keep quiet until—until I just *had* to speak out. So stop all this fuss, and let this poor little midget go."

"Afther murdherin' every flower in the hothouse!" groaned Jerry. "Arrah luk at thim, Mr. Dick darlint,—luk at the lilies and the azaleas and the whole of thim that we were nursin' for Easter! Och, wurra, wurra, but this is the black day's wurruk!"

"I didn't know,—I didn't know," said Marjorie, lifting tearful eyes to her young defender—"I thought nothing was too pretty for the altar, for Miss Martha said it would be the last Mass at Manor Hill."

"The last Mass! What does the child mean?" asked Mrs. Hill, irritably.

"What she says, I suppose," replied her son. "Everyone knows the money-lenders have got their grip on Manor Hill, and it's tightening every year. We've been going up there ever since I can remember, and ever since father can remember, too. If this is to be the last Mass, I say strip the place of every flower for it."

"Faix, and that's done already," retorted old Jerry, dolefully. "She's tuk the head of ivery plant in the hothouse."

"Pooh-pooh!" said Dick, carelessly. "They'll grow new heads in a week. Here, gather them all up in a basket, old man. It's too late for little girls to be out alone. I am going to take the kid and her flowers back to Manor Hill,—with your compliments, mother,"

he added, laughing. "It's all we can do now to make up for Eveleen's naughty trick."

And so it happened that after this crushing down Marjorie bobbed up again triumphantly; for big, kind-hearted Dick went home with her, carrying such a basket of flowers as had never decked the altar of Manor Hill even in its palmiest days. And, being clever as well as kind, Dick contrived to smooth matters over considerably to the still tearful little girl. It had all been a mistake; Jerry was a stupid old fellow, who did not know his head from a hole in the ground; and Eveleen was sick and cross just now; and his mother did not understand, and so on.

By the time they reached the gate of Manor Hill Marjorie had almost forgotten her dreadful experience in its pleasant termination. Father James had arrived, and the whole place seemed to have warmed and brightened with his cheerful presence. He had been pastor at Sandy Point for thirty years, and had baptized or married or buried everybody for miles around; while the joys and sorrows and worries he carried about in his big, kind heart were enough to weigh him down with their burden. But he was tall and strong and sturdy, with the kindest and keenest of eyes beaming under his grey brows and crisp, curling silver hair; and when he rolled up to a door in his shabby old carriage, he seemed to bring with him summer and sunshine.

Already there was a happy flush on Miss Martha's cheek, and Miss Susan's dim eyes had brightened under his fatherly cheer. And he had been at St. Vincent's only the week before, and had seen Mother Thomasina and Sister Angela and Sister Seraphina, as he told Marjorie, patting her curly head, when she knelt to ask his blessing.

And Dick, whom Father James had christened and scolded and taught, came in for a cheery welcome, too.

"Though why you are not in the Freshman class at St. Mark's this year, instead of tacking on to Joe Brace still, I am sure I don't know. Sixteen years old and doddling round your native hills with a tutor! Ah! Dickie my boy, if I had you, as I had half a dozen years ago, you'd move quicker than that. It's gun and fishing-rod instead of pen or pencil with *you* the best part of your time, I'll wager my new hat."

"I guess you've about struck it, Father," confessed Dick, laughing.

"I saw it in your eye," said Father James. "It's getting the loafer's look, Dick,—dull and dead and unseeing. With the brain that God has given you, it's a shame,—a burning shame! Joe Brace is a good enough fellow in his way; but you've outgrown him, my boy. You want the spur and lash, which he can't give, to urge you on. You want the wrestle of brain and body in class-room and on campus. In short, you want *college*, Dick."

"I believe I do, and I'll start next year, Father," replied Dick, seriously.

"Next year!" exclaimed Father James. "What! let your brain rust six months longer! Next year! Dick my boy, no! Start next *week*."

And so urgently did Father James press his point that before supper was served he had conquered. Dick was ready to drop gun and fishing-rod, and dig again at his Latin and Greek.

And such a supper as it was!—with the big lamp burning under a pink globe, and all the old silver shining in a way that did credit to Marjorie's busy little fingers; with the jelly Miss Martha kept for state occasions glowing ruby-red in the cut-glass bowl; and biscuit and cream-cheese, and cake with icing.

And after supper how very delightful it seemed!—with the old hickory logs snapping and blazing, and filling the room with cheery glow; while Father

James sat in the big armchair, with Rex stretched at his feet, and told stories, wonderful true stories, of missions and travels, until Marjorie—who had been propping her eyelids open with her fingers for at least half an hour, to keep awake and hear—dozed off at last on her little cushion in the chimney-corner, and nearly tumbled into the fire.

"How is the little girl doing?" asked Father James, as, with his fatherly "good-night" and blessing sounding pleasantly in her ears, Marjorie went off to her little nest under the eaves. "Mother Thomasina told me how you had carried off the friskiest lamb of her flock."

"She is a dear little thing, and I don't know what I should do without her," said Miss Martha, warmly.

"Heedless, of course," added Miss Susan. "But what can one expect from a child of twelve?"

"Exactly," said Father James. "As I often tell the good Sisters, mischief, innocent mischief, is a healthy sign. Still waters run deep, and often the Evil One is at the bottom of them; but a merry, roguish, noisy child is like the mountain stream, clear and sweet."

"But I do not know that we were wise to take the child," observed Miss Susan. "If we have to give up the place, as seems probable, we can not keep her, and—"

"I see," said Father James, thoughtfully,—"I see. But don't consider that yet. Let us hope that you will keep your home, my dear friends, as long as you both live."

"Oh, that has been my prayer, Father,—my prayer all these later years!" said Miss Martha, tremulously.

"But we can't look for miracles," interposed Miss Susan, brusquely. "The money has to be paid before New Year, or the place will be sold. And we can't expect three thousand dollars to drop from the clouds, pray as we will."

"Certainly not," said Father James, laughing. "And yet the manna did of old, my child. And I feel—I can not tell why—that this dear old home, sanctified by the faith and hope and love of so many holy generations, will be spared to you, the last of your loyal faithful line. Mother Thomasina will be glad to hear that little Marjorie gives satisfaction. Knowing you were in my parish, she was speaking to me of her last week. It seems they have received one or two mysterious letters at St. Vincent's, inquiring about the child,—letters which I advised Mother to answer very cautiously. These poor little waifs sometimes have enemies all unknown to them."

"Enemies! God bless me!" exclaimed Miss Susan, startled. "The Sisters told me this child's story was simple enough. They took her from a tenement in their neighborhood where her grandmother had died suddenly, leaving this two-year-old girl absolutely friendless."

"The genuine grandmother is a jewel, as we all know," said Father James, smiling; "but there are base imitations that can be bought cheap anywhere. This is a sad world, my friends, full of tragedies and mysteries that never touch lives like yours. I am glad little Marjorie is safe with you in this sheltered home, and I feel that God will bless you for your loving care of His orphaned little one."

(To be continued.)

SIR WALTER SCOTT, who wrote a large number of books, was an uncommon worker. He kept about him a jolly crowd of dogs, for play and pleasure. His favorite was Maida, a large deerhound. He had a number of little dogs too, called Pepper, Ginger, Mustard, Catchup, Soy, and Spice.

OPPORTUNITIES, like eggs, must be hatched while they are fresh.

Nicknames of the States.

The average American boy is probably familiar with the nicknames of his native State, and with those of the States immediately adjoining his own. The average father of the American boy very likely knows, in addition, the distinguishing epithets currently applied to the more prominent commonwealths of the Union. It is extremely doubtful, however, whether either father or son can give, off hand, more than a score of the phrases which have been generally accepted as State nicknames, and still more doubtful whether he can apply them with accuracy. Yet there are several scores of such epithets or designations employed in contemporary literature; and it is always very convenient, as it is occasionally important, to know for just which State each of them stands.

The least distinctive of these names is Bear State. It stands indifferently for Arkansas, California, and Kentucky; so that one must rely on the context to determine which of the three is meant in any given passage of a book or paper.

Several of the older States are known by more than one equivalent phrase. Connecticut has no fewer than four: Freestone State, Blue Law State, Land of Steady Habits, and Wooden Nutmeg State. Virginia has three: Mother of States, Mother of Presidents, and Old Dominion. Kentucky, besides sharing with Arkansas and California the ursine epithet given above, enjoys undivided possession of Corn-cracker State and Dark and Bloody Ground.

Thirteen States have double nicknames, as follows: — Massachusetts, Bay State and Old Colony; New York, Empire State and Excelsior State; Maine, Lumber State and Pine-Tree State; Delaware, Blue Hen State and Diamond State; Mississippi, Bayou State and Mudcat State; Illinois, Prairie State and Sucker State; Georgia, Cracker State and Empire State of the South; Kansas, Garden State and Squatter State; Nevada, Silver State and Sage-Hen State; Minnesota, Gopher State and New England of the West; Florida, Gulf State and Peninsula State; Michigan, Lake State and Wolverine State; and, finally, North Carolina, Old North State and Turpentine State.

Eighteen of our commonwealths are designated by a single epithet: Wisconsin, Badger State; Ohio, Buckeye State; Missouri, Bullion State; Tennessee, Big-Bend State; Colorado, Centennial State; California, Golden State; New Hampshire, Granite State; Vermont, Green Mountain State; Iowa, Hawkeye State; Indiana, Hoosier State; Pennsylvania, Keystone State; Rhode Island, Little Rhody; Texas, Lone-Star State; Maryland, Old-Line State; Oregon, Webfoot State; Louisiana, Pelican State; West Virginia, Panhandle State; and South Carolina, Palmetto State.

Not all the foregoing names, possibly, are given in the school geographies; but they have all been used by good writers and speakers so frequently that one is apt to meet with them in histories, biographies, speeches, and novels; and, as has been said, it is well for patriotic young folk to know their application.

A Clever Answer.

(*The Catholic Columbian.*)

A gentleman once asked in a Sunday-school what was meant by the word repentance. A little boy raised his hand.

"Well, what is it, my lad?"

"Being sorry for your sins."

A little girl on the back seat raised her hand.

"Well, my little girl, what do *you* think?" asked the gentleman.

"I think," said the child, "it's being sorry enough to quit."

With Authors and Publishers.

—"The Land of the Blessed Virgin: Impressions and Sketches in Andalusia," by W. Somerset Mangham, is among the new books of W. Heinemann.

—"The Sacredness of Human Life," a pamphlet published by the Religious Society of Friends, is a moderate plea against lynching, capital punishment, war, and suicide.

—Martin Hume, whose estimate of "Good Queen Bess" we quoted not long ago, has written a new book, "The Wives of Henry VIII.," which, in view of Mr. Hume's access to the British public record office, should be unusually informing.

—Paul Bourget's new book, "Un Divorce," a translation of which has just appeared in England, is described as a powerful indictment of divorce and a vigorous defence of the religious ideal of marriage, cast in the form of a tragic story of present-day Paris.

—There are many good things in Miss Charlotte O'Conor-Eccles' new book, "Aliens of the West"; but perhaps the best is "The Wind Bloweth Where it Listeth," a short story of which any author might be proud. And there are five other stories hardly less charming. The *Academy* pronounces this volume a "masterpiece."

—From the *Angelus* Press, of Belize, British Honduras, we have received a printed copy of the sermon preached by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Hopkins on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception. The scholarly discourse has for aim to show that the dogma was not a novelty at the time of its promulgation.

—A translation of "La Méthode Historique à propos de l'ancien Testament," by Père Lagrange, O. P., is announced by the London *Tablet*. The work will shortly be issued by the Catholic Truth Society. The translation has been made by the Rev. E. Meyers, M. A. It would be hard to exaggerate the importance or timeliness of this publication.

—"The Apparitions and Shrines of Heaven's Bright Queen," in four volumes, octavo, is a compilation by William J. Walsh, published in rather handsome style by the T. J. Carey Co., New York. Monsignor Bernard O'Reilly furnishes an introduction; and Mr. Walsh contributes an "author's preface," as well as sundry quatrains throughout the work. While the preface makes acknowledgment of the author's indebtedness to various periodicals—our own among the number—it fails to explain why certain specific articles in the different volumes are not credited either to the authors who wrote them or to the magazines in which they originally appeared. Should a second edition of the work be called for, this oversight, which is constructively an injustice, should be attended to.

—College debating societies are often embarrassed in the matter of finding a timely and practical subject for discussion. President Thwing, of the Western Reserve University, has a paper in the current *North American Review*, whose title may afford the societies such a subject—"Should College Students Study?"

—A useful manual for the Forty Hours' Adoration is published by the Chicago Catholic Truth Society. Besides the devotions proper for each day, there are other authorized prayers, a list of indulgences to be gained, etc. The whole is appropriately prefaced by an historical sketch of the Forty Hours' Adoration.

—Henry Sidgwick was of opinion that Newman lacked "sweetness and light." "How he came to this extraordinary judgment it is hard to say, unless through mere anti-ecclesiastical prejudice," observes a writer in the *Athenæum*, in the course of a sane and weighty criticism of the recently-published volume of "Miscellaneous Essays" by the Knightbridge Professor.

—Short lives of Blessed Peter Canisius (adapted from the Italian of the Rev. A. Anzini) and Father Lacordaire (by the Very Rev Vincent McNabb, O. P.) are now included in the Catholic Truth Society's Biographical Series. A most excellent series it is, numbering about one hundred and thirty brief biographical sketches of Catholic celebrities ancient and modern.

—It may add to the reader's interest in the series of articles on "Essentials and Nonessentials of the Catholic Religion," concluded in our present number, if we state that the author is a convert from Anglicanism. He holds a professor's chair in one of the English seminaries. It is gratifying to note that these articles have enjoyed unusual popularity among all classes of readers.

—A booklet which writers for the press will find very useful is "Notes for the Guidance of Authors in the Submission of Manuscripts to Publishers," issued by the Macmillan Co. It affords detailed information about the preparation of manuscripts, dispatching them, correcting proofs, etc. The observance of certain points emphasized in these pages would result in a saving of much trouble and expense to authors and publishers. For instance: "Typewritten manuscript is pref-

erable to handwriting. It is easier to read and to correct. It saves the printer's time, and prevents the occurrence of typographical error with its consequent expense."

—The versatility of Mr. Rider Haggard who, a few years ago, was known to this country simply as the author of such ultra-imaginative fiction as "She" and "King Solomon's Mines," is shown by his present standing as a social reformer and an agricultural writer. Two of his later works are "Rural England" and "The Farmer's Year Book."

—From Desclée, De Brouwer et Cie. we have received the first series of *Morceaux Choisis* (Selections), in their collection of "Pagan and Christian Latin Classics Compared." The work is an excellent one, and its dominant idea, that of introducing the undergraduate to a number of Christian classics very generally ignored in the modern arts course, deserves development throughout the Catholic world,—or, at least, the collegiate part of that world.

—The retirement of Mr. James Jeffrey Roche from the editorial chair of the Boston *Pilot*, to take the post of United States Consul at Genoa, and the entrance of Mr. Patrick M. Donahoe, a son of the founder of the *Pilot*, to become its business manager, are notable events in Catholic journalism. It is understood that Miss Katherine E. Conway, the devoted and efficient assistant of John Boyle O'Reilly and Mr. Roche, is now editor-in-chief of our Boston contemporary.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Socialism." Victor Cathrein, S. J. — Victor Gettelmann, S. J. $1.50.

"Progress in Prayer." R. P. Caussade, S J. 75 cts., net.

"Letters of Blessed John of Avila." $1.10

"Cardome: A Romance of Kentucky." Anna C. Minogue. $1.25.

"Brother and Sister." Jean Charruau, S. J. $1.25, net.

"Vera Sapientia." Thomas à Kempis. 75 cts.

"The First Days of Jesus." 15 cts.

"Principles of Sacred Eloquence." Rev. John Conway, O. P. 50 cts.

"The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass." Rev. Dr. Nicholas Gihr. $4.

"Pastoral Medicine." A. E. Sanford, M. D. $1.50.

"Rosa Mystica." Kenelm Digby Best. $6.

"Teacher's Handbook to the Catechism." Rev. A. Urban. $4.50.

"The Life of St. Teresa." $2.20.

"The Feasts of Mother Church." Mother M. Salome. $1.25, net.

"Method of the Solesmes Plain Chant." $1.

"The Sin of David." Stephen Phillips." $1.50.

"The Middle Ages." Thomas J. Shahan, S. T. D. $2.20.

"The Soul's Orbit." M. D. Petre. $1.48.

"The Know-Nothing Party." Humphrey J. Desmond. $1.25.

"The Quest of John Chapman." Newell Dwight Hillis. $1.50.

"Shadows Lifted." Rev. J. E. Copus, S. J. 85 cts.

"The Christian Gentlewoman and the Social Apostolate." Katherine E. Conway. 50 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. O. W. Clark, of the diocese of Newark; Rev. P. H. Bucham, diocese of Syracuse; Rev. Bernard Duffy, P. P., archdiocese of Dublin; and Rev. J. C. Očenášek, archdiocese of Chicago.

Sister M. Norbert, of the Sisters of the Incarnate Word; Sister M. Isabella, Religious of the Good Shepherd; and Sister Josephine, Sisters of the Precious Blood.

Dr. Henry Hendrix, of St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. Sylvester Lucas, South Bend, Ind.; Mr. Thomas Lynch, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Margaret Connor, Roxbury, Mass.; Mrs. William Fischer, Flemingsburg, Ky.; Mr. Christopher Blake, Dorchester, Mass.; Mr. John Gannon, Utica, N. Y.; Mr. Daniel Day, Graceville, Minn.; Mrs. Annie Durkin, Baltimore, Md.; Mr. George Racquet and Mrs. Homer Maxwell, Cleveland, Ohio; Miss Julia Tracy, Mrs. Catherine Sweeney, and Mr. Denis Ward, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. Carl Lill, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Mrs. Rudolph Geiger, Sandusky, Ohio; Mr. John McKeon and Mr. Patrick Mawn, Scranton, Pa.; Mrs. Mary McLear, Pawtucket, R. I.; Mrs. Leo Lumpt, Hubbard, Ohio; Mr. George Baker, Defiance, Ohio; Mrs. Daniel Sheehan, Woonsocket, R. I.; Mr. Edward Clemens, Massillon, Ohio; Mr. William Sullivan, Bridgeport, Mass.; Mr. Francis Muzzio and Mr. Ferdinand Diemer, Pittsburg, Pa.

Requiescant in pace!

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Up Above and Down Below.

BY NORA RYEMAN.

DOWN below, the dim eyes straining
For a glimpse of yonder shore;
Up above, the green palms waving,
Roses blooming evermore!

Down below, the heart sore paining,
Joys and sorrows, hopes and fears;
Up above, the pierced Hand gently,
Softly, wiping all the tears!

Down below, the day is darkling,
Moon and stars we can not see;
Up above, the wondrous shining
Of the Holy Trinity!

Down below, the hands are useless,
All their working now is o'er;
Up above, fair angels watching,
Robed in white, for evermore!

Down below, the daisies growing
On a mossy bed of green;
Up above, the crystal river
Flowing verdant fields between!

Some Pleasing Delusions.

BY THE REV. EDMUND HILL, C. P.

TO those who look beneath the surface of things, it must be evident to how large an extent popular opinion is set up nowadays as the chief criterion of truth. Popular adhesion to some speculative theory calling itself scientific is deemed sufficient proof that it is true. On the other hand, popular disbelief of a Christian doctrine is quite enough to warrant the rejection of the same.

This really means that truth is *subjective*, or that man *makes his own truth*. And, of course, it is a very convenient way of dealing with the "hard sayings" of Revelation. The doctrine of eternal punishment, for instance, becomes an out-of-date superstition; while the miraculous and the supernatural in any shape are serenely voted impossible.

Now, of all pleasing delusions there is none so flattering to self-love as this. If man makes his own truth, he is practically his own god. *Autotheism* (self-deification) is the only religion for him. And is it not the perfectly logical development of the principle of private judgment set up against authority by the so-called Reformation? No matter how blind generations may be to the logic of a false principle, that logic is certain to work itself out.

We behold in this autotheism one fulfilment at least (for some of the great prophecies have more than one) of St. Paul's prediction in his second Epistle to the Thessalonians, second chapter, verses third and fourth. We see the "revolt" begun by Luther and his followers; and the gradual manifestation of the "man of sin," as the licentious and daring unbeliever, who "opposeth [the truth], and is lifted up [by pride] above all that is called God or worshipped; so that he, sitting in the temple of God [the soul's domain of reason, designed for the temple of the

Holy Ghost, giver of faith], showeth himself as if *he* were God,"—or, as a stronger reading has it, "that he *is* God."

Happily, however, the logical extreme of this principle has not yet been reached by the generality of those who hold to it; but only by the Socialists and Anarchists of the day, with the better educated class of infidels, who profess to ignore such company but are really playing into their hands.

We see another pleasing delusion among the Protestant sects: much talk of, and every now and then a spasmodic effort after, *union*,—but a union which is quite another thing from *unity*. A more or less avowed consciousness that Protestantism in general is letting go of positive belief has occasioned the cry that *undogmatic* Christianity is to be the religion of the future.

Now, in the first place, truth in the *natural* order is always *objective*, and wholly independent of the consent of the mind. It is like the light for which the eye is created. We can shut our eyes to the light, if we please; and so can we shut out truth from the mind. The mind has intuition of "necessary" truth, whether self-evident or logically proven; but we can turn away from it if we choose to do so. We can resort to the "ostrich logic" of which I wrote some while ago. But, once our intellect accepts a truth, it comes under the rule of *law*. Once it knows, it can not *un*know. Therefore truths of even the natural order are in a real sense dogmatic. The self-evident fact that a thing can not be and not be at the same moment, the demonstrated fact that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles,—these are necessary and eternal truths, and inexorably dogmatic. Why, they even prove the being of God. For truth but exists as the object of intelligence; if, then, there are necessary and eternal truths, there must be a necessary and eternal Mind of which these truths are the object,—and which is Itself the reason for them.

I say, then, if Christianity were nothing more than a beautiful human philosophy—the most perfect system of ethics, say,—the truths contained in it would still be dogmatic. The imaginary thing called "undogmatic Christianity" would not only be no divine religion at all, but not even a respectable human system.

But *why* this call for undogmatic Christianity? Obviously, for one thing, because its advocates despair of any other basis of union. A good hearty laugh may be pardoned here as readily as a "flying smile." But with "more advanced thinkers," as they fondly style themselves, the avowed reason is that they may be rid of *creeds*, which fetter the mind, they say, and tie down the intelligence.

This only shows that these "thinkers" do not know what makes intellectual freedom. Their notion of it is on a par with the Anarchist's idea of civil liberty—to wit, the abolition of government altogether. Any sane person must see that there can not be liberty without order, or order without law; and that, consequently, the freest country is the one which is best governed. So the intellect must needs be in bondage to truth before it can be free from illusions. And if this holds good as to truths of the natural order—for instance, scientific truths,—how much more must it hold good of divine revelation! A religion such as Christianity claims to be—communicating to us momentous verities which concern our eternal welfare—must needs demand unreserved submission to the authority of the Revealer. And the more golden fetters the mind wears in its bondage to divine truth, the more true freedom it enjoys, in accordance with Our Lord's promise, "You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

A third pleasing delusion may as well be noticed here, because it is peculiarly fascinating to a certain class of minds; and is also a logical sequel to the first and second.

Since the "Parliament of Religions" at the World's Fair in Chicago, the "Vedanta Philosophy" has found a footing in America. Its great opportunity was that same "Parliament"; and it has been expounded in this country with considerable success by "Swamis, or spiritual teachers," from India. "Vedanta," we are told in a modest little tract published by the "Vedanta Society," means literally "End of all Wisdom." It professes to teach "the truths taught by Christ *and other Incarnations of God*"; and declares that revelation is the disclosure of the Divine Spirit in the individual soul, *being ever from within and not from without.*

Here, then, we have *autotheism* pure and simple. We are *all* "Incarnations of God": those "great Seers of Truth" (as the tract calls them a little farther on) having been special and extraordinary "Incarnations." This is made more clear by what follows: "Going beyond toleration and brotherhood, it [Vedanta] teaches that *each soul* is *potentially divine;* and that we are all children of immortal bliss. It likewise shows the way to the *realization* of the truth 'I and the Father are one.'"

Yes, the Swamis teach a method of mental prayer called "concentration," which, if faithfully persevered in, will infallibly lead to the "realization" aforesaid,—the realization of the soul's own divinity and of its oneness with the all-pervading Essence.

Now let us notice particularly the statement that the only "revelation" admitted by this philosophy is "the disclosure of the Divine Spirit within the individual soul." This means, of course, that truth, to be "divine," must always come "from within and not from without." How flattering is this to the pride of intellect, which we poor Catholics are told to mortify as a dangerous enemy! Man has no need of what *we* call *grace:* no need of an infallible Church to instruct him, no need of powerful sacraments to help him. No: he is self-sufficing, once he has learned how to realize his soul's "divine potentiality."

And in perfect consistency with this doctrine, we are assured that "the religion of Vedanta is *not built around any personality;* neither does it depend upon any particular book, but *embraces all the Scriptures of the world.* It accepts every phase of religious thought, and teaches active co-operation with all the various sects and creeds of special religions, *which are but partial expressions of one underlying Universal Religion.*"

And again: "The object of Vedanta is not to form a new sect or creed, or to make proselytes; but to explain, through logic and reason, the spiritual laws that govern our lives; to show that the true religion of the soul is not antagonistic to, but in harmony with, philosophy and science; to establish that Universal Religion which underlies all the various sects and creeds of special religions; to propagate the principles taught by the great Seers of Truth and religious leaders of different countries, and illustrated by their lives [the lives of Mohammed and Luther, for example]; to help mankind in the practical application of those principles in their spiritual, moral, intellectual and physical needs."

How delightfully accommodating is this Vedanta! Why, Anglican "comprehensiveness" is nothing to this. One is reminded of what the London *Tablet* cleverly said about the late Dean Stanley: that his "idea of Christianity seems to have been that it is an amiable institution for bringing together all

sorts of persons with all sorts of views." The little tract I have quoted from claims that this philosophy "has furnished the chief source from which such men as Ralph Waldo Emerson have drawn their inspiration."

Well, all forms of pantheism are practically identical, though they may differ theoretically. The Hegelian is the one which has taken best in Europe. Certainly it is the most ingenious ever devised. But Catholic metaphysics pins it to the ground. It is easily shown that Hegel's *Das Werden* ("The Becoming") is "not the Infinite at all, but the finite of Catholic theology";* and that it could not begin to "become" without the *Primus Motor*† to start it.

All forms of pantheism, again, are really *atheism made plausible.* The divinity of the pantheists is not God at all. For the only possible Deity is a Being of infinite perfections, All-holy, All-wise, All-good, as well as Omnipresent, Omniscient, Omnipotent; a Being who is self-existent and eternal; without beginning, without end, without change of any kind; and although His Immensity contains all created persons and things, yet His Essence is infinitely distant from theirs; and absolutely independent of them, though *they* depend on *Him* for every moment of existence.

It is enough to know that the Vedanta philosophy denies *creation* to see what a delusion it is. For, as Father Faber has so beautifully proved in his "Creator and Creature," the whole science of the spiritual life comes from the right understanding of our obligations as *creatures.*

Then, again, the Fall and the Redemption have, of course, no place in its teachings. Hence the wild talk of "other Incarnations," and the rejection of the "one Mediator" of salvation as the only Incarnation of God. Whatever it may say about our Lord Jesus Christ as "*an* Incarnation of God"—however much it may praise what it conceives to have been His doctrines,—no Catholic, nor any professing Christian entitled to the name, can regard this Vedanta philosophy as anything but a counterfeit of the Universal Religion which Christ was born and died to institute.

As to the pretended "other Incarnations"—such as Buddha and Confucius, Zoroaster and Mohammed,—which of them ever claimed to be God as Jesus Christ did? Which of them revealed the Adorable Trinity, and declared himself the Second Person of the Godhead? Let those who dare to take in a pantheistic sense such words as "I and the Father are one," or "He that seeth Me hath seen the Father," produce them as the utterances of any other lips than those of Him who could say, *because* the Eternal Son, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life. *No man cometh unto the Father but by Me.*"

* See "Catholicity and Pantheism," by the late Monsignor De Concilio.

† Aristotle's "First Mover."

Young Mr. Bretherton.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

VIII.—An Evening at Rose Cottage.

THE "shoulder" which Leonora had promptly offered to put to the wheel of preparation was no idle figure of speech. The young girl was proficient in almost every department of housekeeping, wherein she had been carefully trained by Miss Tabitha herself. Upon this occasion she undertook the chief share of the cooking, preparing delicious masses of gold-and-silver cake, which were presently cut into squares and arranged upon quaint cake-baskets of old-fashioned design. She dressed and roasted a pair of chickens, cut the boiled ham into wafer-like slices, adorned with dainty sprigs of parsley;

arranging a bowl of lettuce, garnished with sliced tomatoes and radishes, and covered with an incomparable mayonnaise. Last of all, she manufactured a pan of hot, flaky biscuits, charging Mary Jane to take them out of the oven at the precise moment when tea was announced.

Then she went up to her room, singing softly to herself in the pleasant excitement of the hour. For, let her be outwardly as stoical as possible, there is no damsel of her age who would not be elated at the advent of two very eligible young men, both possessed of advantages of rank and fortune, and one at least being blessed, moreover, with an extra share of good looks and a decidedly attractive manner.

Leonora attired herself in a filmy gown of the sheerest white organdie, made after the latest fashion and plentifully embellished with creamy lace. Thus apparelled, she resembled all things fair and fresh and dainty. None would have imagined that the long, slim fingers and slender wrists had been so lately immersed in pastry flour, or that the porcelain-like complexion had been in such close proximity to the kitchen stove.

Having completed her toilet, she stepped out into the garden to gather flowers for the table. Jesse Craft, observing her with approval, mentally indulged in a variety of complimentary expressions regarding her. He might fitly have compared her to a young goddess coming forth into her kingdom of flowers. No flower amongst them all was fairer. It is a curious fact, indeed, that this perfection of natural charm is often seen in those who have to dwell in the shadows of obscurity, while very frequently the daughters of the rich flaunt in borrowed beauty or depend wholly upon their gorgeousness of attire.

Leonora culled lightly here and there, confining her choice to flowers of a glowing red; for the evening had turned chill, with a suspicion of frost in the air. She arranged them in a rich harmony of brilliant shades on the tea-table, which was indescribably tasteful and picturesque in its appointments. Mary Jane was instructed to place logs upon the brass dogs on the drawing-room hearth. The preparations being thus completed, with a few minor details which had come under Miss Tabitha's personal supervision, aunt and niece sat down to await their guests.

The elder woman was visibly discomposed, though she strove to avoid any appearance of flurry. Leonora lost herself in the pages of a magazine, apparently quite oblivious of the approaching guests. Half a dozen times she was disturbed by Miss Tabitha's exclaiming that she heard the gate, or that surely there was young Mr. Bretherton's voice. At last, however, Lord Aylward's tall figure was seen by the watchful spinster.

"Here they come!" she cried. "My goodness, Leonora, put down that magazine and be ready to receive them! Is my cap quite straight and my fichu right at the shoulders?"

"You look exactly like one of your own pinks, dear," answered Leonora, unconsciously echoing what had been said before.

"I think it's only Lord Aylward," announced Aunt Tabitha, peering at that young man as he was still struggling with the latch of the gate.

The faintest trace of disappointment was visible on the niece's fair face as she stood beside her aunt at the window, looking out.

"I think they are both there," she said quietly, observing young Mr. Bretherton, who, handsomer than ever, and with a bright, expectant look, was just taking the matter of the latch out of Lord Aylward's hands and opening the gate himself.

Shortly after the entrance of the guests, tea was announced by Mary Jane, who had taken on something of the dignity of Miss Tabitha herself. In voice, manner and appearance, she strove to be a very paragon of propriety. Leonora, who walked behind with young Mr. Bretherton, while Lord Aylward and Miss Tabitha led the way into the dining-room, began to laugh, and whispered:

"She's living up to the occasion. Poor girl, it's positively tragic."

The tea was a pronounced success. Everything was daintily and delicately served, and the viands were delicious. If Miss Tabitha was at first inclined to be flurried, her niece was charmingly easy and natural. There was plenty of animated talk, in which all four joined. Leonora's subtle witticisms, however, which appealed directly to young Mr. Bretherton, and the by-play kept up between them, were occasionally a little puzzling to the slower-witted Lord Aylward, and excited uneasy astonishment in Miss Tabitha. She thought that her niece did not sufficiently consider the young man's dignity, and felt inclined to reprove her, as she had done in the old girl-and-boy-days when the young gentleman from the Manor came to play at Rose Cottage.

During the progress of the meal Mary Jane stood by, openly laughing at such jokes as she could understand; while each time her mirth was nipped in the bud by the frost of Miss Tabitha's eye. The unhappy serving-maid would automatically close the mouth which had been open in a broad grin, and spasmodically check the laughter which arose in her throat. At last the old lady gave her a preconcerted signal, which meant to light the fire on the drawing-room hearth, and Mary Jane fled the room. She very shortly announced her arrival at her destination by the most amazing clatter of fire-irons and a distressing smoke.

"Mary Jane has come to grief!" announced Leonora to Jim Bretherton. "She feared the worst. She confided to me that she never could light a fire, especially for company."

"May we go to the rescue, Miss Tabitha?" asked Jim, delightedly.

"Yes, let us hasten to the scene of the disaster," cried Leonora,—"at the risk of being choked by smoke!"

Mary Jane's attempts at a fire had resulted in a volume of smoke, and a heap of smouldering wood and paper upon the hearth, before which the girl knelt, helpless and forlorn. Young Mr. Bretherton rushed forward, seizing the fire-irons which the handmaiden had let fall.

"Now, Mary Jane," he said, "please give me the matches and a good wad of paper, and we'll see."

The girl obeyed, and the young man set the paper into a blaze, calling out to his friend:

"Give me some chips from that pile over there, Aylward!"

Lord Aylward did as requested, warming to the work. He picked out first the light pieces most suitable for speedy ignition, and lastly the heavy logs. Mary Jane stood by, staring and grinning, despite Miss Tabitha's frowns, until presently the wood leaped and crackled merrily, and young Mr. Bretherton cried out:

"You see, Mary Jane, I know how to make a fire!"

"You jest bet you do!" said the handmaiden, in a burst of involuntary admiration, which much amused Leonora and the two young men; though it brought forth from Miss Tabitha an awful glance and an icy tone of disapproval:

"Mary Jane!"

Mary Jane looked sullen. In the social creed in which she had been trained, one young man was just about as good as another; and the ex-Governor's son "didn't look a bit

like anything at all," down upon the floor lighting Miss Tabitha's fire. She stubbornly held her ground, and audibly snickered when young Mr. Bretherton gave his friend a sharp rap upon the shins with the poker, announcing:

"There, now, Aylward, the deed is done!"

Mary Jane's unseemly giggling caused her to be expelled by a peremptory mandate from Miss Tabitha:

"Leave the room, Mary Jane!"

The maid-of-all-work unwillingly complied. She would fain have lingered to see more of the fun and watch the young "gent," whom her mistress "set such store by," down on the floor intent on kindling a blaze. She moved toward the door with slow and unwilling steps, twirling the hem of her apron which she had hopelessly besmirched in her struggles at the hearth.

"Hurrah!" cried young Mr. Bretherton, triumphantly waving a brand, which he finally deposited upon the blazing pile. Then the little circle drew close about the fire, Miss Tabitha in the centre and Lord Aylward beside Leonora.

"This is awful jolly!" exclaimed Lord Aylward. "I haven't seen a wood-fire since I crossed the water."

"We scarcely needed one last month in Jersey," said Leonora, mischievously.

"Oh, by Jove, no! It was simply stifling," agreed Lord Aylward.

"Jersey is very warm," observed Miss Tabitha.

"Yes; and Miss Chandler used to chaff me most fearfully about the heat," said the Englishman. "She was forever handing me fans and that sort of thing, don't you know?"

"You needed them," explained the girl. "I never saw any one get quite so red and quite so heated, and I was supposed to be a sort of guardian spirit looking after unfortunates. That was part of a companion's duties."

"Oh, you were rough on a fellow lots of times!" laughed Lord Aylward.

As the two indulged in these reminiscences after the manner of those who have spent any period of time in pleasant association, young Mr. Bretherton amused himself by raising tremendous blazes, and sending up showers of sparks through the medium of the poker.

"Are you making pictures in the fire?" Leonora inquired, becoming suddenly aware of his presence.

"No: all the pictures so far are out of the fire," he said, so lightly that it was scarcely possible to make the personal application. "But it might be possible to conjure up some others; for instance, a state ball, a great lady, some big swell of an official, and an A. D. C. waiting humbly in the background."

Leonora looked mystified at first, then there was the slow dawn of comprehension in her expression, and a gleam of amusement in those wonderful, almost magnetic eyes of hers.

"Oh, come now, Jimmy!" cried Lord Aylward. "It's about time you dropped that chaff—don't you know?—or gave us the key to it?"

"There is no key; and I'm blessed, Bob, if I ever knew you to see a joke until it was ten days old."

"It would take some time to see your jokes, old fellow!" laughed Lord Aylward; while Leonora observed, in her soft voice:

"You might as well put a pendent to that picture: a garden, a rose-covered porch, a spoiled little girl, and a boy—well, I shall let you supply the suitable epithets for him."

"I shall set him down briefly as an unmannerly cub," added young Mr. Bretherton; "and I shall call upon Miss Tabitha to confirm the statement."

But Miss Tabitha was nodding gently in her chair. She, too, had been making pictures in the fire. She had seen a young girl clad in a pretty muslin

gown, with arms and shoulders bare, as was once the fashion, and hair falling in ringlets. Beside her was a man, straight and tall, talking eagerly, and surreptitiously stealing a curl. And there was a letter, not too well written nor spelled, but glowing with a boy's first love, and begging of that girl with the ringlets to wait until he had finished college and could come to marry her. There was also a valentine, on elaborate lace paper, adorned with two hearts transfixed together by a single arrow. Upon it had been inscribed a rhyme, which seemed to come down the chimney with the whistling of the wind, and to sound to Miss Tabitha's ears in the crackling of the logs:

O sweetheart mine, I'm thine,—all thine!
For thee I pine!
Behold, my heart with flaming dart
Is joined to thine!

Letters, valentine, girl and youth faded, and there was a mature woman, gowned in flowered taffeta, before whom a courtly, middle-aged gentleman was bowing deferentially, and referring with a half-tender, half-amused manner to the sweet-hearting time of youth, and the vows spoken and letters written; and assuring his listener that a ringlet of golden brown hair was still preserved amongst oldtime relics. The woman had not reciprocated the confidence by declaring that letters and valentine had been faithfully treasured all those years; and that the old lines, once so full of vital meaning and occasioning so keen a pleasure, re-echoed often through the silence and the loneliness:

O sweetheart mine, I'm thine,—all thine!
For thee I pine!
Behold, my heart with flaming dart
Is joined to thine!

Just now the rhythmic quality of the doggerel, resounding as it seemed from the moaning wind in the chimney and the crackling wood upon the dogs, had lulled Miss Tabitha's senses, no longer sensitive or acute, into a gentle doze. She started guiltily thence, to behold before her eyes the selfsame drama likely to be re-enacted by others.

She was extremely apologetic for having dozed off asleep. Bretherton, conscious of a vague, inexplainable pity for her, devoted himself to her entertainment; while Leonora and Lord Aylward fell once more into reminiscences, and recalled the pleasant happenings of those weeks amongst the Orange hills.

Miss Tabitha, still swayed by the glamor of the memories which had sprung full-fledged from the fire, having secured a listener, talked to *this* Bretherton, who had succeeded that other, of the past and present glories of his family. Occasionally Leonora was called in as a witness.

"You must remember, dear—though of course you were a mere child,—that last day when the Governor rode away to Boston?"

"Oh, I remember very well!" Leonora answered. "A regiment of soldiers escorted him. The Governor's son was in our garden, and he was rather rude."

"My dear!" remonstrated Miss Tabitha.

"That is perfectly true," said Jim Bretherton. "It was the Governor's son who helped to break down Miss Tabitha's fence, trying to get a better view of the soldiers."

"He insisted on climbing up beside me," explained Leonora; "and the fence wasn't strong enough for two. He said he had the best right to be up there, because it was to look at his own father."

"I don't wonder that you pulled my hair vigorously, as you certainly did," said Jim, forsaking the third person for the first. "It served me quite right. At that moment, however, the fence broke down."

"You were magnanimous, and rescued me from the ditch into which I had

fallen," continued Leonora. "You tried so hard to make me stop crying."

"Yes; I held out as an inducement," said the other, with a malicious gleam in his eye, "that I would be a governor when I grew big, and let you be my wife, to ride beside me in the carriage. You very properly declared that you would rather have me for a secretary."

"Good for you, Miss Chandler!" cried Lord Aylward, gleefully. "You put the fellow in his place. He needs it once in a while. He can put on more swagger than any chap I ever met. At Oxford, I remember, they used to call him 'His Highness.'"

"Oh, yes, I can beat you any day at that game!" assented Jim Bretherton, complacently. "You never looked as if you owned half a dollar in the world. I will say, though, that you rowed a rattling good oar, and I never saw a fellow ride straighter to hounds."

"Oh, I say, Jim!" expostulated Lord Aylward, "I can pull a stiffish oar or ride for a consolation prize; but at a steeplechase or in the Varsity Eleven you were always head. Lots of fellows used to think it hard lines to be beaten by a Yankee."

"I was fond of waving the Stars and Stripes and spreading the Eagle," said Bretherton, making another fierce onslaught upon the fire and sending up a rare shower of sparks to the chimney. "Hand me another log, Bob,—that's a good fellow! We're not in Jersey, you know, and Miss Tabitha is shivering."

While Lord Aylward was bringing the wood from the pile near by, his friend seized a knitted shawl which lay upon the sofa and put it about Miss Tabitha's shoulders, observing that grate fires had that important defect that they made one's back feel cold.

"I believe that's why the worst ghost stories are always told around the hearth," he declared. "Everyone gets chilly and feels cold shivers creeping up his spine, and he thinks it's spooks—by Jove, that looks like one at the window!" he added suddenly, as he turned in that direction before resuming his seat.

He had a distinct impression of a white, cadaverous face and a pair of hollow, cavernous eyes, and was perfectly convinced that some person had been looking in the window; but Miss Tabitha seemed so much disturbed by the incident that he began to treat it as a joke, and bore Lord Aylward's chaff with the greatest good humor. The episode, despite the efforts of the young men, seemed somehow to cast a chill upon the party round the hearth; though Lord Aylward solicitously drew the heavy curtains, to protect the room from outside observation, and Jim Bretherton set the logs into a fiercer blaze than ever.

The conversation became graver and more subdued; and it was an evening that was often remembered later on, as certain quiet and uneventful evenings are sure to be recalled in after life, with chance coincidences, and half-words spoken and glances interchanged. Such occasions often cement friendships and deepen attachments; sowing the seed, too, of ardent love or fierce hatred. There was not one of the four who did not look back afterward to see, as in a picture, the small but exquisitely neat and comfortable room, with the glow of a shaded lamp, and the blaze of the fire upon the hearth.

When the two men at last discovered that it was near eleven, and reluctantly arose to go, Miss Tabitha and her niece stepped out upon the porch to say "Good-night." They beheld the garden and the pathway to the gate literally flooded with moonlight.

"Isn't that perfectly beautiful?" observed Leonora. "It's like a dream."

"Will you walk as far as the gate?" asked Jim Bretherton, who stood near

her. "Then you can make a wish, with the full moon looking toward you."

"That's altogether a wrong version," corrected Leonora. "It's the new moon one wishes on."

"I am going to wish on the full moon," said the young man. "I never was bound by conventional rules. But do walk as far as the gate!"

He held out his hand to assist Leonora; but she did not accept it, linking her arm in Aunt Tabitha's instead, and gently impelling her down the steps.

"We're going to walk down to the gate," she declared. "Your young Millbrook magnate has given his commands."

Jim Bretherton looked at her with the half-amused resentment which she so often occasioned.

"Your young Mr. Bretherton, aunt, would be very tyrannical if the feudal laws were still in fashion. Don't you think so, Lord Aylward?"

"Who? Bretherton? Not he!" cried the Englishman. "Why, he's the most democratic dog, and always on the side of the people! I remember one day a man with a donkey—"

"Shut up, Aylward! Donkeys are not to be mentioned in the moonlight. You should talk about Titanias or Maid Marians. Brush up your Shakespeare."

"Brush him up yourself, and you'll find that Bottom had an ass's head."

After that there was a silence; the four remained entranced by the dreamy loveliness that clothed the earth as with a garment. Having reached the gate, all stood still, while Miss Tabitha, disengaging her arm from that of her niece, turned to bid Lord Aylward "Good-night."

"May I have a flower?" young Mr. Bretherton asked of Leonora. "I mean will you give me one?"

"Why, of course. A flower used to be sometimes given as a tribute to a feudal lord," replied the girl, in that same spirit of mischief which seemed to possess her when in company with the future master of the Manor.

"I think I have read it was the marriage dowry of beautiful maidens," laughed Jim Bretherton. "But there is nothing mediæval about me. I am living altogether in the present, and asking Miss Chandler for a flower to wear in my buttonhole."

"What kind of one?" she inquired.

"Whatever you will."

"My will has little to do with it, in this light. It is rather a haphazard affair, choosing a flower."

There was a subtle fascination in her voice. It was one of her charms,—a magnetism which few women possess and few men can altogether resist.

"It happens to be a geranium,—a simple, everyday flower," she observed; "altogether inappropriate under such a moon—"

"And from such a hand," added young Mr. Bretherton. "But the donor glorifies the gift. The smallest favor from a queen becomes a royal token."

If there were an exaggeration in this speech, it was to be charged to the hour and the scene. Under a moonlight sky, there is a temptation to forsake the language of everyday life.

Leonora, turning again to the gate, leaned over it, looking up at the moon.

"I wonder," she said, "if it is really inhabited, and if beings—unlike us, I suppose—are living up there in some fairer land?"

"Not fairer beings than some of us," said Jim Bretherton in her ear.

At that moment Miss Tabitha turned rather sharply. There had come to her a sudden, vivid memory of scenes long past, and of a Bretherton who had stood within the garden of Rose Cottage and talked sentiment in the moonlight. This remembrance gave a certain asperity to her tone.

"What are you talking about?" she inquired.

"You must ask your young magnate," answered Leonora, carelessly. "I have been up in the moon."

And once more Jim Bretherton felt himself put out of the question. He somewhat irritably bit off the end of a cigar and paused to light it, after he and his friend had said "Good-night" to Miss Tabitha and her niece.

As the two men went homeward over the moonlit ground, Lord Aylward suddenly exclaimed:

"An awfully fetching girl, that!"

"Who?" said young Mr. Bretherton, maliciously.

"Why, Miss Chandler, of course."

"Can any good come out of—America?" asked Jim, puffing at his cigar.

"Lots of charming women come out of it. They're all the rage in London," answered Lord Aylward, with decision.

And then the friends walked along a few minutes more without speaking. They had reached that portion of the street which looked downward upon the mill precincts and the brook, lying dark under the overhanging trees. As if by an unconscious association of ideas, Lord Aylward remarked:

"I fancy it must have been some sort of tramp that was hanging about the Cottage this evening."

"Did you see that face at the window?" asked Jim Bretherton.

"To be sure I saw it, just after you spoke,—a ghastly sort of visage, too."

"Yes, by Jove, I didn't half like it!" said Jim,—"thinking of those women alone there. I hope it's all right."

"The fellow had evidently got away," Lord Aylward said. "There wasn't a trace of him when we came out of the house."

While the young men were conversing thus and nearing the iron gates of the Manor, Leonora carefully covered the embers, having extinguished as far as possible the last glow of the fire which young Mr. Bretherton had triumphantly made; and Aunt Tabitha went to her room, a prey to many misgivings. She also was thinking of the face which had looked in at the window, and divined to whom it belonged. She was not, therefore, afraid for the actual safety of herself and her niece, but she was alarmed at the remembrance of that malignant influence which had these many years shadowed her life, and which seemed to be creeping closer since the advent of the future master of the Manor.

The elder lady was rendered uneasy, too, by that momentary scene in the garden, in which she had instinctively divined a lurking and subtle sentiment. She wished that her niece had not come home, or that it was possible to send her away again; for she knew the danger that lay concealed under the friendliness of such a man as Jim Bretherton toward a girl like Leonora. Her common-sense and her past experience alike warned her that this sentiment must be, in all probability, productive of harm. Young Mr. Bretherton would be expected to contract a brilliant alliance, and would himself realize, as the years went on, the desirability and even necessity of such procedure on his part. And Leonora, having looked thus high, or perhaps suffered her feelings to become engaged, would not willingly stoop to a lower plane, nor consent to marry amongst those who might be available. It would be but a repetition of her own story; and such repetition Aunt Tabitha was most anxious to prevent.

(To be continued.)

The Sun of Justice.

CHRIST'S love flamed forth the brightest
On Calvary long ago,
And sank in a blood-red sunset
O'er the darkened hill of woe;
But its rays still touch the ages
With a heavenly afterglow.

F. P. D., S.J.

Ancient Pictures and Images of the Blessed Virgin in England.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

NOTHING could well be more interesting than a careful study of ancient pictures and images representing Our Lady; but within the limits of one short article such a subject can be only briefly touched upon.

We find that the earliest introduction of images into England was for the purpose of instructing the ignorant. Venerable Bede says of an image of the Blessed Mother of God and ever Virgin Mary, and of the Twelve Apostles, with other representations from ecclesiastical history and from the Revelations of St. John, that they were placed in God's house, "so that all those who entered the church, even if they could not read, wherever they turned their eyes, might have before them the amiable countenance of Christ and His saints, although but in a picture; and with more watchful mind might reflect either upon the benefits of the Incarnation of Our Lord, or, having as if before their eyes the peril of the Last Judgment, might remember to make a more strict examination of conscience."

One of the most ancient and valuable illuminations of Our Lady with her Divine Son is to be found in the celebrated Book of Kells. The Virgin Mother is depicted in a purple garment ornamented with leaves of shamrock. This garment reaches to her feet; the sleeves are blue; above is another robe; and her head is surrounded by an elaborate nimbus. The Holy Child has no nimbus; He is seated on Our Lady's knee, and is looking toward her, His right hand resting on hers. He is clothed in a green upper tunic, with a red border reaching to His knee; and under this is a yellow garment that falls to His feet, which, like those of His Mother, are bare.

It is most interesting to note, in connection with this remarkable illumination, that, up to the time of the Renaissance, Our Lady, with this one solitary exception in the Book of Kells, A. D. 700, "is invariably represented," says a reliable authority, "with shoes on her feet—at least with her feet covered,—whilst Our Lord usually has bare feet, and occasionally sandals." Sometimes the feet of images of Our Lady were fitted with silver shoes. We read that, in the thirtieth year of the reign of Henry VIII., the commissioners, in Limerick, "did take off the image of Our Ladye showes of silver valued at 3*s* and 9*d* sterling."

Statues of Our Lady, when not sheathed with gold and silver, or made of precious metals, were always colored and gilt. Those at Evesham, says an old chronicler, in 1196, were "right well peynted and feyre arayed wyth golde and divers other colours." But that this was a custom in England very much earlier, is proved by descriptions of images at Glastonbury—the most ancient English sanctuary dedicated to Christ's Blessed Mother,—and also at Thetford. History tells us that St. David, Bishop of Menevia, added a chapel to the east side of the church at Glastonbury. "This chapel he consecrated to the honour of our Blessed Lady, and adorned the altar with a sapphire of inestimable value, which was called the Great Sapphire of Glastonbury."

On May 15, 1539, this priceless gem suffered the usual fate of costly things in those evil times. The description runs as follows: "Delyvered unto the King's [Henry VIII.] maiesty a *super-altare*, garnished with silver and gilte and parte golde, called the Great Saphire of Glastonberye." Again, we find that Ine of the West Saxons, who rebuilt this famous monastery in 708, built also the "Silver Chapel" as a proof of his

love for Christ and His Blessed Mother; and besides many munificent donations (such as 2640 pounds of silver and 264 pounds of gold for the altar, with other gifts too numerous to mention), he also presented 175 pounds of silver and 3 pounds of gold for images of Our Lord, the Blessed Virgin, and the Twelve Apostles.

William of Malmesbury speaks of an image of Our Lady which at the time "when the great fire consumed the altar-cloths and ornaments" was not touched, "nor the veil that was on its head." Abbot Adam de Sodbury (1322-1335) also adorned the high altar with a large image of the Virgin Mother, "which was placed in a tabernacle of excellent workmanship."* These "tabernacles," or canopied niches for Our Lady's images, were often on a magnificent scale, such as those at Southwold—where there was a rich tabernacle of Our Lady of Pity painted and gilt,—at Peterborough, Lincoln, and many other places.

In the inventory of the treasures of Lincoln cathedral, appropriated by Henry VIII., we find this entry: "Item. A tabernacle of ivory standing upon four feet, with two leaves, with one image of Our Ladye in the middle, and the Salutation of Our Lady in one leaf, and the Nativity of Our Lady in the other leaf." Again, in the Lady Chapel at Stowmarket, Suffolk, her image stood "in a niche of tabernacle work, to the making of which Margaret Wetherard, in 1457, bequeathed the sum of 40s."

Sometimes these tabernacles were of silver, as at Caversham; and sometimes they were of smaller dimensions and portable, as we see from the Wardrobe Book of the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Edward I., in which are enumerated an image of the Blessed Virgin of ivory, with a tabernacle of ivory in a case; and four images of Our Lady, with tabernacles and sundry images; whilst Henry VIII. had in his treasury "a tabernacle of gold with Our Ladye of Pity."

In the celebrated chapel of Our Lady of Undercrofte, which was immediately beneath the high altar in Canterbury cathedral, the statue of the Blessed Virgin stood on a rich pedestal in a canopied niche, or tabernacle; this ornate pedestal being sculptured with incidents from her life in relief; whilst the vaultings still bear traces of brilliant blue coloring, upon which appear small convex gilt mirrors and gilded quatrefoils. "Cardinal Morton," we are told (he died in 1500), "desired to be buried before the image of the Most Blessed Virgin Marye, commonly called Our Lady of Undercrofte, whom he so dearly loved. Two monks were to say, each, one Mass a day for twenty years, together with the *Placebo* and *Dirige*, for his soul."

Above the Lady altar, in the Church of St. Marye at Beoderic-worth, now called St. Edmundsbury, the image stood in a tabernacle, or "housyng," as we see from the will of John Baret, dated 1463, in which he says: "Item. I wille there be made a goodly newe crowne of metal gylte...for the ymage of Our Ladye in the housyng of ye rerdoos of Seynt Marie auter." And he goes on to give further instructions concerning the "peynting" of the said rerdoos; indeed, the painters of images, altar-screens, and so forth, like a certain Thomas Barsham—commonly called Thomas of Yarmouth—acquired considerable reputation in those days.

A few words must now be said on the names and types of Our Lady's different images. Such images as those of Our Lady of Good Counsel, of Perpetual Help, of Pity, and the like, are too well known to need description here. Others, again, have the name of their sanctuaries, as Our Lady of Loreto, of Boulogne, of Lincoln, of Walsingham, and so forth; whilst others were called

* Joh. Glaston. Historia.

by local names which speak for themselves—Our Lady in the Rock, at Dover; in the Tower, at Coventry; in the Park, at Liskeard, Cornwall.

Some titles were purely arbitrary, like that of Notre-Dame des Vertus—the old name of Our Lady of Miracles, in the fourteenth century. Some, again, were the outward expression of individual piety; as, for instance, where Elizabeth, Queen of Edward IV. (of England), in her will, calls Christ's Immaculate Mother "oure Blessed Ladye Queene of Comforte," than which it is scarcely possible to find a more charming title. In the Middle Ages Mary, "the Cause of our Joy," was always represented holding a bunch of grapes in her hand.

"Our Lady of Grace" was formerly a very favorite title in England, and many images were venerated under it. To give only a few examples, we may mention the famous image in the church in Lady Lane, Ipswich; that in St. Paul's Cathedral, London,—"at the Pillar," commonly called "Our Ladye of Grace"; the beautiful image of Our Ladye of Graces near the Tower, which might also be construed as Our Lady of Thanks, seeing that it most probably took its name from the Cistercian monastery built close at hand by Edward III., in thanksgiving for deliverance from danger at sea (1350). It is extremely interesting to find that the Dominican Priory at Youghal, founded A. D. 1268-1271, was called "St. Marye of Thanks."

In the grand old Church of St. Andrew, at Norwich, there was, under the steeple, a chapel dedicated to Our Lady of Grace; a light burned always on the altar before her image; a guild in her honor was established there, and numerous bequests were made to the sanctuary. In 1504 Agnes Est leaves "to Our Ladye in the Steeple a pair of beads of silver"; and in 1510 John Chirche left a legacy to gild the image of Our Ladye of Grace in her chapel; but space forbids the mention of other pious benefactions.

There were other noted images under this title at Northampton, Cambridge, Southampton, Aberdeen, and so forth; and "at Tamworth," we are told, "a barn and crofte were left for the perpetual maintenance of a priest to celebrate the Mass of Our Ladye of Grace"; whilst in 1478 "a guild of English merchants, trading in Ireland, was established in the Chapel 'Del Marie du Grace,' at the bridge end, in Dublin."

Our Lady of Peace is usually represented with an olive branch in her hand; or sometimes "a piece of fruit." At Brussels, for example, in the Church of St. Nicholas, Our Lady of Peace holds an olive branch in her right hand. There was an image of Our Lady of Peace at Winfarthing, in Norfolk; but this would appear to have been the only instance in England of Our Lady's being venerated under this title.

There is evidence that the Immaculate Conception of Mary ever Virgin was represented at an early period in England. We find that, on his return from Rome, about the year 470, St. Pulchronius, Bishop of Verdun, built a new church in honor of Our Lady, and caused to be sculptured an image representing her with the serpent under her feet. The serpent is also represented under the feet of Christ's Holy Mother in that most beautiful portion of Lincoln cathedral known as the Angels' Choir. Again, the Earl of Warwick, when he was Governor of Calais, "presented to Our Lady of Boulogne an image of her with the devil under her feet, of silver gilt"; and it is scarcely necessary to add that all paintings and images which depict the serpent under Mary's feet have reference to her Immaculate Conception.

One who has made a thorough and exhaustive study of the subject

(Edmund Waterton, F. S. A., Knight of the Order of Christ) tells us that "the English images and pictures of Our Lady were pre-eminently conspicuous for their great beauty," and he goes on to say that the loveliness of the English illuminations is equally remarkable. A cursory glance at some of the old MSS. in the British Museum will abundantly prove the truth of the latter assertion; while many learned foreign authorities confirm the former.

Dr. Wilhelm Lübke, describing "the grand Madonna statue" at the portal of the Chapter House, York, says: "She is holding her child toward the spectator with motherly pride; and in doing so, her slender figure is strongly curved, and the drapery, with its broad folds, is executed with masterly power." The date of this statue is 1300.

One of the images at St. Albans, carved by the celebrated Master Walter of Colchester in the beginning of the thirteenth century, was generally known as Our Ladye the Beautiful—*Sancta Maria Pulchra;* and the silver image of Our Lady of Pity, at Aberdeen, is described (1516) as *Pulchra Imago.*

In conclusion, we may add that Leo de Rosmital (1465-1467) was deeply impressed by the beauty of the English images. "At Reading, in the abbey church," he says, "there is an image of the Mother of God so exceedingly elegant that, in my opinion, I have never beheld, nor shall see, one to be compared with it, even were I to go to the extreme ends of the earth. Nothing more beautiful nor lovely could be executed." At Andover, he tells us, he saw "a most beautiful statue of the Blessed Virgin sculptured in alabaster"; again, at Salisbury, he remarks that he had "never beheld more elegant images"; and, alluding to those of Our Lady with her Divine Child, and the Resurrection of Our Lord he goes on to say that they seemed to him "not as handiwork, but alive."

More than Brothers.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

THE schoolmaster was dead,—the gentle, kindly schoolmaster, who had taught the village children for five and twenty years. Apart from their own grief, the hearts of all the villagers went out in sympathy to their friend and pastor, who had been with them during the same period, and who, in this loss of a dearly-loved brother, had suffered an irreparable bereavement. And now, on the occasion of the month's mind, Father Aquinas, it had somehow got about, would preach the discourse which his feelings had not permitted him to deliver on the day of the funeral.

When the morning arrived, the church was filled with the parishioners, who had left their shops and fields to pay a last tribute to Master Aquinas; the large congregation being further supplemented by many persons from the outlying neighborhood.

When the Mass was over, the pastor, a little pale, but otherwise composed, advanced to the altar rail and spoke as follows:

"My dear friends and neighbors:—Few words are necessary to-day in order to establish the status of the relations which existed between us and the gentle, humble, unselfish soul who has recently taken his departure. You all know what he was to you and your children, and are partially aware of how closely he and I were united. We were more than brothers—*though we were not brothers.*"

The good priest paused, resting his hands upon the railing, while a murmur ran through the whole church. When it had subsided, and was followed by an unusual stillness, he resumed his discourse.

"No," he said, "we were not brothers

in the flesh; though there is not one among you who has ever suspected that we were not borne and nursed by the same mother.

"About forty-five years ago a terrible epidemic of cholera devastated the whole of this country, as well as many other portions of the civilized world. This devastation was most frightful in the large cities, where a great many children were rendered homeless and houseless, as the orphan asylums were filled to overflowing.

"One morning a poor little boy, whom we shall call Jacob, in the short space of twenty-four hours found himself without father or mother. They had carried his dead parents away in a great wagon with many other corpses. He had seen the bedding which they had used taken to the public square, where it was burned with a large pile of similar articles; and, following his returning neighbors when they went back to the tenement, he sat down on the doorstep, hungry and forlorn. At such times terror makes people selfish and regardless of all but their own interests. In this case, moreover, the family were newcomers in the place, and had made but few acquaintances.

"Night fell. No one noticed the boy, no one spoke to him or offered him a bite to eat. Desolation and sorrow compassed him round about. He could not remain any longer where he was. He rose, hugged his thin little jacket closely around him (for the month was October), and, wandering aimlessly along toward the suburbs, he pursued his way by the light of the numerous fires which were burning in the middle of the streets. An odor of tar and pitch pervaded the air; to this day he can not encounter it without a shudder.

"For hours and hours he walked, till, leaving the city far behind him, he came to the open country, where the houses were few and far between. The pale moon rising above the horizon seemed to him like a friend kindly smiling upon him; and, cuddling up under an inviting haystack, he went to sleep. Dawn was breaking when he awoke,—a chill and misty dawn, that made little Jacob shiver and feel more desolate than before. He looked up at the clouded skies, striving to pierce their cold, gray depths.

"'When it is blue up there,' he said to himself, 'when the sun is beaming, and at night when the stars shine through, I almost think I can see the angels. But now it seems to me that heaven must be far, far beyond those gloomy clouds,—heaven, where my dear father and mother are. If they could have helped it, they would never have left me here alone: they loved their little Jacob so dearly! It must be a lovely place; for there no one is hungry, no one ever trembles with the cold. Oh, why did they not take me with them? Why did they leave me here alone?'"

Father Aquinas wiped his eyes, as did many of the congregation also.

"Still pursuing his way," he went on, "the child came to a village pleasantly situated in a charming valley. A little apart from the other dwellings stood the church; and next to it, a neat-looking house with a statue of the Blessed Virgin in a small niche above the door. The sight of this image quite overcame him: it reminded him of one his dear mother had sold, not long before, to buy bread The child could endure no more. Throwing himself on his face and hands on the threshold, he began to weep so loudly that the pastor in his bedroom heard the noise. Hastily opening the door, he stood confronting the little wanderer.

"'Who are you, my child?' he asked. 'Whence do you come and whither are you going?'

"'I am little Jacob,' replied the boy, with the simplicity of childhood. 'My father and mother have gone to heaven and left me alone. Before my mother

went she said that we should meet in heaven,—that I must find the way there, and go to her some time. I want to go this very day. O good sir, tell me how I shall find it; for I am so tired: I have already gone very far!'

"The priest took little Jacob's hand.

"'When did your father and mother die?' he asked.

"'My father the day before yesterday; my mother, yesterday.'

"'Have you no other relatives? No sisters or brothers?'

"'No one.'

"'Nor friends?'

"'What are friends?' asked the child, pitifully.

"The priest laid his hand upon the boy's head.

"'Come into the house,' he said, kindly. 'My servant will give you some breakfast, and after that we shall see.'

"Magdalena, the housekeeper, was as kind as her master. The boy was fed and nourished; and from the beginning there seemed to be no thought of sending him away. He was certainly not of much use, being only seven years old. Outwardly he appeared contented, but one day he said to the priest:

"'Father, where is heaven?'

"'It is where the blessed live,' replied the good man.

"'Will you show me the way?'

"'As well as I can, my boy.'

"A few days later Jacob again asked:

"'Father, when will you show me the way to heaven?'

"Then the priest explained that it is by keeping the Commandments, doing one's duty in life, spending the time industriously and profitably, and praying often and sincerely, that the way to heaven may be found. Jacob at once began to prepare himself for it. He performed faithfully all such little tasks as were allotted to him, and let no day pass without spending some time in the church, in prayer before the Tabernacle and the statue of the Virgin Mother with the Divine Child in her arms.

"Now, this statue was very old, the work of a great master, and was thus valuable from an artistic standpoint; but it must be confessed it was not very beautiful. So, at least, thought little Jacob, who, as he sorrowfully contemplated the thin, pallid features of Jesus and Mary, felt that they must be hungry, so attenuated were their faces and forms. When he looked at them the tears would come to his eyes; and one morning, secreting a piece of bread from his breakfast, he took it to the church and laid it on a little plate beneath the statue, saying:

"'Eat that now, Holy Mother,—eat it, and give a little to the dear Infant Jesus. I have not stolen it,—no indeed. I saved the half of my breakfast and brought it to you. After this I will fetch you some every day.'

"When he returned to the church in the afternoon, he was delighted to see that the bread had disappeared. From that time little Jacob daily took part of his breakfast to the Blessed Virgin, and always in the afternoon the bread was gone. But, to his surprise and regret, the faces of Mother and Child appeared as thin and pallid as ever. At length he could bear it no longer, and thus accosted his benefactor:

"'Father, for a good many days now I have given half my breakfast to Jesus and Mary in the church, because they look so pale and thin. I know they must be hungry. But, though they eat the bread I leave for them, they are as thin as ever, and I am afraid they will soon die of hunger; at any rate, they will become very ill.'

"'But, my child,' rejoined the priest, 'the statue can not eat your bread.'

"'Yes, Father. It is gone every afternoon when I go to the church to pray.'

"'Well, we shall see about it,' said the pastor, resolving to watch what took place.

"'Whatever happens, Jacob,' he said to the child, 'you are doing a pious and kindly deed,—one which already places you far on the way to heaven and to your good mother.'

"Pleased and gratified, little Jacob smiled, glad to know that he had already made some progress on the road he so earnestly sought to follow.

"The next morning the good pastor placed himself in the rear of the church, watched Jacob lay the bread in front of the statue, pray for some time before it, and then retire. Not long after the door opened again, and a small, woe-begone child, perhaps six years of age, shuffled slowly up the aisle, paused in front of the statue, looked eagerly up to the ledge where the bread was lying, and then knelt, praying, with his small, pinched face in his grimy hands. Presently taking the bread, he kissed it reverently, and, after depositing it under his jacket, quietly left the church. The priest followed him, overtaking him in the porch, and said:

"'Why did you take that bread you have concealed under your coat, little boy?'

"'O sir,' answered the child, 'do not scold me! I am no thief. I only came to get the bread the Holy Mother gives me every day.'

"'How do you know the Holy Mother gives it to you?' asked the priest.

"The child began to cry as he replied:

"'My own father and mother are dead. The people turned me into the street, after they had taken them away in the dead wagon and flung them into a ditch. I saw them covered with mud and dirt.'

"'Did they die of cholera?'

"'I don't know,' said the boy. 'But they were very sick. Since then I have gone from door to door begging my bread.'

"'How old are you?'

"'Maybe six, maybe seven. My two front teeth have fallen out, as my mother told me they would when I was seven.'

He opened his mouth, displaying a gap. The priest could not help smiling.

"'And how came you here?' he asked. 'Tell me the rest of your story.'

"'There is nothing more to tell, except that I was nearly dying of hunger, and thought I would come and pray to our Blessed Mother—as my own mother told me always to do,—that she might get me something to eat. And the second time I came there was the bread. Every day since, I have come and have always found a big slice.'

"At that moment Jacob appeared on the pathway.

"'Come, Jacob,' said the priest. 'Here is the hungry fellow who has been eating the bread you leave for the Blessed Mother and the Child Jesus. But, like yourself, he has lost both father and mother; and, coming to pray to the Mother of God, she has answered him, as you see. From the resemblance between you, one might think you were brothers. Would you like a companion, Jacob?'

"'Yes, Father,' Jacob replied, extending his little hand to the other child.

"'Very well; you will be the elder, and henceforward you *are* brothers. There is room in my house for another inmate; and who knows but that one day you may both dedicate yourself to God's service? Now, what is your name, my little fellow?' he inquired, turning to the boy.

"'David,' said the child.

"'Your other name?'

"'I do not know.'

"'Very well. As Jacob does not know his either, I shall call you by the name of a great Doctor of the Church—Aquinas. Henceforward you shall be known as Jacob and David Aquinas.'

"The boys grew up side by side,—

'more than brothers,' I might well say, as they never had the slightest disagreement, and loved each other as brothers seldom do. Instructed by their kind friend and pastor, they made good progress in their studies; and when Jacob was sixteen both went to the Petit Séminaire to prepare for the priesthood. A peculiar disease of the stomach prevented the younger from becoming a priest, but I very much doubt whether, in the capacity in which he lived among you for twenty-five years, he did not do more good for his fellowmen than your pastor who now stands before you.

"He has gone to join his parents and my own in heaven, and to meet once more the saintly and charitable soul who plucked us both from the mire and wickedness of the highway,—drew us from the terrible whirlpool of the world, which would certainly have engulfed us, if that kindly hand had not been extended to feed and clothe and shelter us, and teach us the way to heaven."

It is a pious tradition that at the moment of the last terrible assault at the famous battle of Rhodes, as the defenders, reduced to extremity, unfurled the banners of Christ, Our Lady, and St. John, and cried aloud to Heaven for help, the Moslems were stupefied by the sudden apparition on the battlements of a lady of dazzling and extraordinary beauty, who extended a shield over the devoted city. By her side stood one whom the Rhodians recognized as St. John Baptist, their patron saint; and the heavenly vision struck such terror into the hearts of the assailants that they instantly turned and fled. This account was at the time universally believed by the Rhodians; and the relief of the island has always been reckoned as one among the many victories of Mary.

Mottoes for a Calendar.

The idle find the days long and the years short.—*Diderot.*

Hope keeps man alive, but doesn't feed him.—*Commerson.*

Relatives and pirates always quarrel over a division of property.—*Lavedan.*

A father may sometimes be replaced; a mother, never.—*H. Lucas.*

Truth is born to wait.—*Voltaire.*

A secret is like an oyster: when it opens, it ceases to exist.—*Pope.*

Hope revives courage, fear generates activity.—*Edgeworth.*

Who speaks, sows; who listens, reaps.—*Persian Saying.*

Solitary meditation is for the soul a breath of air from the heights.—*Coppée.*

The body is the barracks wherein our existence is encamped.—*Joubert.*

How to constrain oneself is the first thing to learn.—*Diderot.*

That which is replaced is not destroyed.—*Gambetta.*

Only he who merits a favor knows how to appreciate one.—*De Nervo.*

Vanity is the froth of pride.—*A. Karr.*

A favor received is the most sacred of all debts.—*Mme. Necker.*

The desire to appear skilful often prevents one from becoming so.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

Prosperity has killed many whom adversity would have let live.—*D'Houdetot.*

After speech, woman's second weapon is silence.—*Ph. Gerfaut.*

The more we learn to improve our time, the less we find of it to lose.—*J. J. Rousseau.*

We receive truth as the fields receive dew.—*Lamennais.*

The dead are invisible, but they are not absent.—*Victor Hugo.*

By dint of going to the bottom of everything, one stays there.—*Taine.*

A Highly Important Organization.

WRITING two or three months ago in one of the leading reviews, an author of some repute declared that, not long before, Pius X. had plainly intimated that intelligence is not wanted among the clergy. The statement is ridiculously absurd, of course; and would not have deserved notice had it been less positive, or been made by an uneducated man. Coming from one who has written much for the press, and appearing in a widely-read review, however, it called for refutation. But this would not have been adequate without an explanation of what the Pope really did say, to whom he spoke, and on what occasion. So of all such misrepresentations. Gratuitous assertions may not always be gratuitously denied: they are sure to be reiterated until fact is opposed to fiction and error confronted with truth. The disposition on the part of non-Catholics to give credence to all that they read and hear against the Church is still strong and general. The ignorance of the great majority of even intelligent Protestants as to Catholic belief and practice is simply amazing. The evidence of this ignorance appears in almost every secular and sectarian publication of the day.

The duty of enlightening all who are not unwilling to be enlightened—the overwhelming majority,—and of refuting all misrepresentations of the Church and all misstatements of Catholic doctrine, is too plain to be insisted upon. The importance of promptness and thoroughness in this matter, however, is not realized as it should be. "Too late to be of any present use" is the verdict against perhaps nine-tenths of all that is spoken and written by Catholics in refutation of current calumnies against the Church and her members. The folly of pouring water on a fire that has already burned itself out, or of stirring up the smouldering embers, does not appeal to everyone. Inaction at the time when action was demanded argues either indifference or inability. It is quite natural that our opponents should conclude that we have nothing to say in our defence if, when attacked, we say nothing. And this is very often the case.

With a view to stirring up the zeal of Catholics, and affording prompt refutations of all calumnies against the Church—her head, her clergy, her religious Orders, her missions, her doctrines and institutions,—an organization has been formed in Germany which it is to be hoped may soon become world-wide in its scope and influence. We refer to the Central-Auskunftstelle der Katholischen Presse, an appreciative notice of which, from the pen of the Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S.J., appears in the February number of the *Month*. This organization is under the able direction of Dr. Kaufmann, of Weismes-Faymonville, in the Governmental district of Aachen; and has lately been blessed and approved by the Holy Father.

The good work already done by the C. A., as it is usually referred to, is so well known in Germany that Dr. Kaufmann is appealed to on all sides for refutation of the slanders so industriously circulated by the anti-Catholic press of the Continent. "He realizes the importance of promptness in correcting a newspaper misrepresentation. His agents are set to work investigating as soon as ever the accusation is published; and with such success that not unfrequently he is able within a very few days to give the results of the investigation in the (more or less) fortnightly lithographed papers which he sends to his subscribers and agents."

Two illustrations will suffice to show the thoroughness and promptness of the methods adopted by the C. A. The

first refers to the misrepresentation of Pius X. quoted above. In the paper for December 28, the purport of the Holy Father's address to the assembled bishops and archbishops on December 12 was given by a Vatican authority; and it was thereby shown that, as might be expected, the prelates were not exhorted to discourage the ordination of intellectually-minded candidates, but only that of those who were infected by *false* modern principles, and likely to prove rebellious against the authorities placed by God over His Church.

Our readers may remember the sensational reports published toward the end of last year about the destruction "by bigoted Catholics" of a Protestant church at Puerto Moutt, Chile. The slander was refuted in the C. A.'s issue for January 11. There was just this grain of truth in the reports, that there was a manifestation of feeling in front of the church; and this not against the church, but against a bridal pair that had just come out of it. The manifesters were only boys, and quite as likely to have been Protestants as Catholics; for the grievance against which they manifested was not religious, but merely that this particular bridal pair had not followed the usual local custom at weddings of throwing to the crowd small coins, which were usually picked up by the children.

We share the hope expressed by Father Sydney Smith that the staff of the C. A. may become more developed and its operations extended to all parts of the world. Branch agencies should be established without delay in England and the United States, also in Mexico and South America, which for years past have been dumping-grounds for those who wish to locate their anti-Catholic fictions in some locality sufficiently remote. The agents should be persons distinguished no less for charity, candor, and common-sense than for zeal, alertness, and industry.

Notes and Remarks.

Commenting on the fact that, while the various projects looking toward the separation of Church and State in France differ in certain respects one from another, all agree in prescribing the despoliation of the churches, a writer in the *Annals Catholiques* of Paris says: "In the closing speech of the annual convention of 1883, the orator of the Grand Orient (Freemasons), disclosing Masonic action, pointed to the day when that triumphant sect would be called on to take possession of our churches and turn them into its temples. He declared: 'On that day, Brothers, our action will have accomplished its destinies. In these edifices reared for centuries past to religious superstition and sacerdotal supremacy, we will in our turn, perchance, be summoned to preach our doctrines; and, instead of the clerical psalmody which still re-echoes therein, the plaudits and acclamations of our order will resound in those spacious vaults and about those vast pillars.'"

That is the prediction of twenty-two years ago. In view of the apparent probability of the prediction's soon being verified, it is a little strange, to say the least, to find American publicists still pooh-poohing the idea that Freemasonry has had anything to do with present conditions in France. In the meanwhile, if the overwhelming majority of Frenchmen—nominal Catholics, at least,—permit the anti-clerical government to despoil them of their churches, they must be an invertebrate mass that deserves little sympathy and less respect.

We noted recently the incongruity of Dr. Funk's including Father Faber's "Spiritual Conferences" in the bibliography of Spiritism. A more recent instance of utterly perverted and non-

sensical illustration, or reference, has attracted our attention in a Chicago Sunday journal. A materialistic physician whose name, G. Frank Lydston, is possibly more familiar to some of our readers than to us, who never heard or saw it before the other day, writes in the paper referred to: "I have no quarrel with those who believe in a spirit entity and in a future state." This is kind, magnanimous even. But when the Doctor speaks of the fallacious hopes of immortality cherished by so many credulous millions, he makes this astounding statement: "That sweetest of singers, John Boyle O'Reilly, sang of such hopes:

Not in their reason our dear illusion,
But truer than truths that are measured and weighed,
O land of the spirit where no intrusion
Of bookmen or doubters shall aye be made!"

This, we submit, is the ultimate limit of preposterousness. Boyle O'Reilly, who wrote to his soul's friend: "I am a Catholic just as I am a dweller on the planet"; Boyle O'Reilly, whose loyalty to the old Mother Church and her every doctrine was as unquestioned as that of his friend and ecclesiastical superior, Archbishop Williams himself; Boyle O'Reilly to be cited as a disbeliever in the reality of a future life, and his beautiful poem on the "Wonderful Country" to be quoted in support of materialism! Well, what next?

The Apostolate of the Press is beginning to be appreciated at its full value in France. A timely article in the *Etudes* discusses the work in masterly fashion, and makes several suggestions well worthy of adoption in all Catholic countries. Commenting on the necessity of a Catholic press in preparing and obtaining electoral victories, it emphasizes the point that the smaller Catholic papers in the provinces should be more generously supported. This support may be extended without taxing too severely the Catholic pocket, if patronage be withheld from the papers that are hostile to religion; if they are not subscribed for, advertised in, or even bought singly, by Catholics. "The impious press," says the *Etudes* writer, "is a poison as detrimental to the soul as is strychnine to the body. Granting that, contrary to all evidence and all experience, you yourself may habitually read an irreligious journal without danger to your faith and morality: still, you are a Catholic, you believe in the malediction hurled by Christ against those who scandalize His little ones,—and you co-operate in that scandal! In subscribing for such a paper, in sending it your advertisements, you are employing your money to propagate it."

While papers and magazines specifically anti-religious are not numerous in this country, those that are anti-Christian are common enough, and those that are habitually anti-Catholic are as plentiful as falling leaves in autumntide. The measure of one's co-operation in circulating such periodicals is plainly matter for a serious examination of conscience.

Mgr. Le Roy, Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, has recently been contributing to *Les Missions Catholiques* a series of very interesting papers on the Propaganda. Speaking of the funds subscribed to the Propagation of the Faith, the Work of the Holy Childhood, and similar organizations, he says: "In all this, however, the Propaganda has no active rôle. It encourages, blesses, applauds the efforts of private initiative; but does not itself distribute this free grant which Providence has secured for its envoys. Only the Anti-Slavery collections, taken up every year on the Feast of the Epiphany, are disbursed by a commission of Cardinals among the different African missions. The Propa-

ganda preserves the same attitude toward the property of the missions, real and personal. Its idea is that the missions belong to the missionaries, and that, in accordance with the laws of the country of their residence, the superiors should see to it that their property subsists and serves as a base for the work of evangelization in view of which it was acquired. This respect for private initiative the Propaganda manifests all along the line."

Referring to the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda, and the cordiality of his relations with the evangelizers directly subject to him, Mgr. Le Roy finely says: "It is a happiness and a glory for the missionaries of the entire world, during their life and at the hour of their death, to be able to turn toward Rome, and know that there, near the successor of Peter, is the successor of Paul, who understands them, loves them, and blesses them."

In an interesting letter addressed to Dr. Boissarie, of Lourdes, Abbé Letourneau, pastor of St. Sulpice, Paris, has this to say: "The opponents of the miraculous cures effected at Lourdes often express themselves in some such fashion as the following: 'Catholics obtain at will surprising physiological revolutions by means of the splendor of their sublime ceremonies, the grandeur of their worship, their stupefying dogmas, etc. . . . There is, then, no need for surprise at what takes place at Lourdes. Given the occasion, Catholics by well-known processes can secure biological transformations very salutary for the sick.'"

The Abbé comments that, while at first blush this specious reasoning may impress some people, it is in reality neither sound, scientific, nor decisive. The weak point in the explanation is the statement that Catholics "obtain at will" phenomena analogous to those at Lourdes. The assertion is, of course, false,—ridiculously false. Does any sane non-Catholic doubt for a moment that, if prodigies such as have glorified Our Lady's Pyrenean shrine for the past four decades could be secured, anywhere, by the employment of splendid ceremonies, solemn rites, etc., then the various shrines in Italy, Spain, Ireland, Canada and Mexico would be thronged with unceasing processions of the infirm and the afflicted? It is altogether too late in the day to announce that the cures at Lourdes are wholly or primarily subjective,—that the excitement or enthusiasm of the patients, not the power of their Patroness, is the all-sufficient cause of the pathological wonders wrought at the Grotto of Massabielle.

The conferring of the pallium on the new Archbishop of Cincinnati, last week, calls to mind the wondrous progress of the Church in Ohio during the past half century. In 1855 there was only one other diocese—that of Cleveland—in the whole State; and the number of Catholics was set down at 160,000, including a floating population of Catholics of about 10,000, employed on public works and in other ways. The number of churches built or in course of erection did not exceed one hundred and seventy; and of priests, all told, there were only one hundred and fifty-four. The Catholic population of Ohio at present is estimated at 556,000. The number of churches in the State has increased to five hundred and seventy-five; and the number of priests, to seven hundred and twenty-two. There are now as many churches and chapels in the three episcopal cities of Cincinnati, Cleveland and Columbus as there were in the whole State of Ohio in 1855.

There was a genuine surprise for us in an article contributed to a recent issue of *Harper's Weekly* by Sydney Brooks.

Knowing of the great wealth of not a few of the bishops of the Established Church, and of the large fortunes left by several of those worthies who have died in recent years, we had supposed that the majority of the clergy were proportionately well-to-do. The contrary would seem to be the case. Mr. Brooks refers to the rank and file of the clergy of the Establishment as the hardest-worked and the poorest-paid set of men in the kingdom. The total income of the fourteen thousand incumbents is only $17,400.00, or rather less than an average of $1250 a year a piece. "I need hardly say," writes Mr. Brooks, "that there are thousands of clergy who fall miserably below this average. Fifteen hundred livings are worth less than $500 a year, and four thousand seven hundred livings are worth less than $1000 a year."

The *Brooklyn Eagle* is not optimistic as to the morality of our country. "Graft," it declares, "is everywhere. The dollar is above the Deity." With the *Eagle*'s statement that "mere lack of faith does not concern the people of a free country," we can not of course agree; though we concur in the supplementary declaration, "but crime does, whether it arises from this lack or otherwise." We quote another paragraph:

> We want less killing, less stealing, less of Wall Street, less rowdyism and obscenity, less corruption in politics, less carelessness on moral questions in society. If ethics are a slow growth of the socialized State, their destruction is appallingly facile; and they must be reconstructed at a cost of centuries of effort, unless the moral effects of faith are restored to us. For that restoration the churches of all faiths should work in harmony.

May we be allowed to remark that the restoration in question can never be effected so long as religion, the only substantial basis of morality, is systematically banished from the schoolroom? Godless schools spell a Godless people; and the "ethics" that ignore God are flimsier than a spider's web to restrain the passions of humanity. Begin right. Let the schools form good children; good men and women will follow naturally.

The Hon. R. L. Borden, leader of the opposition in the federal parliament of Canada, was recently elected by acclamation to represent an Ontario constituency. In his address to the electors he referred to the fact that, notwithstanding his being English-speaking and a Protestant, he had been asked to represent a Quebec constituency whose electors were almost exclusively French-Canadians and Catholics. It accordingly appears that the generosity which has been so repeatedly manifested in Ireland, by the election of Protestant members of Parliament to represent purely Catholic districts, is imitated on occasion by their coreligionists of French blood in Canada. And still there are non-Catholics who prate about Rome's dominating the political action of all her spiritual subjects, and charge us Catholics with the most extravagant bigotry! As old Heywood said, three centuries and a half ago:

> Who is so deaf or so blind as is he
> That wilfully will neither hear nor see?

Writing from Dakar, Senegambia, to *Les Missions Catholiques*, Mgr. Kunemann gives a very interesting account of the election of a Mother General for the large community of Sisters under his jurisdiction. The voting took place in the chapel. One after another the Sisters came forward, wrote their choice on their knees in presence of the Blessed Sacrament, and, rising, deposited their ballots in an urn. Mgr. Kunemann himself counted the votes, and found that, with the exception of a very few, all were for Mother

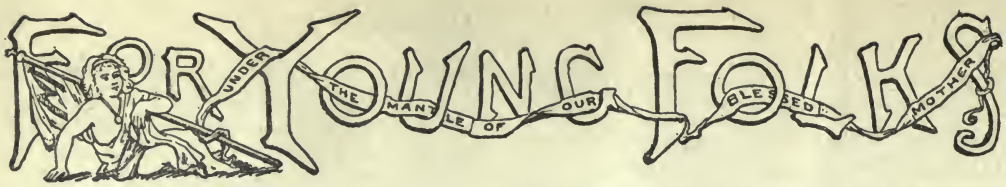
Iphigenia, who accordingly received, as Superior-General, declarations of "reverence and obedience" from each of her subjects. Accompanying the narrative in *Les Missions* is a portrait of the new Mother General. The community is one of native Sisters, and Mother Iphigenia's features are those of a saint cut in ebony. Her face is as thoroughly black as, we doubt not, her soul is purely white. As a product of Christian, or rather of *Catholic*, civilization, she is easily a more interesting personality than was the late Frederic Douglas, or than is the present Booker Washington.

The statement recently made by a prominent American educator that the Bible *as history* is of no value whatever, was no less of a surprise to better-informed "higher critics" than to the humblest of orthodox Bible-readers. The statement was unworthy of an educated man, much more of an educator. Ordinarily well-informed persons need not be told that narrations of the sacred writers are corroborated in the most striking way by the heathen records of the past discovered in recent years beneath the mounds of Babylon and Nineveh, on the clay tablets of the buried city of Kowyunjik, and on the ancient monuments of Egypt and Cyprus. Interesting examples showing how these lately discovered monuments coincide with Bible history are presented by the Rev. Albert Barry, C.SS.R., in an able paper contributed to the current number of the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*. By way of introduction, he remarks:

> The iconoclasm of the critical school of historians had done its worst when the pages of history which had seemed to be lost forever were restored, the veil was lifted which had concealed for so many centuries the records of the past, and the explorer and decipherer gave us back the ancient documents of the great empires of the East. Twenty years ago, we possessed only scraps and fragments of ancient history, and the Bible alone gave a full account of those olden times; but, as it stood alone, it was looked upon by scientific historians as legendary and untrustworthy. The libraries of Babylon and Assyria, however, have been discovered; and we have learned at length that the Eastern nations then were as civilized and as cultured as the world of to-day, and that the arrogant assumptions of the critical historians were founded mostly on imperfect evidence and on ignorance of ancient history.
>
> A dead world has come to life through the spade of the excavator and the patient labor of the decipherer; and through the finding of the monuments of Egypt, Babylon and Assyria, we find ourselves face to face with Sargon, Sennacherib, Nabuchodonosor and Cyrus, and we can follow the march of their victorious armies. These wonderful discoveries have thrown a flood of light on the ancient world of the East, and have in a wonderful way corroborated and elucidated the Bible narrative.

Layard, who in the field of constructive criticism has contributed so much of real value, says of these discoveries: "Who would have believed it probable or possible, before these discoveries were made, that beneath the heap of earth and rubbish which marked the site of Nineveh, there would be found the history of the wars between Hezekiah and Sennacherib, written at the very time when they took place by Sennacherib himself, and confirming, even in minute details, the Biblical record? He who would have ventured to predict such a discovery would have been treated as a dreamer or an impostor."

If the obituary of the French-Canadian clergy for December, published in *Le Propagateur*, is at all typical, the longevity of the *curés* of Quebec is notable. Of the five priests whose deaths are recorded, the youngest was fifty-seven and the oldest eighty-four. The average age was two years beyond the Biblical threescore and ten. One of Oliver Wendell Holmes' prescriptions for longevity was, "Be cheerful"; and, so far as our observation has gone, it is very generally followed by the worthy pastors of New France.



The "Good Saint Chad."

BY MARY F. NIXON-ROULET.

LONG, long ago, in the times of the Saxons, there dwelt in Lindisfarne—that monastery where Saint Cuthbert lived—a monk called Ceadda, or Chad. He was most holy and zealous for religion, going about among his own people, preaching to them, encouraging them to remain steadfast in the Faith, and converting so many of the pagans that he is called the "Missioner of the East Saxons."

When too old to travel about, he went to live at Litchfield, so called from the great number of martyrs buried there,—the name meaning the "field of skeletons." Here he led a life of the greatest sanctity; he was most charitable to the poor and suffering, was engaged much in prayer and in all good works; and lived the quiet life of a soul wholly detached from the world.

Thunderstorms were regarded by Saint Chad as "the voice of God" sent to call men to devotions; and during a storm he would always go to the church and pray.

It is told of him that seven days before his death, Arvinus, a monk, heard from the room where the good Chad lay, sounds of marvellous music, and a strange flight of angel wings heavenward, as the celestial visitants departed after having warned him of his approaching end. On the seventh day the holy man died, and his soul was seen going up to heaven in the company of Saint Cedd, his brother, and that of many angels.

When he was canonized, Saint Chad was considered the patron of springs whose water had healing qualities; and his body was interred, A. D. 700, in Litchfield cathedral, where a splendid shrine was raised in his honor. The spot became a favorite place of pilgrimage for the faithful and devout. The saint's tomb had a hole in it through which pilgrims could scrape a little dust; mixing this with holy water, they gave it to the sick to drink, and many cures were said to be effected thereby. The shrine was desecrated in later times by the sacrilegious reformers. Saint Chad's body, however, was providentially saved by some devout Catholics, and it now reposes under the high altar of the cathedral of Birmingham.

A strange incident is related of Litchfield cathedral. In 1643 the Royalist troops, led by the Earl of Chesterfield, fortified the cathedral close, and fought there a desperate battle against the Parliamentary troops under Lord Brooke. This last, a rabid Puritan, on attacking the cathedral, prayed that if his cause was unjust he might be cut off; and at once he fell dead, struck by a brace of bullets from the firing piece of a gentleman named Dyatt, discharged from the middle tower of the church. It was to this that Sir Walter Scott referred in "Marmion" when he wrote:

> 'Twas levelled when fanatic Brooke
> The fair cathedral stormed and took;
> But, thanks to Heaven and good Saint Chad,
> A guerdon meet the spoiler had!

As this circumstance occurred upon the 2d of March, or Saint Chad's Day, it was looked upon as a special sign of God's providence and the favor of the saint.

The Ups and Downs of Marjorie.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

VIII.—Shadows of Evil.

On the same evening that saw Marjorie seated so happily in the chimney-corner, at Father James' feet, two gentlemen were smoking over the remains of a very good dinner in a private room of the "Talbot Arms," an old tavern on the River-road some four miles distant from Manor Hill. They had driven out from town that afternoon, and put up for the night; wishing, as they told Eben Tibbs, their host, to inspect some farm lands for sale in the neighborhood.

"Reckon it's Manor Hill," drawled Eben to his wife, as he gave the order for his guests' dinner. "Folks say it's goin' to be put up at auction before the year is out, and sold to the highest bidder."

"Don't come croakin' no such bad news as that to me, Eben Tibbs," said Mrs. Tibbs, who was a comely, rosy woman of forty. "For it would be the death of Miss Martha; and my own mother was no nearer to me than that blessed woman for the ten years I was housemaid at Manor Hill."

"Well, it's what everybody says," continued Eben, gloomily.

"Everybody says a deal that ain't true," answered Mrs. Tibbs, sharply. "I'm goin' up to the Mass to-morrow mornin', and see for myself how things are. And, in the meantime, you'd best keep your mouth closed and tend to your own business. Creamed oysters and roast chicken, you say? It must be a pair of swells with full pockets you've got upstairs this evenin'. Well, I'll cook if they'll pay for it."

And, having disposed of this very excellent dinner, the two "swells" were now smoking fine cigars, and discussing what seemed a matter of exceeding interest.

"You'll have to follow up the game yourself, Gresham," said one, a dark-haired, heavy-browed man of about thirty. "I understand clearly that I am to pay for every move. The child—if there *was* a child—"

"There was a child without doubt," interrupted the other, who was spare and thin, with cold, keen, grey eyes and sandy hair. "Your cousin Marjorie left a child; and if the old man, your uncle, in his present mood, hears of her—well, it will be bad for you, Lindsay."

"Confound it! I know that too well," said the other, angrily. "And I know you, too, for the crafty old fox you are, Gresham. How did you nose this business out?"

"I'm in that line just now," was the answer, with an unpleasant laugh. "Since—well, since I've been shut out of the courts, I've had to use my lawyer's wit and training in other ways; and I find digging out old family secrets is the best paying business I can follow. I have a natural turn for it. I have friends who understand that I pay for old letters, old deeds, old documents of all kinds that are found hidden, lost, or forgotten, by death or misfortune.

"About three months ago an old iron box was brought to me. It had been found in the chimney-place of a tumble-down tenement that was being overhauled for repairs. The chimney-place had been closed by a fireboard, and the box must have been lying there for years. It was full of yellowing papers. I paid fifty cents for the find, and proceeded to investigate. I found the contents of interest, as you know. There was a number of letters that had been returned unread by an angry father to his wilful daughter; there was the marriage certificate of Marjorie Lindsay and Roger Mayne; there was a letter from the young mother announcing the birth of her little girl,—a

pathetic missive, returned unread like the rest; there was the death notice of Roger Mayne, and various other details telling of the last struggles of poverty,—pawn tickets for jewels, clothing, and wedding ring; finally, there was an undertaker's bill of the poorest sort, paid in full by Ellen Moran,—a tragic culmination to reach the ears of a millionaire father, who is softened by time and change."

"But the child, the child?" said the other, irritably. "How and where did you hear of the child?"

"As I told you, I am in the investigating line," answered Gresham, with his cold smile. "Ellen Moran was my cue, and I followed her up. I found she had been a lodger in this old tenement some ten years ago, and that she had died there suddenly of heart disease, leaving a 'grandchild,' who had been taken to St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, December 18—, under the name of Marjorie Mayne."

"The woman's own grandchild, called perhaps after her young mistress," said Lindsay, eagerly. "Ellen Moran was a nurse in my uncle's house for years; and, naturally—"

"Was faithful and devoted to the last," continued Gresham, in his cold, measured tone. "I continued to follow my clue, and found three witnesses, former fellow-lodgers of this Ellen Moran, who are ready to swear that the woman told them that the little girl was the daughter of her young mistress, Marjorie Lindsay Mayne, your beautiful cousin, who married so recklessly, against her father's will, and was disowned by him fifteen years ago."

"That has to be proved yet," said the other, sullenly. "But go on; you've hunted this supposed cousin of mine down."

"Not yet," answered Gresham; "but I hope to before long. I wrote to St. Vincent's for information of this Marjorie Mayne; and was answered, very briefly, that such a child had been admitted ten years ago, but had been placed out, according to their rules, under fitting guardianship; and that, until right for further inquiry could be shown, they could tell me no more. But I learned from a small boy, who sometimes does errands for the Sisters, that on New Year's Eve a Miss Talbot, who lives somewhere in this neighborhood, took one of the little orphans from St. Vincent's; and I am up here to discover, if possible, who and where that orphan is, and whether she is called Marjorie Mayne."

"And if she is,—if she is?" said Lindsay, with much excitement.

"If she is, my dear fellow, the next question is: Who will pay me best for all the information I have gathered so laboriously on this matter? You or your honored uncle, the little lady's grandfather?"

The younger man sprang to his feet with a muttered oath.

"You've got the nippers on me, Gresham, and you know it. I have played fast and loose as my uncle's heir. If he should hear of this child, it would mean ruination to me. But as yet—as yet—there is no real proof that the child is Marjorie's, even if you find her; no proof that will hold good in my uncle's eye. You know what a man he is: how he has earned his name, 'Eagle' Lindsay?"

"Aye, I know,—I know!" and for the first time Gresham's voice changed and the cold face seemed to darken with passion. "It was that eagle eye of his that ruined me by its searching light; and I owe him no love for it. But business is business; and I can't afford to rake up old scores, unless, as in this case, they happen to pay."

"I see," said Lindsay, shortly; "it's a matter both of spite and profit. You're one of the cold-blooded devils, Gresham, and they are the worst kind. But I'm with you in this game,

straight through. Now, what's your next move?"

"To see the child," said Gresham,—"to see who and what and where she is. I hear there is to be some sort of a religious meeting at these Talbots' to-morrow morning, and I thought we might get in with the crowd and look around, without showing our hand. We have to play a cautious game; for the Romish Church is a powerful protector, and the child is under its watchful eye. But I think we can venture on a visit of investigation to-morrow morning."

. . . . . .

Mrs. Eben Tibbs and her plump, rosy-cheeked daughter started early next morning, a basket of good things such as that motherly dame knew how to provide stowed away under the seat of her spring-wagon; for, as she remarked to her slower-witted spouse:

"I'm not goin' to have those two blessed creatures feedin' half the county and not lend a hand."

"O ma," said Polly Tibbs, as they turned into the road that led to Manor Hill, "those gentlemen that put up at our house last night are behind us! I believe they are coming, too."

"It's none of our business if they are, child," answered her mother, sharply; "though I'd like to turn them to the right about on a day like this. It's no time to be breakin' them dear women's hearts talkin' about buyin' and sellin' their home. And I don't like those men's looks, as I told your father last night. They may be swells, as he says; but they look to me precious like sharpers; and I mean to tell Miss Susan to keep her eyes open, if they come dealin' with her."

Though quite unconscious of Mrs. Tibbs' opinion, her late guests drove on, somewhat doubtfully, among the other vehicles turning toward Manor Hill. Far and near the summons had gone forth—for Jeb and Nance had had their mission as well as Marjorie,—and the guests were gathering from cabin and cottage, from manor and hall. The Croftons, Hills, Lacys, Mortons, filled old family carriages that were rumbling along the road, on which were also hurrying pedestrians from the hills and the river shore.

"We won't be noticed in the crowd," said Gresham, encouragingly. "It's a sort of open-house meeting for all who wish to come, and we can slip in unobserved and have a look at the child. The orphan from St. Vincent's *is there*, as I learned by judicious questioning of our host last night."

"What an old fox you are, Gresham!" said Lindsay, with an uncomfortable laugh.

"Fox, wolf, or bloodhound, as you please—for I am called all three,—I have learned to run down my game. And I feel pretty sure we shall find the bird we are hunting safe nested here," he added, as they turned into the open gateway of Manor Hill. "By George, it's a fine old place!" the speaker continued, as he drove slowly along under the spreading oaks that arched the wide but neglected road, his keen eye taking in the prospect of orchard and meadow and hill that surrounded the low, broad house, with its pillared portico and gabled roof. "One of those old homes that men fight and die for. Tibbs tells me the Talbots have been the first people in the county for nearly two hundred years—"

"And we are breaking in upon them like this," interrupted the younger man, nervously. "I tell you, I don't like your ways, Gresham. People of such standing can't be fooled and meddled with. We shall get kicked out, and it will serve us right."

"Pooh-pooh! no danger," said the other, lightly. "There are no men left to do any kicking; only two women,—two poor simple-minded old maids. They will think we have come to pray

with the rest. Keep your mouth shut and your eyes open, and there will be nothing to fear."

And, acting on his own advice, he drew his horse up behind the big family carriage of the Croftons, flung the reins to Jeb's little grandson Nick, who, with half a dozen of his mates, stood near, grinning; and both evil plotters sprang out at the door of Manor Hill.

There were none to notice or forbid their coming. The two gentle mistresses of the old home were already on their knees before the altar that loving hands had once more made beautiful for its Divine Guest. The old drawing-room had wakened into something of its ancient glory. The light from the broad windows fell through faded splendors of crimson damask and costly lace. The sanctuary, marked by two colonial pillars that divided the spacious room, was covered by a Persian rug brought by a sailor Talbot from the Far East. Richly wrought draperies of linen and lace covered the temporary altar, above which rose the Talbot cross, a crucifix of ebony and silver brought by the first exile for the Faith across the sea. Tall silver candlesticks burnished into brilliancy upheld the spotless tapers; while above and around, massed in glowing profusion, were the Hillcrest flowers, filling the room with fragrance.

A touching and holy scene it was to meet the cold and evil eyes of the two strange visitors who gazed in upon its beauty to-day.

(To be continued.)

How Mozart Won a Wager.

The average possessor of an abnormally long nose is not inclined to relish jocular allusions thereto, and still less is he likely to direct attention to his facial peculiarity by any act or word of his own. Mozart, however, was an exception to the rule. The famous Austrian composer's nose was a very long one, but its length did not unduly worry him. On the contrary, he often made it the subject of pleasantries exchanged between himself and his friend, that other celebrated Austrian composer, Haydn, whose nose was as notably flat as Mozart's was long.

One such pleasantry is worth narrating. In the course of conversation at a large and serious evening party, the subject of music was being discussed. In acknowledging the compliments lavished upon his proficiency, Mozart mentioned a piece which he had composed that very day. He said it was especially difficult of execution, — so difficult, in fact, that he would wager that no performer, not even his friend Haydn, was capable of playing it at first sight.

Haydn had never seen a piece that he could not render at sight, and accordingly accepted the wager at once, quite convinced that winning it would be an easy matter. He sat down at the spinet, Mozart placed the composition before him, and he began to play it. The first portion was easy enough; but all at once Haydn stopped short, finding it impossible to go any further. According to the score, both hands had to be widely apart, one at each end of the keyboard, and yet one note in the music demanded that one hand should be in the centre. Haydn acknowledged that he was conquered, but intimated that the composer of the piece could not play it himself.

Thereupon Mozart sat down, executed the first part as easily as Haydn had done, and, on arriving at the puzzling note, quietly bent down and struck it with his nose. Everybody laughed heartily; and Haydn paid the wager, with the comment that nature had prevented the possibility of *his* performing the feat, even after seeing how it was done.

With Authors and Publishers.

—"The Strenuous Life," by President Roosevelt, has just been printed for the eleventh time. There are translations of it in German and French. Our Chief Executive was a popular author before he became a popular President.

—Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, who has recently celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday, wrote nothing for publication until he was more than forty years of age. During the past decade, however, he has brought out at least one book—a novel or a volume of poems—every year.

—A collegiate publication that we have read with considerable pleasure is the *Mungret Annual*, brought out by Mungret College, Limerick, Ireland. Its pages are filled with excellent matter; are neatly printed; and, in not a few instances, are handsomely illustrated.

—The recent celebration of the tercentenary of "Don Quixote" may well remind us, the London *Tablet* thinks, that literature owes a deep debt to St. John of Matha, the founder of the Trinitarian Order for the Redemption of Captives. Had it not been for the good work done by that noble Order, Cervantes would have perished in captivity, and the world would have lost the immortal novel which is often referred to as the "masterpiece of Spanish literature."

—The centenary of Hans Christian Andersen, one of the most gifted and popular writers of the last century, occurs on April 2, and will doubtless be appropriately celebrated in Odense, his native place, and throughout Denmark. Andersen was the son of a poor shoemaker and was educated at the expense of the State. "Only a Fiddler," one of his most popular books—barring the inimitable fairy-tales of course,—presents some striking pictures from the story of his own early life.

—The death of the Rev. J. M. Toohey, C. S. C., which took place on the 13th inst. at Austin, Texas, removes a figure long associated with THE AVE MARIA and other Catholic periodicals. An accomplished linguist and an indefatigable worker, he translated many books, the best known of which is "Joseph Haydn: The Story of His Life," from the German of Franz von Seeburg. This charming biography, it will be remembered, appeared in our pages before being published in book-form. Father Toohey filled numerous positions of trust and honor in his community, and no one who came into contact with him could fail to appreciate his innate kindliness and the nobility of his character. He died in the performance of an act of duty, which was rendered especially painful by illness and the weight of years. All who were at any time associated with this excellent and amiable priest will regret the loss of a valued friend. *R. I. P.*

—Who remembers, nowadays, Emily Brontë's "Wuthering Heights," published in 1846? Mrs. Humphry Ward has lately declared it to be the most completely a work of genius of all the novels of the Brontë sisters, the Currer and Ellis Bell of half a century ago.

—Dog-lovers—and that means the majority of mankind—will be interested in learning that Doubleday, Page & Co. are to publish, in ten parts, James Watson's "The Dog Book." The same firm has just brought out the eleventh edition of that canine classic, "Bob, the Son of Battle," by Alfred Ollivant.

—A book that delighted the reading world some thirty-six years ago was James De Mille's "The Dodge Club." That its vitality has been more notable than that of the average volume is clear from the announcement that a new edition is to be brought out by the publishers. The author was a native of St. John, N. B., and a professor in Dalhousie College, Halifax, N. S., from 1865 till his death in 1880.

—*Review of Church Music* is a monthly journal just launched at St. Francis, Wisconsin, under the editorship of Prof. Singenberger. The first number contains eight pages of reading matter, and an eight-page supplement of musical compositions suited to the needs of our church choirs. In view of the present activity in the matter of appropriate church music, this new venture should secure a fair measure of prosperity.

—Now that the lines which Mark Twain caused to be engraved on his daughter's tomb have gone the rounds of the newspaper world, with the father's comment, that they seemed touching and beautiful, and expressed what he felt better than any words of his own could do,—it may be allowable to give expression to a thought which must have occurred to many a reader of the verses. For the sake of lucidity we reprint the lines:

> Warm summer sun, shine kindly here,
> Warm Southern wind, blow softly here
> Green sod above, lie light, lie light;
> Good-night, dear heart,—good-night, good-night!

The comment we would make is that the sentiment of the verses is utterly non-Christian in character, is as congruous to a pantheist as to a deist, as appropriate an epitaph for a pagan girl of the first century as for a Christian maiden

of the twentieth. There is more of true poetry in the halting quatrains that sing of the life beyond the grave than in the smoothest melodies that apostrophize nature, and assume that death ends all.

—Although the late General Lewis Wallace had an honorable record as a soldier in the Mexican and Civil Wars, as Governor of New Mexico, and United States Minister to Turkey, it was as an author that he was best known. And, although he wrote several other works, "The Fair God," "The Prince of India," etc., it was specifically as the author of "Ben Hur" that he achieved as widespread a renown as is enjoyed perhaps by any contemporary American writer. This story of Palestine and Rome in the time of Christ, published just a quarter of a century ago, and dramatized in 1900, does not, possibly, measure up to the standard of a great classic; but it unquestionably attained an almost unprecedented popularity when it first appeared, and it so far resembles a classic that it is still in demand. A gallant soldier and a clean, uplifting novelist, General Wallace won a warm place in the hearts of many thousands of his countrymen, and he was greatly beloved by all with whom he was intimately associated.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Socialism." Victor Cathrein, S. J. — Victor Gettelmann, S. J. $1.50.

"Progress in Prayer." R. P. Caussade, S. J. 75 cts., net.

"Letters of Blessed John of Avila." $1.10.

"Cardome: A Romance of Kentucky." Anna C. Minogue. $1.25.

"Brother and Sister." Jean Charruau, S. J. $1.25, net.

"Vera Sapientia" Thomas à Kempis. 75 cts.

"The First Days of Jesus." 15 cts.

"Principles of Sacred Eloquence." Rev. John Conway, O. P. 50 cts.

"The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass." Rev. Dr. Nicholas Gihr. $4.

"Rosa Mystica." Kenelm Digby Best. $6.

"Pastoral Medicine." A. E. Sanford, M. D. $1.50.

"Teacher's Handbook to the Catechism." Rev. A. Urban. $4.50.

"The Life of St. Teresa." $2.20.

"The Feasts of Mother Church." Mother M. Salome. $1.25, net.

"Method of the Solesmes Plain Chant." $1.

"The Sin of David." Stephen Phillips." $1.50.

"The Middle Ages." Thomas J. Shahan, S. T. D. $2.20.

"The Soul's Orbit." M. D. Petre. $1.48.

"The Know-Nothing Party." Humphrey J. Desmond. $1.25.

"The Quest of John Chapman." Newell Dwight Hillis. $1.50.

"Shadows Lifted." Rev. J. E. Copus, S. J. 85 cts.

"The Christian Gentlewoman and the Social Apostolate." Katherine E. Conway. 50 cts.

"At the Deathbed of Darwinism." E. Dennert, Ph. D. 75 cts., net.

"The Gospel Applied to Our Times." Rev. D. S. Phelan. $2, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Ignatius Burgar, of the diocese of Denver; Rev. George Kelly, diocese of Wilmington; Rev. Thomas Kieran, diocese of Scranton; Rev. J. M. Toohey, C. S. C.; and Rev. Francis O'Neill, S. J.

Mr. John Miller and Mrs. Agnes Pollard, of New York, N. Y.; Edmund F. Dunne, Esq., Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. Mary Fox, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Mrs. Margaret Egan and Miss Katherine Cain, Washington, D. C.; Miss Rose Healy, Scranton, Pa.; Mr. John S. Coggeshall, Council Bluffs, Iowa; Mr. Arthur Wedgwood, Mr. John Gildea, and Miss Ellen Mahoney, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Catherine Conway, Dixon, Ill.; Mr. Humphrey Hetherington, Sr., Watsonville, Cal.; Mrs. Mary Kearns, Manchester, N. H.; Mr. Thomas Hughes, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. Philip Noble, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Thomas Egan, Syracuse, N. Y.; Mr. Frank Pierson, Louisville, Ohio; Mrs. Thomas O'Connell, Sacramento, Cal.; Mr. Louis Boeher, Jennings, Ohio; Mrs. Anna Cahalane, Newport, R. I.; Miss Marie McDonald, Ottawa, Canada; Mrs. Mary Murray, Brockton, Mass.; Mrs. Henry Waldeck, Warren, Ohio; Mrs. Rose Mulligan, Pawtucket, R. I.; Mr. Lorenz Mayer, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Mr. Daniel Laughlin and Mr. Patrick Connor, Washington, Pa.; Mrs. Josephine Lux, and Mr. John Ward, Philadelphia, Pa.

Requiescant in pace!

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN
HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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A Common Meed.

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

AS when a sower scatters fecund seeds
O'er soil he hopes will yield him rich return
In countless tasselled ears, and lives to learn
'Tis sterile ground, prolific but of weeds,—
So oftentimes in life do kindly deeds,
Full proper it would seem right soon to earn
The meed of gratitude, encounter stern
And sterile hearts where self such growth impedes.

The service freely given day by day
Is looked upon at last as service due,
A debt that strictest justice bids you pay,—
So strangely selfishness distorts one's view.
For work gratuitous small thanks expect;
What costs men nothing most invites neglect.

Science Nonplussed at Lourdes.

SEVERAL months ago—or, to be precise, on September 8, 1904,—there appeared in an important Austrian journal, the *Vaterland* of Vienna, an article which attracted more than cursory notice in the medical and religious circles of two or three European countries. The prominence of its author, Dr. Ivan Sustersic, member of the Austrian Reichsrath, and the intrinsic interest attaching to its subject-matter, assured the article's reproduction in a number of French and German papers; and we were not without hopes of seeing at least some extracts from it reprinted in one or two American periodicals. Had Dr. Sustersic indulged in acrid criticism of Catholic dogma or impertinent strictures on Papal polity, we can not resist the conviction that several of his paragraphs would have found a place among "Translations made for"—the *Literary Digest*, for instance; but the physician's paper lacked the anti-Catholic spirit, and, so far as we have noticed, it has not been made the subject of editorial comment on this side of the Atlantic.

As the article deals with a notable cure effected at Lourdes, it will not be thought inappropriate if we furnish our readers with the details of a case which has once more demonstrated that Science, boastful as she is in many quarters, finds herself at the Pyrenean Grotto brought to a standstill, completely nonplussed.

The Austrian legislator's paper bears the heading, "The Lupus of Metz and the Lourdes Board of Medical Verifications";* and its opening sentences are: "The cure at Lourdes on September 5, 1903, of Mrs. Theresa Rouchel, who resides at No. 3 Vigne-Saint-Avold Street, Metz, was a decidedly sensational one; among other results, it brought about a declaration as to its genuineness by the Metz Medical Association. Following this action of the Messine doctors, a number of anti-religious journals published bitter and severe criticism of the Lourdes Board of

* In the absence of a more precise phrase, we shall adopt this rendering of *Bureau des Constatations Médicales*.—ED. A. M.

Medical Verifications. On the occasion of a ten days' visit recently made to Lourdes, I had an opportunity of securing a well-ordered and documentary account of this case at the Board of Verifications. The president, Dr. Boissarie, was kind enough to give me, in substance, the explanations which follow, with express permission to publish them, should I deem it advisable or worth while."

According to Dr. Boissarie, then, Mrs. Rouchel had been suffering for a number of years from a lupus on the face. In the right cheek there was a hole, of about a finger's diameter, through which a lead-pencil could easily be passed. Whenever she wished to drink it became necessary to fill up this cavity with lint, in order to prevent the spilling of the liquid through the opening. Besides this, there was also a perforation of the palate.

On September 5, 1903, during the procession of the Blessed Sacrament at Lourdes, these two holes closed up and cicatrized, completely, in a few moments. Now, it is absolutely impossible to explain on natural grounds the instantaneous closing of these two suppurating wounds. Zola has said with reason: "There is as much of the supernatural in the instantaneous healing of a scratch as in that of a deep wound. Nature repairs her breaches only little by little." In the present case there was question of something more than a scratch; and the most elementary knowledge of wounds suffices to prove that here some other agent than nature was at work.

The patient was presented by her physician, Dr. Ernst, to the consideration of the Metz Medical Association. Dr. Ernst saw Mrs. Rouchel just before and just after her pilgrimage to Lourdes. Before her departure he certified as to the existence of the two holes. The palate, he declared, had been perforated for four years, the right cheek for three years. During this period the appearance of the patient had become pitiable; the nose and the upper lip were drawn up and distorted, and were covered with a fetid pus, which also infected the interior of the mouth.

Such was the state in which Dr. Ernst saw Mrs. Rouchel when she set out for Lourdes. The infirmarians who frequently during the day renewed the dressings on the patient's face testified that, up to September 5, 1903, no change took place in her condition: the two holes were there, as was also the suppuration. The nurse who bathed Mrs. Rouchel in the piscina on September 5 itself, had seen the two gaping cavities. From the one in the cheek pus was running freely. Before the procession, another nurse who bound up the patient's face observed the same conditions.

Immediately after the procession, it was found that the two holes were completely closed up. On the following day, in the presence of five or six physicians who were with him at the Board, Dr. Boissarie satisfied himself that the wounds of the cheek and the palate were entirely cicatrized. These verifications, effected in the course of a few hours, suffice to establish the instantaneousness of the cure. Two Metz doctors, Ernst and Muller—the latter a Jew and a specialist on skin diseases,—admitted that all these results were most extraordinary and very difficult to explain.

And now comes a specimen of the uprightness, the impartial devotion to truth, of some of our contemporary scientists,—a specimen that recalls the "honor bright" argumentative ethics of the late Colonel Ingersoll. As has been stated, Dr. Ernst presented Mrs. Rouchel, cured, to the Metz Medical Association. They examined her and—acknowledged the cure? Not at all! In the *procès verbal* drawn up and signed

by the physicians present, it was declared that: "1. The patient was not cured, as there was still a redness on the cheek. 2. The improvement noticed could be explained by natural factors."

As will readily be seen, the Metz doctors did not in this declaration meet the main issue at all: they simply dodged it. They were dumb about the wounds, the perforations; these were dropped out of sight entirely. They spoke of nothing but the lupus, of which they still found traces; declared that it was not cured, and that a relapse might occur. They complacently adopted the hypothesis of an erysipelas that might have produced the changes visible on the surface. As Dr. Boissarie pointed out, however, to the Austrian deputy, this erysipelas *was seen by nobody;* and, even had it existed, it would have been absolutely incapable of healing two deep wounds produced by a lupus fourteen years old.

The Lourdes physician does not purpose allowing the quibbling of the Metz Association to cloud the issue. "The one prominent fact which must not be lost sight of," he says, "is this: Mrs. Rouchel was cured on September 5, 1903, *in a few moments, of two deep wounds*, which, one during four, the other during three, years had constantly been increasing in size despite all medical treatment; and which, even under the most favorable possible conditions, would, naturally, have required at least a month to become closed up. Whether or not the lupus be radically cured matters little for the moment. Before long we shall have an opportunity of pronouncing as to that point; for Mrs. Rouchel will return to Lourdes with the Metz pilgrims before the middle of September [1904]. We shall examine her and photograph her carefully, so that there will be no room for doubting whether her lupus be cured or not."

The lay reader will, we presume, appreciate Dr. Boissarie's point—namely, that, even if the lupus itself were not radically and completely cured, the instantaneous healing of the holes in cheek and palate still remained unexplained and inexplicable by scientific process. Moreover, as the president of the Lourdes Board observed to Dr. Sustersic, if the Metz physicians took upon themselves the responsibility of affirming that the lupus was not cured, it was incumbent upon them to furnish proof of that fact, either by instituting a search for bacilli, or by inoculating animals, or by waiting a certain period in order to point out a relapse. "If these doctors believe," he continued, "that a natural explanation is available for the instantaneous change effected on September 5, 1903, then I, in my turn, challenge them in the interests of science to furnish that explanation, which, despite all the public demands made for it up to the present time, has not been forthcoming. After a full year, all the results are flatly contradictory of the opinion of the Metz doctors. As long as Mrs. Rouchel lives, we shall not fail to present her to our colleagues every year."

Having quoted Dr. Boissarie at considerable length, the *Vaterland* writer next gives the text of the certificate signed by Dr. Ernst, the attendant physician of Mrs. Rouchel, and dated December 22, 1903. Of this document, the last sentence will suffice for our purpose. It runs: "It is impossible to explain naturally the change effected in so short a time." The original certificate is to be found among the archives of the Board of Verifications at Lourdes.

In connection with this document, we have to notice another piece of disingenuousness, this time on the part of that document's author; but we shall allow Dr. Sustersic to do the

commenting. "It is true," writes the latter, "that Dr. Ernst *later on* withdrew the word *impossible* found at the end of his certificate. He pretended that, not being proficient in the French language, he had by mistake written *impossible*, while he wished to write *difficult*. We have no desire to examine whether it is easy for any one who has studied Latin to confound the idea of *impossible* with that of *difficult*. Anyway, the point is unimportant, since, after all, the difference affects merely the conclusion of the certificate. What is of decisive importance is the *verification of the facts* which this certificate supplies,—a verification maintained in its integrity by Dr. Ernst, and attested, besides, by others with absolute certitude.

"I conclude," writes Dr. Sustersic, "with an observation. During my ten days' sojourn at Lourdes, I had—thanks to the graciousness of the Bishop of Tarbes, Mgr. Schoepfer, and of the doctors of the Board of Verifications, of their venerated president, Dr. Boissarie, in particular,—I had, I say, the opportunity of following very closely the work of the Board. I availed myself freely of the facilities put within my reach, and spent many hours daily in the doctors' session rooms. As it was just the period of important pilgrimages, and particularly of the great National French Pilgrimage, I could observe the Medical Board in its most intense activity. I can testify to the conscientious loyalty of its members, and to the absolute objectivity of their work, vouched for in any case by the publicity (unlimited for members of the profession) with which they labor; since every physician who presents himself, whatever be his opinions, his religion, or his nationality, is admitted not only as a spectator, but even as collaborator, authorized like his colleagues on the Board to question and examine.

"I confine myself to the statement of these facts, in virtue of which each one may form for himself an opinion as to the confidence which it is incumbent upon people to repose in the declarations of the Lourdes Medical Board."

That Dr. Sustersic is as thoroughly impressed with the perfect honesty and efficiency of Dr. Boissarie and his associates as he is struck by the patent insincerity and quibbling evasion of Dr. Ernst and the Medical Association of Metz,—this is obvious to every reader of his article in the *Vaterland;* and is intelligible enough, we fancy, to all who have perused this version of his interesting paper. In its last analysis, the situation amounts simply to this: challenged to explain a medical fact vouched for by testimony of unquestionable validity, the Metz scientists contented themselves with the bald statement that it *could* be explained, and then—failed to give the explanation. Completely nonplussed, they had not even the grace to admit their inability to account for the phenomenon presented to their consideration.

Let us add that, since the publication of Dr. Sustersic's article, Mrs. Rouchel has been to Lourdes again, and the genuineness of her cure has been corroborated by the examination which she underwent at the Board of Verifications. Dr. Boissarie took occasion of her presence to publish an account of her original cure, to comment on the discussion to which it gave rise in the German press in 1903, and to invite once more the sapient scientists of Metz to bring forward the explanation which they rashly and falsely asserted could be given of the instantaneous healing of two deep wounds.

The only congruous attitude for Science to assume at the Grotto of Lourdes is one of reverent humility. Face to face with wonders which,

according to its accepted formulas, are incapable of being accomplished, it should at least have the honesty to admit its incompetency to explain practical concrete facts. One thing is undeniable: until it *can* satisfactorily explain such facts as the cure discussed in the foregoing paragraphs, it forfeits, in the opinion of every sane reasoner, all right to scoff at the credulity of the Latin races and the Catholic belief in miracles.

Young Mr. Bretherton.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

IX.—Miss Tabitha at the Manor.

FOR the few days which ensued after the young men's visit, Rose Cottage went on its way in undisturbed tranquillity, until its uneventful monotony was once more broken for Miss Tabitha by a note from the Manor begging her, on any day which might be convenient, to give Mrs. Bretherton the pleasure of her company for luncheon and for a long afternoon. It was further intimated that the carriage would be sent for her at whatever time she chose to appoint. So Miss Tabitha, in due course, putting on her flowered taffeta and her lace mantilla, and a bonnet which Leonora had reconstructed for her out of ancient materials, went away to luncheon at Bretherton Manor.

The luncheon was pleasant and informal, only the ex-Governor and his wife being present; the two young men having gone away on some shooting expedition, which was to occupy several days. And, luncheon once over, the two old ladies settled themselves upon the veranda to gossip away the afternoon. Mrs. Bretherton was busy knitting stockings—she always prepared a stock of them, against the coming of the cold weather, for the poor of Millbrook,—and Miss Tabitha had brought her tatting.

The Governor meanwhile strolled about with the restlessness of a man who has once been active and who resents the inertia which has come with years. Occasionally he joined the two ladies upon the veranda, and launched with them into anecdotes of scenes and people departed. Many of these latter were sleeping their long sleep in the peace of Millbrook churchyard, and the grasses of numberless summers were growing green over their graves. The conversation, indeed, was chiefly of what had been; for, to those who have passed the meridian of life, the sunshine usually lies upon the other side, and they are anxious to bring back as much of it as possible, lest the shadows should overpower them.

Mrs. Bretherton was a handsome and well-preserved old lady. She had been very fair in her youth, and from her the son had inherited his clearness of complexion. Otherwise, as the common expression puts it, he favored the Brethertons, in a certain air of character and individuality, and in the sense of humor which his maternal parent notably lacked. She was, moreover, very stately, and was generally regarded as proud and unbending. Her intimates knew that such was not the case, and that she was both warm-hearted and generous, if wanting in the geniality of manner which was a Bretherton characteristic, and made innumerable friends for her husband and son.

To Miss Tabitha she was all that was cordial and friendly; and the talk between the two became extremely intimate and confidential, as they sat in the sunlight upon the veranda of the Manor. Mrs. Bretherton, naturally, permitted no sign to escape her of that uneasiness which lay dormant in her maternal heart since she had heard of

the charms of Miss Leonora Chandler; and Miss Tabitha was equally reticent as to her own misgivings. The mother, indeed, waxed eloquent upon the subject of her son, his prospects, and all that the Governor had in view for him. He was to enter public life, to go to Congress, and later to the Senate.

"Of course the boy will have his share of wealth," Mrs. Bretherton said. "Providence has blessed his father with abundance. Every investment has succeeded; the Bretherton money has increased in his hands, and much of the property has fairly doubled itself in value. Then there are two or three maiden aunts from whom my son will inherit; and he has, besides, the property of his uncle, Dick Bretherton, which makes him quite independent of his father."

Her needles softly clicked as she knitted on silently a few moments. Miss Tabitha stifled a sigh over the inequalities of fortune, and could not help the reflection that, if her niece had chanced to be born within the charmed circle of wealth and influence, she would have royally dispensed the gifts of fortune and have made a fitting helpmate even for a Bretherton. As things were, however, her very fears and misgivings seemed preposterous. As well might she have been afraid that one of the heavenly bodies would escape from its orbit as that this young gentleman, about whom centred so many hopes, and who had before him so brilliant a career, would step outside his own circle, or even so much as think of an alliance with an obscure and penniless girl. Nor could Miss Tabitha have expected such a sacrifice. She would have been the first to condemn such a descent on the part of a Bretherton.

"I am often alarmed," continued the mother, "at the thought of so much wealth in the hands of a careless youth; though my son, I can assure you, is of the finest metal. You will forgive a mother's extravagant praise, my dear Miss Tabitha; but I believe James to be as incorruptible as gold and as honest and single-hearted as any gentleman need be."

"As becomes his father's son and his ancestry," agreed Miss Tabitha, with enthusiasm. "I am sure you are right. You may well be proud of him, Mrs. Bretherton."

Mrs. Bretherton gave a grateful glance at her old friend for the enthusiasm which she knew was genuine, and remarked:

"Yes, he is a gentleman to the heart's core. He has been tried in the fire,—I mean in those universities, where I trembled for his Faith. But he has not been found wanting. He came home as good a Catholic as when he went away."

Miss Tabitha looked a trifle uneasy. She was, as she expressed it herself, a stanch churchwoman, belonging to the Episcopal communion. It had been a rude shock to her when the ex-Governor had embraced the Catholic Faith, and had been followed into the Church by his wife. That had been many years before; and the only son, a mere infant at the time, had been brought up a strict Catholic. Miss Tabitha did not favor the "Romish religion." She had a horror of its supposed superstitious tenets, even though her only sister had married a "Romanist" and had brought up Leonora in her father's Faith.

"I know, dear,—I know!" said Mrs. Bretherton, suddenly remembering Miss Tabitha's prejudices, which she had once so fully shared. "You can not enter into our feelings in that regard; but you will, I am sure, rejoice with me that our son is a good Christian, after his own unostentatious fashion."

"Oh, yes!" said Miss Tabitha. "To have embraced the Christian life and become a devout church member is

a great safeguard for a young man."

"I hope," went on the mother, "that when he thinks of marrying (which will not be, I suppose, for some years yet) he will be sure to marry a Catholic,—some sweet girl who will help him on in his career."

Miss Tabitha murmured an assent, keeping her eyes steadily fixed upon her tatting. To her way of thinking, it might be better if he married a Protestant and returned to the traditional religion of the Brethertons.

Mrs. Bretherton, too, for the next few moments, gave her undivided attention to the heel of a stocking which she was just then turning. Resuming the subject so near her heart, she went on:

"Ah, my dear Miss Tabitha, even the best of children are a fearful responsibility! If the six little ones I have lost had all lived, what a care they would have been! I am almost thankful to feel that they are safe in God's own hands. And yet, at first, I could scarcely bear the pain of their loss, and for a long time it darkened an otherwise happy life."

Miss Tabitha expressed more by her sympathetic look than by her murmured ejaculations. And, indeed, the Governor's wife remembered how, on each mournful occasion, this old friend had been present, with tactful kindness and a willing service, which is both more customary and more certain to be appreciated in country places than in cities. In the great silences, the overpowering loneliness of rural neighborhoods, the friendliness even of the lowly counts for much; and there is a genuineness in such friendships, a returning to the primitive ideals of human brotherhood, which gives them an enduring quality.

Having chatted on in this fashion, with a maternal egotism which found its excuse in the fact that the listener was known to be profoundly interested in the fortunes of the Brethertons, past, present and to come, Mrs. Bretherton somewhat irrelevantly observed:

"I suppose, now, you have your own anxieties about your niece, to whom you have stood, as the Governor would express it, *in loco parentis?*"

"Yes, I have," admitted Miss Tabitha; "though, to be sure, dear Mrs. Bretherton, she is not of our generation. She is extremely self-reliant."

"Oh, that is all very well!" cried Mrs. Bretherton, with a touch of asperity. "But it is impossible for a young woman to depend upon herself, and especially when, as I have heard is the case with your niece, she is possessed of considerable attractions."

Miss Tabitha, who did not suspect its source, was inwardly resentful of Mrs. Bretherton's tone of cold and forced commendation.

"I suppose it does make things more difficult," she agreed, "that Leonora is certainly attractive and possessed of what is too often the fatal gift of beauty."

"Oh, don't put it in that way!" urged Mrs. Bretherton, kindly. "She will probably marry, you know. If only you can direct her choice wisely and well,—though, of course, that is too often just the trouble with these young things."

"Leonora shows no disposition as yet to marry at all," responded Miss Tabitha, eagerly. "She always puts matrimony aside as something very far off,—a subject which may perhaps have to be considered ultimately, but is not of present interest."

"Well, don't you see, my dear," said the lady of the Manor, "that she is much more likely to choose wisely when she is some years older?"

"I do hope they did not put any notions into her head about joining the sisterhood when she was at the convent school," observed Miss Tabitha.

"Oh, she is a Catholic! I had quite forgotten," said Mrs. Bretherton, "that

your sister had married one of us. But don't you think that a conventual life is a very happy one?"

"Indeed I do not!" responded Miss Tabitha, in horror. "I don't approve of such a life at all. I think it would break my heart if a beautiful young creature like Leonora were to shut herself up in a sisterhood."

"Well," said Mrs. Bretherton, smiling indulgently, "many a beautiful young creature has done so before now, and not at all, as your Protestant romances pretend, because she has been crossed in love. Of course you can't understand, dear, how we feel about vocation and the call to the higher life; though, indeed, it is very clearly put before everyone in the Scriptures."

Miss Tabitha was silent, and somewhat indignant that her old friend should be prepared so complacently to sacrifice Leonora. It must be admitted, in truth, that Mrs. Bretherton had welcomed such a contingency as a happy means of clearing the atmosphere and removing the possibility of untoward complications. It was also true that she had far higher and deeper thoughts upon the subject than Miss Tabitha could readily understand. Some of these she put into words, speaking very slowly and gently, as befitted a sacred theme.

"Do you know, old friend," she said, "I have often thought that if my baby Gertrude had lived, I would love to have seen her sweet face inclosed by the cap of a Sister of Charity or hidden under the veil of the cloister? She was too fair, too pure for earth. God took her to the cloisters above. But I think Catholic parents often feel that they would like to hide their most precious treasures in the shadow of the sanctuary. They love to regard them thus, as incorruptible gold, unspotted from the world, beautiful in the sight of God. What can be more consoling than to consecrate what is fairest to the divine service, while preserving it from contact with a rude world?"

For Miss Tabitha's Puritan cast of mind, this picture had no attraction. Her highest ideal of womankind was a prosperous matron at the head of a busy household. She could soar no higher.

"So you must not be vexed with me," concluded Mrs. Bretherton, laying her hand kindly upon the arm of her old acquaintance, "if I seem to see in the cloister a safe and happy pathway toward the goal we are all seeking."

"I am sure you mean it kindly, dear Mrs. Bretherton," said Miss Tabitha; "and if I had your way of looking at things, it might be best. For not all marriages would suit my Leonora, nor is it every man to whom I would be willing to give her."

"I am quite sure of that," assented the lady of the Manor; but, having no more to say, she did not pursue the subject further.

Very soon after that Miss Tabitha declared it was time for her to think of going home; and, having put up her work, she donned the reconstructed bonnet and stood waiting, with her host and hostess, at the top of the steps for the carriage to come round.

It was a fair prospect upon which the little group looked out: a wide lawn, beautifully trimmed, embellished with a fountain whence ascended a constant spray, catching iridescent gleams from a sun that was near its setting. A line of splendid trees bordered the lawn and extended downward to the iron gates. A pair of majestic oaks shaded the broad, low veranda, with its comfortable chairs and hammocks. The flower gardens, orchard, and stable yards were all hidden from sight in the rear of the substantial mansions.

The Governor remarked upon the first yellow leaves which were beginning to fall:

"Autumn is coming upon all this

bravery of summer. It is like age pouncing upon old fellows like myself. You ladies are, of course, perennially young. Why, my dear Miss Tabitha, you don't seem to grow a day older."

Miss Tabitha and the Governor's wife laughed, but it was the mirthless laugh which mature age gives at hearing itself compared, at the best, to an oak successfully weathering storms which have carried off its contemporaries.

The carriage coming with a stately sweep around the curve just then, Miss Tabitha began to make her acknowledgments.

"I am sure this has been a delightful afternoon," she declared.

"So glad to have had you!" replied Mrs. Bretherton, cordially. "You must come again very soon."

The wish was very heartily echoed by the Governor, who went down the steps to speak to the coachman, instructing him to drive Miss Tabitha home or to any place upon the way, as that lady might desire.

As Mrs. Bretherton held the hand of her old acquaintance in a cordial pressure, she whispered:

"Let us cast all our doubts and difficulties about those who are dear to us into the hands of a merciful Providence. The Lord will order all things well."

The Governor then handed Miss Tabitha into the carriage with his old-fashioned courtesy, and she was driven homeward through the village. She sat very erect, and trusted sincerely that all and sundry might observe her to be in the Bretherton carriage after a day spent at the Manor. Tommy Briggs, from his station behind Stubbs & Co.'s counter, beheld her with his eager, ferret-like gaze, and was prepared to pass on the news just as soon as leisure was vouchsafed him for the purpose. The Jacksons and their motley collection of customers observed her, and commented variously upon a fact which secretly annoyed most of those present, since none there might pass the iron gates as a guest.

The attention of Mr. Venn, the butcher, was called to Miss Tabitha's elevated position, by divers signs on the part of his inarticulate assistant.

"Oh, she is in the big-bugs' carriage, is she?" he exclaimed. "Once or twice a year they bring her up to the Manor and give her a good square meal of decent butcher's meat."

Jesse Craft, too, in his cheerful, philosophical fashion, in which there was never a spice of bitterness, soliloquized upon the event:

"Miss Tabithy looks mighty spry drivin' about with the Governor's team. I guess the fresh air and the change will do her some good. She's been kinder cantankersome of late. I reckon she suffers from rheumatiz, only she won't own up."

Eben Knox had likewise seen her from the mill window, and had raised his head an instant from his account books to follow her progress; drawing down his upper lip and assuring himself that he would soon put a spoke in Miss Tabitha's wheel and stop all this coquetting with the Manor people.

Such is the world. While Miss Tabitha felt herself most securely elevated above her humbler neighbors, challenging, as it were, their respect, she simply made herself a target for the shafts of their envy and malice. Miss Tabitha being, however, in blissful ignorance, returned home in high spirits, forgetting for the time being even that dark Nemesis which was at the moment drawing nearer and nearer to her modest home.

(To be continued.)

WHEN private virtue is hazarded upon the perilous cast of expediency, the pillars of the republic, however apparent their stability, are infected with decay at the very centre.—*Chapin.*

The Woman Too.

BY ALVIN B. BISHOP.

A WOMAN stood the Cross beside,
Whereon her Son and Saviour died.

Tender of heart as doe upon
The cedarn heights of Lebanon,

Watching by night her stricken fawn,
She fainted for the Easter dawn.

She saw His head in anguish bow,
She marked the thorns upon His brow;

And, as the red drops trickled down,
Her soul, too, felt that plaited crown,

And echoed back the fearful cry,
"My God, forsaken why am I?"

. . . . . .

Her heart flew back to Nazareth,
Bridging the lowly path to death;

And, starred by night's serenest gem,
Once more the Bride of Bethlehem,

She clasped the Babe to kingship born,
From her white bosom rudely torn;

Despite the lifelong mother-prayer,
That Babe hung stark and bleeding there.

Ah! sure the Ages do not err,
To canonize and homage Her!

Scarce seems the ancient record due,
That there were hanged beside Him *two;*

For all who know a mother's love—
Cherished on earth, revered above,—

Know well when her Beloved died,
The Woman, too, was crucified.

WHEN your spirit within you is excited or relaxed or depressed, when it loses its balance, when it is restless or wayward, when it is sick of what it has and hankers after what it has not, when your eye is solicited with evil and your mortal frame trembles under the shadow of the tempter,—what will bring you to yourselves, to peace and to health, but the cool breath of the Immaculate and the fragrance of the Rose of Sharon?—*Newman.*

A Forgotten Heroine.

BY HAROLD DIJON.

LEONARD SCOT, in his "Discoverie of Witchcraft," gives this definition of a witch: "The sort of such as are said to be witches are women which be commonly old, lame, bleare-eied, pale, fowle, and full of wrinkles; poore, sullen, superstitious, and Papists; or such as know no religion." Ralph Hoven, an Anglican divine, concedes: "All Papists be not witches, but commonly all witches be the spawn of the Pope."*

The Rev. Josiah Templie, in a sermon preached at Rye in 1619, says: "Because of witchcraft we have divers mischiefs and disorders; and witches they be so long as there be Papists, drabs of the strumpet Pope," and so on. Oates, in "The Witchcrafts of the Roman Jezebel"—a folio that brought him a considerable fortune,—repeats the foregoing statements in language not printable. John Cunliffe of Preston complained in 1596 that witchcraft was made a plea for "burning those of the Old Religion; in moste parte they who be in great povertie." How many of those burned for witchcraft in England were Catholics, it is not impossible to ascertain. Much material appertaining to the subject waits to be investigated.

The opinion fostered in England that a witch, a devil, and a Catholic are different terms for the same thing, was as sedulously cared for in New England; and we find Cotton Mather, in his "Magnalia," and in a sermon preached in Old North Church, Boston, using virtually Scot's definition of a witch to describe the subject of this sketch.

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* "Wonders of the Devils." An Admirable Comfortable Discourse for Christian Peoples. By R. H. London, 1634.

"Glover," he says, "was a scandalous old Irishwoman, very poor, a Roman Catholic and obstinate in idolatry."

A Boston merchant, one Robert Calef, who knew Mrs. Glover, writes of her in "More Wonders of the Invisible World," printed in London in 1700. The sympathy he expresses for her was bold for the time, prevented the publication of the work in Boston, brought on him the vituperations of Cotton Mather, and caused the book to be burned in Harvard College yard, by order of Harvard's president, Dr. Increase Mather.

Calef says: "Goody Glover was a despised, crazy, poor old woman, an Irish Catholic, who was tried for afflicting the Goodwin children. Her behavior at her trial was like that of one distracted. They did her cruel. The proof against her was wholly deficient. The jury brought her guilty. She was hung. She died a Catholic." Drake, in his "Annals of Witchcraft in New England," makes the following comment on this passage: "Glover was not a crazy person, as we now understand the word; it was not meant that she was insane, but simply that she was weak and infirm." We have not lost the old meaning of the word; and such expressions as "a crazy table," "a crazy structure," are quite common.*

Ann Glover and her daughter had been living in Boston for some years prior to her execution in 1688. It is not known what part of Ireland she came from. She herself has stated that she and her husband were sold to the Barbadoes in the time of Cromwell. She also related that, shortly after the birth of her daughter, her husband was "scored to death and did not give up his religion, which same I will hold to."

How Mrs. Glover came to be in Boston can only be conjectured. It is possible she came in that train of servants and Indian slaves brought to the Puritan Colony from the Barbadoes, some of whom fell to the Rev. Mr. Parris, of Salem fame. Little is known of her life in Boston before 1682, beyond the fact that the presence of a Catholic in a community that looked upon itself as "the only Christian people" gave great umbrage.

In 1682 a woman who had labored in vain to convince Mrs. Glover of her "Papistical errors," accused her of witchcraft; and, dying shortly after, prophesied that "Goody Glover would be hung." The prophecy was not forgotten.

The mother and daughter were wretchedly poor, and barely able to make a scant living by washing the clothes of such as could be induced to employ a "Papist." Among those who employed them was the family of John Goodwin. John Goodwin had come to Boston from Charlestown, and was the father of four children—Nathaniel, Martha, John and Mercy,—all of whom were to be in the plot which did to death two harmless women, and which "sadly perplexed and befooled Cotton Mather."

Cotton Mather, who was charged in 1693 with being "the chief cause, promoter and agent, and favourer of the prosecutions for witchcraft"! Cotton Mather, who "countenanced the executioners by his presence, and in various ways urged the terrible work of blood in Salem"! Cotton Mather, who, from being extolled for sanctity and learning, has come to be scoffed at as an "ignoramus, vain and mendacious"! Such was the pastor of Old North Church, of which the Goodwins were "pillars."

In 1687 Martha Goodwin, who was then a child of twelve years, charged

* That there be no interruption to this narrative, let it be said that the facts relating to Mrs. Glover have been gleaned from Cotton Mather, Upham, Drake, Moore, Owens, Calef, Cartrie, and papers of the Mass. Hist. Soc.

Mrs. Glover's daughter with having purloined some clothes. The charge was indignantly repelled, and accusation was made that Martha wished to get Mrs. Glover into trouble. And then the daughter cried out: "You may have us whipped, but to the sermons we will not go!" Hereupon Martha fell into a fit, which the "learned physicians of Boston declared to be diabolical."

I think you will agree with me, when Martha's pranks are further displayed, that the little girl had an attack of nerves and temper. What between tirades against witches, Catholics, Baptists, and Quakers, and long sermons and long faces, the whole community was in a highly nervous state. Cheerfulness was sinfulness. Read of that monstrous Pharisee of five years old lauded in the "Magnalia." She never laughed; she prayed her mother might be one of the elect, even as she was.

Mrs. Glover and her daughter were now in sorer straits than ever. No one would employ them; and, had it not been for some secret aid they received from the Calefs, who were not bereft of reason and humanity, they must have starved. Even as it was, the treatment the daughter received—"stonings and revilings"—turned her brain, and she died a lunatic, frightened to death.

In the meanwhile the lost clothes were found, by a woman employed in the Goodwin household, "stuck under a wardrobe. This discovery led to no good results for Mrs. Glover; for now Mercy and the two Goodwin boys had fits "like unto those of the maid Martha"; and then Martha took it into her head to be again "afflicted." The children asserted that the spirit of Goody Glover struck them with blows, cut them with knives, strangled them and sat on their chests. At devotions they pretended they could hear nothing of what was said. 'Goody Glover stopped their ears! Goody Glover would have them worship her idols!' was their cry.

All this was so much gospel to a people saturated with prejudice; and the Boston and Charlestown ministers held a fast at Mr. Goodwin's house. "The fast did greatly relieve the children." Which goes to prove that if Mr. Goodwin had "whipped them all soundly and sent them to bed," they would have been permanently cured.

But now "the magistrates, long annoyed by the presence of an obstinate Papist in Boston, ordered Goody Glover to be taken into custody." A search was made of her house, "and certain images were found in secret." It is not difficult to conjecture what they were. Beads or medals, maybe; certainly a cross or a crucifix was one of them.

She was "loaded with chains" and placed in a prison. As no provision was made to feed prisoners in Massachusetts at that time, her condition must have been one of great distress. It is said that the Calefs continued to succor her; and there is a statement that a Dame Nurse of Salem, visiting Boston, gave her some aid. Can this be the explanation of Mather's inexorable pursuit of Rebecca Nurse?

To alleviate the tedium of an existence deprived of innocent amusements, the Goodwin children renewed their deceptions; and Cotton Mather, "to relieve the distress of the afflicted John Goodwin, took Martha to his house to live." Now it was that the cunning mischief-maker befooled Cotton Mather to the top of his bent. Page after page of the ponderous "Magnalia" is occupied with a grave recital of the pranks played by this child in the minister's house. "She screamed with pain, and cried that Glover's chains were about her leg. . . . To prevent the escape of the prisoner's spirit to afflict the child, they put other chains on Glover. . . . They chained the Papist till she could

not move and she did spew blood."*

Martha would not allow the spirit to be confined. She said Goody Glover brought her a horse to ride, and her pastor tells us "she would make all the motions of a person who rides about the room and up the stairs, like one astraddle of a horse."

Imagine the impish glee of the child at seeing the most important person in the Colony following her about in her horseplay, with looks of awe! Her terrible precocity taught her to play on his hatred of Mrs. Glover's creed. "While possessed of the devil and Glover," he says, "she could read Popish books, but not books against Popery." In the pastor's study "she would become calm, and no longer afflicted. This was witnessed by divers persons, and many times." When asked why she was not afflicted in the pastor's study, the child replied, with a thorough reading of Mather's greatest weakness—his vanity: "Your study is too holy a place for the devil or Glover to enter."

The trial of Mrs. Glover was a farce. Pounded with questions on all sides, the poor woman was only able to answer her tormenters in Irish. "This she was instigated to do by the devil," says Cotton Mather. There can be no doubt that, owing to her great age, her sufferings in prison, the confusion of the court, which was added to by the screams of pretended pain from the Goodwin children, Mrs. Glover was temporarily deprived of English, "for which she never had a great facility." One question, however, she did give answer to in English. They asked her if it was not true that she was a Papist, "and showed to her an idol which was secret in her house. She snatched at it with a joy that was diabolical, and said: 'I die a Catholic!'" Considering the material out of which it was composed, it is no wonder that the jury, after this declaration of Faith, found her guilty.

The magistrates visited her in prison that night, "and they found her agreeable to their questions." They asked her what would become of her soul after she was hanged. The simple and much-tried woman had the humility Cotton Mather lacked. "You ask me a very solemn question, and I can not tell what to say to it. I trust in God," she replied. Cotton Mather also visited her in prison, where he found her "very foul." He asked her to say the Lord's Prayer; for the common belief was that this could not be done by a Catholic or a witch. "She recited the *Pater Noster* to me in Latin," he says, "and in Irish, and in English, but she could not end it." Of course she could not end it in Cotton Mather's way.

She caused Mather to wonder that she repeated in a voice "marvellous strong" the petition, "deliver us from evil." He considers this to be a sign that she "reproached the devil for deserting her to be hung." Poor, befogged man, whose conceit would not permit him to see that it was he himself she petitioned to be delivered from; for he argued with her to destroy her Faith. She refused Mather's spiritual ministrations; and he feels assured that her "Catholic spirits" will not permit her to accept them, and he predicts to her her speedy and eternal damnation.

The proffering of these several consolations increased Mather's habitual satisfaction with himself; and he says: "Comforted at having performed a solemn duty" (the consigning of a soul to perdition), "I returned to my house." Arrived there, he found the "Maid Martha galloping about the room on the horse, her feet not touching the ground, which was a great wonder."

Ann Glover was hanged on the following day. "There was a great concourse

* The splendid virility of Calef's short word concerning the treatment Mrs. Glover received applies here: "*They did her cruel.*"

of people to see if the Papist would relent.... Her one cat was there, fearsome to see. They would to destroy the cat, but Mr. Calef would not [permit the cat to be killed]. Before her execution she was bold and impudent [!] making to forgive her accusers and those who put her off.... She predicted that her death would not relieve the children, saying it was not she afflicted them." This was construed into a threat; and the children continued their sport, till, "a very strict fast being held, they were completely restored." After recounting the details of this "joyful restoration," Cotton Mather becomes more than usually prolix in a relation of the *piety* of his protegés.

It is not denied that before and after the execution of Ann Glover there was a vast number of arrests and executions of reputed witches and wizards in New England, beginning in 1647, under John Winthrop, and culminating in the Salem massacre of 1692. It is not denied that neither age, sex, nor condition was spared. Some were children—one but four years old,—others of eighty and beyond; one was a minister; many were the most reputable people in the Massachusetts Colony.

What is asserted is that Ann Glover was put to death not so much because she was reputed a witch, as for the certainty that she was a Catholic. All we know of her is in the words of her enemies and executioners, except what is found in the scant record of Robert Calef, who exposed himself to utter ruin by his defence of her. The little we know, however, confirms the truth of my assertion.

It was only when all attempts to move Mrs. Glover's "obstinate Papacy" had failed, that she was first accused of witchcraft in 1682. That the Goodwins were in the league "to bring her out of the burning"—that is, to induce her to forswear the Faith—may be inferred with safety from what took place in 1687. When her daughter was accused of theft by Martha Goodwin, she does not say, "You may have us whipped, but we are innocent of stealing": this she had asserted before. She cries out: "You may have us whipped, but we won't go to the sermons." Does not this outburst unfold a tale of antecedent persecution suffered for religion's sake?

A fast "had greatly relieved the Goodwin children"; the tempest they had aroused was lulled, and what happened? "The magistrates, long annoyed by the presence of an obstinate Papist in Boston, ordered Goody Glover to be taken into custody," says Drake. At her trial there was not even such evidence to prove her a witch as would satisfy the gullible magistrates. It was only when Goody Glover made the declaration that she would die a Catholic that "the jury brought her guilty."

It went hard with the magistrates and Cotton Mather that a poor old Catholic, a "scandalous Irishwoman," withstood the doctrine of the self-reputed "saints"; and even now Goody Glover could have saved her life had she "relented." The magistrates went to her on her last night alive, to beat down her opposition by questions of her soul. They failed, and Cotton Mather took their place.

He was above the law in the cheerless Colony. When, in 1692, the jury brought in poor Rebecca Nurse innocent of witchcraft, he had them sent to reconsider the evidence: at his beck they found her guilty. Then the governor, Sir William Phipps, pardoned her. In defiance of the pardon, Cotton Mather had her hanged, and saw her die on Witches' Hill at Salem; and, "sitting on his black horse, he rebuked those who did bewail her; for she was an excellent woman." Dame Nurse *was* an excellent woman.

In view of this exhibition of his

arbitrary power, is it too much to say that, had Goody Glover "relented," in his vainglory over the conquest of a broken-down old woman, Cotton Mather would have had her set free? But the old Irishwoman conquered Cotton Mather. "She died a Catholic"; and, imitating her Divine Master, she died forgiving her enemies,—all those from whom she had suffered grievous wrong for more than fourscore years.

The Canon's Story.

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND.

I.

"TRUTH," they say, "is stranger than fiction"; and so I verily believe that, had I been writing a purely imaginary tale, I should have hesitated to make the liberal use of coincidence that you will find in the story I am about to relate to you.

It all happened many years ago, when, as a young priest, I went one summer to Canterbury, to take the place of the good rector of St. Thomas' Church, who had gone abroad for a well-earned holiday. I went as a complete stranger to the town. But, being a man of quiet tastes, and also a lover of books, this did not trouble me; and I settled down happily in the cheery little presbytery, well pleased to be so near the beautiful old cathedral, so close to the spot where centuries ago the blessed St. Thomas à Becket had suffered martyrdom for the Faith.

After a while, however, the Catholics of the neighborhood began to call, and I was drawn gradually into the social life of the place. I began to make friends, and to frequent in my leisure hours two or three pleasant houses, becoming intimate with their owners and interested in their affairs.

Amongst the people I visited most constantly were Mr. and Mrs. Remington of Andover Hall. Miles Remington was a man of fifty or so, very shy and retiring, and caring little for society. He appeared, however, content with his life, without any ambition beyond a desire for peace, and leave to spend his days in his quiet library amongst his books. His wife, restless and dissatisfied, was of a different order of beings, and seemed as eager for the society of her fellow-creatures as he was to avoid it.

When I was in the humor for grave and learned discussions, I made my way to Miles in the seclusion of his big, airy study; and here it was I first discovered that, despite their air of well-doing and freedom from trouble, my poor friends had a great sorrow. They had one son, and this son, dearly as they loved him, was a disappointment and a grief to them. They seldom mentioned his name even to each other, and no one in Canterbury had heard of his existence. The Remingtons had, some six years before, taken up their abode in Andover Hall, and were believed by all who knew them to be a childless couple. It was not till I had known Miles intimately for some weeks that he told me he had a son.

"Poor Essie!" he remarked one day, as from the library window we watched his wife drive off in her carriage. "She lacks occupation, and goes restlessly to and fro trying to forget."

"To forget?" I looked up, with a start. "What can Mrs. Remington have to forget?"

His face grew black as night, and he drew in his lips.

"A bad, ungrateful son," he said, fiercely. "Surely that is something to forget?"

"Yes. But—why, Remington old fellow, I never guessed, never suspected—"

"That we had a son? No. We do not speak of him. He treated us badly. But" (dashing his hand across his eyes) "it is a painful subject." And, turning

suddenly, he walked out of the room.

I sat alone by the window, saddened and distressed, wondering what I should say to comfort him on his return. But when he entered the room again, he was smiling as pleasantly as ever. It was evident that he wished nothing more to be said upon the subject of his son; and, considerably relieved, I felt obliged to hold my tongue.

"Poor Remington!" I reflected, as I walked through the cathedral close. "He's the last person in the world—but, alas! in this vale of tears who is without some sorrow?"

The next time I found Mrs. Remington alone; she looked at me with tearful eyes, saying:

"So Miles has told you about Hubert, Father?"

"Mr. Remington mentioned that you had a son, who is a trouble to you."

"The poor lad!" She swept up and down the room, her color coming and going, trembling with emotion. "Miles is, I often think, too hard on him. He was disappointed, and so was I. We wanted our son, Father," (sinking into an armchair, and motioning me to take one by her side) "to go to the bar. Miles felt sure he would shine and do us honor as a barrister. But Hubert was stage-struck, and, to our horror, took an engagement as a super in an East End theatre. His father was enraged and ordered him to give it up: no son of his should be an actor. Hubert refused firmly. He had a right to choose his own life, he said; and, white and resolute, he left his home. He changed his name, and where he is, or how he is getting on, we know not. Oh, it breaks my heart! And Miles is often miserable, too. But he will not give in. Hubert must come and crave forgiveness, he says; and that, I know, he will never do. Our boy is lost to us; and our home, that must one day be his, is desolate."

My eyes wandered round the bright drawing-room, full of exquisite furniture, fine pictures, and gay with many flowers.

"I mean our home in Dorset," she said, noticing my glance; "the dear old Manor House,—not this small place, ours only on a lease of a few years. It became hateful to us when our son went forth to such a life, and we left it."

"I think," I answered, speaking as gently as possible, "that you have been somewhat unfair to your son and his profession."

"But, surely, you do not approve of the stage, Father?"

"The stage is a distinct power for good," I replied. "And I have known people to be deeply moved and drawn nearer to God by a good play. There are excellent men—men upright and honorable—amongst our actors."

"Amongst the great actors, yes; but amongst the supers—the poor—"

"Poverty is not a vice, and everything must have a beginning."

"But a Remington—our only son—to mix with such people, to be subject to the temptations and degradations of such a struggle for life, is" (shuddering) "horrible!"

"There must certainly be temptations and difficulties; but all the more reason why you should have kept in touch with your son. A word of loving encouragement, his home to come to, would have helped, perhaps saved him from the dangers you dread. By turning your backs upon him and treating him as an outcast and a pariah, you left him open to the temptations you deplore so much. And, who knows, you may even now be preventing the thing you most earnestly desire—namely, that he should give up the stage and go to the bar? Supposing he did wish to do so, how could he manage it without money or friends? The lad may have been

foolish, headstrong, wrong, if you please; but—I trust you will forgive me, for I must say it,—you, his parents, have acted, to put it as mildly as possible, most unwisely."

Mrs. Remington grew pale as death. Her eyes were full of woe.

"Tell Miles that" (wringing her hands). "He will listen to you, perhaps. And, oh, I long for my boy,—I long for my boy!"

"I will speak strongly to your husband when an opportunity occurs," I said, deeply moved by the mother's anguish; "and, please God, he will soon agree to look for his son and forgive him. Meanwhile we must pray. To-morrow morning I'll offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for you all; and we will begin—you and I—a novena in honor of our Blessed Lady, begging her, the Mother of Sorrows, to watch over your son and bring him back safe and good to his home."

"O Father, your words fill me with hope! I will begin the novena without fail to-morrow after Mass."

I did not see Miles Remington that day; and next morning I was told that he had been called into Dorsetshire and would not return to Andover Hall for some time.

"Never mind," I said encouragingly to Mrs. Remington. "We'll wait till he comes home. Our Blessed Lady will bring things right very soon. So keep up your heart."

One morning, a fortnight later, a note was brought to me. It was from a very old friend, the widow of the Hon. Charles Dimsdale, a school-fellow, long since dead, to whom I had been much attached. It had been left by a messenger; and, as Mrs. Dimsdale lived in London, I was astonished to see her writing on an envelope brought to me from Sturry, a pretty village barely two miles from Canterbury. I opened her letter, therefore, with a feeling of wonder and surprise.

IVY COTTAGE, Sturry.

DEAR FATHER CRESHAM:—Molly and I are here. It is a charming, secluded nook, and suits us well for the moment. Do please come and see me. I have much to tell you, and am anxious for a few words of advice.

Yours very sincerely,

ELVIRA DIMSDALE.

Hastily laying aside my book, I got out my bicycle and set off for Sturry. Without any difficulty I found Ivy Cottage; and, pushing open the gate, entered the garden. Upon the lawn, under a wide-spreading mulberry tree, sat Mrs. Dimsdale and her daughter, between them a little table laden with magazines, books, and needlework. The cottage was covered with roses; the beds round the windows and down each side of the velvety sward were gay with Shirley poppies and sweet-smelling flowers of every hue. The whole place looked bright and pleasant in the sunshine,—a perfect little paradise,—a delightful retreat after the fatigues of a London season. Truly Mrs. Dimsdale had chosen well. She and Molly would be very happy here, and it would be agreeable for me to have them such near neighbors.

At the sound of the opening gate the ladies looked up, and, rising, came forward to greet me. They were smiling; but as I took their hands in mine I saw, with sorrow, that they were sad and dispirited. Mrs. Dimsdale had dark rings under her eyes, and a nervous, tremulous look about her mouth, whilst Molly—bright, golden-haired Molly—was pale and worn, her once rosy, brilliant little face white as the dress she wore.

"Dear Father Cresham, how kind of you to come so soon!" Mrs. Dimsdale said. "After my long months of silence, you are indeed forgiving."

"Pooh! I know you are a busy woman," I laughed, "with your rounds of gaiety and a young daughter to

take about. I was only too glad to get your note, and to learn that you were so near. I'd go farther than Sturry, I assure you, to get a glimpse of you, and" (turning round, smiling) "our beautiful Miss—"

But Molly was gone; and as I saw her slim, white figure disappear under the rose-grown porch, I glanced in surprise and dismay at her mother.

"She knew I wished to talk to you alone," she said, hurriedly. "So pray sit down, Father."

I took the chair vacated by Molly a few moments before; and, laying my gloves upon the little table, looked away across the fields toward the river Stour and the thickly-wooded hills.

"Molly does not seem well," I said. "Are you here for her health?"

"Molly is not well, Father. The poor child is breaking her heart."

I started round in alarm.

"But you must not allow that. Give in to her. If she loves some one you do not think good enough—"

Mrs. Dimsdale sighed heavily.

"I have done all that Father,—given in where I did not approve. Last Monday was to have been my darling's wedding day."

"Last Monday?" I stared at her aghast. "Then why are you here? What has happened?"

"The bridegroom" (putting her hand before her eyes) "disappeared. When the morning dawned he was missing."

I drew a long, deep breath and gazed in speechless sympathy into her white, agonized face. A sob escaped her, and she turned away her head.

"The scoundrel!" broke from me, suddenly. "Did he give no reason for his conduct?"

"None. At their last meeting, three weeks ago, he was still the ardent, devoted lover. As he bade her 'Good-night' he said: 'I am going into the country to-morrow. When I return, which shall be very soon, sweetheart, I hope to have good news to tell you,—news that will please you, and add, if possible, to our happiness.' She never saw him again. In vain she waited and watched. Every morning she would cry, 'He will—he must come to-day,' and continued her preparations for her marriage. But, alas! she was doomed to bitter disappointment. He never returned. Town became unbearable; seeing friends and answering questions, heartrending. Constance Levin, who was going abroad—she and I were at school together—offered me this cottage, and I carried my darling off to it at once. But, O Father Cresham, her life is wrecked, her heart broken! What her future will be I tremble to think. Sometimes I fear for her reason."

"My poor friend! 'Tis indeed a terrible trial. What is this man?"

"An actor,—young and handsome, and a gentleman I felt sure; but only taking poor and badly-paid parts. I used to fear he wanted my sweet Molly for her money,—for she has a good fortune, you know."

"Yes. What is the fellow's name?"

"Stanley Westerton. Oh, would that we had never heard it!"

"You made inquiries at his lodgings and at the theatre?"

"Yes, over and over again. But no one knew anything about him. He had vanished."

"Who are his people? Where did he come from?"

"That I do not know. He was very reticent, so reserved about his past that I, in my anxiety for my child, was very unhappy, and imagined all kinds of things about him and his. But Molly trusted him completely. He had been badly treated by his parents, she said; she did not care to hear anything more."

"And he never told her who and what they were?"

"Never. His past was a sealed book. Now I know why it was so. He had

some black secret in it that he did not dare reveal. Some one knowing it must have turned up unexpectedly; and, terrified, he fled away."

"'Tis a strange story, truly," I said, feeling sad and heavy at heart; "and most mysterious. The young man may have been the victim of foul play."

"That I can not believe; for if so, we should have seen all about it in the papers."

Seeing it was useless to argue that point, I did not press it, but devoted myself to soothing and comforting the unhappy mother as far as I could. It was a difficult task; and at last, finding that no words of mine were of the smallest avail, I bade her "Good-bye," promising to call to see her again very soon.

(Conclusion next week.)

An Episcopal Friend.

A NOTABLE figure in the episcopate of France about the middle of the last century was Mgr. Sibour, Bishop of Digne. The following authentic incident in his life is as illuminative as would be the lengthiest biography.

Having spent the evening on one occasion at the prefecture, he returned to his palace at a late hour. His secretary at once told him that a young woman had called to see him twice during the evening; and that, the second time, she appeared so agitated and begged so earnestly to see the Bishop that he had taken it upon himself to bid her wait Monseigneur's return. She was now in the reception room.

Bishop Sibour, somewhat surprised, sought his visitor, and found her to be the daughter of one of the principal business men of the town. The young girl threw herself at his feet, weeping distractedly. He raised her, soothed her, and encouraged her to tell him her trouble. Her story was to the effect that unexpected losses had come upon her father, that he had heavy payments to make the following day and could not possibly meet them. In face of this certain dishonor he was so unmanned that his wife and daughter had watched him and discovered that he intended to commit suicide. The girl added that she had come to seek the Bishop as the only one capable of turning her father from this fatal step.

Ten minutes later the Bishop was at the despairing merchant's side. At first the threatened bankrupt denied everything; but, moved by the prelate's touching exhortations, he speedily confessed that he found it impossible to survive his dishonor. Notwithstanding this statement, however, the words of Mgr. Sibour so affected him that at last he solemnly promised to suffer with courage and put away all thoughts of self-destruction.

When the Bishop had brought him to this point, he asked how large a sum was needed to tide him over his difficulties.

"Twenty-five thousand francs," replied the merchant.

"Well, take courage. Those twenty-five thousand francs I am possessed of, and I shall give them to you."

One may easily imagine the joy of the afflicted family, and the warmth of their gratitude to the generous prelate.

Bishop Sibour attached only one condition to the gift—that the merchant should preserve absolute silence with regard to it.

"You understand," said he, with exquisite delicacy, "that if you were to speak of it your credit would be injured."

WISE men mingle innocent mirth with their cares as a help either to forget or overcome them; but to resort to intoxication for the ease of one's mind is to cure melancholy with madness.—*Anon.*

Three Good Prayers.

IT was Coventry Patmore who said, in his whimsical way: "Not one good prayer has been composed by Catholic or Protestant since the days of the Reformation.... The manuals of devotion compiled since the Council of Trent, by authority or otherwise, are enough to drive a sensible Christian crazy by their extravagance and unreality." This is wild opinion, to be sure; though there is a grain of sober truth in it. All the prayers in the Missal and Breviary, a great many of which were composed after the Reformation, are good prayers in the sense in which the poet expressed himself,—being normal, practical, and correct as to literary form.

The other statement regarding manuals of devotion is likewise too sweeping. What better prayer-book could be imagined than the one compiled by the late Marquess of Bute for the use of his fellow-Catholics unable to hear Mass upon Sundays and holydays? The prayers are all taken from the Roman Breviary, except two,—one of which is from the Roman Missal, the other from the Aberdeen Breviary. "A Form of Prayers" is a devotional work which no user would consent to part with. Coventry Patmore was not easy to please, but he would have lauded this manual to the skies had he known of its existence. Then there is the Roman Missal adapted to the use of the laity, with a collection of prayers for various purposes. There are other prayer-books like it.

It must be admitted, however, that a great many of our books of devotion are extravagant and unreal to the last degree; the prayers which they contain, besides being faulty in construction and crude as to language, are vain and vapid, sometimes even irreverent and unorthodox. As one of our bishops once remarked — somewhat severely perhaps—of certain prayer-books which had been sent to him for examination: "They give one the impression that the compilers not only never learned their Catechism well, but never uttered a heartfelt prayer after learning how to read."

The three prayers which follow (*Oratio*, *Secreta*, and *Postcommunio*) have been definitively approved for the Mass of the Blessed John Mary Vianney. We are indebted for them to the present curé of Ars. Even in a translation these prayers will show the incomparable superiority of liturgical forms, and at the same time give the reader an idea of what Coventry Patmore meant by a good prayer:

Almighty and merciful God, who didst render Blessed John Mary wonderful by his pastoral zeal and fervent spirit of prayer and penance; grant, we beseech Thee, that, through his example and intercession, we may be able to win the souls of our brethren to Christ, and with them gain eternal glory. Through the same, etc.

May the invisible plenitude of the Holy Spirit, Almighty and Eternal God, descend upon this unspotted Host; and grant that we, Blessed John Mary interceding, may always approach so august a mystery with pure bodies and clean hearts. Through our Lord, etc.

Refreshed with the Food of Angels, we implore Thee, O Lord, that as the Blessed John Mary, strengthened by this Bread, bore adversities with invincible constancy, so may we, through his merits and by the imitation of his example, advancing from virtue to virtue, happily arrive at the Mountain of God. Through our Lord, etc.

Deliberateness.

Chi va piano, says an Italian proverb, *va sano, e chi va sano va lontano;* that is, he who goes gently travels in safety, and goes far in the day. The same lesson of the advantages of deliberateness over precipitation is enforced by the old English proverb which, in the present strenuous age, seems to be falling into disrepute: "Slow and sure."

Notes and Remarks.

The wisdom of the Church in prescribing the observance of an annual penitential season has never been more manifest than in this present age of feverish rush and hurry in business hours, and luxurious comforts when the working day is ended. In no century more than in this twentieth has there been urgent need of bidding the average man pause and meditate upon the salutary lesson of mortality, so strikingly enforced upon Catholics by the watchword of Ash-Wednesday. Lent is a golden opportunity—six weeks in duration—for the overwhelming majority of souls in every parish throughout the world to acquit themselves of the penitential tasks that are a necessary condition of salvation. "Unless you do penance," says our Saviour Himself, "you shall all likewise perish." To ignore the necessity of one's personally doing works of penance is to give evidence of a spiritual lethargy as fatal as it is, unfortunately, common. There are very few who, with any plausible show of reason, can urge that their normal sanctity, the habitual holiness of their life, obviates the need of their practising additional prayer and fasting and almsdeeds during the coming Lenten season; and these few would certainly be the very last to say so. Ordinary Catholics know full well that their spiritual health rigorously needs the six weeks' treatment of self-denial, abnegation, and sacrifice; and, if they are consistent children of Mother Church, they will, from the very opening of Lent, follow her prescriptions as faithfully as, in the case of bodily disease, they would observe the injunctions of a physician.

Officious busybodies are as ubiquitous as they are numerous. We see, in a recent issue of the *New Zealand Tablet*, that they are rampant even in that far-away land of inverted seasons. The Rev. S. Lawry, president of a Methodist Conference, sent his daughter to a Catholic school. Thereupon the Protestant Offence Association of the district publicly upbraided him for such "contemptible truckling to Rome." Among other unsolicited suggestions which they proffered to the offending clergyman was this: that it was his duty to let his child remain in innocent ignorance rather than be educated in a Catholic school. The *Tablet* does not say whether Mr. Lawry withdrew his daughter from the school, or advised the Association to observe the eleventh commandment; but we should judge that he very wisely adopted the latter course.

His own observation and reflection, and the testimony of those without the fold as to the alarming deterioration of American home-life, suggested to Bishop McFaul, of the diocese of Trenton, the theme of his latest pastoral letter—"The Christian Home." It is a comprehensive and thoroughly practical study of the whole subject, replete with timely ideas which will afford parish priests abundant material for a whole series of Lenten instructions, and give heads of families superabundant matter for earnest reflection. A partial enumeration of the different heads of this important pastoral will indicate its general character: Mere Dwellings, Parents and the Home, Woman and the Home, The Child, The Enemies of the Home, The Tenement, Intemperance, Household Duties, Adornment of the Home, Literature, Necessity of Order, Effects of Disorder, Domestics, The Nursery of Religion and Virtue.

Writing of the disastrous effects arising from ignorance of household duties, the Bishop says: "The remedy might be found in giving domestic instruction in our schools, public and

parochial, or by individuals' or the State's providing courses in domestic economy. This instruction should extend beyond the mere art of cooking: it should take in the entire management of the house." In connection with this point, it seems pertinent to remark that household duties are safe to be ignored by all women who, from the date of their early teens until their entrance into matrimony, have been factory or shop girls. Maidens learn housekeeping by keeping house; and a good many of those who prefer to earn wages rather than help in the humdrum care of their homes are very surely discounting the happiness of their future lives, and preparing uncomfortable and unattractive homes for their future husbands and children.

It is absurd to contend that in the writings of the early Fathers and the mediæval Schoolmen may be found a satisfactory solution of all the difficulties regarding the contents of the Bible raised by modern critics of the Sacred Text. St. Augustine and St. Thomas, and the other Fathers and Doctors of the Church, were no more omniscient than infallible. The problems with which Biblical students have now to deal are new, and new light must be thrown upon them. It will be welcome from any source. Obscurantism, on the other hand, should be condemned on all sides. No lasting good ever came of explanations that do not explain, and it is well that nowadays they are infrequently offered. Narrow views and opposition to scientific progress are a reproach to a Christian apologist. Even when there is nothing to be learned from the writings of the Fathers and Schoolmen, we may still profit by their example, as a writer in the London *Tablet* points out. He says:

> It is no disrespect to the master-mind of St. Thomas to say that his writings can not help us very much in this matter. Even his comprehensive gaze could not compass objects which had not yet risen above the horizon. And we can only form faint possible conjectures as to his attitude in regard to these new facts and theories if they had been fairly unfolded before him. But, to judge by his manner of dealing with contemporary Arabic philosophy, we can, at any rate, know what he would *not* have done in this emergency. He would not have hastily condemned the new views without making them a subject of searching inquiry and patient study. It may well be that he would have regarded them with as little favor as the most rigorous and conservative critics of our own days. But he would never have come to this conclusion without taking the trouble to understand the subject. He would never have treated the hypothetical Higher Critics of the thirteenth century as some good people treat their fellows at the present day—with a contempt which certainly does not spring from familiarity.

A recent issue of the Parisian *Vérité* takes this pessimistic view of affairs in France. "More and more are Revolution and the Republic becoming identified. Everything is tending toward the final upheaval. The revolutionary party is rising from all the depths to the surface. Undeniable abuses and very real sufferings help along their movement. Just grievances are transformed, under the dominant evil influences, into anarchical aspirations. As the source of the evil is blinked, so the true remedy is shunned. The revolutionary current is carrying everything with it. Without doubt there is justification for the presentiment of those who fear that we are marching toward a universal social crisis." While it may be conceded that this outlook is perhaps unduly sombre, there can be no question that such manifestations as occurred recently at the funeral of Louise Michel were calculated to inspire grave fears in the hearts of those Frenchmen who would disassociate the Republic from the forces of socialism and anarchy.

In a public address last week, the dean of the theological department of Princeton touched upon the unhappy condition of religious teachers who

have nothing to teach. "The difficulty with most men," he said, "is that they do not know where they stand. Preachers do not teach as formerly. Instead of trying to Christianize society, they are busy socializing Christianity. They are doing a new business under the old trademark." Commenting on these words, the *New York Daily News* says:

If you asked the impostors of so many pulpits for a precise statement of what they believed, they could not give it. It is seriously to be doubted if they believe in God, although His name is always on their dubious and resonant lips. They fear to set forth beliefs, lest they be accused of formulating a creed. But on one point they are eloquent and bombastic. They believe in Humanity—in the elevation of the human race, in its future perfection. By perfection they mean a good stomach and plenty to put into it. From all other belief and hope they steer away,—from the eternal life, from the Divine Personality of Christ, from the immortality of the soul. They are mere windbags, whistling for salaries. Naturally, their following diminishes; for sensible people prefer the scientists who have something to say.

The scientists always have something to say, it must be admitted; but the real difference between their sayings and those of the preachers is that the scientist is wont to express himself dogmatically and the preacher is accustomed to speak apologetically. The untutored layman naturally gets the impression that one is dealing with fact, the other with fiction.

The *Correspondance* gives publicity to a rather singular letter, written in 1825 by a leading Freemason of France. A brief quotation or two may explain to some of our readers why it is that Masonry is execrated by the Catholics of the French Republic:

It is a bad thing to make heroes and martyrs. If we triumph one day, and if, to perpetuate our triumph, there is need of a few drops of blood, we must not permit the designated victims to die with dignity and firmness. Such deaths are good for nothing but to keep up opposition, and give to the people martyrs whose *sang-froid* they love to behold. It is a bad example . . . it is better to physic the forces of the mind by stupefying the body. A drug well prepared, and still better administered, which will debilitate the patient to the point of prostration, would be, to my mind, of salutary effect....

At a given conjuncture, let us see to it that a Pope and two or three Cardinals die like old women with all the accompaniments of agony, in all the terrors of death, and we shall paralyze all attempts at devoted imitation. . . .

It is the *morale* that must be attacked, so it is the heart that must be wounded....If the secret is faithfully kept, you will see, on occasion, the utility of this new style of physic.

The letter from which these extracts are taken appears in a new book, by M. Delassus, *Problèmes de l'Heure Présente* ("Problems of the Hour").

Given, as premises, that a Catholic funeral service was attended by a bishop and forty priests, that the Office for the Dead was recited by the assembled clergy, and that after a Solemn Mass of Requiem the eulogy of the deceased was pronounced by the Ordinary of the diocese,—and the conclusion seems inevitable that the deceased in question must have been at least a parish priest venerable by reason of his age and virtues. Yet just such solemnities recently attended the burial, in Cleveland, Ohio, of a man-of-all-work. Mgr. Horstmann and two-score priests of his diocese paid this notable tribute to good old Felix Nugent—or, as he was commonly called, "Felix of the Seminary,"—the faithful and devoted servant who for forty-five years had endeared himself to successive classes of theological students at St. Mary's Seminary, Cleveland. The *Catholic Universe* tells about his life and death; and it does one's heart good to note the genuineness of the affection and esteem entertained for the old man—he was nearly eighty—by all who had come in contact with him. "Felix of the Seminary" was a type of a numerous class of servants found at many a college, convent, and priest's house, as well as seminary, throughout the land. Most Catholics of middle age

probably remember at least one such person; and, if asked for an estimate of his character, would probably say of him, as Bishop Horstmann said of Felix, that he was distinguished by his "unostentatious charity, piety and devotion."

Father Stroebele, about whose project for a mission-ship we wrote in November last, reports that he has received $1010, "most of it being penny-offerings from school-children." He adds: "The contemplated ship will cost about $3000; and if that amount can not be raised, I shall have to be content with a smaller-sized vessel,—which, however, will be of service only for visiting various mission stations up and down the coast, but insufficient for going on the open sea." We trust that the building of the larger vessel—which, it will be remembered, was to be called *Immaculata*—will still prove practicable. Perhaps the school-children's parents—or some of them—may be moved to send dimes where the little ones sent pennies.

Mr. Thomas Hardy is quoted as saying in a recent interview: "I often wish I had lived in the Middle Ages, when the Church was supreme and unquestioned. Life must have been very sweet and beautiful then, before doubts had arisen." Every true-hearted, right-minded - Protestant must sometimes experience a like regret. The jeer of the infidel over the vision of divided Christendom and its "warring sects" is especially hard for non-Catholic Christians to bear.

The United States census for 1890 reported one hundred and forty-three different religious bodies. In 1903, according to the Rev. Dr. H. K. Carrol, the number had increased to one hundred and fifty-seven. One fact to be considered in connection with these figures is pointed out by Mr. Meade C. Williams, in a paper contributed to the *Princeton Theological Review*. He writes:

> It must be borne in mind that very many of these one hundred and fifty-seven denominations are so small, in point of adherents and influence on public life, that they count but little as factors in the divisions of American Christianity. Many of them are constantly diminishing and approaching the vanishing point. We find in fifty-two of them (about one-third the entire number reported) that the average of each membership is but a trifle over one thousand. This large proportion, then, of the portentous denominational array need not be considered as seriously adding to the breach of church unity.

Mr. Williams seems to forget that if many of the religious sects in this country are "constantly diminishing and approaching the vanishing point," new ones are springing up and increasing wondrously,—the Christian Scientists, for example. The multiplication of religions will go on until there is a general realization of the great truth so strikingly expressed by Newman: "Either the Catholic religion is verily the coming of the unseen world into this, or there is nothing positive, nothing dogmatic, nothing real in any of our notions as to whence we come or whither we go."

From the text of the Papal Brief approving the social organization known as Filiæ Fidei, or Daughters of the Faith, and addressed to Miss Lummis, founder of the society, we select the following paragraph, which is well deserving of attentive consideration:

> Among these duties [of Catholics] we mention particularly that of protecting Christian marriage against the disgraceful stain of divorce; of providing for proper education within the domestic walls, as well as in the schools; of checking those pests of human society—namely, the shameless license of spectacular representations and immoral books, of idle and wanton conversation and gatherings, and the shameful extravagance of dress. Therefore, beloved daughter in Christ, the work you have inaugurated, not without divine inspiration and guidance, and which you have prosecuted with the approbation of the head of your diocese,—that work We wish

you to continue henceforth with greater ardor while relying on the support of Our authority.

Similar work, it need scarcely be said, is incumbent on all good Catholic women, whether or not they be affiliated with the Daughters of the Faith, or other associations having in view a like purpose. The Christian gentlewoman is a potent force for good in the modern world; and she owes it to the Church and herself that her words and example influence her neighbors in no other than a beneficent way.

"Men, at some times, are masters of their fates," wrote Shakespeare. But he should have made an exception of all those generally classed as monks. It is their fate to be misrepresented or maligned, opposed or persecuted; and, to quote the Bard of Avon again, "what fates impose ... it boots not to resist." The friars of the Philippine Islands, of all "monks" in modern times, should be included in the exception. They have never been "masters of their fates." When the whole country was ringing with accusations against them, they had few defenders; and now, when it is shown that they were grossly maligned, that their fabulous wealth is a myth, that "it would be impossible to find in the world another body of men who have acquired wealth with greater moderation, or used it with better judgment or more lavish generosity," none are disposed to listen to the testimony. It is the old story a thousand times repeated. As Father Ambrose Coleman, O. P., remarks, writing in the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* of the friars' estates in the Philippines:

> Contempt and calumny dog the footsteps of religious at every turn. If they live on alms, they are "beggarly friars,"—nothing so low is conceivable. If they receive fees for spiritual ministrations, they are making a trade of religion and practising extortion on the poor. If they get a salary from the government, they are robbing the State, even when the State is merely making restitution for robberies committed on the Church; they are "salaried employees," and, in the Philippines, "spies of the Spanish government." If by economy and honest labor, prolonged through centuries, they have acquired landed estates and dispose of wealth, the eye of envy is more widely opened than ever, and they are "living in the lap of luxury, eating up the land, living on the fat of the land"; and, prompted by cupidity, the unworthy cry is raised of the necessity of confiscating their property and devoting it to the common needs of the State.
>
> So that whatever means they may adopt, they find it impossible to live and work without exciting the rancorous jealousy of their enemies, their fate being never to be regarded by the world in a spirit of justice and fair-dealing. It is a recognized principle that every man is entitled to a reward for his labor; an exception is made against them. It is also generally recognized as highly praiseworthy for a man to devote his wealth to philanthropic objects as he conceives them: his methods are discussed without adverse criticism; but, in the case of religious Orders, the chorus of condemnation raised against their wealth drowns whatever faint praise may have been accorded them for the noble manner in which they have used it.

An appeal for assistance in the work of building up a mission comes to us from Costa Rica, the most southern of the Central American States. Father Joseph Nieborowski, C. M., publishes an interesting little pamphlet which gives full particulars concerning his Terraba mission, and explains why financial aid from the outside world is needed. The entire number of souls confided to him is about twenty-three hundred, divided among eight stations. Four different tribes of Indians are represented at four of these stations: whites at two, whites and mestizos at one, and whites and mulattoes at another. Unfinished chapels are in use at Terraba, Bornica, Buenos Ayres, and Ujarraz; and it is to purchase nails, paint, and other material, expensive in that wilderness, that the missionary pleads for help. Answers to his appeal may be addressed to Father Nieborowski, St. John's College, 75 Lewis Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Truant Snowflakes.

BY JOHN MARYSON.

MOTHER WINTER calls them home,
But the little flakes of snow,
Longing with the clouds to roam,
Do not want to go.

"Let us bide till Spring," they say;
"See the bluebirds come again,
With the little blossoms play,
And the laughing rain."

So they went unwillingly;
And a naughty northern wind
Whispered, "Hasten back with me,"—
Falsely speaking kind.

And the little snowflakes came,
Floated down among the flowers,
Whitened on the tulip-flame,
Scared the sunny hours;

Melted on the greening grass,
Fainted in the languid weather;
'Neath the beaming sun, alas!
Vanished altogether.

See the warning written here?
'Mongst so many, many others:
Little children, this is clear,
Better mind their mothers.

Catholic Heroes of Land and Sea.

BY MAY MARGARET FULLER.

I.—John Barry.

TO quote Mother Goose's words in the tale of her wonderful apple-pie, George Nelson "planned it," Frank "praised it," and the twins Bessie and Belle "frowned upon it" darkly. The buzzing B's, as they were called, thought that the hardships of school gave them quite enough to suffer in the cause of learning, and they saw nothing attractive in this new proposal to combine pleasure and study.

"I hate studious people!" said Bessie. "There's Anna Thorp in our class,—she's never away from her books for a minute, and yet the girls don't like her a bit."

"Well," added Belle, "the real reason of that, Bess, as we've always said, is that she doesn't join in our fun. Mary Curtis gets the highest points and no one could be better liked than she is."

"Not to mention third parties at all," said Mr. Nelson, from behind his newspaper, "I know a certain young person who this very month has been bewailing several failure marks on her report, and wishing there were some way of studying history so that she could remember it."

"This is her opportunity, then," remarked Mrs. Nelson. "I heartily approve of the idea, for I want my boys and girls when they grow up to be well-informed."

"Well, then," consented Belle, "I'll say yes; but if it's going to be dry and horrid, I won't come to a single meeting after the first one."

"Neither will I," said Bessie; "but I'll come all the time if there's any fun to be had."

It had come about in this way. When Captain Morris, a dear old friend of the family, returned from a lengthy cruise on the battleship which he commanded, he was invited to be godfather to the Nelsons' baby brother. This privilege was gladly accepted; and, the ceremony over, he proudly introduced his godson, "John Barry Nelson."

"John Barry?" questioned a voice. "What a funny name!"

"A very noted one, which I have honored all my life," responded the

Captain. "Brush away the cobwebs, my dears, and think. Didn't you ever hear it before? . . . Bless my soul!" he exclaimed in the silence that followed. "So you can't tell me about one of the bravest of Catholic heroes? Yes, indeed, there are many, many more; but I'm afraid to ask any questions. I'll tell you, however, what I'll do. If you can arrange for us to come together now and then for a talk, I'll offer a splendid prize to the one giving the most interesting narration of the life of any of these historic people, and another to the one who best remembers what we learn during the season."

Before night George's idea was discussed, and it was decided that the "Studious Four" should meet on certain Friday evenings, presided over by the jovial Captain Morris.

"John Barry, Jr., seems to be lending his voice to these proceedings," said the Captain, as a succession of howls disturbed the air; "so I vote that we discuss his patron hero at the first meeting."

Volumes of appalling size and thickness were the rage for many days thereafter, and the library was the most popular room in the house.

Friday evening came at last; and Captain Morris, at the head of the table, beamed upon his subjects, who were all clamoring to be heard.

"If this contest is to end without bloodshed," he cried amid the din, "I'll have to resort to strategy! All hand me your pencils, and the owner of the one which I keep will have the first turn."

The lot fell to Bessie, and she began in triumph:

"John Barry was born in Wexford, Ireland, in a little cottage near the ocean. The law of that time did not allow teachers to have anything to do with Catholics who would not deny their Faith, so of course those who could afford it sent their children away to school. Barry's parents were poor but most loyal to their religion; so, you see, there was no way for him to receive much education. As he grew up, he helped with the work; but, though he loved his father and mother dearly, he was always watching the ships far out at sea, and longing to be a sailor instead of a farm-boy. When he was about sixteen his wish was granted, and he began his career on a merchant vessel which made regular trips to America. His work was of the hardest kind; but, no matter how tired he felt, he spent his evenings in reading and studying."

"Well, by and by he had his reward," said Belle; "for at twenty-one he was captain of a schooner; and at thirty he was master of the *Black Prince*, the finest packet of those days. At the home of its owner, who lived in Philadelphia, he met George Washington, who became his lifelong friend; and soon after that he—"

"Entered the service of our country," cried Frank, who had been impatiently awaiting his turn. "His first appointment was to get some newly bought vessels ready for war. One of these was the *Black Prince*, but its name was now changed to *Alfred*. Paul Jones, later on, enlisted on this ship as lieutenant; while Barry, commanding the best boat of the little fleet, the *Lexington*, was Captain of the Navy."

"And a mighty good one, too," commented the Captain; "for he sailed off at once and gained the first victory of the war on sea by capturing the *Edward*. This was the first British warship ever taken by an American. I've a fine picture of the engagement in my cabin,—you will see it sometime. But here I am interrupting!"

"I come in here, don't I?" asked George. "Barry was next sent to the *Effingham;* but the ice in the Delaware River tied him up, so during the winter he served in the army. When spring

came he went back to his ship, and sent out some small boats fitted with guns, to keep the British from going for their supplies. This made them pretty mad, but he sprang another surprise soon afterward. He floated dozens of barrels filled with gunpowder, intending them to explode as they struck the enemy's ships. This 'Battle of the Kegs' didn't succeed very well, but it showed that Barry was always wide-awake. Everyone, from Washington down, was praising his bravery at that time; so Howe, who led the British forces, tried to get him over to their side. He offered money and everything else if our hero would desert us; but of course Barry refused to do anything of the kind."

"Do you know his famous answer?" asked Captain Morris.

"*I* do," replied Frank: "'Not the value nor the command of the entire British Navy could tempt me from the cause I uphold.'"

"Yes," said the Captain; "and I hope to see a monument with those words on it in the finest public square in Washington."

"Barry then took charge of the *Alliance*," it was George's turn again, "and captured ship after ship. Once when he was fighting against two of them he was badly shot, but he stayed on deck until he won the battle. He gained the last victory of the war, too; and then retired. Afterward, when a new fleet was built, he was placed first in charge, and remained so until his death."

"That fleet was the beginning of our present navy," said the Captain; "so you see that Commodore Barry came rightfully by his title, 'Father of the American Navy.'"

"Paul Jones generally gets the credit of that, though he came into prominence long after Barry," exclaimed George. "Of course he was a great hero, too; but my book pointed out that he served our country just for the sake of the pay, that he insisted on a pension, and that after the war he was engaged by foreign governments; whereas Barry gave up a good business to defend the principles he thought right; he never asked or received a pension, and he remained at the call of his adopted land for the rest of his life."

"Belle, you may finish the story," said Captain Morris.

"There isn't very much more," replied Belle,—"except that at his death Barry left his money to the Catholic orphans of Philadelphia. He often used to go to see them—"

"After he was dead!" teased Frank.

"Now let us have some fun," interposed the Captain. "Run to the piano and play 'Yankee Doodle,' Bessie; I have a song here set to that tune. 'Saucy Jack Barry' is its name. And if Belle will go upstairs for her father and mother, we'll have a Virginia reel."

So the meeting ended quite merrily, after all. The boys and girls laughed until they cried when Captain Morris and their dignified father *chasséed* up and down the parlor, followed by the rest of the jolly party, who were singing a noisy but heartfelt toast to the 'Irish Commodore.' The hands sped all too quickly around the clock dial, so finally the Captain had to insist upon saying "Good-bye."

"You may choose your own hero for the next meeting," he said; "it will be held at—let me see, how would you like to come to my house? Your father, Frank, will tell you how to reach the Navy Yard—"

"Your battleship!" cried a chorus of delighted voices.

"You've guessed it," said the Captain. "But come in the afternoon, as soon as school is over. Now promise!"

And the Studious Four joyfully promised.

(To be continued.)

The Ups and Downs of Marjorie.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

IX.—Gathering Clouds.

As the last candle was lit on the altar, Marjorie stood back enraptured. Oh, how beautiful it was, this little home chapel, that seemed her very own; for she had planned and worked and—as a glance at the Hillcrest flowers reminded her—even suffered for it all! And now she was to sing; for Miss Martha's voice was feeble and broken. Marjorie had been trained to lead the simple hymns at St. Vincent's, and when she sang it was with the joy of a bird carolling in mid-air.

She knelt at her good friend's side, feeling as if she were in some heavenly dream, as black and white, rich and poor, crowded into the room. Then Father James, in his shining silvery vestments, approached the altar, with Dick Hill and Bert looking strangely *good* in their acolytes' surplices; and the Mass began. The priest's deep tones and the servers' responses were for a few moments the only sounds in the solemn silence. But presently Miss Martha's trembling fingers touched the melodeon, and a fresh, clear young voice burst into melody that startled every ear.

Little Marjorie stood in the soft light of the candles at Miss Martha's side singing her orphan's hymn. The dark face of one of the strangers at the door grew ashen at the sight and sound.

"Come!" he whispered hoarsely, clutching his companion's arm,—"come out of here, quick!"

"Gemman sick?" inquired old Jeb, who was on duty in the hall.

"No—yes: the place is too close for him," answered Gresham, as they pushed their way through the open door into the outer air. "Brace up, man!" he continued. "You are as white as a ghost. What's the matter with you?"

"The child!" gasped Lindsay, when they stood alone without the house. "Did you see—did you hear her? It is Marjorie herself,—Marjorie's eyes and hair and face and voice,—the Marjorie Lindsay of twenty years ago."

"It is as I thought, then. Good!" exclaimed Gresham, triumphantly.

"Good!" echoed Lindsay, with a fierce oath. "Good, do you say? Do you know what this means to me, man? If my uncle should see this girl, or hear of her, I am ruined, beggared, lost. Put your devil's wits to work, Gresham. You must save me at any price."

. . . . . .

All unconscious of the two evil spirits she had banished from the holy place, little Marjorie sang on, while voices young and old took up the familiar hymn; and the Mass went on solemnly and sweetly to its close. And, though Miss Susan's brave lips were quivering, and Miss Martha's tender eyes dim with tears, and many a kindly heart around the altar was heavy with thoughts of coming change, it was, all in all, a festal morning at Manor Hill.

Then there was the breakfast,—such a big, cheery, hospitable breakfast, with Father James at the head of the long table, and Miss Martha pouring the coffee for all who came; and Marjorie, with her red-brown curls flying as she bustled around with cream and sugar, hot biscuits and broiled ham, the blithest and busiest of little maids. Altogether, it was a morning of pure delight to our little girl, who only half understood the underlying sadness that found whispered speech among the older folks.

"My mother has been crying," confided Polly Tibbs to Marjorie, as, with interlocked arms, they walked back from the gate whither all the young folks had flocked to see Father James off and get his parting blessing.

"I haven't seen her cry before since little Mattie died, and I am sure she feels dreadful. She is so fond of Miss Talbot; and everybody is talking about there not being Mass here any more, because some man is going to buy the place and pull down the house—"

"Pull down the house!" interrupted Marjorie, aghast. "Pull down *this* house! What for?"

"To turn the place into a dairy farm," continued Miss Polly, who had not passed her twelve years of life at a road-house without learning business methods.

"Oh, but—but Miss Susan and Miss Martha would never, *never* let them!" answered Marjorie, indignantly.

"They can't help it," said Polly, shrewdly. "I heard Miss Betty Crofton telling mother all about it: how old Judge Talbot had borrowed the money long ago, and Miss Susan and Miss Martha couldn't pay it, and they would have to give up the place to Asa Greene, who meant to pull down the old house."

"Oh, don't, *don't* say that!" cried Marjorie, to whom, despite all the whispers and rumors that had reached her from the grown-up folks, this plain talk from Polly came as a revelation. "Nobody would be so mean, so horrid as to do that."

"Oh, yes, they would!" replied Polly, sagely. "Asa Greene would. He said the place was an old Papist rat-trap, and he was going to pull it down for the bricks, and build cow stables. What's the matter?" asked Polly, in dismay, as her companion suddenly drew away her arm and dropped despairingly on a flat rock beside the road.

"Don't mind me," said Marjorie, huskily. "I—I don't want Miss Martha to see me crying, Polly; and I—I can't help it. She is down there, putting the flowers from the altar on the graves under the cedars. Her mother is there, and her father, and her little girl sister, and her brother that was killed in the war, and everybody that died. Oh, and Asa Greene will take them too!" cried Marjorie, bursting into tears.

"Don't now,—don't cry so, please!" said Polly. "I didn't know that you would care so much. It's not your house or your people, you know."

"Oh, yes, it is,—yes, it *is!*" sobbed Marjorie. "Miss Susan picked me out of all the other girls at St. Vincent's, though I wasn't half as nice as the rest, and Sister Angela told her I wouldn't suit. And she and Miss Martha have been so good to me! They didn't scold when I tumbled into the water, or broke the flowered pitcher, or scorched the pillowcases, or anything. I'm just like their own little girl."

"Maybe they will keep you just the same," said Polly; "only my mother says it will kill Miss Martha if she has to leave Manor Hill."

"Oh, it will, it will, I know!" sobbed Marjorie. "She has lived here all her life, and her mother and her grandmother, and everybody. And they planted the roses and the apple-trees and the currants. And General Washington used to sit under the hollow oak on the lawn and talk to her great-grandfather. Miss Martha has told me beautiful stories about everything: the Talbot cross and the chalice, and the lamp that used to burn long ago in a chapel where the priest had to hide when he came to say Mass."

In vain Polly tried to console her. Marjorie at last understood the sore need of prayers and novenas. The sorrow that had been only a vague, undefined shadow rose in all its black despair before her lively fancy. Manor Hill to be sold! The old, old home that seemed to have opened its arms and taken the homeless little orphan to its warm, sheltering breast,—Manor Hill to be sold and pulled down!

(To be continued.)

With Authors and Publishers.

—Who has blundered, Gertrude Atherton or the *National Magazine?* "I want *a genii* to take me back to London," the author is quoted as saying. Some one evidently wants *a dictionaries*, too.

—"The Bible, How Inspired," is a reprint, by the Catholic Truth Society, Chicago, of one of the Biblical lectures of the Rev. F. E. Gigot, S. S. The question of Biblical inspiration is more than ever one of timely interest, and popular studies thereof are of genuine utility.

—The Parochial Bulletin of the Cathedral at Hai Fong, China, is an excellent sixteen-page brochure, eight hundred copies of which are distributed gratuitously every month to such Christians or pagans of the district as can read French. Its contents are uniformly interesting and edifying.

—Readers of the "Relations of the Jesuits," and other historical narratives of early times in this country and Canada, may be interested in this piece of information which we find in the Levis (P. Q.) *Bulletin des Recherches Historiques*. The names given to the five Iroquois *cantons* by English writers differ from those used by French annalists. Thus the Mohawks are called by these latter, Agniers; the Onondagas, Onnontagués; the Oneidas, Onneyouts; the Cayugas, Goyogouins; and the Senecas, Tsonnontouans.

—"The Life and Letters of R. S. Hawker," just published in England, will doubtless find many interested readers in this country. There has recently come to light a large amount of new material relating to the Vicar of Morwenstow, including an account of the visit paid to him by Tennyson in 1848. It will be remembered that the author of "Cornish Ballads" and "Footprints of Former Men in Cornwall" was received into the Church on his deathbed. The late Bishop Brownlow, who knew all the circumstances of the case, always asserted that Mr. Hawker had meditated the step for years before it was finally taken.

—"Man and His Immortal Soul," by a priest of the diocese of Nottingham, contains a course of seven Lenten sermons. Their practical tendency may be gathered from the respective subjects treated: The Value of our Immortal Souls; The Enemies of our Immortal Souls; The Vices that Ruin our Immortal Souls; The Vices that Injure our Immortal Souls; The Virtues that Nourish and Sustain our Immortal Souls; How to Save our Immortal Souls; God's Wondrous Love for our Immortal Souls. The clergy will find herein a gratifying source of suggestive matter for Lenten sermons; and the laity, appropriate spiritual reading for the holy season of penance. The brochure is published by J. F. Wagner, New York.

—The French Academy appears to have kept its head and displayed its usual impartial literary judgment in the case of a class of Frenchmen to whom the government is emphatically inimical, the clergy. Among the literary workers recently "crowned" by the Academy we find the names of Abbés Piolet, Dunand, Sicard, and Laveille.

—The current issue of the *Records* of the American Catholic Historical Society contains an interesting translation of a narrative dealing with the visit, in 1815, of Bishop Plessis of Quebec to several of the New England States. The translation has been made from Mgr. Plessis' original journal, by Abbé Lionel Lindsay.

—Frederick M. Peabody, of the Boston Bar, has brought out a second, enlarged edition of his "Complete Exposure of Eddyism, or Christian Science." The sub-title of the pamphlet, "The Plain Truth in Plain Terms Regarding Mary Baker G. Eddy," indicates the degree of interest attaching to the publication; and it must be said that Mr. Peabody's main title is amply vindicated.

—In an announcement of "The Life of St. Patrick and His Place in History," a new work by Prof J. B. Bury, shortly to be published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., the *Athenæum* says: "The new book concludes that the Catholic conception of St. Patrick's work is nearer, generally, to historical fact than the views of anti-Papal divines." The claim that the Apostle of Ireland was a Baptist or a Presbyterian—we forget which it is—will have to be withdrawn.

—The friends of Sir Francis Cruise, M. D., D. L., Honorary Physician in Ordinary of King Edward, have been congratulating him on the reception of still another honor, this time at the hands of the Holy Father himself. He has been made a Knight of the Order of St. Gregory the Great. Sir Francis, as everyone knows, has been a lifelong student of "The Imitation of Christ," of which he recently published a new translation. His work on the authorship of that most famous book was so thoroughly appreciated by Continental readers that a street in Kempen was named after him. The credit of settling the vexed question of the authorship of "The Imitation" belongs to Sir Francis, and it was in recognition of his studies that Pius X. made him a Knight of St. Gregory. But perhaps it would be more

correct to say that Sir Francis has satisfactorily shown that À Kempis was the *compiler* of the classic with which his name is forever associated. Readers familiar with the works of St. Bernard especially do not need to be told that much of what "The Imitation" contains may be found in them. The highest probability is that the book is a collection of extracts from various authors, arranged for private use by À Kempis and afterward given to his brethren. He was doubtless as familiar with the writings of St. Bernard, and contemporary authors whose books have not come down to us, as St. Bernard was with the Scriptures.

—Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes), the author of numerous popular books and plays, is credited with this declaration: "I should never let a book go out of my hands with the feeling that it was likely to do any one harm, or that it could in any way lower his standard of life." If this were a principle of conduct with all present-day authors, needless to say there would be fewer books issued,—especially novels, so many of which are calculated to do harm of some sort to every reader, old or young. Mrs. Craigie has never shirked the issues of life, but her conversion to the Church two or three years ago doubtless quickened her sense of literary responsibility.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Socialism." Victor Cathrein, S. J.—Victor Gettelmann, S. J. $1.50.

"Progress in Prayer." R. P. Caussade, S. J. 75 cts., net.

"Letters of Blessed John of Avila." $1.10.

"Cardome: A Romance of Kentucky." Anna C. Minogue. $1.25.

"Brother and Sister." Jean Charruau, S. J. $1.25, net.

"Vera Sapientia" Thomas à Kempis. 75 cts.

"Principles of Sacred Eloquence." Rev. John Conway, O. P. 50 cts.

"The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass." Rev. Dr. Nicholas Gihr. $4.

"The First Days of Jesus." 15 cts.

"Rosa Mystica." Kenelm Digby Best. $6.

"Pastoral Medicine." A. E. Sanford, M. D. $1.50.

"Teacher's Handbook to the Catechism." Rev. A. Urban. $4.50.

"The Life of St. Teresa." $2.20.

"The Feasts of Mother Church." Mother M. Salome. $1.25, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Richard Preston, of the diocese of Hexham and Newcastle, England; and Rev. Edward Fallon, archdiocese of New Orleans.

Sister M. Patrick, Congregation of Notre Dame; Sister Mary of the Assumption, Sisters of the Holy Cross; and Mother M. of St. Anselm, Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

Mr. L. A. Bacon, of Waco, Texas; Mr. Frank Holms, St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. Michael Madden, Manchester, N. H.; Mr. Joseph Smith, Toledo, Ohio; Capt. John Smith, Galveston, Texas; Mrs. Katharine Shanley, Hartford, Conn.; Miss Katherine Hoye, Watertown, Wis.; James and John Wood, Caledonia, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary Kessler, Homestead, Pa.; Mr. John Morehead, Fort Edward, N. Y.; Mr. William Kelly, Albany, N. Y.; Mr. Matthew Flynn, Scranton, Pa.; Mr. Thomas Gibson and Mrs. John Revord, Austin, Minn.; Mr. J. J. Mahon, Ferryland, Newfoundland; Mr. John Weber, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Mary Daly, Jackson, Mich.; Mrs. Margaret Rothman, Akron, Ohio; Mrs. Mary O'Connor, S. Boston, Mass.; Mr. George Liska and Mrs. Mary Both, Defiance, Ohio; Mrs. Ellen Sharkey, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. Charles Newman and Miss Mary Dundon, New York; Mr. Bernard McKenna, Martinez, Cal.; Miss Mary F. Ward, Philadelphia, Pa.; and Mrs. Mary Simmons, Hobart, Oklahoma.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the "smallest seminary in the world" (Harar, E. Africa):
M. M. P., $10.

The lepers of the archdiocese of Tokio:
A. T. L., $10.

Miss Mulot's school for blind children:
C. C. C., $1.50.

The Chinese missions:
Friend, $1.

Father Stroebele's mission boat:
A priest, $5; Friend, $2.50; A. Syner, $1.

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN
HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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The Legend of the Roses.

BY S. M. R.

THE heart of Joachim was full of thought
As homeward he his weary footsteps turned;
The evening shadows fell across his path,
As lower in the west the red sun burned.

And as he reached his cherished garden walk,
Where roses red at morn had met his sight,
A snowy vision was before him spread—
The roses red had changed to roses white.

Then, hasting in, his heart with wonder full,
He called to Anna, his beloved spouse;
And, lo! another miracle he saw—
A child in answer to their prayers and vows!

There Mary lay in Anna's shielding arms,
While round her shone a soft, mysterious light;
And then God's humble servant understood
Why roses red had changed to roses white.

Some Aspects of Mediæval Guild-Life.

BY THE RT. REV. F. AIDAN GASQUET, O.S.B., D.D.

THE Guilds undoubtedly formed an important element in the social life of the Middle Ages. In late years some considerable interest has been taken in the subject, and much has been written about the origin, organization and purpose of these voluntary societies. The question, however, is certainly a large one, which is as yet by no means exhausted; and, in view of some of the Socialistic difficulties already demanding solution, and the many more looming up in the distance, it is deserving of even more attention than has been paid to it.

It is hardly necessary to say much upon the subject of Guild origins. The existence of such societies dates from the earliest times, and they probably resulted from the natural desire to realize some of the obvious benefits arising from combination in carrying out purposes of common utility. As a system of widespread practical institutions, English Guilds, says Mr. Toulmin Smith, who may be regarded as our great authority on this matter, "are older than any kings of England." The oldest of our old ancient laws—those, for example, of Alfred, of Athelstan and Ina—assume the existence of Guilds to which, as a matter of course, everyone was supposed to belong. The same author thus defines the scope and purpose of the ancient Guilds. They were, he says, "associations of those living in the same neighborhood, who remembered that they had, as neighbors, common obligations." They were different entirely from modern partnerships, or trading companies; for their main characteristic was to set up something higher than personal gain and mere materialism as the main object of man's life, and to make the teaching of love to one's neighbor not merely accepted as a hollow dogma of morality, but known and felt as a habit of life.*

Whilst fully recognizing the extreme

* "Traditions of the Old Crown House," p. 28.

antiquity of the Guild system in England—which, by the way, may be regarded as the country of its origin, at least in the form in which Guilds are best recognized,—it must be understood that our knowledge of the organization, and of the social and economic purposes it fulfilled in mediæval life, is mainly derived from documents dating only from the fourteenth century. Many circumstances combined at that time to develop the system of local self-help implied by the Guild associations; and the number of new "fraternities" which sprang up all over the land evidently gave cause of alarm to the king and his advisers, and impelled them to demand a return into the Court of Chancery of certificates setting forth the origin and purpose of each individual Guild.

The great plague—that scourge of 1348–9, known as the "Black Death,"—followed as it was by a second and not less appalling epidemic in 1361, devastated the world, paralyzing trade and agriculture. The natural economic result followed. In the dearth of population consequent on the excessive mortality, much of the land remained untilled and unproductive; whilst the remnant of the laboring classes, recognizing their opportunity, combined to better their condition. On the other hand, the governing powers, fearing danger from these Socialistic movements, endeavored to repress them, and by statute law to regulate the price of labor and maintain the dependent position of the lower classes. In the demand, in 1388, for the returns into the king's Court of Chancery of legal certificates declaring the purpose of every Guild, we have evidence of the acute nature of the situation created by the labor difficulties.

These original certificates, as they exist still in the Public Record Office, are invaluable for the purpose of understanding the nature and condition of these societies. Made for the most part in the early part of 1389 (and thus, as not a few of them record, forty years after "the great pestilence"), they afford us a mass of information about the inner life and practical working of our Mediæval Guilds. Unfortunately, many of the returns are lost; and, still more unfortunately, amongst others those for Hampshire, from which English county I purpose to take my illustrations, are not now forthcoming. Still, as more than five hundred separate documents are preserved, ample material really exists to illustrate our present subject. They may be best consulted in the work upon Guilds published by the Early English Text Society, for which Mr. Toulmin Smith transcribed a hundred of these original returns.

It would, I think, be a mistake to suppose that these societies existed everywhere throughout the country in equal numbers. Mr. Thorold Rogers, it is true, says—and the opinion of one who has done so much work in every kind of local record must carry great weight—that "few parishes were probably without Guild lands." But there is certainly no distinct evidence that this was the case, especially in counties like Hampshire, always sparsely populated as compared with other districts in the east of England, and where the people largely depended on agricultural pursuits for a living. In the great centres of trade and manufacture the Guilds were most numerous and most important; for it was precisely in those parts that the advantages of mutual help and co-operation were most apparent and combination was practically possible. Hampshire was essentially an agricultural county; and consequently, as we should be led by our theory to expect, the Guild associations were by no means numerous, and, except in the case of some one or

two of the larger towns, comparatively unimportant.

An examination of the existing records leads to a general division of mediæval Guilds into two classes: craft or trade associations, and religious, or, as some now prefer to call them, social, Guilds. The former, as their name implies, had as the special object of their existence the protection of some work, trade, or handicraft; and in this, for practical purposes, we may include those associations of traders or merchants known under the name of Guild Merchants. Such, for instance, were the great companies of the city of London; and it was in reality the plea that they were trading societies which saved them from the general destruction which overtook all fraternities and associations in the sixteenth century. The division of Guilds into the two classes named above is, however, after all, a matter of convenience rather than a real distinction founded on fact. All Guilds, no matter for what special purpose they were founded, had the same general characteristic of brotherly aid and social charity; and no Guild, so far as I have been able to discover, was divorced from the ordinary religious observances commonly practised in those days.

In speaking, therefore, of the purposes of what I have called religious or social Guilds I must not be thought to exclude craft or trade Guilds. It is very often supposed that for the most part what are called religious Guilds existed for the purpose of promoting or encouraging religious practices, such as the attendance at church on certain days, the taking part in ecclesiastical processions, the recitation of offices and prayers, and the like. Without doubt there were such societies existing in pre-Reformation days,—such as, for example, the great Guild of Corpus Christi in York, which counted its members by thousands. But such associations were the exception, not the rule. I confess that I was myself astonished when, some years ago, I had occasion to make a thorough examination of the existing statutes and rules of ancient Guilds, to find how small a proportion these—shall I call them ecclesiastical?—Guilds formed of the whole number of associations known as religious Guilds.

The origin of the mistaken notion is obvious. In mediæval days—that is, in the days when such Guilds flourished—the word "religious" had a wider, and, if I may be allowed to say so, I think, a truer signification than has obtained in later times. Religion was understood to include the exercise of the two commandments of charity—the love of God and the love of one's neighbor; and the exercises of practical charity to which Guild brethren were bound by their Guild statutes were considered as much religious practices as the attendance at church or the taking part in an ecclesiastical procession. In these days, as Mr. Bentano, in his essay "On the History and Development of Gilds" has pointed out, most of the objects to carry out which the Guilds existed would be called social duties, but then they were regarded as objects of Christian charity. "Mutual assistance, the aid of the poor, of the helpless, the sick, of strangers, pilgrims and prisoners, the burial of the dead, even the keeping of schools and schoolmasters," and other such like objects of Christian charity, were held to be "exercises of religion."

If the word "religious" be thought now to give a wrong impression about the nature of associations the main object of which was to secure the performance of duties we should now call "social," quite as wrong an impression, I fear, would be conveyed by the word "social" as applied to them. A "social" society would suggest to many an association for convivial meetings; and this false notion of the

nature of a mediæval Guild would be strengthened by the fact that in many, if not most, of them a yearly and sometimes a more frequent feast existed as an item in their statutes. This Guild feast, however, was a mere incident in the organization, and in no case, so far as I am aware, did it form what we might consider the end or purpose of the association.

By whichever name we prefer to call them, the character and purpose of these mediæval Guilds can not in reality be misunderstood. Broadly speaking, they were the benefit societies and the provident associations of the Middle Ages. They undertook toward their members the duties now frequently performed by burial clubs, by hospitals, by almshouses, and by guardians of the poor. Not infrequently they acted for the public good of the community, in the mending of roads and the repair of bridges; and for the private good of their members, in the same way that insurance companies to-day compensate for loss by fire or accident. The reason of their existence was to afford mutual aid, and to contribute toward the pecuniary demands which were constantly arising from burials, legal exactions, penal fines, and all other kinds of payments and compensations. Mr. Toulmin Smith thus defines their object: "The early English Guild was an institution of local self-help which, before the Poor Laws were invented, took the place, in old times, of the modern Friendly or Benefit Society, but with a higher aim: while it joined all classes together in the care of the needy and for objects of common welfare, it did not neglect the forms and practice of religion, justice and morality," which, I may add, was indeed the mainspring of its life and action.

"The Guild lands," writes Mr. Thorold Rogers, "were a very important economical fact in the social condition of early England. The Guilds were the benefit societies of the time, from which impoverished members could be and were aided. It was an age in which the keeping of accounts was common and familiar. Beyond question, the treasurers of the village Guild rendered as accurate an annual statement to the members of their fraternity as a bailiff did to his lord. . . . It is quite certain that the town and country Guilds obviated pauperism in the Middle Ages, assisted in steadying the price of labor, and formed a permanent centre for those associations which fulfilled the function that in more recent times trade-unions have striven to satisfy."

An examination of the various articles of association contained in the returns made into the Chancery in 1389, and other similar documents, shows how wide was the field of Christian charity covered by these fraternities. First and foremost among these works of religion must be reckoned the burial of the dead, regulations as to which are invariably to be found in all the Guild statutes. Then came, very generally, provisions for help to the poor, sick and aged. In some cases assistance was to be given to those who were overtaken by misfortune,—whose goods had been damaged or destroyed by fire or flood, or had been diminished by loss or robbery; in others, money was tendered as a loan to such as needed temporary assistance. In the Guild at Ludlow, in Shropshire, for instance, "any good girl of the Guild had a dowry provided for her, if her father was too poor to find one himself." The Guild Merchant of Coventry kept a lodging-house with thirteen beds, "to lodge poor folk coming through the land on pilgrimage or other work of charity," with a keeper of the house and a woman to wash the pilgrims' feet. A Guild at York found beds and attendance for poor strangers; and the Guild of Holy Cross in Birmingham kept alms-

houses for the poor in the town. In Hampshire, the Guild of St. John at Winchester, which comprised men and women of all sorts and conditions, supported a hospital for the poor and infirm of the city.

The very mass of material at hand makes the task of selecting examples for illustrating some of the objects for which mediæval Guilds existed somewhat difficult. I take a few such examples at haphazard. The organization of these societies was the same as that which has existed in similar associations up to the time of our modern trade-unions: a meeting was held, at which officers were elected and accounts audited; fines for nonacceptance of office were frequently imposed, as well as for absence from the common meeting. Often members had to declare on oath that they would fulfil their voluntary obligations, and would keep secret the affairs of the society. Persons of ill-repute were not admitted, and members who disgraced the fraternity were expelled. For example, the first Guild statutes printed by Mr. Toulmin Smith are those of Garlekhith, London. They begin: "In worship of God Almighty our Creator, and His Mother St. Mary, and all saints, and St. James the Apostle, a fraternity is begun by good men in the Church of St. James at Garlekhith in London, on the day of St. James, the year of Our Lord 1375, for the amendment of their lives and of their souls, and to nourish greater love between the brethren and sisters of the said brotherhood." Each of them was sworn on the Book to perform the points underwritten:

"First: all those that are, or shall be, in the said brotherhood shall be of good life, condition and behavior; and shall love God and Holy Church and their neighbors, as Holy Church commands." Then, after various provisions as to meetings and payments to be made to the general funds, the statutes order that "if any of the foresaid brethren fall into such distress that he hath nothing and can not, on account of old age or sickness, help himself, if he has been in the brotherhood seven years, and during that time has performed all the duties, he shall have every week after from the common box fourteen pence [*i. e.*, about one pound, or five dollars of our money] for the rest of his life, unless he recovers from his distress." In one form or another this provision for the assistance of needy members is repeated in the statutes of almost every Guild.

Some provide for help in case of distress coming "through any chance—through fire or water, thieves or sickness, or any other haps." Some, besides this kind of aid, add: "And if it so befall that he be young enough to work and he fall into distress, so that he have nothing of his own to help himself with, then the brethren shall help him, each with a portion as he pleases in the way of charity." Others furnish loans from the common fund to enable brethren to tide over temporary difficulties: "And if the case falleth that any of the brotherhood have need to borrow a certain sum of silver, he [can] go to the keepers of the box and take what he hath need of, so that the sum be not so large that one may not be helped as well as another, and that he leave a sufficient pledge, or else find a sufficient security among the brotherhood."

Some, again, make the contributions to poor brethren a personal obligation on the members; such as a farthing a week from each of the brotherhood, unless the distress has been caused by folly or waste. Others extend their Christian charity to relieve distress beyond the circle of the brotherhood—that is, of all "whosoever falls into distress—poverty, lameness, blindness—sent by the grace of God to them, even if he be a thief proven, he shall have

seven pence a week from the brothers and sisters to assist him in his need." Some of the Guilds in seaside districts naturally provide for help in case of "loss through the sea"; and there is little doubt that in mediæval days the great work carried on in England by such a body as the Royal Lifeboat Society would have been considered a work of religion, and the fitting object of a religious Guild.

It would be tedious to multiply examples of the purposes and scope of the old fraternities, and it is sufficient to repeat that there is hardly any kind of social service which in some form or other was not provided for by these voluntary associations. Before passing on, however, I may be allowed to give an instance of the working of a trade or craft Guild. I take my illustration from the Guild of Pinners of the city of London, the register of which, dating from A. D. 1464, is now in the British Museum. These are some of the chief articles approved for the Guild by the mayor and corporation of the city of London: (1) No foreigner to be allowed to keep a shop for the sale of pins. (2) No foreigner to take to the making of pins without undergoing previous examinations and receiving the approval of the Guild officers. (3) No master to receive another master's workman. (4) If a servant or workman who has served his master faithfully fall sick he shall be kept by the craft. (5) Power to the craft to expel those who do ill and bring discredit upon it. (6) Work at the craft at nights, on Saturdays and on the eves of feasts is strictly prohibited. (7) Sunday closing is rigidly enforced.

It is curious to find, four hundred years ago, so many of the principles set down as established, for which in our days trade-unions and similar societies are now contending. I have remarked above that even in the case of craft Guilds, such as this Society of Pinners undoubtedly was, many of the ordinary purposes of the religious Guilds were looked to equally with the more obvious object of protecting the special trade or handicraft of the specific society. The accounts of this Pinners' Guild are to be found in the volume from which I have quoted the "articles," and they fully bear out this view. I take out some items as samples. First, we have the funeral services for departed brethren, and the usual trentals, or thirty Masses, for deceased members. Then we find "4d. to the wax chandlers' man for setting up of our lights at St. James." One of the members, William Clerke, borrowed 5s. 10d. from the common chest, to secure which he placed a gold ring in pledge. There are also numerous payments for singers at the services held on the feast-days of the Guild, and for banners and other hangings for processions.

Of payments for the specific ends of the Guild there are, of course, plenty of examples. For instance, spurious pins and "other ware" are searched for and burned by the craft officers; and this at such distances from London as Salisbury and the fair at Stourbridge, near Cambridge, the great market for East Anglia and the centre of the Flanders trade. "William Michell is paid 8d. for pins for the Sisters at St. James' Day." In 1466 a man is fined 2s. for setting a child to work before he had been fully apprenticed; and also another 2s. for working after seven o'clock on a winter night. Later on in the accounts we have a man mulcted for keeping a shop before he was a "freeman" of the society, and another "for that he sold Flaundres pynnes for English pynnes." This apparently was the fifteenth-century substitute for the modern "made in Germany" difficulty. At another time a large consignment of no less than 12,000 "pynnes of ware" were forfeited to

the craft, and sold by them for 8s., which went to the common fund.

These accounts also show the gradual rise in importance and prosperity which the Pinners' Guild, under the patronage of St. James, manifested. At first the warden and brethren at their yearly visit to Westminster were content to take an ordinary barge upon the Thames; but after a few years they had started "a keverid boote," at the cost of half a crown, in place of the previous sixpence. So, too, in the early days of their incorporation they had their annual dinner and audited their accounts at some London tavern; later on they met in some hall belonging to another Guild, such as the "Armourers' Hall"; and later still they built their own Guild Hall and held their banquet there. This building made a great demand upon their capital, and the officers evidently began to look more carefully after the exaction of fines. For late working at this time one of the brethren was mulcted in the sum of twenty pence; another was fined twopence for coming late to the Guild Mass; and several others, various sums for neglecting to attend the meeting.

From the period of starting their own hall, ill-fortune seems to have attended them. About the year 1499 they got into a great lawsuit with one Thomas Hill, which consumed a large sum of Guild money. A special appeal was made to meet expenses and keep up the credit of the society; for what with counsel's fees, the writing of bills and the drawing of pleas, the general fund was unable to furnish the necessary munitions of war to continue the suit. To the credit of the members be it said, most of them apparently responded to this call, and, in consequence of this unfortunate litigation, to many subsequent demands which the empty exchequer necessitated.

There would be no difficulty whatever in multiplying the foregoing illustrations of the working of these mediæval societies. The actual account books, of course, furnish us with the most accurate knowledge, even to minute details, and any one of them would afford material for a complete paper. I will content myself here with adding to the above a few items taken from notes extracted from the great account book of the Vintners' Company in the time of Henry VIII. The Vintners' was a rich society with considerable corporate property, apparently well administered. Throughout these accounts we find the usual payments for the keeping of obits and trentals, and really large sums spent in charity of every kind. Money was paid, for example, to assist one poor member who was a prisoner in Ludgate; others who were sick received allowances; and in one case the bill of a doctor who had been "sent to heal John Galon, vintner," was paid by the treasurer of the Guild. When Henry VII. was buried, the brethren distributed "six cotton gownes to six pore men," as alms, that the recipients might pray for the repose of the King's soul. The company did not neglect themselves, and in this account book we have evidence of the excellence of the dinners provided for the craft; but they apparently performed their duties in regard to the wine trade faithfully. Regular sums are charged for the company's bailiffs to examine various wine "capriks," "Malveseyes," "Rennysshe wynes," etc.; and on more than one occasion a crier is employed to go into the streets to warn people not to buy "Muste of Rennysshe"—*i. e.*, as we should say, no doubt, wine "made in Germany."

The funds at the disposal of the Guilds were derived chiefly from voluntary subscriptions, entrance fees, gifts and legacies of members. Frequently, these societies became, in process of time, the trustees of lands and houses which they

either held and administered for the purposes of the Guilds, or for some specific purpose determined by the will of the original donor.

Turning over these trustees' accounts, we come upon examples of presents, either in kind or money, made to the society. In one place Thomas Marleburgh makes a present of a garment which was sold for eighteen pence; and in another, one Maurice John Cantelaw presented for the service of the Guild "a chalice and twelve pence in counted money," requesting the members "to pray for his good estate, for the souls of his parents, friends, benefactors, and others for whom he was bound to pray." In return for this valuable present, the Guild granted that it should be accounted as Cantelaw's life-subscription. It would be tedious to multiply instances, and I will only add that in these accounts there are numerous examples of legacies left to the Guild by deceased members.

(Conclusion next week.)

Young Mr. Bretherton.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

X.—Eben Knox Makes an Evening Call.

AFTER tea that evening Miss Chandler, by special invitation, went over to a party at the Stubbs'; for, despite Miss Tabitha's "high and mighty airs," and her friendliness with the Brethertons of the Manor, it had been from time immemorial the custom for all the well-to-do dwellers in the town proper to meet quite indiscriminately on special occasions; and, as these occasions did not recur too frequently, Leonora never objected. In fact, she found a certain amusement in being present at these motley gatherings, where she reigned as an actual queen. The men, young and old, always treated her with particular deference; and even the admiration of the unmarried ones was never obtrusive nor objectionable. As for the women, they were often surprisingly well-read, considering their advantages, and could talk intelligently upon all current topics of interest. Leonora, indeed, loved these homely, simple-hearted folk, who had been familiar to her since childhood; and she was, in turn, universally beloved, being careful not to offend their susceptibilities, as her aunt so often did, by any assumption of superiority.

Miss Tabitha, pleading fatigue, absolutely refused to accompany her niece to that particular party. She felt that the descent from the Manor drawing-room and veranda to the parlor of Mrs. Stubbs would be quite too much for her equanimity. She sat, therefore, solitary and alone upon the porch. Even the genial Jesse Craft, who would have assuredly enlivened her solitude for at least a portion of the evening, had betaken himself to the merrymaking at the Stubbs', where he knew that he would have unlimited games of cards and a pleasant smoke with divers village cronies. Mary Jane had gone home. This was her general custom, unless Miss Tabitha had "folks" to tea. Once that meal was over, she usually devoted the evening hours to the society of Dave Morse, who was what she called her "steady."

At first Miss Tabitha found the solitude pleasant. She watched the trim flower-beds, the familiar bit of street outside, and the range of hills in the distance fade and become gradually indistinguishable; and her thoughts flitted from one subject to another with undisturbed tranquillity. She recalled her conversation with Mrs. Bretherton, which had left in her mind a slight sting of bitterness. It seemed hard that Leonora should be condemned to the society of the Stubbs and Jacksons and

other Millbrook worthies, and that the lady of the Manor should so complacently, as Miss Tabitha felt, put her out of the question. The chain of association led her backward to those old days when a Bretherton had been her sweetheart,—prepared, indeed, to make her his wife, if circumstances and family influence had not intervened.

Somehow, as the darkness settled down, despondency fell upon Miss Tabitha's spirits; the weight of her sixty odd years began to press upon her. The air became close and sultry; the scent of the pinks and other flowers in the garden grew almost oppressive. Their odor, so fraught with associations, seemed to weigh upon and almost to terrify her. The darkness and loneliness were suddenly intolerable; the stars peering out faintly in a murky atmosphere gave her no comfort, while the waning moon just appearing above the horizon only invested the scene with a new dreariness.

As Miss Tabitha thus sat, she became aware of some one approaching,—some one who paused at the gate and, raising the latch, entered. She heard the steps coming up the path, and perceived a figure dimly outlined. She stood up in a kind of helpless terror, inquiring in a tremulous voice:

"Who is that? Is it you, Leonora?"

"No," said a voice, proceeding from the figure, which had now advanced to the foot of the steps. "Your niece is still enjoying the hospitality of Mistress Stubbs."

The voice struck a still deeper chill to Miss Tabitha's very heart.

"Having discovered that the young woman was safe there, I came on here, knowing that I should find you alone, Tabitha Brown."

"Why should you particularly want to find me alone, Eben Knox?" asked the old lady, striving to conceal her terror.

"Because there are matters which must be talked over between us without the presence of others."

Miss Tabitha felt faint and sick. Eben Knox had never in all these years uttered one word in relation to the dark secret which they two possessed in common. It is true the look in the manager's eyes had often been significant, even portentous; and Miss Tabitha had been fully aware that his mind frequently reverted to that unforgotten theme. She wondered if he were about to speak of it now, and in what form of words he would frame his dark thoughts. She put out her hand involuntarily, as though she would have warded off a blow, when Eben Knox began to speak again; but he merely observed:

"You have not asked me to sit down, but I shall do so."

He took an armchair opposite to her, confronting her as a menacing shadow out of her past. There they sat, the man and the woman, while the night wind flurried the treetops, the flowers sent up their overpowering odor, and the light of the stars seemed veiled. To the mind of each was vividly present a scene weird and ghastly in its details and in its associations.

Eben Knox sat so still that Tabitha thought he was not going to speak at all; and she could have screamed aloud for very terror of the gaunt figure, the haggard face, and the cavernous eyes.

"First," began Eben Knox—and his tone, never melodious, sounded hoarse and unnatural,—"I will speak of the present. I have been angered by much that has been going on about your premises lately. I saw your niece arrive the other day in the bus, and all that followed after. I was at your window one chilly night last week, and perceived your board spread and your hearth lighted for a precious pair of idlers, the sort of men that cumber the earth's surface. I suppose you think, with a woman's usual folly,

that one or other of those dudes will marry your poor relation. Why, you simple fool, she provides them with an hour's amusement down here in this stupid, country place! Much either of them is thinking of marrying a penniless girl! Not that she isn't too good for them, mark you,—a thousand times too good."

The manager paused in his tirade for very lack of breath. There had been something terrifying in the volley of words poured forth by this habitually silent man; as some torrent of the mountain, breaking loose, rushes down darker and more vengeful for its long repression.

"I warn you, Tabitha Brown," cried Eben Knox, shaking his clinched fist with fury in her face, "that I shall be more on the watch than ever from this time forth! It will be at your peril that you permit these men to hang about your house; and particularly I warn you against 'young Mr. Bretherton.'"

He said the last words with a malignant sneer which curdled Miss Tabitha's blood.

"Why, what difference—can it make to you?" she remonstrated, feebly.

"It makes this difference that I will not permit them to amuse themselves with the girl whom I mean to marry."

"You mean to marry Leonora?" gasped Miss Tabitha.

"Yes, I mean to marry Leonora," the manager replied; "and a precious good thing it will be for your niece, who is not likely to get any one else. She can't marry the Jackson cub, and I don't believe she'd take much stock in Nathan Stubbs. I, at least, have made money; I have travelled; I have been at college. I can give her everything she wants."

A deep shuddering took possession of Miss Tabitha's frame. The man seemed to her, just then, as a horrible ghoul; his gleaming eyes stared at her out of a pallid face. And she told herself, in the bitterness of her heart, that Leonora would be better dead than married to Eben Knox.

"Oh, no, no!" she cried aloud. "It can't be! Leonora can not marry you, Eben Knox!"

The man laughed, and there was something horrible in the sound; for there was despair in his mirth. His keen sight all too readily divined the aunt's horror and repulsion, and he knew that they would be fully shared by the niece.

"You don't seem charmed with the notion!" he exclaimed. "But what are you going to do about it? If I don't marry Leonora Chandler, why, then I shall make everything public. You can judge for yourself what the effect will be upon your friends at the Manor, upon that young puppy who has condescended at last to show himself in Millbrook, and upon yourself and your niece. I shall disgrace them and you, Tabitha Brown."

"But," said Miss Tabitha, "you can't disgrace anybody without bringing ruin on yourself."

"Myself!" cried Eben Knox, standing up and throwing out his arms, as if by the movement he found relief from the burning thoughts that surged within him. "I tell you, Tabitha Brown, that if I do not marry Leonora, it doesn't matter one iota what becomes of me. I could see the mill yonder reduced to ashes and everyone in it ground to powder; I could be hunted like a criminal through the land, hiding in marshes or herding with wild beasts in forests; I could be blasted, accursed, and I wouldn't care,—no, I wouldn't care."

There was a fearful expression upon the man's face, and the awful words he uttered were rendered more impressive by the repetition of that mere commonplace phrase with which he concluded his tirade. Had Miss Tabitha been a student of literature, she might have

compared him at that instant to an archangel ruined, the very strength of his master-passion redeeming him from sordidness and uplifting, as it were, while it enthralled him.

"So don't count on that, Mistress Tabitha," went on the manager. "And don't shelter yourself behind the hope that I will care for my own reputation. I will ruin everyone, engulf all in the same whirlpool which wrecks my life."

Had he been less intensely earnest, he would have been merely melodramatic and absurd. As it was, his gaunt figure and white face outlined against the darkness, his uncouth gestures and unconscious dramatic force, gave him an odd resemblance to those ancient Covenanters who lit their baleful fires upon the hills of Scotland, and spared neither woman nor child in the fierceness of their animosity.

Miss Tabitha sat there, in the night and in the darkness, helpless as one of the moths that beat against the window, seeking their own destruction at the lamp within. She moved her hands feebly and nervously in her lap, and raised them from time to time, by a half-involuntary motion, to loosen the lace at her neck. The smell of the garden flowers seemed stifling; and, in a curious confusion of thoughts, they transported her to the times when she was young, when a handsome suitor was riding down from the Manor for a glimpse of her, and when Eben Knox had for the first time crossed her path. It was fortunate, she reflected, that no one had ever proposed to her such a marriage as this. She had given up that other at the bidding of her parents and his; she had refused to answer the schoolboy letter and had affected to laugh at the valentine. Perhaps she could have been forced to marry a suitor like this, but Leonora could never be coerced into taking such a step. This gave her a gleam of hope. Leonora was strong, for all her gentleness; and, in her bewilderment, Miss Tabitha spoke aloud:

"Of one thing I am sure: Leonora will never consent to marry you."

"Won't she, though?" said Eben, wringing one of his bony hands with the other, as though it were some resisting object which he meant to break. "We'll see about that, Mistress Tabitha,—we'll see about that."

"How," began the old lady again,—"how could you expect such a girl to go and live in that dismal house by the mill—"

"Who wants her to live there?" interposed Eben Knox.

"Or to be brought into contact with that dreadful old woman who is your housekeeper?"

"Leonora brought into contact with Mother Moulton!" cried the man, as if in astonishment. "Oh, no! Mother Moulton will never come near Leonora! I'd drown her in the mill-pond first."

Miss Tabitha shuddered. His tone was suggestive, as it seemed to her, of what he might really be capable of under pressure of circumstances.

When Eben Knox spoke next, his tone was entirely changed, so as to be mild and almost pleading:

"Why, I wouldn't bring Leonora into that house," he explained. "I never thought of such a thing. I wouldn't have her come there on any account. I'll build her a house wherever she likes: out on the Thorneycroft Road, next door to the Manor itself—I own property there,—or she can leave Millbrook altogether, if she prefers. I'll give up the mill."

"Give up the mill!" cried Miss Tabitha, in amazement; for it seemed to her that the man was as much a part of the mill as the great smokestack itself, or the bell which told the hours of work and rest.

"Yes, I'll give up the mill," repeated Eben Knox. "I'll do that or *anything*.

I'll give her whatever she fancies. She'll have the life of a queen."

Miss Tabitha drew a long, deep breath. This aspect of the affair relieved her. Of course she would infinitely prefer that her niece should not marry this singular personage; but, still, there was nothing known against him. He was steady and thrifty. Preposterous as it seemed, he was evidently devoted to Leonora, and prepared to make any sacrifice for her sake. His unattractive personality might not so much matter, after all; and Leonora, if she married him, might do much to civilize and transform him into an ordinary member of society. Then the secret would be safe, and everything would be very comfortable and happy for everyone concerned. And it was certainly true that there was no one suitable for Leonora in Millbrook, except those who were out of her reach altogether.

Miss Tabitha heaved a deep sigh; and Eben Knox watched her narrowly, in the light of the waning moon, which shed its faint radiance directly upon her face. At that moment there reached the porch the sound of young and merry voices alternating with light laughter. Leonora was coming home. Miss Tabitha, terrified, cast an appealing glance at the manager, who, reading the look, replied promptly and fiercely:

"No, I won't run away. I'm tired of hiding in holes and corners. The girl's got to get accustomed to the sight of me; for I tell you again, and once for all, that Leonora will have to marry me, or I'll bring down ruin upon you and yours."

As he yet spoke there appeared at the gate, in the glow of a lantern which some one was holding, Leonora herself. The light flashed upon her face, gay and laughing, and upon the graceful lines of her figure; and it flashed likewise upon another person who was walking beside her—young Mr. Bretherton.

Miss Tabitha glanced at Eben Knox and saw that his face grew dark and convulsed with rage. It made her feel more helpless than ever, as if some grim Fate were bringing these two men together, to their mutual undoing. Scarcely knowing what she said, she cried out in desperation:

"You'd better not wait, Eben Knox."

"I'd better not!" said the manager, furiously. "I'd better go skulking away in the darkness. I'm not fit to be seen by his uncle's nephew, I suppose."

"Oh, I didn't mean that!" said Miss Tabitha, trembling.

He was not listening: his eyes were fixed upon the two who were coming up the path together, lightly jesting.

It was a suggestive scene, the very comedy and tragedy of life brought thus face to face. Anger and despair were depicted on the countenance of the one man, who saw here pitted against him a force against which all the years of unremitting toil, his treasured wealth, his hopeless love, were as nothing. If this young jester should stretch forth his hand to seize the coveted treasure, Eben Knox did not doubt that it would be his.

In the aspect of the other man was a look of careless enjoyment, a glow as of laughter; and his tone was equally light and bantering. Unaware of any one upon the porch, he was explaining to his companion:

"Why, of course I got an invitation to Mrs. Stubbs' just as soon as I heard that *you* were to be there; and Aylward would have been with me, only he had already promised to dine out."

The young man paused abruptly, his attention arrested not only by the fact of Eben Knox's presence upon the porch, but by the expression upon his face.

Leonora, on the other hand, did not perceive anything unusual in the ill-favored, scowling countenance. Her astonishment, however, to see the

manager there at that hour of the night was almost as great as if she had seen the mill bell which tolled out the hour transported to the porch of Rose Cottage. She did not, of course, permit her astonishment to appear, greeted the untimely visitor with a careless, pleasant nod.

"Good-evening, Mr. Knox!" she said. "I didn't think you ever went out after nightfall."

"I shall do so in future," the man responded, gazing upon the girl so intently that she drew back in annoyance, and Jim Bretherton involuntarily placed himself between the two.

Bretherton continued to observe Eben Knox, with his keen, direct glance, which possessed a power of insight inherited from his father. From that moment he felt convinced that, preposterous as it might appear, the mill manager had a more than common interest in Leonora Chandler.

He addressed him courteously enough, despite an instinctive dislike:

"How d'ye do, Mr. Knox? I didn't recognize you at first, in the darkness."

"Darkness hides many things," said the other, with a malignant sneer, and a hostility which he was at no pains to hide.

"I suppose so,—yes," Jim Bretherton assented, wondering what on earth the fellow meant. "It's a pity you didn't go over to Stubbs' this evening. They had quite a gathering there."

"I was not favored with an invitation," Eben Knox answered; "nor do I care overmuch for that kind of society."

"No?" exclaimed Jim Bretherton, with a slight raising of the eyebrows. "Why, Miss Chandler and I enjoyed the evening immensely."

The manager checked an angry retort, drawing down his upper lip in a manner peculiar to himself.

Miss Tabitha and her niece were alike struck by the thought that there could not be a greater contrast than between these two men who stood confronting each other. The one, young, handsome, alert, with a strong individual character of his own, and a nobility and generosity displayed in every lineament; the other, middle-aged, ugly, stigmatized by that unwritten law which stamps a man's history upon his countenance, and here plainly declared him to have played but a sordid part in the game of existence.

Eben Knox's expression, indeed, softened into something of wistfulness and appeal as his eyes sought the lovely, smiling face, now half hidden by Bretherton's intervening shoulder. There was a pitiful entreaty in the glance, which was met by blank unconsciousness. Leonora would as soon have thought of the mill-wheel's rolling to her feet as of this strange, uncouth manager of the mill's coming to seek her favor.

"It must be late," said Bretherton, striking a match to look at his watch. "By Jove, yes: it's almost midnight! I must say good-night, Miss Tabitha! Good-night, Miss Chandler! Are you coming my way, Mr. Knox?"

"No: our ways lie apart," answered Knox, slightly softening the savagery of his remark by an addition: "I take the short cut to the mill."

"Oh, all right!" said Bretherton, lingering uneasily.

He had felt bound to make the first move, lest the other should remain indefinitely; but he did not like to leave behind him a man who, he began to suspect, might be mad. Having said "Good-night," however, he had no resource but to start. He walked slowly down to the gate, lingering there again, under pretence of lighting a cigar. While so engaged he heard Eben Knox follow his example, saying:

"I must be going, too,—it is so late. I will bid you good-night, ladies!"

His quick, shambling walk came

down the path. Seeing Bretherton at the gate, he did not pause or say a word, merely raising a finger to his hat as though he were making a military salute. He passed thus out into the night. Without once looking back, he pursued his way swiftly to the house near the mill, where he perceived Mother Moulton's evil face pressed against the window-pane.

Jim Bretherton puffed away at his cigar as he walked homeward, pondering deeply on the singular incidents of the last few moments. He was haunted by the recollection of the manager's face as it had appeared on his arrival with Miss Chandler.

Meanwhile Miss Tabitha, sick at heart, hastened to her own room, reflecting that it was a terrible thing for the Brethertons to be placed in the power of that sinister man, and for her own and her niece's destiny to be, in a measure, controlled by him. Had she had a sincere and living faith, she might have put her trust in an overruling Providence. As it was, she felt helpless, distracted, unutterably weary.

Of all the actors in that little scene, Leonora alone was undisturbed. She gave scarcely a thought to Eben Knox, and recalled rather the minor incidents of the evening, laughing as she remembered the sensation which had been created amongst the rustic beaus and belles by the appearance among them of young Mr. Bretherton.

(To be continued.)

The Crown of Thorns.

A CROWN was on Thy brow divine,
Alas! of sharp thorns wrought;
Each point pricked deep, to expiate
My foolish pride of thought.

O teach me, Lord, the little worth
Of others' smile or frown!
Why should I wear the flowers of praise
And Thou the thorny crown?

The Canon's Story.

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND.

II.

AS I went quickly down the path toward the gate, Molly flashed out suddenly from behind a great clump of rhododendrons, and stood before me, her sweet face now red, now white, her eyes full of eagerness and anxiety.

"Don't believe one word against Stanley!" she cried, in a low, husky voice. "He left me, did not come back; but 'twas no fault of his. He is dead, Father Cresham. Nothing but death would keep him from me. He is dead, and I—oh!" (tears choked her), "God alone knows how desolate I am!"

"My dear child" (I took both her hands in mine, scarcely able to speak for emotion), "you must be brave and strong. Your trial is a severe one. God alone can give you strength to bear it."

"And you'll not believe—not think ill of Stanley?"

"No, not till I know more. It would be wrong to condemn him too readily."

"Oh, thank you, Father!" Her lovely eyes filled with tears, her lips quivered. "If only my mother would speak like that! Time must clear his memory. But she will not think so."

"Her great love for you, dear child, makes it hard for her to look calmly and dispassionately at the matter. If she loved you less—"

"I know—I know! And, oh," (wringing her hands), "it is all an awful and horrible mystery!"

Sad and perplexed, I sat up far into the night pondering over the young girl's unhappy fate. Her constancy and faith in her lover pleased me much, but her mother's view of the case seemed the more probable. A living man can sometimes disappear completely, if he will; a dead man generally tells his own tale. Had Stanley Westerton died

suddenly, or had he been murdered, his body must be found, and the mystery of his apparent cruelty and desertion eventually cleared up.

Feeling sure that a sympathetic woman would be of immense value to the sorrowing mother and her heart-broken daughter, I told Mrs. Remington their sad story, and asked her to visit them. Greatly interested, she said she would go to Ivy Cottage that very day.

"You are very kind, and I am sure you will like them."

"So am I. And Miles, too,—will be deeply interested in beautiful Molly."

"When does he return?"

"I can't say. His business has taken much longer than he imagined. But he may turn up, he writes, any day, and is bringing a friend with him. I am to have our best spare room ready."

"So there is no fear of his arriving whilst you are in Sturry?"

"None. I really don't believe he'll come for a week or so yet. This friend of his has been ill and is not quite ready to travel."

"An invalid? That will be a trouble for you?"

She smiled.

"Miles says he will be no trouble, and is altogether amiable. So I assure you I am anxious for him to appear."

"You and Miles are a wonderful pair. Well, I hope they may soon arrive, and make you happy."

The result of Mrs. Remington's visit to the cottage was far happier than I had ever hoped or expected. The ladies took to each other at once. Their acquaintance developed rapidly into friendship; and before long, to my surprise, I heard that Mrs. Dimsdale and Molly had accepted an invitation to stay at Andover Hall for a few days. I was asked to meet them at dinner the evening after their arrival.

"Oh, I'll certainly come!" I replied. "Nothing could give me greater pleasure."

To my surprise, I was shown on my arrival into Mrs. Remington's private boudoir,—a small but exquisite room opening into the rose-garden. As I walked over to the window to get a nearer view of the lovely blossoms, wondering a little why I had been taken in there, the door was flung open and the lady of the house appeared upon the threshold. She was flushed, and trembling with agitation and excitement; and as she took my hand I saw that her eyes were brimming over with tears.

"O Father," she gasped, before I had time to speak, "the most wonderful thing has happened!"

"Nothing bad,—nothing wrong with Molly or her mother?"

"No, no! They are here: you will see them presently in the drawing-room. But I felt I must tell you my news. O Father, our prayers have been heard! This morning Miles arrived, and the friend is—Hubert!"

"Your son? Well and forgiven?"

"Forgiven, thank God and Our Lady! Well in a sense, but not as we should wish to see him. He has lost his memory: can tell nothing of himself—his life."

"A strange thing! Have the doctors examined him?"

"Yes: some of the first men in London have been to our dear old home in Dorset to see him."

"How did he come there?"

"In an extraordinary—and, only for the fatal result, I should say a Providential—way. The day Miles went home, five weeks ago, the train he was in ran into another. No one was killed and very few were injured. Miles escaped absolutely unhurt. As he went about seeing if there was anything he could do for those less fortunate than himself, he came upon a young man lying white and unconscious upon the ground. He bent down, and, with an overwhelming feeling of anguish and

remorse, recognized his son. At first he was convinced that he was dead. But a doctor who had hurried to the scene of the disaster assured him that he still lived; and as soon as Miles could find a conveyance, he drove the poor fellow home to Remington Manor, some ten or eleven miles away. His first impulse was to telegraph for me; but the doctor, who accompanied them to the Manor, persuaded him to wait. In a few hours, he declared, Hubert would be conscious; in a day or so, quite himself again; so it was useless to alarm me or any one else. Anxious to spare me, Miles followed his advice, and never even mentioned the accident in his letters.

"The next day Hubert recovered consciousness, and was soon able to get up and walk about. He knew he was at home, spoke to his father as though they had never quarrelled or parted, and seemed pleased with everything. But of his life since he left us, in anger, three years ago, all recollection had passed away. This went on for some weeks, the doctor and Miles always hoping for a change. But it never came. The poor fellow's memory was gone. At last the doctor, who had hitherto advised against telling me of his state, counselled bringing him here. 'Do not tell his mother of his arrival,' he said to Miles. 'Merely mention that you are bringing a friend to Andover Hall, and take him suddenly into her presence. Her surprise and joy at the unexpected sight of her son may have a good effect,—rouse and restore his lost memory.'"

"And did it do so?" I asked, eagerly. "Did he know you and remember all?"

"Alas, no!"—her eyes brimming over with tears. "He spoke to me, as he had done to his father, as though he had seen me a few hours before; but he can tell me nothing of all that must have happened to him during the last three years."

"'Tis very sad,—a great trial. Does the doctor hold out any hope of his ultimate recovery?"

"Yes, but in a vague way. He now says that if some one he knew and liked during his time in London were suddenly to appear, great good might be done; and, even at the worst, time will surely do much for him."

"A perplexing state of affairs, truly. And meanwhile how does he seem? Is he happy, or troubled and anxious?"

"I can hardly say. At times he smiles and talks cheerfully. Then, again, I fancied just now, when he thought no one was observing him, that he had a strained look in his eyes, as though he were striving to recall something to his mind. But I would like you to see him, Canon, without his knowing that you were looking at him."

"That will be a difficult thing to accomplish."

"No, not at all difficult, if you will do what I ask, and that is to go at once into the drawing-room and take your stand in the big bow window, just behind the large palms and ferns at the side near the sofa. They will shelter you completely, and you will be unseen by any one entering the room. I'll send Hubert in as soon as possible. But if one or even two of our guests come in first, pay no attention, but remain in your hiding-place. The palms will conceal you completely; and when you have seen and formed an opinion of our poor Hubert, you can step out by the open window, and re-enter the drawing-room, when we are all assembled in the usual way."

Anxious to do anything I could to please my poor friend, I hurried off to the drawing-room and stepped into the secluded corner she had mentioned. As I did so the door opened, and, dropping my book, I turned quickly round, eager to catch a sight of the young man's face, in the full light of the large window, as he entered. It was

not Hubert Remington, however, who came in, but Molly Dimsdale. As my eyes rested on the sad countenance of the sweet girl, I breathed a fervent prayer, begging our dear Lord and His Holy Mother to console her in her great sorrow.

Believing herself alone, Molly passed slowly on, and sat at the piano. She passed her fingers lightly over the keys, and played the opening bars of a soft melody. Then her hands fell away from the notes, and a sob escaped her.

"Not that!" she murmured. "It recalls—too much!"

The sound of firm, quick steps hurrying through the hall made me turn round, and startled Molly at the piano. Putting her handkerchief to her eyes for a second she rose to her feet, and, pushing aside the music-stool, stepped into the middle of the room.

As she did so the door burst open, and a young, fine-looking man, an expression of eager joy and happy expectancy in his eyes, sprang toward her across the floor.

"Stanley!"

The name fell softly from the girl's lips, in a tone of mingled wonder and delight, as she advanced with outstretched hands, her face radiant, and quivering with emotion.

"Molly—sweet Molly—at last!"

His arms were round her, her head upon his breast; and, scarcely seeing where I went, I turned and staggered out through the open window.

. . . . . .

Thus was the mystery solved at last. Stanley Westerton and Hubert Remington were one and the same person. His great love for Molly, and his anxiety to place her in her right and proper position when she became his wife, made him resolve to give up the stage and go to the bar. To do this it was necessary to see his father and obtain his forgiveness and approval. With this intention, not knowing that his parents had taken up their abode at Andover Hall, he stepped into the train and set out for Remington Manor. The railway accident cut short his journey; the care and attention bestowed upon him by his father saved his life. His sudden meeting with Molly restored his lost memory, and soon everything was made clear. Their marriage was not long delayed, for they had nothing to wait for.

At Remington Manor, an ideal Catholic home, with its beautiful old chapel, in which, during all the dark years of persecution and suffering, the sanctuary lamp has never been extinguished, surrounded by their children and friends, their days pass rapidly; and I know of few people so happy as sweet Molly and her big, good-looking husband, Hubert Remington.

(The End.)

East End Granny.

BY E. M. WALKER.

"HOW is your East End Granny?" my friends ask sometimes. "Tell us about her."

Oh, but they should see her, the good Mrs. Duppey! Those who have not watched her deft little fingers at work on a fine piece of cambric have still something to learn in the way of sewing.

I made her acquaintance through a journalist friend who lived in the East End of London, and lodged in a small house down a side-street, with a certain Mrs. Malone, a widow. Mrs. Malone had two children—a boy and a girl—and an old mother. The old mother was Mrs. Duppey. After a while my friend came to know them all intimately; then, of course, she introduced me.

One cold winter evening I tumbled for the first time down the steep wooden stairs that led to the basement room.

A tiny room it was and very warm, though there was not much fire in the grate; and so full of furniture that it was with some difficulty I edged my way toward Mrs. Malone,—tall, gaunt, and rather sad-looking. We shook hands over the back of an armchair which blocked my passage, and then I turned to Mrs. Duppey.

She looked up for a moment to welcome me, and some one found me a seat near her. Fascinated, I watched the skilful brown fingers busy in the soft, snowy folds. It was wonderful that after seventy years' hard service her old eyes could still see to put in such fine, fine stitches.

"Why, you're an artist!" I cried, as she spread the beautiful garment out before me; and she smiled, well pleased. To-day she was making something for a German princess; yesterday, for a Russian countess; to-morrow, perhaps for a millionaire's bride. Fortunate people, whose apparel is the handiwork of Mrs. Duppey! It will surely bring them luck. Do they value it, I wonder, as I value the handkerchief she gave me—the hemstitched handkerchief with the elaborate initials,—that I always wash myself, for fear it should be lost?

When you sit by her side and look at the pleasant old face, with the young eyes, and the white hair drawn smoothly back from the brow, you forget the dingy room and the ugly wall paper and the threadbare carpet, and think only of what is beautiful and restful. She is always so placid and quietly cheerful, my East End Granny,—perhaps, please God, because she is through with her troubles. Indeed, it is time; for her life has not been easy,—uneventful, maybe; but anxious, and, oh, so hard-working!

She is of French descent. Dupré her real name is; but we London workers are quick to treat a name familiarly, especially if it chance to be a foreign one. We just take what comes handy, and what could be handier than 'Duppey'? So 'Duppey' she has been ever since Jules Dupré died, leaving her to bring up their only child as best she could. It was then that she took to fine needlework, and a large West End shop found out her worth and has employed her ever since. I fancy her daughter was never able to help her very much with the better work: her fingers look too big and clumsy. She grew up a tall, fair girl, and married in her turn; but after a few years lost her husband, alas! as her mother had done before her. It was well for her that she had that same mother to come back to, and to help her start life afresh and make a home for little Edmund and Hetty.

The struggle was a hard one at first. Up at six, and to work at seven, and often not to bed till near midnight. Stitch! stitch! all day and every day! But a courageous heart, and clear, strong eyes, and plenty of staying power, had old Mrs. Duppey! So the home was kept together, and the children clothed and fed; and they had enough to eat too, though money was scarce and the fare coarse.

"It's work that does it!" she said, as she rolled out of bed at six in the morning; and "It's work that does it!" she muttered again as she crept back into it "dead tired" at midnight. And if her prayers at this period of her life were but short ones, why "My work is my prayer," she would say to herself.

So things went on until Edmund fell ill. That was worry enough in itself; and, besides, there was the doctor to pay, and medicine and delicacies to provide for the little sufferer; and all the while a terrible fear gnawing at the hearts of the two poor women. At one moment even Mrs. Duppey's courage almost failed her, and in her despair she turned imploringly to Him

> Who holds for us the keys of either home—
> Earth and the world to come,

Morning after morning the priest who said the first Mass noticed the same shabby little figure kneeling before Our Lady's altar. To lose an hour's work in the early part of the day meant much to one so poor as Granny, but she had her reward. God was good and the Kind Mother's intercession powerful, and Edmund recovered.

"It's prayer that does it, after all!" thought old Mrs. Duppey, and out of sheer gratitude she continued her daily Mass. "For it's a shame," she reflected, "to be so quick to run to Our Lord when we're in trouble and yet never to have a moment to give Him when all's going well."

Not long after this the manager of the shop for which Mrs. Duppey worked offered to pay her at a slightly higher rate. "You do things better than any one else," he told her.

"Yes, it *is* prayer that does it!" muttered Mrs. Duppey, with an air of conviction.

And if you are in trouble and go to her, that is what she will tell you. It is worth going to hear her say it. You might seek far and not find what would comfort you half so well as to look at the pleasant old face, so placid and quietly cheerful, with the young eyes, and the white hair drawn smoothly back from the brow.

Oh, but you should see her, good old Mrs. Duppey! You should watch the deft little fingers busy in the soft, snowy folds. She is an artist, I tell you,—an artist in cambric.

No work is worth doing badly; and he who puts his best into every task that comes to him will surely outstrip the man who waits for a great opportunity before he condescends to exert himself.—*Joseph Chamberlain.*

A Russian proverb runs: "With God, even across the sea; without Him, not even to the threshold."

Scientific Truth and Catholic Dogma.

"A LITTLE philosophy," says Bacon, "inclineth man's mind to atheism; but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion." The history of the world verifies his statement with wonderful accuracy. It is the shallow dabbler in science that pretentiously dogmatizes about the non-existence of a personal God, and attempts to account for the world and man by "eternal matter," "energizing force," and the like meaningless phrases. Deep scholars and consummate scientists indulge in no such extravagance. "An undevout astronomer is mad," says Young. "I had rather," declares the philosopher quoted above, "believe all the fables and legends in the Talmud and the Alcoran than that this universal frame is without a mind."

One of the most eminent scientists of the nineteenth century, the illustrious Abbé Moigno, goes further and proclaims that the most profound scholarship, far from leading one into opposition to the belief in a personal God, does not entail the slightest doubt as to the verity of Catholic doctrine in its integrity. "I have lived," he wrote, "seventy-three years, I have read everything, and gone to the bottom of everything, and I have never been troubled by the least doubt, the smallest temptation against the Faith. I have always believed, and believe now more than ever, all the truths of the Holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church,—and that, too, with a belief tranquil and serene, strong and lively, and, I repeat, without a single cloud's coming between dogma and my mind. I have fathomed, so far as I have been able, all the mysteries of religion and of science, and never has my faith been shaken. Consequently, my words are those of a witness at once enlightened, convinced and reliable."

Of cognate interest and import is the pronouncement of Lord Kelvin to the students of the medical school of St. George's Hospital, London, thus reported:

"He should add to the subjects he had mentioned, another—human nature. It was with that they had to deal, and that carried them far beyond dead matter. Let them not imagine that any hocus-pocus of electricity or viscous fluids would make a living cell." Continuing, he said: "That was not the occasion for a lecture on the borderland between what was called organic and what was called inorganic; but it would be interesting to them to know that materials belonging to the general class of foodstuffs, such as sugar, and what might be also called a foodstuff, alcohol, could be made out of the chemical elements. But let not any of their youthful minds be dazzled by the imaginings of the daily newspapers that, because Berthelot and others had thus made foodstuffs, they could make living things, or that there was any prospect of a process' being found in any laboratory for making a living thing, whether the minutest germ of bacteriology or anything smaller or greater. There was an absolute distinction between crystals and cells. Anything that crystallized could be made by the chemist. Nothing approaching to the cell of a living creature had ever yet been made. The general result of an enormous amount of exceedingly intricate and thoroughgoing investigation by Huxley and Hooker and others of the present age, and by some of their predecessors in both the nineteenth and eighteenth centuries, was that no artificial process whatever could make living matter out of dead."

In these days, when sensation-loving ministers and ultra-pedantic university professors magisterially dismiss the fundamental truths of Christianity as no longer worthy of credence by an enlightened world, it is refreshing to read the testimony which real scholars and genuine savants bear to the perfect harmony of scientific truth and Catholic dogma. As a matter of fact, the whole group of rationalists, pantheists, and agnostics of our time constitute in the firmament of history nothing more than Ruskin's "dim comet wagging its useless tail of phosphorescent nothingness across the steadfast stars."

In Reply to a Proselytizer.

A NOTEWORTHY correspondence between a zealous member of the Ladies' Missionary Society and one of the Filipino students attending the State Normal School at Trenton, N. J., is published in the *Catholic Standard and Times*. The lady's letter is what might be supposed—an appeal, long and strong—as strong as could be made,—to the young man 'to receive Christ as his Saviour, and, on returning home, to carry the Word of Life to his people,'—in plainer terms, to abandon the Church and to assist in propagating sectarianism in the Philippine Islands. The reply of the young man, who spoke not only for himself, but for his fellow-countrymen, must be quoted at length. It is signed "Digno A. Alba, of Capiz, Panay, P. I., Diocese of Jaro," and runs as follows:

I wish to thank you for the interest you seem to have taken in my case. At the same time I am glad to say that, owing to the fact of my being a practical Catholic, and therefore a firm believer in the one true Jesus Christ, it is utterly superfluous for me to comply with your request, and I do not see any need to adopt your suggestions. As regards the other Filipino students in the United States of America, I would not advise you to trouble yourself in writing to them on religious matters, because, like myself, they are all Catholics—members of the true Church of Christ, which is One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic.

Now, of course, from what I have said you will realize that I belong to the One Only True Church, that has existed for nearly two thousand

years, and will live forever as long as the world exists. This Church has not changed to suit human fancies, and is the same in its doctrines in all parts of the world wherever she stands,—and she stands everywhere, hence Catholic.

As for the American Government allowing freedom of religious worship, I wish to say that here this seems to me to be a very wise law, as there are people of all religious beliefs in America. Furthermore, as the law leaves everyone to "choose for himself," I will ever remain a true and loyal Catholic.

I wish also to state that there has always been freedom of all religious worship in all the Philippine Islands ever since their discovery; and also that the Holy Bible has always been an open book in all the Philippine Islands, just the same as the Constitution of the United States has always been an open book in America.

Out of Christian charity, I will always remember you in my prayers, that God may give you grace to inquire into the merits of the Holy Catholic Church, and that you may be converted and live and die a good Catholic woman....

P. S.—I send you a copy of Father Brandi's celebrated article, "Why Am I a Catholic?" also a copy of Archbishop Ryan's well-known lecture, "What Catholics Do Not Believe."

Only a convert from sectarianism, we think, can fully realize what the feelings of the lady must have been on receiving this letter. It is to be hoped that she had a cup of good strong tea in readiness. A stimulant of some sort was a necessity for life under the circumstances. To think of getting such a letter from one of those "benighted Filipinos"! And such a postscript as he wrote! The letter will be no surprise, however, to any Catholic who has come in contact with the young men sent to this country by the Philippine Insular Government. They are distinctly "all right," and we are beginning to think that their stay in secular institutions, instead of doing them any harm, may result in lasting benefit to their associates. If all Catholic young men attending State universities knew their religion as well as Mr. Alba, and were possessed of his spirit, we should have greater hope of their converting others than fear of their being perverted themselves.

Notes and Remarks.

The annual "Report of the Mission Work among the Negroes and the Indians" contains a variety of interesting information in the form of financial statements, tables of statistics, and summaries of extended reports from the different dioceses in which the work in question is being carried on. Serving as an appropriate preface for the pamphlet is an appeal to the Catholics of the United States from Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishops Ryan and Farley, members of the Commission charged with distributing the mission fund raised by the annual collection taken up in the churches of the whole country. "We are not appealing," write these prelates, "for the Negroes of Africa and the inhabitants of India, worthy though they are of your charity: we are appealing for souls nearer home—for the Negroes and Indians of our own land. They are our neighbors. God, in placing them at our side, has laid upon us the task of saving their souls. The divine command, 'Go and teach all nations,' binds the Church to-day as in the days of the Apostles who heard it; every live Church is a missionary Church; America as well as Europe is called to the missionary field. But, as our Saviour bade His Apostles begin their preaching with Jerusalem and Samaria, and then go to the uttermost ends of the earth, so is it fitting that the Church of America should begin its missionary career by evangelizing the races upon its own soil."

Well-ordered charity, in other words, begins at home. So it does; but we venture the assertion that not the least generous contributors to the collection to be taken up to-morrow (March 12) for our Negro and Indian missions will be Catholics whose dimes and dollars are occasionally given to foreign mis-

sionary funds, and that among those who most loudly denounce this latter practice will be found the most niggardly givers to the home missions. Charity is an expansive virtue, and, within certain limits, grows with giving.

The whimsical opinion expressed by Dr. William Osler, late of Johns Hopkins University, that "the telling work of the world has been done and is done by men under forty," is being widely discussed. The learned professor denies the assertion attributed to him by the newspapers, that men at sixty should be chloroformed. What he really did say, however, is hardly less extravagant, as not a few persons quite as well-informed as Dr. Osler have hastened to show. His declaration that he has spent years in accumulating facts to support his theory, as the New York *Sun* remarks, seems hardly consistent with the scientific reputation to which he has attained. "His generalization is of a sort suggestive of callowness rather than maturity, of a youthful disposition to say a smart thing, to put forth a paradox to surprise people.... Of course he can marshal a great array of facts in support of his notion, but so also no less imposing an array of contradictory facts can be presented against it." A correspondent of the same paper, in the same issue, presented a long list of eminent men, mostly chemists and physicists, whose most important work was done in advanced years.

Before introducing in the Legislature of Indiana a bill prohibiting Filipinos from marrying white girls, Senator Cyrus Davis should have brushed up a little in ethnology. The Malay race, to which the Filipinos belong, is as distinct from the Ethiopian as is the American race. That a colored man with one-eighth African blood can not marry a white woman is no reason why a Filipino should be prohibited from doing so. Senator Davis got things mixed up. His bill is not less unnecessary than absurd. The marriages which he sought to prevent are not contemplated. In a letter to ourselves, one of the Filipino students in a State university, speaking for his companions as well as himself, says: "No one here is engaged, or expects to be, or wishes to marry a Protestant." In his own behalf the writer has this to say: "I can cite you all my relations, and from whom you can see that I have as much Negro blood as any white man has."

It is easy to believe that, according to recent ethnographers, the Malay race is a branch of the Mongolian. Anyway, we discover in the Filipinos some of the best traits of the Chinese. The little brown men are as bright as can be. Nothing escapes their observation; and when they have most to talk about, they sometimes have least to say.

Testimony as to the necessity of religion as a factor in any real system of education which is to be fair all round in a country of religious liberty, continues to be furnished by eminent non-Catholic educators in every part of the world. The London *Tablet*, in its issue for Feb. 8, quotes the following very definite opinion expressed by Dr. Thraendorf, a distinguished German Protestant writer on education:

> Can it be to the interest of the State to disregard the wishes of Christian families and congregations? It is indisputable that the welfare of the State depends on the health of its separate organs,—that is, on that of families. In its own interest, therefore, it is impossible for the State to take a course through which family life is injured. Anything which injures all individuals can not possibly be useful to the State; for the State is nothing in itself, but is only the sum of individuals. Nor can it be in the interest of the State to injure the life of religious organizations at the root, as on the health of that life rest the power and health of the national life. Where the

spirit of religious indifference, the spirit of negation, gains the upper hand, there the life of the nation sickens in its innermost core. If the State, because it is not of any religion, will not allow children to be of any religion so long as they are in school, it adopts the old tyrannical principle of "Whose the region, his the religion," and falls below the moral level of Frederick the Great, who said: "It is oppression if we deprive fathers of freedom to educate their children as they wish; it is oppression if we send children into a school of natural religion when their fathers desire that they shall become Catholics like themselves."

Since March, 1904, no notable discoveries have been made in Rome in the field of pagan and classic antiquities; at least, no official account of any such finds has been published. The exploration of the cemetery of Commodilla, however, which, having been abandoned to its fate in the ninth century, was rediscovered and re-entered on December 11, 1903, continues to yield gratifying results. This catacomb contains the chapel or oratory of the three martyrs, SS. Felix, Adauctus, and Emerita; also a remarkable set of paintings with the figures of Our Lord, the Blessed Virgin, and Saints Peter, Paul, and Stephen. The earliest date of the inscriptions in the adjoining galleries is 367, the latest 527. One of these inscriptions refers to certain repairs made by Pope Syricius (384-99).

In a communication to the *Athenæum*, Prof. Lanciani gives an account of a recent interesting find in the cemetery of Commodilla—"the discovery on February 14, 1904, of a wing absolutely intact,—that is to say, a wing no human being had entered since the year (523-6), when its entrance was walled up by the masons of Pope John I. The graves are still marked by special objects of recognition which were embedded in the mortar when it was fresh,—such as drinking-cups, perfume bottles, lamps, toys, and labels cut out of bone, one of which contains the words, *Victor vivas in Deo!* (Victor may you live with God!) But the best information we have gathered from the find is this: that the workmen employed by Pope John I. in walling up the entrance to the gallery had first rifled the more promising graves of their valuable contents. The tombstones by which they were sealed have been found lying in fragments on the floor; and among the objects of recognition mentioned above, none was left which had the least marketable value. We shall reckon, henceforth, the beginning of the spoliation of the catacombs from the first quarter of the sixth century instead of the last quarter of the seventh."

On the authority of an eminent Roman liturgist, the London *Catholic Times* gives some information about mixed choirs which will be welcome to many readers. If the writer is an authority and has been correctly reported, it will be seen that there have been much needless worry and useless discussion concerning the Holy Father's recent prescriptions regarding church music:

The prohibition of mixed choirs in the *Motu Proprio* is by no means universal. On the contrary, it is limited to strictly liturgical functions, such as High Mass, Vespers, and the like. This is evident from the ground of prohibition stated in the paragraph—viz., that the singers have a liturgical office, of which women are incapable. The prohibition has only the extent of the ground on which it rests. To give it a wider application is to violate the well-known principle of interpretation—*Odiosa sunt restringenda.* Therefore even where the *Motu Proprio* is strictly enforced, mixed choirs may continue to sing as before on all occasions when the singing has not a strictly liturgical character. Such is the singing at evening devotions of the usual kind, consisting of Rosary, hymns, and Benediction. This last-named function is not regarded as liturgical.

The foregoing statement holds for singing during Low Mass. This is clear from various decrees of the Congregation of Rites regarding *vernacular singing.* Such singing is strictly forbidden at liturgical services, but is allowed at Low Mass. Therefore the singing at Low Mass is not regarded by the S. R. C. as liturgical.

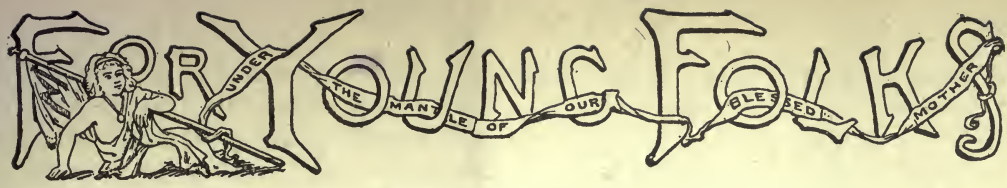
Furthermore, a mixed choir so placed as to form, as it were, part of the congregation—not necessarily in the midst of the people, but in a part of the church accessible to them—may sing *even on strictly liturgical occasions*. The congregation, though a mixed choir on a large scale, may sing on all occasions without restriction; and a choir placed as described shares its privilege, being then regarded as merely a select number of the faithful grouped together for the performance of special music beyond the powers of the whole body. Hence a mixed choir, occupying at ordinary times a gallery apart, may sing at High Mass by coming down for the occasion to a portion of the church from which the rest of the faithful are not excluded.

"That Nothing be Lost" is the title of an unusually suggestive article in the current number of our interesting Anglican contemporary, the *Lamp*. The writer inveighs against extravagance, which he calls a "universal sin"; and pleads for retrenchment on the part of the well-to-do and economy by the poor, in order that works of charity may be promoted and missionary enterprise extended in foreign fields. There is food for thought in the following paragraph, especially for those whose religious obligations not only forbid waste but inculcate strict economy:

Extravagance and waste are by no means confined to the very wealthy: they percolate through every strata of society, and are nowhere more painfully apparent than in the wretched homes of the very poor. What so much as the bread snatched from the table of the poorest of the poor maintains at almost every street corner the gin palace and the saloon? The churches and the charities of the United States and of the United Kingdom of Great Britain could be supported ten times over by what people wantonly waste and sinfully squander. An army of a million missionaries could be maintained in the foreign field by the fragments that would be gathered together if every baptized member of His Church learned economy of Jesus Christ, and took the utmost care "that nothing be lost."

Several months ago we summarized in these columns a tribute paid by the *Irish Monthly* to a saintly Catholic maiden of England, Dora Tyrrell, adopted daughter of Mrs. Bennett, a cousin of Gladstone's. An American Catholic young woman, who recently met with a tragic death in Chicago, merits equal recognition. Miss Mary C. Mulveil, who was wantonly murdered by a frenzied admirer last week, seems to have been the embodiment of those charms of nature and of grace which render the thoroughly Catholic, cheerfully religious girl a blessing to the community in which she resides, and the parish church of which she is a member. Comparatively wealthy, her benefactions to St. James' Church and parochial school were notably large, while her private charities were numberless. Better than her gifts of mere money was the proffering in the cause of religion and charity of her self, her personal service. No more fitting epitaph could be placed on her tombstone than the title by which she was popularly known, "the Angel of St. James'." Sudden, terribly sudden, as was her death, the whole tenor of her life forbids the thought that it was not a well provided one.

Rider Haggard has arrived in this country, not, as might be presumed, in the capacity of a successful novelist on a lecturing tour, but as an accredited agent of the British government, commissioned to investigate the colonization of vacant lands and the general subject of agricultural interests. The question is an urgent one in England, where it appears to be the disposition of all the young people to flock from the country to the cities. Mr. Haggard believes that to keep the English poor in the country, they must be allowed "a proprietary interest in the land and adequate wages for their work." His solution of the urgent and many-sided question, which he has studied for years, is given in the antithetical formula of "getting the landless man to the manless land."



The Madonna of the Little Chimney-Sweeps.

I HAD been praying in the Church of Notre-Dame du Pilier. Just as I was about to leave, I observed a little sweep advancing timidly. My first impulse was to think that he had entered the sacred edifice in a spirit of curiosity; but as I watched him kneel, slowly bless himself and begin to pray with great devotion, my wonder changed to admiration.

He was surely in earnest, the poor boy! Motionless, his large eyes shining clear and beautiful from the grime of his face, his red lips moving incessantly, showing at times a glimpse of the strong white teeth between them, made a picture of sincerity and devotion which greatly impressed me.

I waited till he had finished; and then, timing my egress with his, I contrived that we should meet in the vestibule,—which we did.

"You seem to love the Blessed Virgin, my little fellow?" I remarked.

"Oh, yes!" he said, quite naturally,—"especially *that* Blessed Virgin."

"And why that one in particular?"

"Why, don't you know, Monsieur? Because she is the patroness of all the chimney-sweeps."

"Indeed?" I said. "Yes, I might have known that the black statue would appeal to you little fellows."

I smiled as I spoke; but he looked at me so seriously, and there was something so attractive about him, that I did not like to part with him. At once, and without the least embarrassment, he accepted my invitation to dine; and we repaired to a quiet restaurant in the neighborhood.

The boy ate and drank with both relish and good manners, talking all the while—partly in response to my questions—of his native country; and, though his voice was cheerful, one could see that homesickness had not yet released its hold on his heart.

"In my country," he said, "everybody goes to Mass."

This was in reply to my inquiry as to whether he always went to Mass on Sundays.

"*Every* body?" I echoed, perhaps a little incredulously.

"Oh, yes, Monsieur! If they do not, their names are published in the *Zournal*."

This utilization of the modern press was new to me, and could take place, I decided, only in a country where the people were truly Catholic, as the declaration implied. But what I wanted most was to hear the story of the Madonna and the little chimney-sweeps. He told it to me naïvely and cheerfully, the poor little exile!

"In my country also," he continued, "we have a black Virgin. *But she was not born so*, Monsieur. Listen how it happened. My grandmother often told me about it when I was little. Long, long ago, Monsieur, there was another little chimney-sweep. The poor thing had no mother—she was dead,—and he was very lonely. That is always the way when the mother is dead,—you know that, Monsieur?"

I nodded. Yes, I had long known it.

"Well, one day when he had seen some children kissing and embracing their mothers, it made him feel sadder than ever before, and he thought: 'Why have I no mamma like the others?' And as he was thinking thus he went

toward the church. That is the way people always do, Monsieur, when they are sad, you know."

Again I nodded. Would to God, I reflected, that it were true!

"He walked slowly up to the altar of the Blessed Virgin, where she stood so white and beautiful. 'Oh, if I could only have a mother like that!' he thought; and then he knelt before the statue. While he prayed, with his eyes on the face of the Holy Mother, she seemed to smile upon him, and to look upon him with such compassion that he felt like putting his arms around her. After a few moments this desire grew upon him so strongly that he drew a chair to the front of the altar, and, climbing up on it, he embraced the Madonna three or four times.

"He was sure that no one had seen him, the poor little fellow! But the sacristan had been at the other end of the church, and hastened forward to scold him for what he had done. And when the little fellow looked at the statue again, after taking away the chair, which the sacristan said ought to be broken over his head for his impudence—he must have been a very cross old man, Monsieur, though my grandmother never said so,—the Holy Virgin was all covered with black soot,—the dear Blessed Virgin, who had been as white as snow until the little chimney-sweep embraced her!

"The sacristan brought water—first cold and then hot,—and together they tried to wash off the black from the beautiful white marble: but it would not get clean. Do what they could, the black still remained; and, what was strangest of all, the spots, which had been only here and there, spread, with the rubbing, all over the statue, till it looked like black marble instead of white.

"It was a miracle, of course. The Blessed Virgin, finding herself embraced like that by the poor child who had no mother, and knowing that, white and beautiful as she was, she would not seem to him so natural as if she were more like himself, she resolved to remain black, and nothing could restore her to her original color.

"The sacristan was furious; but the *curé*, a very good, kind man, bade him stop his rubbing, and said that if the Blessed Virgin did not wish to be made white again, nothing in the world would make her so.

"The next Sunday the *curé* explained to the people how it had happened, telling them at the same time how one could be black and yet beautiful. It seems it is even written in the Scriptures. And ever since she has been called the Madonna of the Little Chimney-Sweeps."

Poor little Savoyard! I wonder what has become of him? I never saw him again. X. Y. Z.

The Ups and Downs of Marjorie.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

IX.—Gathering Clouds.

(Continued.)

The dreadful thought of the coming misfortune haunted Marjorie that night, and many nights, as she lay awake in her little nest under the eaves, watching the shadows of the budding boughs dance on her white ceiling, and listening to the sleepy twitter of the brown birds that had started housekeeping beneath her dormer window.

And, sad thoughts and wakeful nights being strange to Marjorie, she grew nervous and awkward. The dishpan turned over at her touch; cups and saucers slipped from her fingers; finally, Miss Martha's favorite bowl, on which a blue Japanese lady walked among boats and swans, fell with a crash at the little maid's feet.

"Marjorie, Marjorie! I can't think what has come over you, child!" said

Miss Martha. "This is the third piece of china you have broken this week."

And for answer Marjorie dropped on her knees, and, burying her face in the good lady's housekeeping apron, burst into a wild passion of tears.

"There, there, child! Never mind! It isn't a thing to cry over like that. But you're nervous and upset, after all the company and excitement we've had here. Mrs. Lacy left her prayer-book and spectacles here, and misses them sadly, I know. Suppose you put on your coat and hat and take them to her? A little run in the sunshine will do you good."

And Miss Martha was right. There was a life and gladness in the sunshine of this beautiful day that would have cheered older and heavier hearts than Marjorie's. Winter was still dozing on the heights, like an old man in his big armchair; but, though he roused himself now and then to grumble and growl, Spring was taking her own sweet way over valley and hill, awaking the grass and trees and flowers. Her whisper seemed to steal into Marjorie's ear as the warm breeze fanned her cheek; and, the sadness and the fear lifted from her heart for the moment, she forgot Asa Greene and the dark cloud of trouble that hung over Manor Hill, and went skipping gleefully down the road that led to the farm-gate, where a bent, withered old woman with a basket on her arm was just entering.

"Goodness!" said Marjorie, "here you are again! Miss Susan won't buy any of your stuff—she said so,—so there's no use in going up to worry her."

"Nice herbs, nice roots; good for pains, for aches, for drinks,—for all things," said the old woman, who wore a ragged red cloak with a hood drawn around an old face, brown and wrinkled as a dried apple; but whose black eyes still shone, in their deep sockets, bright and watchful as a bird's.

"We don't want any," answered Marjorie, positively. "Miss Susan dries all she needs."

"Not these," said the old crone, shaking her head. "Only the gypsies dry these, little lady; only the gypsies know where to find them under the moonlight and the dew. Old Selma has roots that give life to the sick, that make the old young again. But the little lady wants none of these, I know," continued the old woman, showing her toothless gums in a wheedling smile. "She is strong and young and beautiful; but I can tell her things she will be glad to hear."

"No, I won't," answered Marjorie, stoutly. "I don't want any of your fortune-telling. It's a sin. And you don't tell true, either. You told Aunt Nance's Sophie she had three husbands in her hand, and she died before she got even one of them."

"It was a black hand and did not read true," said the old woman. "But the little lady's eyes are bright, her cheeks are fair. She should be rich and grand, and wear beautiful dresses and golden rings."

"Pooh!" said Marjorie. "I don't care for beautiful dresses: they tear too easily. And I wouldn't wear a ring if I could. But" (with a sudden remembrance of Asa Greene) "I'd like to be rich. I'd like to have piles and piles of money. Oh, I wish I could find a big iron pot full of gold!"

The old gypsy's keen eyes blinked under their grizzled brows.

"You can, little lady," she answered, nodding. "Old Selma can tell you how and where."

X.—Old Selma's Story.

"Oh, can you?" asked Marjorie, forgetful for the moment of all things but the one need of a "pot of gold" at Manor Hill.

Once more the crafty eyes read the innocent young face, and the old gypsy went on:

"What will the little lady give me to tell her?"

"I haven't anything," said Marjorie, and her bright wits flashed up again. "If you want gold, why don't you get the pot yourself?"

"I dare not, little lady,"—the old crone shook her head. "Selma is old and weak, and her children and her children's children have gone from her."

"Who told you about it?" asked Marjorie, doubtfully.

"Listen, little lady, and I will tell you the story," said the old woman; and Marjorie slackened her own springing step that her companion might hobble on at her side. "My mother's mother was the gypsy queen; all the camps and the tribes obeyed her. She ruled from the mountains to the sea, from the land of snows to the land of flowers."

"And did—did she live in a camp, too?" asked Marjorie, who found it difficult to picture a royal lady holding court in the smoky old tents in the hollow.

"Oh, yes!" answered her companion. "But when she came among her people, it was like the moon shining among the stars, so great was she and so rich, with the long train of her wagons stretching far down the roadside, and her horses jingling silver bells, and her tents white as snow. And her gown was of red silk flowered with blue and silver, and she wore six diamond stars for a crown."

The old woman smacked her lips and rolled her eyes, as she recounted these past glories, to which Marjorie listened with a breathless interest.

"And wherever she went," continued the narrator, feeling she could safely enlarge her wonderful story,—"wherever she went, the 'queen's kettle' swung beside her tent curtain, and every gypsy that passed had to throw into it a piece of gold."

"Not—not to *cook!*" exclaimed Marjorie, in dismay at such reckless broth-making.

"No, child: to melt down and keep for her own.

"All went well until the time came for her to marry, and then there was trouble in the camps and among the tribes; for lovers came from the North, and the South, from the sunrise to the sunset—aye, even from the lands beyond the sea,—seeking her for a wife. But there was one who did not come; he only sent her a white lamb with a wreath of flowers about its neck. And she put the wreath on her head, and smiled. And though the gypsies asked her to choose, she would not listen to them. And again he that kept away sent her a white fawn with a chain of silver. And she put the chain about her throat, and her eyes grew bright as stars. And though the lovers who had come from the East and West pressed about her tent, she would not hear. And at last there came a white dove with a gold ring about its neck. And she put the ring upon her finger, and that night she left the tents of her people to be a white man's bride.

"But when, later on, she would have brought him back as king, the gypsies rose, fierce and furious as the mountain streams when the snows melt and the spring rains fall. They would have killed her and her husband together, if they had not fled far away into the sunset lands, where none knew or had heard of the gypsy queen. But before she fled, my mother's mother, fearing evil, hid away all her gypsy gold, and her girdle and chains of silver, and her diamond crown. All these she buried deep where none could see.

"One hundred years ago they were buried, and no one has found them yet; for she dared not come back to search for her treasure, and her sons and daughters died around her in their springtime, and only I was left of all her race. To me she told the secret of

her hiding-place; and I came back to live among her people, and follow the old trails over the valleys and hills, and search for the queen's kettle. For long, long years I have looked for the sign my mother's mother gave me; but I have seen it at last. The gold is here, almost at your door."

"Then, goodness gracious, why don't you get it?" asked Marjorie, eagerly.

"I dare not," answered the old woman, in a stage whisper. "My people would take it from old Selma and not leave her a coin for her own. For I am old and weak, little lady; my feet are slow and my hands tremble, and they have only curses and blows for me in the tents and the wagons. I would like to sit by the fireside of a home and rest until it is time to die."

"Poor old woman! I should think you would!" replied honest Marjorie, sympathetically.

"The little lady shall find the gold if she will listen to old Selma,—find the gold and keep one half for her own."

"One half!" echoed Marjorie. "Oh, I wonder if you are telling me the truth? It's just—just like a fairy tale. One half of all that gold and silver and diamonds would save Manor Hill."

"One half," repeated the old woman, nodding,—"one half shall be the little lady's own. For I have found the sign that my mother's mother gave me when she told me to come to the shore by this river, and search for the rock marked with the iron ring. She pointed out the stars that would shine above it when the last moon of winter had darkened. The sign, little lady, I have found at last, back in the swamp below the milldam. The gold lies there."

"Oh, let us go get it right away!" said Marjorie, quite forgetful of Mrs. Lacy and her spectacles. "Just let me have enough to pay Asa Greene, and you can take all the rest, and be nice and comfortable and clean all your life. For if it was your grandmother that hid it, it's yours by right, and nobody can take it away from you. Come, let's go find it now."

"Not yet, little lady,—not now. The stars must point the place, you know. But to-night, little lady, old Selma will wait for you under the cedars by the farm gate; and if you come out, we will go together. But the little lady must say nothing until the gold is found."

"Oh, I won't!" answered Marjorie, eagerly. "For Miss Martha wouldn't let me go; but if I come back to her with the money to pay Asa Greene, she can scold me just as much as she likes. Wait for me under the cedars, and after Miss Susan says night prayers I'll come out sure. Here we are at Mrs. Lacy's! I was just going to forget I had to stop. Good-bye! I'll come out, sure."

And Marjorie turned into the Lacys' gate, and tripped up the steps, all aquiver with new and delightful hopes, which good Mrs. Lacy's sighs and plaints over the coming changes at Manor Hill could not dispel.

"Come in, child,—come in! Yes, I did forget my glasses and prayer-book; for I was crying so through the blessed Mass I could not read. I thought of the long years I had been going to Manor Hill, and that this was the last time; and those two dear creatures to be turned out of house and home! And not a chick or child to lift a hand for those poor lone women in their old age! Dear! dear! dear!"

And the good old lady lapsed into tears again, as she brought out the gingerbread box and treated the little Manor Hill messenger to a spicy lunch.

Meanwhile old Selma had shuffled on with her basket of herbs, careless, seemingly, of further business, her slow step quickening wonderfully as she turned from the turnpike into a narrow lane leading to the river road.

Halfway down this lane was a small

house, rented occasionally to sportsmen who came for a few days' hunting or fishing on the creeks. The old woman cautiously knocked at the door, which was opened by a young man whose dress and temper both seemed disordered.

"Back again, you old fool?" he said, angrily. "What do you want now?"

For answer, Selma walked into the room and stood leaning against the wall, her bright, sunken eyes fixed on his face.

"More money, of course!" put in a colder voice from the fireside.

"More money, yes, gentlemen," said their visitor, slowly,—"more money; for I've done what you asked."

"Trapped our bird, eh?" exclaimed Gresham, starting forward eagerly,—for the two sportsmen were the late guests of Mr. Eben Tibbs.

"Not yet, but I'll have her to-night," replied the old woman,—"if you will make it fifty dollars more."

"Not another cent!" roared Lindsay. "I tell you I won't stay here to be fleeced by you and this old harpy, Gresham."

"Your uncle landed in New York yesterday," said Gresham, meaningly.

"Let him land!" said the younger man, fiercely. "You would not dare face him, and I know it, Gresham."

"I dare all things for money," answered Gresham, quietly, though his cold white face grew whiter with anger as he spoke. "Don't be a fool at this stage of the game, Lindsay. You must give the old hag what she asks," he added, in a lower tone. "Come, speak out, old woman. Tell us what we are paying for. What have you done?"

"What I promised," said Selma. "I have laid my spell. The little lady will follow me to-night wherever I lead."

"She will!" said Gresham. "I must say, then, you have powers of bewitching I can not see."

"Selma is the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter," continued the old crone. "She has power to work charms and spells."

"Oh, let up on that bluff!" said Lindsay, impatiently. "I don't see why you listen to this lying old fool, Gresham."

"'Tis because she has worked for me before," was the quiet answer; "because she is a cold-blooded old creature who fears neither God nor man, and has neither heart nor soul,—have you, Selema? When we drove by the camp in the hollow the other day, and I saw her stirring her gypsy broth, I felt Old Nick himself had put her in our way. She has been a circus-rider and a fortune-teller; and she has not wandered around the world seventy years, fooling people out of their money and wits, without learning a trick or two worth paying for. If you want this child out of your way—"

"You mean the old woman will take her,—take a girl old enough to talk and tell?" said Lindsay, walking the floor excitedly. "The girl is no baby to be stolen away. Her friends here will search the whole countryside for her."

"Yes, they will search," said the old gypsy, nodding,—"they will search, and they will find the little lady in the old well under the willows—the deep, dark old well that everybody has forgotten,—where she will go to-night looking for a pot of gold. She will neither talk nor tell."

(To be continued.)

Proving Things.

In 1836 Dr. Lardner published in London a pamphlet in which he proved—or thought he did—that a steamboat could not cross the ocean. Two years afterward the first copy of the pamphlet to reach us came across in the steamboat *Sirius*, which took eighteen days for the passage.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Pietro Vanni, an Italian artist famed for his picture of the plague in Siena, in the Gallery of Modern Art, and his Funeral of Raphael, which hangs in the Vatican, died in Rome last month.

—"The Marriage of William Ashe," Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, is published this week in London and New York. It is illustrated by Albert Sterner.

—Katherine Tynan's latest novel, "Julia," which has proved to be the third best-selling book in England, is to be brought out in the spring by A. C. McClurg & Co.

—A literary biography of interest to readers of the more scholarly reviews is "Theodore Watts-Dunton, Poet, Novelist, Critic." Published by Mr. John Lane.

—One book to be published in the spring should be reasonably sure of a place in every Carnegie library throughout the world. It is "The Life of James Watt," by Andrew Carnegie himself.

—A Catholic magazine, exclusively devoted to Higher Biblical Studies and to Philosophy, is soon to make its appearance. It will be edited under the supervision of the Sulpician Fathers of the Archdiocesan Seminary of New York.

—Mr. Manuel Garcia, the venerable Spanish musician, who, besides being the inventor of the laryngoscope, is the author of two or more important books well known to students of music, will celebrate his hundredth birthday on the 17th inst. The veteran musician has been a resident of England for almost a lifetime.

—We have received the following late issues of the American Book Company's excellent series of Eclectic School Readings: Smiles' "Self-Help," Dickens' "Christmas Stories," Marden's "Stories from Life," Baldwin's "Abraham Lincoln," Julia Schwartz's "Five Little Strangers," "Historical and Biographical Narratives," and "Our Birds and Their Nestlings." "Self-Help" has been revised and annotated for the use of the young. The books are all well printed and strongly bound; and the illustrations, notably those in "Our Birds," are exceptionally good.

—The initial step in the production of a Catholic Encyclopedia in English was taken the other day, when the Robert Appleton Company, publishers, was incorporated at Albany, New York. The work is to be brought out by this firm; and will be edited by the following board of scholars: editor-in-chief, Charles G. Herbermann; associate-editors, Rev. Doctors Pace and Shahan, Father Wynne, S. J., and Mr. Condé Pallen. The making of an encyclopedia—that is, of an adequate one—is a work that will consume a good many years; but it is gratifying to know that, in any case, a Catholic one is under way.

—Hilaire Belloc, the English Catholic littérateur, has been spending some time in Algeria for his health's sake. He is soon to return to England, and will contest South Salford as Liberal candidate for the House of Commons.

—"Ballads and Legends of the Saints," by Ymal Oswin, is a reprint of some score and a half of lyrics contributed to various Catholic magazines and papers. Of varying merit as to poetic excellence, the verses are uniformly elevating and pure in tone. Art and Book Co.

—An excellent text-book for pupils in manual training schools is "Elementary Woodworking," by Edwin W. Foster. Part I. discusses the tools used in woodwork, and Part II. deals in detail with the woods and trees of the United States. The book is profusely illustrated with diagrams and pictures. Ginn & Co., Publishers.

—Two booklets which should be in great demand everywhere are issued by the Catholic Truth Society of San Francisco—viz., manuals for Holy Week and the Forty Hours' Devotion. Besides being complete and excellently arranged, they are well printed and of convenient size. But these booklets should be sewed with thread instead of stitched with wire.

—O. Henry is being hailed as the new American humorist. His "Cabbages and Kings" is among the successes of the past year; and his varied experience as cowboy, sheep-herder, merchant, salesman, miner, and several other things, will doubtless be drawn upon for future books. His pseudonym might just as well be written "Oh, Henry," as in its present form.

—Italian readers are indebted to Canon Luigi Cappelli, of Siena, for translations of several important English works. His latest service to his countrymen in this line is an Italian version of Monsignor Vaughan's excellent and timely book, "Concerning the Holy Bible: Its Use and Abuse." Canon Cappelli is a competent translator, and no less painstaking than industrious. His new work is admirably brought out by the Society of St. Bernardine.

—Readers whose notions of Socialistic doctrines are as hazy as the explanations of not a few advocates of such doctrines, will find it to their intellectual profit to secure "Socialism: Its Economic Aspect." This little pamphlet is a

reprint (B. Berder) of a scholarly and lucid paper contributed to the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* by the Rev. William Poland, S. J.

—A model year-book is the *Almanac for the Diocese of Maitland*, New South Wales. Besides being replete with useful information excellently arranged, the book is well printed and supplied with two fine illustrations,—one of the Blessed Virgin, the other of the Holy Father. To the clergy and laity under the charge of the venerable Bishop Murray and his devoted coadjutor, Bishop Dwyer, we should think this almanac would be almost indispensable. Every half inch of space is utilized in a way to catch and hold the reader's attention. Following a list of the hierarchy of the Southern Continent, we find this interesting item:

A circumstance interesting to Australians in connection with the definition of the Immaculate Conception is that the medal struck in honor of the event by order of Pope Pius IX. and distributed to the Cardinals and Bishops who were around him on that occasion, was made of the first gold found in Australia. The medal bore on the obverse a representation of the Blessed Virgin, and on the reverse this inscription in Latin:

In honor of Mary Immaculate this medal, made of the first product of Australia's goldfields, was struck by order of Pope Pius the Ninth on December 8, 1854.

In a similar manner the first fruits of the goldmines of South America had about 350 years previously been devoted to the honor of the Holy Mother of God for the gilding of the grand panelled ceiling of the Basilica of St. Mary Major in Rome.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Socialism." Victor Cathrein, S. J. — Victor Gettelmann, S. J. $1.50.

"Progress in Prayer." R. P. Caussade, S. J. 75 cts., net.

"Letters of Blessed John of Avila." $1.10.

"Cardome: A Romance of Kentucky." Anna C. Minogue. $1.25.

"Brother and Sister." Jean Charruau, S. J. $1.25, net.

"Principles of Sacred Eloquence." Rev. John Conway, O. P. 50 cts.

"The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass." Rev. Dr. Nicholas Gihr. $4.

"Vera Sapientia" Thomas à Kempis. 75 cts.

"The First Days of Jesus." 15 cts.

"Rosa Mystica." Kenelm Digby Best. $6.

"Pastoral Medicine." A. E. Sanford, M. D. $1.50.

"Teacher's Handbook to the Catechism." Rev. A. Urban. $4.50.

"The Life of St. Teresa." $2.20.

"The Feasts of Mother Church." Mother M. Salome. $1.25, net.

"Method of the Solesmes Plain Chant." $1.

"The Sin of David." Stephen Phillips." $1.50.

"The Middle Ages." Thomas J. Shahan, S. T. D. $2.20.

"The Soul's Orbit." M. D. Petre. $1.48.

"The Know-Nothing Party." Humphrey J. Desmond. $1.25.

"The Quest of John Chapman." Newell Dwight Hillis. $1.50.

"Shadows Lifted." Rev. J. E. Copus, S. J. 85 cts.

"The Christian Gentlewoman and the Social Apostolate." Katherine E. Conway. 50 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Frederic Dandurand, of the diocese of Fort Wayne; Rev. Alphonsus Coenen, diocese of Louisville; Rev. John Duddy, diocese of Portland; Rev. Matthew Gardiner, diocese of Mobile; Rev. Joseph Lauer, C. SS. R.; Rev. J. A. Rooney, O. P.; and Rev. A. G. Van der Eerden, S. J.

Rev. Brother Lynch, of the Patrician Brothers; and Brother Severian, Christian Brothers.

Sister Joseph, of the Sisters of Charity; Sister M. Josephine and Mother M. Cecilia, Sisters of Mercy; Sister M. Felicitas, Community of St. Joseph; Sister M. Emerentia, Sisters of the Precious Blood; and Sister Mary Regis, Order of the Visitation.

Mr. Rafael Torres, of Canada Verde, Texas; Mrs. A. Colford, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Mary Murphy, Jersey City, N. J.; Mrs. Rosalia Garza, Elmendorf, Texas; Mr. Francis McKeown, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. M. Donahue, Galway, Ireland, Mr. Matthew Love, Montreal, Canada; Mrs. Mary Zimmerman, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. James McCrea, Fennelton, Pa.; Mrs. Thomas Slavin, Waterford, N. Y.; Mrs. Anna Pickett, Watervliet, N. Y.; Mr. Patrick Mearn and Mrs. Mary Haley, Troy, N. Y.; Mary Parkinson, Queen's Co., Ireland; Mrs. Margaret Slavin, Cohoes, N. Y.; Mr. William Burke, Fall River, Mass.; Mr. Leonard Moody, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Katherine Bechely and Mrs. Mary Burke, Dubuque, Iowa.

Requiescant in pace!

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Hymn to St. Joseph.

BY A. B.

WITH fond acclaim we hail a name
Of all, save two, most sweet and holy,
And fear no fray the while we pray
The Saint of hidden lives and lowly.

REFRAIN.

Whom Jesus honored as His sire,
Whom Mary loved with trust entire,
Whom both consoled when life was told,
St. Joseph, grant our heart's desire.

No care or strife that clouds our life
Is sad beyond thy comfort's healing;
No grace so great but we await
Its advent while to thee appealing.

O Patron blest, assure our quest
Of light and life and love supernal,
Until e'en we behold with thee
Thy Son and Spouse in joy eternal!

The Finding of the Christians in Japan.

BY DOM MATERNUS SPITZ, O. S. B.

JAPAN, the island-empire in the Far East, the "Land of the Rising Sun," which since the fierce war with China in 1894-5 has rightly been compared to the young and valiant David in his conflict with the giant Goliath, and which again in our days has drawn the attention of the whole civilized world to blood-stained Manchuria, has excited a widespread and intense interest in all that relates to her people. Crowned heads that are leading the destinies of nations, and wise politicians who draw up their plans for further complication or for solution of the "political riddle" of the universe, merchants and business men, philosophers and theologians,—all are absorbed and excited by the "Yellow Peril" which is threatening the balance of the world, and take the liveliest interest in this intensely interesting race,—the Japanese, who, quite independently of any temporary political circumstances, have an attractiveness all their own, on account of their many traits of valor, energy and patriotism.

But to a true child of the Church, the Land of the Rising Sun is of special interest. At the mere mention of Japan mingled memories of joy and sorrow are awakened in the mind. We recall her relation to the world-wide Church,—the marvellous conquests of St. Francis Xavier and his successors; the fearful persecutions which at a later period threatened to obliterate the very name of Christian from the Empire; and especially that consoling event which took place on March 17, 1865, and is now recorded in the annals of the Church of Japan as the "Feast of the Finding of the Christians,"—a feast which for the last forty years has been celebrated annually by the Catholics of that island-empire on March the 17th.

The Land of the Rising Sun became to St. Francis Xavier a "land of predilection" from the moment he met Anjiro (Han-Siro), a Japanese fugitive, who

had been received on board a Portuguese vessel in 1547, and brought to Malacca and Goa. The Apostle of India was intensely interested in this Japanese and in what he had to tell him of his country and his people. The saint instructed him in the Christian doctrine, received him into the fold of Christ, and baptized him under the name of "Paul of the Holy Faith," — seeing in him a vessel of election to carry the name of Jesus before his Gentile brethren and the rulers of his race.

From that moment the heart of St. Francis Xavier began to burn with zeal for the salvation of the souls of the Japanese, who had not as yet been touched by the life-giving stream of the Precious Blood. But the apostle had to wait for two weary years before he was enabled to undertake his great task of a missionary expedition to the island-empire. Accompanied by Father Cosmo de Torres, S. J., a lay-brother, Yoao Fernandez, and his first Japanese neophyte, Anjiro, or Paul of the Holy Faith, St. Francis left Malacca for Japan on June 24, 1549—the Nativity of St. John the Baptist,—and "by the guidance of God came at last to the country which we had so much longed for, on the feast of our Blessed Lady's Assumption, landing at Cagoxima, which is the native place of Paul of the Holy Faith."

The saint's letters, dating from this time, are full of praise of the Japanese people, of whose manners and customs he speaks with something like enthusiasm. "The nation with which we have had to do here surpasses in goodness any of the nations lately discovered. I really think that among barbarous people there can be none that have more natural goodness than the Japanese." For two years the Apostle of India worked in this newly-planted vineyard. Supported by Father Cosmo de Torres and Paul of the Holy Faith, he planted the Tree of Life in Japan, sowed the seed of the Gospel, watering with sweat and tears the land out of which was soon to spring up a glorious harvest of heroic martyrs and confessors, virgins and widows.

St. Francis Xavier left the Land of the Rising Sun for China in November, 1551, hoping that by the conversion of the Chinese he might the more forcibly react upon his "beloved Japan." On departing, he wrote these prophetic words, which subsequent history proved to be true: "So far as I know, the Japanese nation is the single and only nation of them all which seems likely to preserve unshaken and forever the profession of Christian holiness, if once it embrace it." Japan did embrace Christianity, and on the 17th of March, 1865, as will be seen, it was proved that the Christian Faith had been preserved "unshaken" for nearly three hundred years.

St. Francis' brethren in religion successfully carried on the mission he had so auspiciously begun in Japan. Within the space of twenty or thirty years, the little flock which he had left behind numbered already 200,000 converts; and after another twenty years we find that the number had increased to 600,000. No doubt this marvellous success was partly due to the religious toleration which was so nobly granted by Nobunaga, the celebrated minister, or rather the then virtual ruler of Japan (1573–82). Pope Gregory XIII. sent Father Alessandro Valignani, S.J., to the Japanese court to convey his congratulations and gifts to some converted Japanese princes who, in their turn, dispatched a solemn embassy to Rome in 1582.

But as it often happens that on a bright summer's day a dark cloud appears, and the furies of the elements are let loose to destroy the ripening harvests, so it happened in the Church of Japan, which had been flourishing in peace and in the sunshine of divine

grace. Suddenly the storm of persecution broke out, threatening the utter ruin of the work of St. Francis and his successors,—a persecution, however, which in the Divine Providence was calculated only to let the glory of that Church and the heroic character of her neophytes shine forth in brightest colors.

In 1587 the famous Taiko-Sama, or Hideyoshi, one of the greatest rulers Japan has ever known, published the first antichristian edict. His hatred of Christianity was especially roused by the firmness and constancy of certain Christian maidens, who refused to yield to his lustful passions and preferred death to sin. He ordered all foreign religious teachers to quit Japan within twenty days, under pain of death. Some went into exile, others remained where they were and continued their apostolic work. In a short time 60,000 converts were added to the flock. Taiko-Sama hereupon issued a second decree, ordering the penalty of death against all Christian preachers; and the first fruits of this persecution were the glorious band of the twenty-six Japanese martyrs who were crucified at Nagasaki on February 5, 1597.

The blood of martyrs, however, as Tertullian said, is the seed of Christians. In a short space of time as many as 1,800,000 converts had gathered under the banner of the Cross, ready to shed their blood, if necessary, for their heavenly Lord and King. The crown of martyrdom was to come soon. In 1614 Yeyasu, successor of Taiko-Sama, published the most bloody decrees to efface the very name of Christianity from Japan; and, sad to say, he was supported therein by some English and Dutch Protestants. All members of religious Orders were to be expelled, all the Christian churches to be destroyed; all Japanese converts were to be compelled to renounce their Faith, and a special department, the *Kirishitan Bugyo*, was instituted for the purpose of searching out Christians and forcing them to apostatize.

The persecution raged without interruption from 1614 to 1640; but the courage and constancy of the sufferers surpassed the cruelty and brutality of the persecutors. "Since the Apostolic times no grander spectacle had been exhibited to the Christian world." During that period no fewer than a thousand missionaries—Augustinians, Dominicans, Franciscans and Jesuits,—and over 200,000 native Christians, shed their blood for the Faith; not to count thousands and tens of thousands that perished through hunger and cold, or suffered an unbloody martyrdom in the hiding-places and the dungeons of the Empire. And when, in 1638, no fewer than 40,000 Christians, who had sought shelter in the fortress of Shimbara, were cruelly massacred, with the help of Dutch Calvinists, under their commander Koeckebacker, it seemed as if death had spread the pall over the lifeless body of a once flourishing Church. In order that no missionary should dare to re-enter the Land of the Rising Sun, placards, which were to be seen for more than two hundred years, were posted up, with this inscription: "So long as the sun shall warm the earth, let no Christian be so bold as to come to Japan; and let all know that the King of Spain himself, or the Christians' God, or the Great God of all, if he violate this commandment, shall pay for it with his head."

Divine Providence watches over the destinies of nations as well as individuals, and the blood of so many martyrs was not destined to be shed in vain, though two hundred years passed by before the dawn of the Second Spring was to break through the darkness.

It was in the year 1831 that some twenty Japanese sailors suffered shipwreck on the shores of the Philippines, where they were kindly received by the

Spaniards. Their wearing Christian medals, which they reverenced with great veneration, caused much surprise and astonishment. On inquiry, it was learned that the sailors had received them from their ancestors who died for their Faith, that they were descendants of the ancient Christians of Japan, and that they were all instructed and baptized in our holy religion.

In the following year, 1832, Pope Gregory XVI. resolved to reconquer the apparently lost heritage of St. Francis Xavier, and entrusted the blood-stained field to the Society of Foreign Missions of Paris. A few Korean catechists were followed by some priests, among whom was Father Forcade. The priests were allowed to land and to remain, but were strictly forbidden to do anything in favor of Christianity, till, by political pressure and commercial treaties with America, Russia, England, Holland and France, religious liberty was at last granted to foreigners, but not yet to natives.

It was on Whit-Sunday, 1862, that Pope Pius IX., surrounded by three hundred bishops from all parts of the world, solemnly canonized the twenty-six protomartyrs of Japan, who in 1597 had won their crown in Nagasaki, and whose feast, by special permission of Urban VIII., had been celebrated by the Franciscans and Jesuits since 1627. In honor of these saints, Father Bernard Petitjean built on the scene of their martyrdom a fine church, which was opened on February 19, 1865.

The name of Father Petitjean will be forever associated with the history of the Japanese Church. He was her second founder, her first vicar-apostolic; the privileged person to take over the heritage of St. Francis Xavier, to open the Second Spring of Christianity in Japan, and to verify the prophetic words of her first apostle—that Japan 'will preserve unshaken the holiness of Christian life.' Let this illustrious missionary tell us in his own words the marvellous episode which is known as "The Finding of the Christians":

"Hardly a month had elapsed since the blessing of the church at Nagasaki, when on March 17, 1865, about half-past twelve o'clock, some fifteen persons were seen standing at the church door. Urged no doubt by my Angel Guardian, I went up and opened the door. I had scarce time to say a *Pater* when three women, between fifty and sixty years of age, knelt down beside me and said in a low voice, placing their hand upon their heart: 'The hearts of all of us here do not differ from yours.'—'Indeed!' I exclaimed. 'Whence do you come?' They mentioned their village, adding: 'At home everybody is the same as we are.'

"Blessed be Thou, O my God, for all the happiness which filled my heart! What a compensation for five years of barren ministry! Hardly had the poor Japanese discovered themselves to me and opened their hearts than they displayed an amount of trustfulness and confidence, which contrasts strangely with the behavior of their pagan brethren. I was obliged to answer all their questions and to speak to them of *O Deous Sama*, *O Yaso Sama*, and *Santa Maria Sama*, by which names they designate God, our Lord Jesus Christ, and the Blessed Virgin.

"The sight of the statue of Our Lady with the Infant Jesus reminded them of the festival of Christmas, which they celebrated in the eleventh month, they told me. (According to the old Japanese calendar, the year began with our February.) They asked me if we were not at the seventeenth day of the 'Time of Sadness,' or mournful season (Lent). Nor was St. Joseph unknown to them; they call him 'the adoptive father of Our Lord,'—*O Yaso Samana yo fu*.

"Whilst questions were asked on all sides, the sound of approaching footsteps was heard, and immediately all

dispersed. But as soon as the newcomers were recognized, all returned, laughing at their fright. 'They are people of our village,' they said; 'they have the same hearts as we have; they are of the same mind as ourselves.' We were obliged to separate soon for fear of awakening the suspicions of the officials, whose visit I feared.

"On Maundy Thursday and Good Friday (April 13 and 14) 1500 people visited the church of Nagasaki. The presbytery was literally invaded; the faithful took the opportunity to satisfy their devotion before the crucifixes and statues of the Blessed Virgin. In the early days of May we learned of the existence of 2500 Christians scattered in the neighborhood of Nagasaki.

"On May 15 deputies arrived from an island not very far off. After a short interview, we sent them away, detaining only the catechist and the leader of the pilgrimage. The catechist, whose name was Peter, gave us the most valuable information. In the first place, we may remark that his formula for baptism does not differ at all from ours, and that he pronounces it very distinctly. There are still, he assured us, a great number of Christians in Japan. He indicated in particular one district, in which are grouped together more than a thousand families. He then asked us about the 'Great Chief of the Kingdom of Rome.' When I replied that the august Vicar of Jesus Christ, the saintly Pope Pius IX., would be very happy to learn the consoling news that he and his Christian countrymen had just given us, Peter's delight was unbounded. Before leaving, he wished to make quite sure that we were the true successors of the ancient missionaries.

"'Have you no children?' he asked timidly.

"'You and all your brethren in Japan, Christian and pagan, are the children God has given us. Other children we can not have: the priests, like your ancient missionaries, are obliged to remain unmarried all their lives.'

"At this information Peter and the others bent their heads down to the ground and cried: 'They are celibates, they are virgins, thank God!'"

Day by day new delegates arrived from outlying districts, and by June 8 Father Petitjean had learned of the existence of twenty-five "Christianities"; and seven Baptizers, or catechists, were put into direct relation with him, who in a short time had thus become the spiritual father of from 6000 to 8000 Japanese native Christians. In graceful recognition of the part played by Father Petitjean in this resurrection of the Japanese Church, Pope Pius IX. appointed him in 1866 Bishop of Myrophitus and Vicar-Apostolic of Japan; and furthermore decreed that "the almost miraculous event of March 17, 1865, should be celebrated forever in Japan as a feast, with the rank of a greater double, under the title "The Finding of the Christians."

Thus, in spite of the absence of all exterior help, without any sacraments except baptism, by the action of God in the first place, and in the next by the faithful transmission in families of the teaching and example of the Japanese Christians and martyrs of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the sacred fire of the True Faith had been preserved in a country tyrannized over by a government the most despotic and the most hostile to the Christian religion. The prophetic words of St. Francis were fulfilled; new Catholic life pervades the island-empire of the Mikado. Thirty-five years ago, in 1870, Japan had one vicar-apostolic, 13 missionaries, 4 churches, and 10,000 Christians; but in 1903 we find one archbishop, 4 bishops, 121 European and 31 native priests, 81 members of male and 325 of female religious societies, 268 catechists, and 58,080 Catholics, with 165 churches and chapels.

LIBRARY

Young Mr. Bretherton.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XI.—Changes and an Accident.

MISS TABITHA was so alarmed by the threats of Eben Knox, and was, moreover, so fully convinced by past experience of the futility of allowing any intimacy to spring up between Leonora and the young men from the Manor, that she adopted a regular series of tactics which had for their ultimate object the discouragement of all such intimacy. She led Leonora forth upon a round of visits, which included even the most uncongenial of the town neighbors and the most unresponsive of the Thorneycroft gentilities. This resulted in more than one disappointment to Bretherton and his friend, who called at the Cottage, only to be met by the smirking countenance of Mary Jane, and the information that Miss Tabitha and her niece were out. While in the house, the old lady kept her so constantly employed that Leonora scarcely ever found leisure for those strolls in which she delighted, and in the course of which, as her aunt apprehended, she might meet one or both of the young men.

Leonora, with growing wonder and disgust, found herself frequently confronted by Eben Knox, during long evenings, on the porch or in the sitting-room. On these occasions he sat and sat, saying little, but now and again throwing into the conversation extravagant compliments which enraged the girl beyond measure. It was only in deference to her aunt's positive instructions that she refrained from offending him outright. She was constantly planning in her own mind some audacious piece of rudeness by which she should get rid of him and his unwelcome attentions forever.

Superb boxes of flowers, too, began to arrive—the rarest exotics, indifferently from Boston and New York,—varied by bonbonnières of the finest sweets, with enigmatical messages of admiration. Leonora could never be induced to touch the confectionery, much of which was bestowed on Mary Jane; and she left the fair flowers neglected in their cardboard receptacles, till her aunt drew them forth and with unskilful fingers arranged them in the bowls or vases. In fact, Miss Tabitha's attitude, most of all, puzzled her niece. She clearly perceived the positive terror with which the old lady regarded her demeanor toward the manager, and the tremulous nervousness of Miss Tabitha's own manner during each of his oft-repeated visits.

Moreover, to Leonora's intense annoyance, the affair began to be talked of outside. Mary Jane, at first, confided to Dave Morse that she guessed 'his boss was comin' around there to see Miss Leonora.' At which information Dave looked rather solemn and shook his head disapprovingly, but could not be induced to say a single word. Jesse Craft had likewise observed the frequent comings and goings of the manager, and confided to himself that he would 'a heap sooner see Leonora Chandler thrown into the mill-pond with a stone about her neck than married to that carrion crow.'

The matter, indeed, made a tremendous stir in Millbrook. If some one from the dead had suddenly come back to life again, there could scarcely have been greater amazement than to see Eben Knox emerging from his hermit-like solitude and attempting to walk in the ways of ordinary men. The dénouement was awaited with impatience. Public sentiment was extremely wroth with Miss Tabitha for permitting such a personage to have the entry of her house, and Leonora was pitied as the victim of an old woman's avarice.

It was generally supposed that the spinster was willing to sell her niece for the filthy lucre which the unpopular manager was known to have accumulated.

Meanwhile young Mr. Bretherton and Lord Aylward went off to visit friends at Newport. The former had been considerably mystified by the conduct of Miss Tabitha toward himself and his friend; and, being keen-sighted, had finally reached the conclusion that the mistress of Rose Cottage was deliberately putting barriers in the way of their association with her niece. He could not guess the remorseful regret with which Miss Tabitha departed from her traditional standpoint that 'a Bretherton was always welcome at Rose Cottage.' The young man was half amused, half annoyed at her attitude, but forgot all about it in the excitement of those rushing weeks in the Brighton of America.

They arrived at Newport when the season was at its height, and it soon became a standing joke between the young men how many dinners they could eat and how many social functions they could attend in the limited space of a fortnight. The two commanded instant and favorable attention everywhere. Young Mr. Bretherton had sufficient personal attractions to make him noticeable in any gathering; while Lord Aylward, plain to ugliness, and, in his outdoor costumes, almost grotesque, appeared to the best advantage in his evening clothes, and, for all his simplicity of manner, had the air of being accustomed to immediate recognition.

It was soon bruited about, too, that the heir to a fine property in England, a future marquis, was in town with his kinsman, Mr. James Cortlandt Bretherton, who was himself a considerable personality even in that society of millionaires. Those who saw the two for the first time invariably designated Jim Bretherton the future marquis; and this, again, gave rise to a variety of jokes between the two young men.

"You see, Bob, it's my aquiline nose that does it," Jim Bretherton used to say. "Your snub isn't in it. Who ever saw the heir to a broad estate with a snub-nose? And you haven't got any swagger, old fellow! Why, young Pitman, whose father sold rags, holds his head twice as high!"

"Pitman's a good fellow!" answered Lord Aylward.

"To be sure he is,—a first-rate fellow; and if I refer to his father's calling, it is merely to point a moral and adorn a tale."

They met so many pretty girls that Lord Aylward especially was fairly overwhelmed with the variety of their attractions.

"Never met so many stunning women in my life, Jim!" he declared. "Your Americans take the cake, every time."

"You're falling into slang, my poor friend," observed Bretherton. "But I don't wonder that ordinary speech fails you. My own powers are pretty well exhausted trying to find adjectives. Adjectives are a nuisance, though convenient."

"Adjectives be hanged, and you, too, Jimmy!" cried Lord Aylward, who was struggling with a refractory necktie, preparatory to a cotillion.

"I wonder what my father ever did without slang?" continued Bretherton. "I never heard him utter a word of it. I suppose he must have sown such a plentiful crop in his youth that he had none left to meet the demands of later life."

Then, as Lord Aylward still struggled with his collar, Bretherton remarked, by a sudden change of subject:

"You're an infernally bad dancer, Bob! It's a positive shame to see a pretty girl in the grip of such a monster as you appear upon the floor.

They sacrifice themselves, one and all, heroically to the title."

"I know one who would not," grunted Lord Aylward, his face purple from the struggle. "But, then, you see, she was brought up, like myself, in the country."

"Who's that?" inquired Bretherton.

"Why, Miss Chandler, to be sure. She would be perfectly certain to refuse me for a partner."

"Level-headed as ever! She's a very rock of sense," exclaimed Bretherton. "But I like your assurance in calling a flourishing New England town the country. By the way, I hope you don't forget that we are booked to return to Millbrook to-morrow?"

When the two found themselves on the train, after the breathless whirl of those days in the city by the sea, Jim Bretherton at least was conscious of an acute sense of gladness and relief. He could hardly have explained his feeling of exhilaration at the prospect of seeing once more the familiar scenes and places. The Manor, where his father and mother no doubt occupied their wonted corner upon the veranda or in the cheerful morning-room, with its westerly lights; the town, with its commonplace details and its mostly prosaic people,—all had acquired a new interest and value in his eyes; and he fairly longed for a sight of Rose Cottage and for another of those evenings beside the blazing hearth.

It was, perhaps, the more remarkable that he had lately found his importance everywhere recognized. Young Mr. Bretherton of the Manor, connected, according to the genealogists, with half the families of distinction in his own and the adjoining States, and the heir, moreover, to an extensive property and accumulated wealth, had been everywhere received with effusion. In his careless boyhood, in his youth, spent chiefly in the essentially democratic atmosphere of school, he had given but little attention to the matter, and had been, rather, upon his metal to win personal distinction or to uphold the honor of his country.

But those honors which were his by right he had never taken seriously. At Newport, therefore, he had been half amused to find himself of very real importance, and had enjoyed his two weeks there with the keen relish of his age. Now, however, Jim Bretherton was conscious of a more eager throb of interest at the thought of a little spot of earth where abode a young person who had, somehow, seemed to set his importance at naught. He vividly recalled a face pale in the moonlight, eyes that alternated between a quick, flashing humor and an indescribable sadness; a graceful figure, clad in a costume which befitted it as gossamer befits a butterfly, or the seven colors the rainbow.

Jim Bretherton had never been impressionable; indeed, in the university days he had been proverbially indifferent to feminine attractions. Yet a pair of eyes, remote while compelling—the eyes of Miss Tabitha's niece,—now haunted him, in conjunction with a smile, impersonal but indescribably winning,—the smile with which Leonora Chandler greeted her friends.

Young Mr. Bretherton had been very much occupied with this subject during the last hours of the homeward journey, up to the time when the train, with a whistle and a jerk, came to a stop. There was the station, in which a score of familiar figures were lounging about, and, amongst a few private equipages, Joe Henderson's bus awaiting its quota of passengers.

The young man felt a quite remarkable friendliness toward all these Millbrook people, and exchanged the most genial of nods and smiles with those who chanced to catch his eye. He rather wondered what Lord Aylward thought about it all; but he had no

means of knowing, as his friend was usually wrapped in a veil of reticence as impenetrable as the fog of his native London.

That stalwart young sprig of nobility alighted from the train with his usual stolidity of countenance, and strode in and out of the luggage upon the platform, with a monocle in his eye and his umbrella firmly grasped under his arm. Bretherton reflected with some irritation that it would be about as feasible to guess whether or not a cocoanut was good from the appearance of its outer shell as to divine Lord Aylward's thoughts.

Nort Jenkins was in waiting with a light trap, into which climbed the two young men. When they had got well started upon their journey, young Mr. Bretherton inquired, genially:

"Well, Nort, is there any news?"

"None as I knows," responded Nort, who was notoriously uncommunicative; but when they had driven somewhat farther, and the early darkness of the late November was beginning to blur the landscape, the youth began again, of his own accord:

"I heerd tell that the young lady was gone away."

"What young lady?" asked Bretherton hastily,—though he knew, and Lord Aylward, who was not half so quick, knew, that the young lady referred to was Leonora Chandler.

"Why, the young lady down to the Cottage," answered Nort.

"Ah!" ejaculated Bretherton, becoming suddenly conscious of the growing darkness and the chill which had crept into the atmosphere. "Where is she gone?"

"I heerd some folks talkin' about a weddin'. But I don't know whether she's married or just gone away to get her fixin's. The boss down to the mill, Mr. Knox, he's been goin' around there some, and I guess maybe she's made up her mind to take him."

Neither of the two men, who sat together, looked at each other; curiously enough, each wondered what the other thought of these singular tidings, which were, indeed, incredible.

"There's no accountin' for women's tastes," said Nort. "I shouldn't think as how they'd particularly cotton to Mr. Knox. But, then, he's got a heap of money."

No comment was made by either of the gentlemen. Nort having relapsed into uncommunicative silence, Bretherton presently offered his companion a cigar, which was accepted with a laconic:

"Thanks, old fellow!"

Both had been brought up in a school which aims at controlling the feelings, and causes the severest blows to be received, outwardly at least, with philosophic calm. Bretherton cut the end off another cigar, and the friends were presently puffing away in silence, leaving a thin, blue trail of smoke after them as the trap rolled on its way to the iron gates of the Manor.

Suddenly there was a rude jolt, and, for some inexplainable reason, the horses took fright and tore along the road at a pace that defied all efforts on the part of Nort Jenkins. Then there was a cry; for in the very centre of the path, but a few yards ahead, stood a woman and a child, apparently bewildered. Jim Bretherton cast a swift glance in their direction and braced his nerves for action; while Lord Aylward and Nort Jenkins simultaneously yelled to the woman to get out of the way. Their cries seemed only to terrify her the more; her destruction and that of the child seemed inevitable.

Bretherton put one foot upon the side of the carriage, and by a desperate venture, likely enough to end in his own undoing, jumped to the ground. He was thrown violently to the earth; but sprang up again, and rushed to the head of the maddened horses, at

the same time flinging out one arm and hurling the woman aside. He seized the reins, though the horses plunged wildly on, over the very spot where the woman and child had been but a moment before; and the animals dragged young Mr. Bretherton with them. The road was very narrow just there, bordered on either side by a steep embankment. The wheel actually grazed the skirts of the woman who clung desperately to a tree, clutching the child with the other arm, and in imminent peril of rolling down the embankment.

Meanwhile Lord Aylward, flattening himself out upon the dashboard, strove to lend what assistance he could to his friend, whom he expected every moment to see trampled under the horses' hoofs. The animals were finally brought to a standstill, trembling violently. Nort Jenkins, who seemed suddenly recovering from a stupor, and conscience-stricken at an accident for which he felt himself, at least, partially responsible, descended likewise to the ground. He began to soothe the affrighted beasts, while he addressed to them the most opprobrious epithets.

(To be continued.)

The Cross and Shamrock.

BY THE REV. A. B. O'NEILL, C. S. C.

A MYSTIC marriage of the long ago—
Pure Christian faith to love of Ireland dear—
We laud with grateful hearts from year to year
In every clime; for each hath cause to know
And bless that union whence, with ceaseless flow,
Come inspiration and ideals clear,
High thoughts, and hopes that otherwhere than here
See life's true purpose to its fulness grow.

O Vow of Erin, pledged on Tara's hill,
And kept through centuries of stress and pain,
Well may thy memory our being thrill;
For who shall measure Mother Church's gain,
Or who compute to Satan's cause the loss,
When Patrick wed the Shamrock to the Cross!

Some Aspects of Mediæval Guild-Life.

BY THE RT. REV. F. AIDAN GASQUET, O.S.B., D.D.

(CONCLUSION.)

HAVING spoken of the sources of income, which were practically the same in all Guilds, something must now be said as to the expenditure over and above the purposes for which the Guilds existed. I can hardly do better than illustrate this from the accounts of the fraternity of Tailors of Winchester, the existence of which I know from Mr. Francis Joseph Baigent, who, with his usual generosity, allowed me to examine and take my notes from the copies which he has among his great collection of materials for the history of Hampshire. In the first place, as in almost every similar society, provision was made for the funerals of members and for the usual daily Mass for thirty days after the death of the deceased members. The sum set down is 2s. 6d. for each trental of thirty Masses. Then we find mention of alms to the poor and sick; thus in 1403 the sum of thirty-six shillings (about one-tenth of the annual revenue) was spent upon this object. This of course was charity of a general kind, and wholly unconnected with the assistance given to necessitous members of the Guild.

One example of this latter—or, as I might call it, ordinary expense of the society—is worth recording. In 1411 and subsequent years an annual payment of 13s. 4d. is entered on the accounts as made to one Thomas Deverose, a tailor, and apparently a member of the fraternity. The history of this man's poverty is curious. When Bishop William of Wykeham, desiring to build Winchester College, purchased certain lands for the purpose, amongst the rest was a field which a tailor of Winchester (this same Thomas Deverose) subsequently claimed, and,

to make good his contention, brought a suit of ejectment against the Bishop. The case was tried in the King's Bench, and the tailor not only lost, but was cast in costs and so ruined. With some writers William of Wykeham's good name has been allowed to suffer most unjustly for his share in the misfortunes of the unlucky tailor; for the Bishop not only undertook to pay the costs himself, but agreed that the college should make the unfortunate claimant a yearly allowance to assist him in his poverty. The Tailors' Guild, as I have said, secured to him a pension of 13s. 4d.

One expense, very common in these Mediæval Guilds, was the preparation for taking a fitting part in the great annual religious pageant or procession on Corpus Christi Day. In the case of this Tailors' Guild at Winchester, we find sums of money charged for making wax torches and ornamenting them with flowers in red and blue wax, and with card shields and parchment streamers, or "pencils" as they are called. The members of the Guild apparently carried small tapers; but the four great torches were borne by hired men, who received a shilling each for their trouble. Among the documents in the municipal archives of Winchester there exists an order of the mayor and corporation as to the disposition of this solemn procession in 1435. It runs thus:

"At a convocation holden in the city of Winchester the Friday next after the Feast of Corpus Christi in the 13th year of the reign of King Harry the Sixth, after the Conquest, it was ordained by Richard Salter, mayor of the city of Winchester, John Symer and Harry Putt, bailiffs of the city aforesaid, and also by all the citizens and commonalty of the same city: It is accorded of a certain general procession on the Feast of Corpus Christi, of divers artificers and crafts within the said city: that is to say the carpenters and felters shall go together first; smiths and barbers, second; cooks and butchers, third; shoemakers, with two lights, fourth; tanners and tapeners, fifth; plumers and silkmen, sixth; fishers and farriers, seventh; tareners, eighth; weavers, with two lights, ninth; fullers, with two lights, tenth; dyers, with two lights, eleventh; chaundlers and brewers, twelfth; mercers, with two lights, thirteenth; the wives with one light and John Blake with another light, fourteenth; and all these lights shall be borne orderly before the said procession before the priest of the city. And the four lights of the Brethren of St. John's shall be borne about the Body of our Lord Jesus Christ, the same day in the procession aforesaid."

The Brethren of St. John's, just named as the chief object of their association, kept a hospital for the poor and sick in the city. They paid a chaplain of their own, as indeed did most of the Guilds, and had a master and matron to look after the comfort of the poor. They provided bed and bedding, and carefully administered not only their own subscriptions but the sums of money freely bequeathed to them for their charity. At every market held within the precincts of Winchester an officer, paid by the society, attended and claimed for the support of the poor a tax of two handfuls of corn from every sack exposed for sale. The mayor and bailiffs were apparently the official custodians of this Guild, and numerous legacies in wills, even in the reign of Henry VIII., attest its popularity. For example, on February 19, 1503, John Cornishe *alias* Putte, late Mayor of Winchester, died and left to the guardians his tenements and gardens under the penthouse in the city for the charity, on condition that for ten years they would spend 6s. 8d. in keeping his annual obit. In 1520 a draper of London, named Calley, bequeathed ten

shillings to the hospital for the annual repairing and improving the bedding of the poor.

I have before me copies of the accounts of this Fraternity of St. John's Hospital for a considerable period in the fourteenth century. They show very large receipts, sometimes amounting to over a hundred pounds, from lands, shops, houses, and sale of cattle and farm produce, over and above the annual subscriptions of members. On the other side, week by week we have the payments for food provided for the service of the poor; fish, flesh, beer and bread are the chief items. One year I notice that the bread bought for the sick amounted to 36s. 6d.; beer, to 36s. 8d.; meat, to 32s. 2d.; fish, to 28s. 3½d. Besides this, seven shillings was expended in mustard, and 3s. 6d. for six gallons of oil. This same year the guardians also paid 2s. 2d. for the clothes and shoes of a young woman named Sibil "who nursed the poor in the hospital." These items represent only the actual money expended for the sick patients, and I could add from the same source most minute and curious information as to the other expenses of the house; including, for instance, the purchase of graveclothes and coffins for the dead poor, the wages and clothing of the matron and servant, and the payment of the officer who collected the handfuls of corn in the market-place. At times we have evidence of the arrival and care of strange poor people—we should perhaps call them "tramps" in our day. For instance, here is one heading: "The expenses of three poor strangers in the hospital for twenty-one days and nights, 15¾d.; to each of whom is given ¾d. Item: the expenses of one other for five days, 3¾d. Item: the expenses of the burial of the said sick person, 3d. Item: the expenses of four pilgrims lodged for a night, 2d. Item: new straw to stuff the beds of the sick, 8d. Item: paid to the laundress for washing the clothes of the sick during one year, 12d."

To speak of Guilds without making any mention of the feasts—the social meetings—which are invariably associated with such societies, would be impossible. The great banquets of the city companies are proverbial; and, in origin at least, these arose out of the Guild meeting for the election of officers, followed by the Guild feast. As a rule, they took place on the day on which the Church celebrated the memory of the saint who had been chosen as patron of the society, and were probably much like the club dinners which are still cherished features of village life in so many parts of England. Here is the bill for the annual feast in the Guild of Tailors of Winchester in 1411. The association was under the patronage of St. John the Baptist, and they kept their feast on the day of the Decollation of the Saint, August 29. In this year 1411, the 29th of August fell upon a Saturday, which in mediæval times, as all know, was a day of abstinence from flesh meat. It is to be noticed consequently that provision is made for a fish dinner: "6 bushells of wheat at 8½d. the bushell; for grinding of the same, 3d.; for baking the same, 6d.; ready-made bread purchased, 12d.; beer, 7s. 1d.; salt fish bought of Walter Oakfield, 6s. 8d.; mullet, bass, ray and fresh conger bought of the same Walter, 6s. 8d.; fresh salmon of the same, 8s.; eels, 10½d.; fresh fish bought of John Wheller, 'fisher,' 2s.; ditto of Adam Frost, 9s.; ditto bought of a stranger, 2s. 8d.; beans purchased, 9d.; divers spices—*i. e.*, saffron, cinnamon, sanders, 12½d.; salt, 2d.; mustard, 2½d.; vinegar, 1d.; tallow, 2d.; wood, 18d.; coals, 3½d.; paid to Philip the cook, 2s.; to four laborers, 2s. 6d.; to three minstrels, 3s. 4d.; for rushes to strew the hall, 4d.; three gallons and one pint of wine, 19d.;

cheese, 8d." Making in all a total of £3 4s. 3½d. This, no doubt, represented a large sum in those days; but it is as well to remember that at this time the Guild consisted of one hundred and seventy men and women, and the cost of the feast was not one-sixth part of the annual income.

I have said that many Guilds were frequently named in mediæval wills as trustees of money for various charitable purposes. Mr. Thorold Rogers says: "The ancient tenements which are still the property of the London Companies were originally burdened with Masses for donors. In the country the parochial clergy undertook the services of these chantries, which were arranged along the side walls of the aisles of churches; and the establishment of a Mass or chantry priest, at a fixed stipend in a church with which he had no other relation, was a common form of endowment. The residue, if any, of the revenue derivable from these tenements was made the common property of the Guild; and, as the continuity of the service was the great object of its establishment, the donor, like the modern trustee of a life income, took care that there should be a surplus from the foundation. The land or house was let, and the Guild consented to find the ministration which formed the motive of the grant." This is very true, but I question whether Mr. Thorold Rogers appreciated the extent to which these chantry funds were intended to be devoted to purposes other than the performance of the specified religious services. Certainly writers generally have treated the question of the chantries as if they had no object but the keeping of obits or anniversary services for the original founder and his kin. To show what really was the case, I will take a couple of instances in Hampshire.

In connection with the parish church of Alton in the sixteenth century there were six obits or chantries. The following, which I take from the Chantry Certificates made by the King's commissioners in the first year of the reign of Edward VI., is the account of these: "(1) Issues of land for an obit for John Pigott; growing and coming out of certain houses and lands in Alton, for to maintain forever a yearly obit there, in the tenure of Thomas Mathew, of the yearly value of 23s. 4d. Whereof to the poor, 15s. 4d.; to the priest and his clerk, 8s. (2) The same for an obit for William Reding of the annual value of 15s., of which the poor were to have 10s. and the priest and his clerk 5s. (3) The same for Alice Hacker of the yearly value of 10s., of which the poor were to get 7s. 8d. and the priest 2s. 4d. (4) Another of the value of 4s., the poor getting 2s. 10d. and the priest 1s. 2d. (5) Another for the soul of Nicholas Bailey, worth annually 11s., and of this 7s. 8d. was intended for the poor and 3s. 4d. for the clergy. (6) Another for Nicholas Crushelow worth 4s. 4d., the poor getting 3s. 1d. and the priest 1s. 3d." That is to say, out of a total of 77s. 8d., the poor were to get 46s. 7d., and only 31s. 1d. was devoted to the ecclesiastical services connected with the obits at Alton. Or, if we take the value of money in those days as being only twelve times that of our present money, out of a total of £36 12s. some £27 19s. went to support the poor.

As a second example of property left in trust to a Guild, I will take the Candlemas Guild, established at Bury St. Edmunds. The statutes, as they are found in the old Register now in the British Museum, are very full and interesting, and I regret that I must pass them over. The society was established in the year 1471, and a few years later one of the members made over to the brethren considerable property for the common purposes of the Guild and other specified objects.

His name was John Smith, a merchant of Bury; and he died, we are told, on "St. Peter's even at Midsummer, 1481." His will, which is witnessed by the Abbot and Prior of St. Edmund's Abbey, provides for the keeping of an obit "devoutly." The residue of the income was to be kept till the appointment of every new abbot, when on the election the sum was to be paid over to the elect, in place of the sum of money the town was bound to pay on such an occasion. Whatever was over beyond this was to be devoted to the payments of any 10th, 15th, or other tax imposed upon the citizens by royal authority. This revenue was to be administered by the guardians of the Guild, who were bound at the yearly meeting at Candlemas to render an account of their stewardship. Year by year John Smith's will was read out at the meeting, and proclamation was made before the anniversary of his death in the following manner: "Let us all of charity pray for the soul of John. We put you in remembrance that you shall not miss the keeping of his dirge and also of his Mass." Round the town went the crier also with the lines:

We put you in remembrance all that the oath have made,
To come to the Mass and the dirge the souls for to glade;*
All the inhabitants of this towne are bound to do the same,
To pray for the souls of John and Anne, else they be to blame;
The which John afore-rehearsed to this town hath been full kind,
Three hundred marks for this town hath paid, no penny unpaid behind.
Now we have informed you of John Smith's will in writing as it is,
And for the great gifts that he hath given, God bring his soul to bliss. Amen.

The example set by this donor to the Candlemas Guild at Bury was followed by many others in the latter part of the fifteenth century. For instance, a "gentlewoman," as she calls herself, Margaret Odom, after providing by will for the usual obit, and for a lamp to burn before "the holie sacrament in St. James' Church," desires that the brethren of the Guild shall devote the residue of the income arising from certain houses and lands she has conveyed to their keeping, to paying a priest to "say Mass in the chapel of the gaol before the prisoners there, and giving them holy water and holy bread on all Sundays, and to give to the prisoners of the long ward of the said gaol every week seven fagots of wood from Hallowmass [November 1] to Easter Day."

Intimately connected with the subject of the Guilds is that of the fairs, which formed so great a feature in mediæval commercial life, and at which the craft Guilds were represented. For the south of England, the great fair held annually at Winchester became the centre of our national commerce with France. I take the following account of it from Mr. W. I. Ashley's most interesting "Introduction to English Economic History": "A fair for three days, on the eastern hill outside Winchester, was granted to the bishop by William II.; his immediate successors granted extension of time, until by a charter of Henry II. it was fixed at sixteen days—from August 31 to September 15. On the morning of August 31 'the justiciars of the pavilion of the bishop' proclaimed the fair on the hilltop, then rode on horseback through the city proclaiming the opening of the fair. The keys of the city and the weighing machine in the wool market were taken possession of, and a special mayor and special bailiffs were appointed to supersede the city officials during the fair time. The hilltop was quickly covered with streets of wooden shops: in one, the merchants from Flanders; in another, those of Caen or some other Norman town; in another,

* Gladden.

the merchants from Bristol. Here were placed the goldsmiths in a row, and there the drapers, etc.; whilst around the whole was a wooden palisade with guarded entrance,—a precaution which did not always prevent enterprising adventurers from escaping payment of the toll by digging a way in for themselves under the wall....In Winchester all trade was compulsorily suspended, and within 'a seven league circuit'; guards being stationed at outlying posts, on bridges and other places of passage, to see that the monopoly was not infringed. At Southampton nothing was to be sold during the fair time but victuals, and even the very craftsmen of Winchester were bound to transfer themselves to the hill and there carry on their occupations during the fair. There was a graduated scale of tolls and duties: all merchants of London, Winchester or Wallingford who entered during the first week were free from entrance tolls....In every fair there was a 'court of pie-powder' (of dusty feet), in which were decided by merchant law all cases of dispute that might arise, the ordinary jurisdiction being for a time suspended in the town; at Winchester this was called the Pavilion Court. Hither the bishop's servants brought all the weights and measures to be tested; here the justices determined on an assize, or fixed scale, for bread, wine, beer and other victuals, adjudging to the pillory any baker whose bread was found to be of defective weight; and here everyday disputes between merchants as to debts were decided by juries upon production and comparison of the notched wooden tallies."

I can not close these somewhat miscellaneous notes upon the Mediæval Guilds of England without adding something about their final destruction. At the close of the reign of Henry VIII. an act of Parliament was passed vesting the property of colleges, chantries, fraternities, brotherhoods and guilds, in the Crown. (37 Hen. VIII., cap. 4.) The King was empowered to send out his commissioners to take possession of all such property, on the plea that it might be "used and exercised to more godly and virtuous purposes." Henry died before the provisions of the act could be complied with, and a second act was passed through the first Parliament in the reign of Edward VI. (1 Ed. VI. c. 14.) This went beyond the former decree of destruction; for, after providing for the demolition of colleges, free chapels and chantries, it proceeded not only separately by name to grant to the King all sums of money devoted "by any manner of corporations, gilds, fraternities, companies or fellowships or mysteries or crafts" to the support of a priest, obits or lights (which may be taken under color of religion), but to hand over to the Crown "all fraternities, brotherhoods and gilds, being within the realm of England and Wales and other the King's dominions, and all manors, lands, tenements and other hereditaments belonging to them, or any of them, *other* than such corporations, gilds, fraternities, etc., and the manors, lands, etc., pertaining to the said corporations above-mentioned.

The Parliament of Henry VIII. assigned as a reason for this seizure of the property of the corporate bodies the need "for the maintenance of these present wars," and cleverly put into one group "colleges, free chapels, chantries, hospitals, fraternities, brotherhoods and guilds." The act of Edward VI., writes Mr. Toulmin Smith, "was still more ingenious; for it held up the dogma of purgatory to abhorrence, and began to hint at grammar schools. The object of both acts was the same. All the possessions of all Guilds (except what could creep out as being trading Guilds, which saved the London Guilds) became vested by these two acts in the Crown; and the unprincipled courtiers,

who had devised and helped the scheme, gorged themselves out of this wholesale plunder of what was, in every sense, public property."

Upon this spoliation one or two remarks may be made. In the first place, it is clear that in seizing the property of the Guilds the Crown destroyed far more than it gained for itself. A very large proportion of the revenues of these societies was derived from the entrance fees and annual subscriptions of the existing members; and, in putting an end to the societies, the State swept away the organization by which these voluntary subscriptions were raised, and this not in one or two places but all over England. In this way far more harm was in reality done to the interests of the poor, sick and aged, and, indeed, to the body politic at large, than the mere seizure of their comparatively little capital, whether in land or money.

I do not, of course, mean that the injury to the poor and sick was not fully recognized at the time of these legal confiscations. People deeply resented the idea that what generations of benefactors had intended for the relief of distress should thus he made to pass into the pocket of some "new" man who had grown great upon the spoils. The literature of the period affords abundant evidence of the popular feeling. Crowley, for instance, wrote about 1550 (just at this very time); and although no one would look for any accurate description of facts in his rhyming satires, he may be taken as a reliable witness as to what the people were saying. This is what he says bearing on the point:

A merchant that long time
  Had been in strange lands
Returned to his country,
  Which in Europe stands;
And in his return
  His way lay to pass
By a spittle house, not far from
  Where his dwelling house was.
He looked for this hospital,
  But none could he see;
For a lordly house was built
  Where the hospital should be.
"Good lord!" said the merchant,
  "Is my country so wealthy
That the very beggars' houses
  Are built so gorgeously?"
Then by the wayside
  Him chanced to see
A poor man, that craved
  Of him for charity.
"Why," quoth the merchant,
  "What meaneth this thing?
Do ye beg by the way
  And have a house for a king?"
"Alas! sir," quoth the poor man,
  "We are all turned out,
And lie and die in corners
  Here and there about."

To pass to another point. It has been frequently asserted that, although grave injury was undoubtedly done to the poor of the land by this wholesale confiscation, it was done unwittingly by the authorities; or, at the worst, the portions of revenue derived from property which had been intended for the support of the sick, aged, etc., was so bound up with those to which religious obligations (now declared superstitious and illegal) were attached, that it was impossible to distinguish the latter from the former; and all perished together, or rather passed undistinguished into the royal pocket. Such a view is not borne out by facts; and, however much I should like to consider that this robbery of the poor and sick by the Crown was accidental and unpremeditated, I am bound most reluctantly by the evidence to hold that the pillage was fully premeditated and deliberately and consciously carried out.

I can fully understand that some may think it a good and useful thing that funds given for the support of priests to say Masses or offer prayers for the souls of the departed should have been confiscated; although I can not but think it would have been better, even admitting this, had the

money been devoted to some purpose of local utility rather than have been added to the Crown revenues or have gone to enrich some royal favorite. For example, I would, for the sake of argument, admit that the two fields at Petersfield thus taken by the royal commissioners—one called *White*-field, in the tenure of Gregory Hill, the rent of which was intended to keep a light burning in the parish church; and the other held by John Mill to support a priest, "called the Morrow Masse priest,"—were, under the circumstances, fair articles of plunder for the royal officials, when the Mass was prohibited and the doctrine symbolized by the perpetual light declared superstitious. But what about the money devoted to the poor about which I have spoken in the case of Alton,—which, by the way, is only a sample of what was very general? I could have understood the Crown taking the priest's portion, and even the little pittance intended for the clerk; but on what possible ground are we to defend the seizure of the benefactions to the poor? It was not accidental; for an examination of the original documents will show not only that the Royal Commissioners were as a rule careful, as in the case I have quoted, to distinguish between the portions intended for religious purposes and those set aside for perpetual charity to the sick and poor, but in many cases they actually proposed to the Court of Augmentation to protect the latter and preserve them for the objects of Christian charity intended by the original donors. In every such case the document reveals the fact that this suggestion in the interest of common justice was rejected by the Crown official, and a plain intimation is afforded that the Crown will take even these sums intended for the relief of poverty.

The destruction of the Guilds is, from any point of view, a sad and humiliating story; and, perhaps fortunately, history has so far permitted the thick veil of obscurity, drawn over the subject at the time, to remain practically undisturbed. A consideration of the scope and purposes of our Mediæval Guilds can not but raise our opinion of the wisdom of our forefathers who fostered their growth, and convince us that many and useful ends were served by these voluntary societies. This opinion we can all hold, wholly apart from any views we may entertain about the religious aspects of these societies generally. Socialistic they were; but their Socialism, so far from being adverse to religion, as the Socialism of to-day is generally considered to be, was transfused and directed by a spirit of deep religion carried out into the duties of life, and manifesting itself in practical charities of every kind.

In conclusion, I may perhaps be allowed to emphasize one or two points that the consideration of the working of Mediæval Guilds suggests to the mind. I would ask you to believe that I hold most firmly that the system of these voluntary societies, swept away as I have described, would be altogether impossible and out of place in this modern world of ours. They would not, and could not, meet the wants and needs of these days; and yet they are quite worth studying and thinking about, for they are suggestive and helpful to those who are interested—and who is not?—in the social problems which nowadays are thrusting themselves upon our notice and demanding a solution. The general lessons that we are taught by these voluntary associations may be summed up under one or two heads suggested by Mr. Ashley's volume already referred to: (1) It is obvious that, unlike what we find to-day in the commercial enterprises of the world, capital played but a very small part in the handicrafts of those times; skill, perseverance and connec-

tion were more important. (2) The Middle Ages had no knowledge of any class of what I may call permanent wage-laborers. There was no working-class in our modern sense; and by that I mean a class the greater portion of which never rises. In the fourteenth century a few years of steady work as a journeyman meant, in most cases, that a workman was able to set up as a master craftsman. Every hard-working apprentice expected as a matter of course to be able to set up as a master. The collisions between capital and labor, to which we are so accustomed, had no place in the Middle Ages. (3) There was no such gulf between master and man as exists in our days. The master and his journeyman worked together, side by side, in the same shop, at the same work, and the man could earn fully half as much as his master. (4) If we desire to institute a comparison between the status of the working-classes in the fourteenth century and to-day, the comparison must be between the workman we know and the old master craftsman. The shopkeeping class and the middleman were only just beginning to exist. The consumer and producer stood in close relation; and public control was exercised fully, as the craft Guilds were subject to the supervision and direction of the municipal or central authority of the cities in which they existed.

I must content myself with merely pointing out these features which will strike every inquirer into the Mediæval Guild associations. To discuss their bearing upon modern social problems would be the theme of an entire paper. One thing, however, is obvious: that among the experiences even of the Middle Ages we may find some useful lessons for dealing with the social questions which are thrusting themselves to the front at the beginning of this twentieth century.

A Parochial Magnate.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SCENES AND SKETCHES IN AN IRISH PARISH; OR, PRIEST AND PEOPLE IN DOON."

THE occasion on which I first made the acquaintance of the subject of this sketch was the funeral of Mrs. Keegan. I was then but a short time in the parish, and as yet did not know many of the parishioners. I was waiting in the "haggard" for the funeral to "gather"; and, as it was drawing near the time for "taking out the corpse," the friends and neighbors of the bereaved family crowded into the yard from all sides.

In the stream of vehicles that came down the "boreen" I noticed one that seemed to attract uncommon attention. It was an outside car, or jaunting car, of the decenter sort, driven by a tall, respectable-looking, middle-aged man, whose advent created what the newspapers would call a "mild sensation." He seemed to know and to be known by everybody. Everyone that could catch his eye saluted him,—by word, if near enough; and if not, with a head-shake. And a number went over and shook hands with him, evidently proud of the honor of being familiar friends of such a man. His dress was of the old-fashioned yet respectable style; and neither about himself nor his equipage was there any indication of the "country gentleman," as the term was generally understood in the parish. Hence I was not a little surprised at the respect and deference with which he was received by those who appeared to be his equals.

With true politeness, he proceeded at once to express his sympathy with the husband of the deceased woman, in the usual formula: "I'm sorry for your trouble, John avic." To which the latter made the oft-repeated rejoinder: "I

know you are, and I'm thankful to you; but, sure, God's will be done! She went very sudden, the creature!"

"Who is that man?" I asked of a "gossoon" who stood near me.

He looked at me in astonishment for some time, as if in pity for my ignorance, and then answered:

"Sure, isn't it John MacCoghlan from the back of the Mountain?"

"I suppose he is one of the parish wiseacres," I said, more by way of soliloquy than dialogue.

"He has a good many acres," the boy replied; "but there's a lot of it bog and bottoms, your reverence."

It was my turn to be astonished now.

Well, I had no need to pursue my inquiries further about this man of parochial fame; for, on seeing me, he came to welcome me to the parish in the friendliest manner, and with a grace and dignity, too, for which, I confess, I was quite unprepared. I soon learned, from our brief conversation, that John had been intimately acquainted with every curate who preceded me for a very long stretch backward. I readily perceived that he was one of the trusted men of the parish,—one of those experienced and "knowledgeable" men who in every Irish parish form with the clergy the parochial cabinet, or "chapel committee" (pronounced generally in Killanure with a strong accent on the final syllable).

Killanure was a poor parish,—indeed one of the poorest in the whole diocese. Especially in the mountainous portion of it, which I regarded as my spiritual bailiwick, there was an equality among the small farmers that would have delighted the heart of the Socialistic visionary; and certainly a genuine fraternity as well. But as to whether there existed the liberty which the Socialists' dream of happiness requires I know not; although my impression was that the simple mountain-folk were the happiest people I had ever known, poor though they were. At any rate, they stood on pretty much of a dead level of equality in point of social status and respectability. All the same, as happens in every community, there were certain men among them—heads of families, of course,—who were reputed by common consent to stand out as the principal parishioners; men who, in uncivilized countries, would be looked on as chiefs or headmen.

Pre-eminent among these leaders in the Mountain Parish was John MacCoghlan, who claimed to be a lineal descendant of a famous Irish chieftain of that name. Hence he was known by the sobriquet of "John the Maw," a title of which he was proud; for his ancestors, the "Maw" Coghlans of Delvin Ahra, once held princely sway over many square miles of territory, and were the owners of a dozen fortified castles, the strong, massive walls of which are standing to this day, bidding defiance to the ravages of time, and even in decay "pleading haughtily for glories gone."

Now, although only a poor struggling farmer, John MacCoghlan looked a true Irish chieftain, every inch of him. He was very tall, with a proud, commanding air and mien about him that marked him out as no common man. Withal he was by nature gentle and kind and childlike; indeed, in his capacity for awe, wonder, and credulity, he was all his life a child "of a larger growth." At the time I knew him he was something past middle-age, fresh-faced and hale in appearance; and his side whiskers were becomingly tinged with just that degree of whiteness that suggested mature wisdom and ripe experience.

I am minded to tell of a Sunday afternoon visit which, some few weeks after our meeting at the funeral, I paid to John's, at the back of the Mountain. I was anxious to see a very ancient

graveyard in that neighborhood,—a cemetery in which was a church ruin dating most probably from the ninth or tenth century. I knew that a better cicerone I could not have than John, who was well acquainted with the history of every ruin, rath, and holy well in the parish. It was the first time, too, I had been in his house; and, needless to say, I received a right royal welcome from the descendant of the princely "Maw," and his wife, and family—three girls and two boys.

Mrs. MacCoghlan was a mild and gentle little woman, without any pretensions at all to education,—a typical Irish mother, simple-minded, unobtrusive and shy, whose whole nature was full of womanly tenderness and sympathy, and whose very presence was a source of "sweetness and light." I could see that she was very proud of her husband; for while John dilated on the former glories of the "Maw" Coghlans, she listened to him with a mixture of reverence, admiration and awe. Her three comely daughters and two manly sons also regarded him with looks of pride and affection. No fear, I thought, that they would grow up in ignorance of the history and traditions of their race, with such a *senachie* for their father.

How he loved to have a good long talk with an interested listener about the saints and sages, the kings and heroes of old! He would pass from Ciaran, Colm-cille, or Brendan, to Oisin in Tir-na-n'-og, or the story of Diarmuid and Grainne, with a show of discursive learning that excited my admiration. He delighted in recalling the glories of ancient Ireland, and was fond of quoting a certain passage from the Essays of Thomas Davis, who, when exasperated by the sarcasms of an *Athenæum* reviewer, uttered the fierce taunt: "When their fathers [the Saxons] were painted savages, Tyre and Sidon traded with this land, ... and bards and harpers sang poetry as gallant and fiery as the Homeric ballad-singers, and flung off a music which Greece never rivalled."

In this strain John ran on, as we proceeded to visit the old graveyard I had come to see. The ruined Castle of Coole that lay on our way gave him an opportunity of relating many traditional stories of the last of the "Maws" who lived there,—a chieftain with whom perished the princely splendor of his long-drawn, illustrious line.

It is no unusual thing in Ireland to meet with old graveyards in the most lonely and out-of-the-way places. They are generally situated close by some monastic foundation, established in the far-distant past, when Erin was the "Island of Saints and Scholars." Their remoteness from human habitations is easily accounted for by the partiality of the early ascetics for solitude and seclusion from the haunts of men.

Such a place was the dreary-looking and neglected graveyard of Killrohan. Surely the saint who first fixed on the spot as an "altar sod" and the "place of his resurrection" knew how to select a quiet and silent corner, in which to sleep in peace throughout the ages. There before us were the ivy-covered, crumbling walls of the little church, in which had oft resounded the Matin song and the Vesper hymn in the dim, distant past, when a very passion for religious life, as our Annals prove, would seem to have possessed the people of Eirinn, alike the peasant and the noble.

As I listened to my guide's learned and enraptured disquisition on the wondrous lives of Ireland's ancient hermits and anchorites, I thought that, had he lived in those far-off times, he might have been a Culdee like Aengus, or an Annalist like Tigernach, instead of a poor struggling farmer with a *penchant* for Irish history and archæological lore. In those days some men found all the attractions of romance

in the most rigorous observances of religion; and John, with such a strong dash of poetry and religious fanaticism, if you will, in his nature, would have been likely to yield to the fascination of a life of solitude and prayer.

It was midsummer when we visited the cemetery, in the evening of a sultry day. The steaming cattle were looking over its low boundary wall, as if in silent, meek-eyed sympathy with the dead sleeping their long, long sleep. A blackbird perched in an old yew tree within the enclosure warbled its rich note; and a robin on a tombstone uttered again and again its cheerful, blithesome little song; but these sounds only emphasized the solemn, dreary silence all around. Meet resting-place, methought, for those who had known life's stress and storm, and fret and fever. Here surely they may slumber in peace and quiet until the great trumpet sounds its world-waking reveille.

We entered the enclosure by its narrow gate, and found ourselves in a perfect jungle of rank, luxuriant vegetation, chiefly of noxious weeds, such as nettles, thistles and hemlock. These grew to quite an unusual height; for their roots were nourished by the dust of mortal men,—aye, and even entwined around human bones, as I discovered on plucking up a thistle that concealed an inscription which we tried to decipher.

What a melancholy pathos there was in the aspect of that lone graveyard, with its tombstones peeping up here and there out of the jungle of dank weeds and tall ferns! Some graves were marked with rude, uninscribed stones or flags; others with a little wooden cross; and many with regular headstones of a plain, unpretentious kind. They were leaning, with few exceptions, in all ways and at all sorts of angles; and some had completely lost their balance and fallen down. They seemed to my fancy like tired and wearied sentinels overcome by sleep at their posts. Plainly, those weather-worn tombstones were growing exhausted under the stress of the watch and ward of the years, and their long vigil in sunshine and storm told its tale in their moss-covered faces and obliterated inscriptions.

This, however, was not the only tour of antiquarian research I made in the company of my friend, John MacCoghlan. The country around was, to right-seeing eyes, at least, rich in relics of the glorious past; and from time to time we visited them all,—rath, Druids' altar, Mass-rock, round-tower, Gueber's tower, abbey ruin, and castle. A veritable Ogham stone or a Clochaun (a beehive cell) John had not seen; but I had, on Aran Islands; and I could see that he envied me my good fortune, for he was an enthusiastic antiquary.

But it may be fairly asked, where did John get his knowledge of Irish history and archæology, since he had had no better educational advantages than his neighbors, and, in his youth at least, the nearest academy of letters, four miles distant, was a school in a disused barn, conducted by an ancient philomath who taught "Vosther and the Double Spelling Book." In truth, John educated himself; and, having a retentive memory and a splendid intellect, he became in time a sort of rural Doctor Johnson.

The real secret of his learning was a small but valuable collection of books relating to Ireland, of which he was the proud possessor. He had them carefully locked up in a box, and permitted only very special friends, like myself, to see them. Some of these old books were family heir-looms, and others John himself had procured from time to time, at various auctions; notably at the auction of the effects of a certain deceased parish priest some twenty years before the time of which I write. Amongst the old tomes "canted" on that occasion was a copy of the "Four

Masters," which fell into John's hands. He assured me he read some of that book almost every evening.

No doubt he was inclined to confound legends and folklore with the facts of authentic history; and he was a firm believer in many mythical and wonderful stories that, to me at least, seemed too good to be true. His memory, indeed, was a veritable storehouse of the strange, wild, and weirdly-fascinating folklore of his race. Among the "knowledgeable and well-larn'd" men whom I have met in various parishes I never saw one so thoroughly imbued with veneration for and love of learning, or one so steeped in the best, highest and holiest traditions of his race. I often thought that it was a great pity he had not received a liberal education; for in great natural endowments he was a man in a thousand,—aye, in ten thousand.

Of winter nights neighbors were accustomed to ramble over to "John the Maw's" to hear him discourse of Irish history; and he could hold his audience enthralled in open-mouthed astonishment for hours, while he told the tale of Ireland's past, from Banba to Brian Boru, or from Red Hugh to the bold Rapparees. Thus he helped to foster that pride of race that is so important and formative an element in the character of a nation. He was a patriot in the truest and holiest sense of the word, for his passionate love of his native land was secondary only to his love of God and Holy Church. He was a worthy successor to the Bards, Brehons and Ollamhs of old, much of whose chivalrous spirit he inherited. Surely the mantle of some seer and sage of his race must have fallen on his shoulders, and worthily he wore it.

He used to sing "Dark Rosaleen" to a melancholy, haunting air; and his mild grey eyes would flash with pride and triumph when he came to the stirring verses:

But yet will I rear your throne
Again in golden sheen;
'Tis you shall reign, and reign alone,
My dark Rosaleen!
'Tis you shall have the golden throne,
'Tis you shall reign, and reign alone,
My dark Rosaleen!
The Judgment Hour must first be nigh,
Ere you can fade, ere you can die,
My dark Rosaleen!

John MacCoghlan has gone to his reward, and much valuable traditional lore has perished with him. But of the men of the old school whom I have known, few live better in my memory. I think I see him now, as I often found him of winter evenings long ago, poring over his much-prized "Four Masters," as he sat in his chimney-corner, looking grave and studious, his whole soul rapt in communion with the great, the wise and the saintly of the hoary past.

A Little Lesson in Equality.

THERE is a patent moral in the story told by a French *curé* in a little village of the Drôme district. The organ-blower in the parish church, a simple fellow named Jean-Pierre, had been persuaded by some liberal "philosophers" of the village that all men had become equal in every sense of the word.

The organ-blower forthwith proceeded to the presbytery, knocked at the door, and, on the pastor's presenting himself, began to stammer in a somewhat embarrassed style:

"Father, I—I—"

"Well, Jean-Pierre, what is it?"

"It is—it is, Father, that the thing appears to me contrary to the rules of equality."

"Explain yourself, Jean-Pierre. What thing?"

"Oh," said the organ-blower, growing bolder, "running the bellows of the organ! It's real hard work, Father,

and it's very poorly paid. Just a hundred francs a year; and M. Talbert" (this was the organist's name) "gets twelve hundred. Me! I bend and shift, now to the right, now to the left, and always standing up, while M. Talbert is comfortably seated, and contents himself with making his fingers go, like this, over the keyboard. That's not what one calls equality,—that sort of thing, Father!"

"Then you want—"

"Yes, Father, I want my salary raised."

"Well, perhaps you are right, Jean-Pierre. Anyway, I'll reflect on your request."

Several days later the *curé* met the organ-blower, and accosted him.

"Jean-Pierre," said he, "I've been talking matters over with M. Talbert. He is young, you are getting old, and he finds that the situation is not conformable to the rules of equality. Now, here is what he proposes. He'll take your place at the bellows, and you his at the keyboard, where you'll have nothing to do but 'make your fingers go,' being comfortably seated the while."

"But," replied Jean-Pierre, slightly confused,—"but I don't know how to make the fingers go."

"Oh," said the pastor, as if greatly astonished,—"oh, then that makes a difference! But who would ever have imagined that you couldn't make your fingers go just as M. Talbert does his? Why, that's point-blank opposed to the rules of equality!"

And Jean-Pierre's salary was not increased.

THIS is not the poor man's blessedness, that he has less temptations to self-indulgence, for he has as many [as the rich man]; but that from his circumstances he receives the penances and corrections of self-indulgence.

—*Newman.*

Notes and Remarks.

To many American Catholics it sounds like folly to talk of converting this country to the Faith. The time has not come for so vast an enterprise, they declare (we are at a loss to know how they can be so sure of this); and non-Catholics are too obstinate in error. To these men of little faith the editor of the *Missionary* makes answer:

> America is no vaster than the ancient heathen world, which yielded to the teaching of Christ by the Primitive Church. As to obstinate error, we answer that many of our converts were the most bitter Protestants. What has been done once can be done again, whether for men or nations. Let us study the arguments that have made these men and women converts, and multiply the influences that have moved them toward the Church, extending and systematizing our efforts in every part of the country, enlisting all the priests and all the laity in this divine work, and we shall convert America. And in our private lives let us offer many prayers and sacrifices and sufferings that God may extend His graces of conversion everywhere.

And—what is more potent than miracles even—let us set our separated brethren the example of a blameless Christian life. No doubt there is a vast amount of ignorance among Protestants as to what the Church teaches; nevertheless, they are in far greater need of example than of enlightenment. Our actions, let us not forget, appeal to them more forcibly than our arguments. It is false to assert that the vast number of non-Catholics in this country are indifferent on the subject of religion. But if such were the case, their interest would be at once aroused if a greater number of those who profess the true Faith were to live up to its teachings. Writing of a mission for non-Catholics given last year at Pendleton, Oregon, the Rev. Father Hendrickx says: "We held forth in the spacious courthouse for six evenings. The Methodist and Presbyterian ministers rang their bells every evening to gather their people, but

all in vain." Large and appreciative audiences flocked to the courthouse, however, according to a local paper. Our countrymen are not uninterested in questions of the soul; and their prejudice against the Church, though inveterate, is by no means insurmountable. But it can not be too often repeated that there is no surer way of overcoming this prejudice than virtuous living on the part of those who profess to be Catholics.

"Eminent doctors declare, however, that the forty days of fasting as practised here [New York] are of inestimable value to the health of the community who follow it." This testimony, rendered by a metropolitan journal, is strictly in harmony with both the theory of most physicians and the experience of all who observe the Lenten fast. Simply as a health-preservative or health-restorer, partial abstention from food, in compliance with the general law of the Church regulating the Lenten observance, has time and again vindicated itself as an excellent hygienic treatment. There can be very little doubt that over-indulgence in the pleasures of the table—not merely among the rich, but among ordinary well-to-do people—is the primary cause of far more positive illness and indifferent health than is occasioned, in these classes, by either lack of appetite or failure to satisfy an appetite that is normal.

Apart from all considerations of bodily health, observance of the Lenten mortification is wise and salutary because of its bearing on our spiritual well-being. "Fast," says St. Basil with admirable succinctness, "because thou hast sinned; and fast to prevent the danger of falling into sin." Penance is essential to most people, and exterior penance is perhaps less liable to be fictitious than is interior. We may readily deceive ourselves as to the genuineness of our sorrow for sin; our depriving ourselves of the satisfaction of eating a good breakfast speaks for itself. The Lenten rules are notably mild in our day; and practical Catholics in normal health will be inclined to practise a little more, rather than any less, penance than is rigorously prescribed by the Church.

"One of the greatest divines England has produced since the Reformation," "one of the greatest religious movements in modern times," are the terms in which the Rev. Spencer Jones—writing in the *Lamp* (Anglican)—refers to Newman and the Oxford Movement. Thirty years ago no Anglican parson would have dared to express himself thus. It was then customary to ascribe Newman's submission to the Church to "the idiosyncrasy of his peculiar character," and to declare that his efforts to induce others to follow his example would not be attended with appreciable results. It used to be asserted that it was mere sentiment that influenced Dr. Newman to abandon the Church of England. The Rev. Mr. Jones does not hesitate to say, on the contrary: "That very Catholicity, which Newman deliberately embraced, is avowedly based upon a strong foundation of reason,—that being, indeed, one of the broad distinctions between itself and the more sentimental positions of the sects."

We are sorry we can not quote Dr. Jones at greater length. The time is coming when half the false statements regarding the Church and her champions will be refuted by non-Catholic polemics. But, of course, we can't wait until then.

Apart from all question of the expediency or inexpediency of the abolition of the Concordat between France and the Vatican, it is worth while noting that the French Chamber of Deputies,

by a vote of 343 to 189, adopted the monumental historic lie embodied in this clause: "The Chamber, recognizing [*constatant*, having undeniable proofs of] the fact that the attitude of the Vatican has rendered inevitable the separation of the churches from the State...." Granting for the moment, what is the reverse of the truth, that the Vatican is responsible for the rupture between France and Rome, how can the Pope be held accountable for the separation, not of the Church, but of the *churches*, from the State? Is it the Pope's fault that Protestant ministers in France are no longer to draw governmental salaries? When did he ever interfere in the affairs of French Protestants? Is it his fault that France is no longer to recognize the Jewish worship? When did he ever occupy himself with Jewish interests? On the face of it, the declaration in the clause quoted above is absurdly false, as it would have been historically untrue even if, instead of "churches," it had contained "the Catholic Church." The majority of French deputies nowadays, however, are ready to swallow astounding assertions, provided they count against the Papacy.

The world-wide celebration of St. Patrick's Day is an annual event that challenges universal attention and provokes varying comment. While none but carping cynics can deliberately decry the Irish people's practice of recalling once a year at least the glorious memories of olden times and steeping their souls anew in the magnificent traditions of their ancestors' inalienable loyalty to faith and fatherland, many a utilitarian critic affects to see therein merely the gratification of national vanity, an utterly futile display of extravagant self-eulogy. When such a critic has contemptuously asked, What is the practical good of all this parading and banqueting and high-flown panegyric? he probably imagines that all sensible people will agree with him in considering the celebration a mere expression of sentimentality, pardonable perhaps in an emotional race, but certainly worthless as a contribution to the strenuous life of the twentieth century.

Yet the utilitarian is wrong, absurdly so. The thoughtful observer of race-progress, the philosophical student of history, sees in the multifarious festivities of March 17 not only a patent proof of the indestructible Catholicity of the Irish people, but a potent agency in perpetuating their national vitality. To the centuried observance of St. Patrick's festival, both in the land which he evangelized and in every corner of the globe where a handful of Celts are gathered together in one community, is unquestionably due in no small measure the undiminished vivacity of Ireland's faith, and her continued existence as a distinct nation, instead of her degeneration long ago into a mere English province with some such name as West Britain. If the name of Ireland has not, like that of Poland, been blotted from off the map of Europe, it is largely because throughout the centuries the religion-permeated patriotism of the Celt has from year to year been fanned into a fervent glow by the traditional celebration of St. Patrick's Day.

We noted some weeks ago the publication of "Synopses of Dickens' Novels," presumably for the benefit of those who have not read the novels *in extenso*. That this class is larger than we had supposed seems probable from this clipping which we find in the New York *Sun:*

A touch of originality in an excuse was given before Commissioner Gillette yesterday by one of the men drawn on a Federal panel. "I'm a druggist," said he; "and if I serve as a juror, I shall have to leave my store with clerks who are apt to poison the whole neighborhood. The

store is in the wood alcohol district, and that community has been drugged about enough already. Don't you think I can serve the public better in my store than on a jury?" The Commissioner agreed with him and marked him exempt.

Can it be that the bright young men on the *Sun*, or some of them, do not know their Dickens? The druggist's excuse was noteworthy perhaps, but scarcely original. In the celebrated case of Bardell *vs.* Pickwick, one of the jurors, a chemist, urged the same plea, though ineffectually. We quote his protest to the judge: "'I merely wanted to observe, my Lord,' said the chemist, taking his seat with great deliberation, 'that I've left nobody but an errand boy in my shop. He is a very nice boy, my Lord, but he is not acquainted with drugs; and I know the prevailing impression on his mind is that Epsom salts means oxalic acid; and syrup of senna, laudanum. That's all, my Lord.'"

Referring to the labor problem in South Africa, and to the ever-threatening revolt of the natives against white control, a writer in the London *Morning Post* comments as follows on the exceptional success of the Trappist missions:

There are missions which actually accomplish the difficult task of inculcating a genuine respect for labor, as do the Trappist communities, where the monks and Sisters labor side by side with their native pupils. But the conditions under which the Trappists work are peculiar and can not be reproduced by any non-cloistered society. The Trappist Brothers and Sisters are sturdy people, mostly Germans of the peasant and artisan class, all vowed to lifelong devotion and labor. They are the only white people in South Africa who actually labor at the lowest and hardest tasks, and in doing this do not in any degree forfeit their caste or prestige as Europeans. Their religious organization, the habit of their Order, and the strict discipline which hedges them round, put them entirely outside the ordinary social fabric. The native can never lose sight of their exaltation above him, even while he sees them illustrate in their own persons that dignity of labor which most white men preach from the overseer's armchair. The success of the Trappists, whose headquarters are near Durban, and whose work is chiefly done in Natal, the Transvaal, and Mashonaland, is allowed by the members of other denominations to be remarkable, but it is difficult of emulation.

Decidedly difficult, and *impossible* of emulation by emissaries of the sects.

The disinclination felt by a number of jurors to convicting a man of a capital offence on purely circumstantial evidence, will be strengthened by the discovery, made the other day, that an innocent man had been hanged at Allentown, Pennsylvania. Eugene Bloch, arrested for the murder of a woman, and convicted of the crime, protested that he had tried to protect her against a stranger, and thus had been caught at her side; but, despite his earnest protestations, reiterated upon the scaffold, he paid the penalty of his life for the crime of another. It now appears that the real murderer was the brother of the man hanged, and that he was unaware, until he saw the account of the hanging, that his brother Eugene had even been arrested for the crime. It seems a pity that, in this case at least, life-imprisonment, rather than the death penalty, was not imposed.

The consecration of the Rt. Rev. D. J. Scollard as first Bishop of the new diocese of Sault Ste. Marie, Canada, emphasizes the rapid growth and expansion of Catholicity in the most Protestant of the Canadian provinces—Ontario. The diocese of Peterborough, a portion of whose territory has been assigned to Bishop Scollard, was itself established only twenty-three years ago; and it is gratifying to know that its development has been so rapid that, within a quarter of a century, a division has been judged necessary. The new prelate is a native of Ontario, is only forty-two years of age, and is generally considered an excellent choice for the newly-erected See.

A Ballade of Happiness.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

I.

OH, there are words both true and wise
Written in prose and poet's lay
By those whose dust now crumbled lies
In gloomy vault or minster gray,
Or where green grasses bend and sway
Whenever winds are rough and rude:
Yet here are words as true as they,—
Happiness lies in being good!

II.

The yellow gold men seek and prize
In lands anear or far away,
The honors high that few despise,
The fair renown, and pleasures gay,
The power that many wills obey,
The wealth in valley, dale, or wood,
May yield scant joy, yet none gainsay—
Happiness lies in being good!

III.

'Neath sullen or 'neath smiling skies,
Where showers fall or sunbeams play,
Where want and care wear no disguise,
In palace walls or walls of clay,
Upon a smooth or thorny way
Where many throng, in solitude,
We find it true each passing day—
Happiness lies in being good!

ENVOY.

O children, be ye who ye may,
'Tis well in early life you should
Know it is true in work or play—
Happiness lies in being good!

LUIGI GALVANI, the discoverer of the galvanic current, was a pious Catholic and a lay Franciscan. The fact that his name has given rise to the formation of twenty or more words in modern English, such as galvanic, galvanometer, galvanoscope, etc., bears testimony to the importance of his discovery, and gives security for his fame.

The Ups and Downs of Marjorie.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XI.—A VISIT TO NEW YORK.

MARJORIE was skipping gaily homeward, her little errand at Mrs. Lacy's done, and her loving heart glad with the hopes of saving and helping her kind friends at Manor Hill, when suddenly the brisk clatter of a pony's hoofs sounded on the highway, and Bert Bolton's cheery voice hailed her:

"Halloo, Marjorie! What sets you off at such a pace this morning? Anything wrong at Manor Hill?"

"No," answered Marjorie, as both she and Bert slackened up for a chat. "I just feel good,—like skipping and jumping for joy to-day."

"You look like it," said Bert, with a kind glance at the pretty, rosy face, framed by dancing curls. "How are godmother and Rex and Rosabelle, and everybody? I'd like to stop, but I haven't time. I'm off with father by the noon train."

"Off where?" asked Marjorie.

"New York," answered Bert, with ill-concealed jubilation,—"New York at last! Father has been promising me a trip with him for two years. Something always stopped us before, but I'm going now, sure. Just been down to the store to buy some new collars. Can't wait for clothes or anything. Father got a telegram this morning, asking him to come right on. Judge Lindsay has just got back from Europe and wants to see him. He is only stopping for a few days on his

way to Colorado Springs, so we have to move quick."

"Lindsay!" said Marjorie, softly,—"Lindsay! What a pretty name!"

"You bet it is, a regular tiptopper!" responded Bert. "Father met the old gentleman in Paris last year, and they took a great shine to each other. But I've no time to gad or gabble now. Tell everybody good-bye for me, Marjorie; and take care of yourself while I'm gone. Don't tumble into any more creeks."

"I won't," laughed Marjorie. "I'll miss you dreadfully, Bert; but I'm glad you are going to have such a grand time. Good-bye,—good-bye!"

And Marjorie, standing by the roadside, waving her hand to him, while her brown curls blew over her pretty face, was a picture that stirred the boy's kind heart pitifully even in this hour of delight.

"Poor little thing! There are not many good times ahead for her, especially if there is going to be the smash-up everyone talks of at Manor Hill. Golly! it's an awful thing to be left like that, without father or mother or home or anything! And such a nice, pretty, jolly little girl, too,—worth a dozen of that mealy-faced Eveleen Hill, who thinks nothing good enough for her."

And the picture of lonely, loveless little Marjorie lingered in Bert's mind through all the glad excitement of his departure. Was it only the contrast of his own happy lot with that of the little orphan girl? Or was some good angel keeping the rosy face, with its wind-blown curls, in her boy-friend's thoughts, as he was whirled away on his joyous journey by his father's side,—the wise, kind father who had always made his boy a chum?

"I should have brought you with me in any case," he said to Bert; "but I am especially glad to have you come with me to meet Judge Lindsay. He is a splendid specimen of a generation that is passing away. Something of a Spartan, perhaps; but a strong, noble, high-souled gentleman."

"I don't think I'd like a Spartan—for a father, at least," said Bert. "*You* suit me exactly in that line. Has he any boys?"

"No," answered his father,—"no family at all. He has been a widower for many years. He is very reserved about his personal affairs; but I learned that he had had one daughter, who made an unfortunate marriage, against his will, and died under his displeasure. I fancy he is the sort of man who would not readily forgive or forget."

"If he had had a crowd of boys and girls, like you, he would have learned to do both," returned Bert, with a loving remembrance of many forgiven trespasses of his own.

"Perhaps," laughed his father. "Boys and girls can teach a great deal, I confess. The Judge has a nephew, I understand, who is his heir. But he struck me as a man with a void in his great heart,—a void that no money or power could fill."

And then the conversation turned to pleasanter things; for it was Bert's first long journey from home, and everything was fresh and new and delightful to him. Even when the sun sank below the fast-flying hilltops, and the violet dusk deepened, and the train, starred now with electric lights, dashed on like some strange meteor through the darkness, Bert sat contentedly by the window, watching the dim outlines of the panorama half revealed without: the heavy gloom of the overhanging mountain, the silvery sheen of the river, the twinkling lights of village and hamlet by which he swept.

And, through the darkness as through the light, the little figure he had left by the wayside seemed strangely present to his thoughts,—motherless and fatherless little Marjorie, with her rosy face

and dancing curls, waving him her cheery good-bye. Even when they reached the great city, and in his bed at the hotel Bert fell asleep at last, it was to dream that he saw his little friend walking over the milldam on a single, tottering plank, while the swollen waters seethed and foamed in fury below.

"Marjorie! Marjorie!" he exclaimed, springing up in terror, to meet the smiling gaze of his own kind father, who stood full dressed beside him.

"Awake at last!" he said. "I have been calling you for full five minutes. Jump up and dress, so we can have our breakfast and start out at once."

And, rubbing his sleepy eyes, Bert realized where he was, and that his "good time" had begun.

Their first visit was to the old-fashioned hotel where his father's friend was staying. They were ushered into an elegant suite of rooms overlooking a quiet park. A bright coal fire burned on the hearth, and before it, seated in a great cushioned chair, was an old gentleman, stately and handsome still in spite of his pallid, haggard face and snowy hair.

"My dear Bolton!" he said, his listless eyes brightening at sight of his visitor. "This is good of you, indeed!"

"Don't stir,—don't stir!" said Judge Bolton, kindly; and, as the old man tried to rise, he stepped forward and cordially grasped his extended hand.

"We have come, you see, quick as steam could bring us. This is my boy Bert, of whom you have heard me speak."

"Ah! yes, yes,—often!" And Judge Lindsay held Bert's hand for a moment in a friendly clasp. "A chip of the old block, I hope."

"I hope so, too, sir," was the frank, boyish answer. "The old block can't be improved upon, I am sure."

"Good! good!" exclaimed his father's friend, well pleased. "That's the way to talk and think, my boy. Take seats, both of you. I am pretty well used up, Bolton,—pretty well used up. I have come home—or to the land I call home—to die."

"Tut! tut!" was the cheery answer. "You mustn't talk like that, Judge. It's altogether un-American. We never say 'die' here, you know. A few draughts of that free air beyond the Rockies will make a new man of you."

"No," answered the other. "It's too late, Bolton,—too late. The springs of life have been broken this many a year. I've been simply fighting it out to the end, as all but cowards must. But now—well, the doctors say they can do nothing more."

"What is the trouble?" asked Judge Bolton, sympathetically.

"Really, I don't know; and the doctors can't tell me, for no two of them think alike. A man of sixty ought not to break down like this; but it is, as I said, the spring of life that is broken,—the old clock run down. I feel too tired to fight it out any longer in a world where I have neither love nor hope. But I did not send for you to croak like this. There are some matters of confidential business I want to leave in your hands,—matters that I do not wish to trust to my heir. If your boy will step into the next room, he will find plenty of pictures and knickknacks to amuse him. I have held this suite of rooms for a number of years, even during my absence; but am about to have all my personal belongings packed and stored. There are many curious things from all lands."

As Bert, taking the hint, stepped into the adjacent room, out of hearing, the old Judge went on:

"My will is made, Bolton. I have always been a stickler for the old laws of heritage,—the line direct; so I have left the bulk of my property to the nearest of my blood and name—my

dead brother's son. He is not all that I could wish, but let that pass; he is my natural and rightful heir. But—" the speaker hesitated, as if he found it difficult to go on,—"there is a page in my life long closed and sealed,—one which only for a trusted friend would I open and turn. I had a nearer and closer tie, Bolton,—a daughter dearer to me than my life. All that I had was hers. My past, present, future, my love, my hope, my pride, were centred in her; and what her beautiful budding youth was to me no words can say. And she deceived me, defied me, disobeyed me." (The old man's voice grew hoarse and shaken.) "She ran away from me to marry one whom I had forbidden to enter my doors; and this, after I had sworn to her, Bolton—*sworn*,—that, if she became his wife, I would disown her forever,—would never see her or speak to her, or call her my child again."

"And you, her father, kept that vow?" said his friend, gravely.

"Aye, I kept it!" was the low, broken answer,—"kept it to the bitter end. My God! Bolton, think of the love I had lavished on her; of the fatherly pride and hope crushed and blighted; of my broken heart! She left me and went I neither knew nor asked where. Letters came, I returned them unopened until they came no more. Then, in my bitterness and pain, I left home and spent two years in Egypt and the Orient. And one day—it was under the columns of old Carnac, Bolton,—I saw in a home paper, lent me by a tourist as we rested together in the shade, that—that she, my girl, was dead,—had been dead for months, for the paper was an old one. How, when, where she died I did not ask. I felt it would have wrung my heart too bitterly to know. I only knew that she was gone—gone *forever*, neglected, forsaken, unforgiven."

"Say no more, dear friend," observed Judge Bolton, as the speaker's voice gave way. "I am a father and can understand."

"The thought of her has been before me night and day ever since," continued the old man, mastering his emotion. "I wish to put that thought into some enduring form, that may atone a little for the past,—a memorial,—a home, hospital, or chapel, that shall bear the name of 'Marjorie Lindsay,' and be a blessing and—"

A loud crash and cry from the next room interrupted the speaker.

(To be continued.)

The Origin of a Common Word.

The ordinary young person who meets with the word "tribulation" in Scripture, Bible history, school-reader or storybook, knows perhaps in a general way that it means sorrow, or grief, or affliction, but most likely does *not* know just how or why it has this meaning. It may interest our young folk, then, to examine the origin of the word.

When the oldtime Roman farmer wished to thresh his corn, or separate the corn itself from the husks, he used a sledge consisting of a wooden block studded with sharp pieces of flint or with iron teeth—the forerunner of the modern harrow. This instrument he called a *tribulum*, and the threshing process was termed *tribulatio*.

When Christianity was established, some Latin writer compared the sorrows and trials and hardships that test a man's virtue, that separate his corn from the husks, his wheat from the chaff, to the teeth of the *tribulum;* and so he called such sorrows and trials "tribulations," or threshings of the spiritual man. In a similar way, when we speak of "the harrowing details" of an accident, we refer to details producing on the mind some such effect as does the farmer's harrow drawn over the ploughed field.

With Authors and Publishers.

—The semi-weekly Greek newspaper of New York, the *Atlantis*, is henceforth to appear as a daily. The change is warranted by the increase in the Greek population of this country, numbering at present more than 150,000, or about one and a half times the population of modern Athens.

—The four thousand American citizens of Manila are tolerably well supplied with newspapers. They have three dailies and four weeklies. The editors of these various journals are becoming, it is said, less aggressive and extravagant than they showed themselves a few years ago. Conviction for libel has had a salutary effect on several of them.

—Among recent publications of the American Book Co. are two text-books on history: "A School History of England," by H. B. Niver, a public-school teacher of New York; and "The New Century History of the United States," by the late Edward Eggleston. While neither work treats Catholic questions from a sympathetic standpoint, a cursory examination has revealed to us no very flagrant instances of prejudice against the Church; and in many respects the books are excellent ones.

—"Callista" is not typical of the English novel as we know it through the works of Thackeray or Dickens, for example. The best descriptions in Cardinal Newman's book lose color when compared with the opening chapter of "Little Dorrit." Newman was a past master of English style: he was not a novelist. But the purity of diction and loftiness of sentiment in either "Callista" or "Loss and Gain" are incomparable; and each has beauties of its own, not to be found in the masterpieces of modern fiction. We welcome a new cheap edition of "Callista," and hope that it will have many readers. Benziger Brothers.

—From the Catholic Truth Society of San Francisco we have received a pamphlet on the Inquisition which we hope to see widely circulated. It is a chapter from "Christian Apologetics," an excellent work by the Rev. W. Devivier, S. J., edited, augmented and adapted to the needs of English readers, by the Rev. Joseph Sasia, S. J. The essay is divided into sections as follows: I. Origin and Nature of the Ecclesiastical Inquisition; II. Lawfulness of the Inquisition in Principle; III. What should be Thought of the Proceedings of the Inquisition in General and of the Spanish Inquisition in Particular? A long list of works for consultation is given at the end. It includes "A Brief for the Spanish Inquisition," by Eliza Atkins Stone, which shows how thoroughly Father Sasia has studied the subject. If this publication should serve only to make "Christian Apologetics" better known it would be distinctly worth while.

—"The Gospel in Japan in the 20th Century" is the (translated) title of an excellent volume published by Poussielgue, Paris. Its author, Father Ligneul, has been a resident of Tokio since 1880, and is consequently in a position to speak with some authority on Japanese manners, customs, aspirations, and ideals.

—It is too soon to think of Easter cards, but our readers will be interested to know that the best religious pictures of all kinds are to be had in this country of Mr. Philip A. Kemper, Dayton, Ohio. Besides pictures large and small, he is a dealer in and importer of gold and silver trimmings, beads, artificial flowers and leaves, material for fancywork, etc. Mr. Kemper's Christmas and Easter cards always include the latest designs, and are sold in large or small quantities. The spirit in which his business is conducted renders it a kind of apostolate.

—"Ceremonial for Altar Boys," edited by the Rev. Matthew Britt, O. S. B., and published by Benziger Brothers, should be known to the clergy and especially to masters of ceremonies. It furnishes a sufficiently detailed description of all the ceremonies which the altar boy may be called upon to perform in the sanctuary. The booklet is well printed and bound, and of convenient size. Its attractiveness is further enhanced by an excellent picture of St. John Berchmans, under whose patronage the Sanctuary Society for altar boys has been placed.

—The *Literary Digest* of the 4th inst. furnishes two instances of fairly good bulls. Appended to an article on "France from the Pope's Point of View," in which are given quotations from only two publications—the *Edinburgh Review* and the London *Times*,—is the phrase "Translations made for the *Literary Digest*." Then, in a collection of ten pictures of "Some Leaders of the French Episcopacy," we find the statement "Bishop Fabre, of St. Denis," under an excellent portrait of the late Archbishop Fabre, of Montreal. The *Digest* is apt, latterly, to get mixed up when dealing with things Catholic.

—Personal friends of the late Aubrey Beardsley, of whose brilliant career all the world has heard something, will welcome the collection of his last letters, edited with so much care by the Rev. John Gray. For general readers, however, we fear this book will have little interest. It seems

LIBRARY

to take for granted intimate acquaintance with the artist as well as familiarity with his achievements. Coming face to face with the old riddle of life and death, it will be remembered that Mr. Beardsley submitted, like Watteau his master, to the Church. In a letter dated March 31, 1897, he writes:

This morning I was received by dear Father B. into the Church, making my first confession, with which he helped me so kindly. My First Communion will be made next Friday.... This is a very dry account of what has been the most important step in my life, but you will understand fully what those simple statements mean.... I am feeling so happy now.

In another letter written a few days afterward we find this passage:

I feel now like some one who has been standing waiting on the doorstep of a house upon a cold day, and who can not make up his mind to knock for a while. At last the door is thrown open, and all the warmth of kind hospitality makes glad the frozen traveller.

It was well to print the letters exactly as they were written and to follow the chronological order. The writer is revealed as a charming personality. It is easy to credit Father Gray's statement that "he was utterly devoid of any malevolence toward his fellow-creatures, whether individually or collectively." "Last Letters of Aubrey Beardsley." Longmans, Green & Co., publishers.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Last Letters of Aubrey Beardsley." Rev. John Gray. $1.60.

"Ceremonial for Altar Boys." Rev. Matthew Britt, O. S. B. 35 cts.

"Socialism." Victor Cathrein, S. J. — Victor Gettelmann, S. J. $1.50.

"Progress in Prayer." R. P. Caussade, S. J. 75 cts., net.

"Letters of Blessed John of Avila." $1.10.

"Cardome: A Romance of Kentucky." Anna C. Minogue. $1.25.

"Brother and Sister." Jean Charruau, S. J. $1.25, net.

"Vera Sapientia." Thomas à Kempis. 75 cts.

"Principles of Sacred Eloquence." Rev. John Conway, O. P. 50 cts.

"The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass." Rev. Dr. Nicholas Gihr. $4.

"The First Days of Jesus." 15 cts.

"Rosa Mystica." Kenelm Digby Best. $6.

"Pastoral Medicine." A. E. Sanford, M. D. $1.50.

"Teacher's Handbook to the Catechism." Rev. A. Urban. $4.50.

"The Life of St. Teresa." $2.20.

"The Feasts of Mother Church." Mother M. Salome. $1.25, net.

"Method of the Solesmes Plain Chant." $1.

"The Sin of David." Stephen Phillips. $1.50.

"The Middle Ages." Thomas J. Shahan, S. T. D. $2.20.

"The Soul's Orbit." M. D. Petre. $1.48.

"The Know-Nothing Party." Humphrey J. Desmond. $1.25.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. R. D. Browne, of the archdiocese of Westminster; Rev. Patrick Hennessey, archdiocese of San Francisco; and Rev. Matthew O'Brien, archdiocese of Philadelphia.

Brother Gilbert, of the Christian Brothers.

Sister Miriam, of the Order of St. Ursula; and Sister Cecilia, Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

Miss F. Adams, of Toledo, Ohio; Mrs. Mary Parker, Akron, Ohio; Katherine Flynn, Livermore, Cal.; Mrs. Dora Whelihan, John and Matthew Keerins, and Mary Vrira, Antioch, Cal.; Mr. George Gondor, Canton, Ohio; Miss Nellie Riordan, Pittsfield, Mass.; Mr. Richard Murphy, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. Thomas English, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Mr. A. J. Eichenlaub, Erie, Pa.; Mrs. Catherine Connor, Stockton, Pa.; Mr. Patrick Langan, Scranton, Pa.; Mr. William Horuff, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs. Sophia Mohr, Shoals, Ind.; Mr. M. C. Sullivan, San Francisco, Cal.; Miss Bessie Keeley, Adams, Mass.; Mr. Charles Burrows, Allegheny, Pa.; Mr. Henry Bassing and Mr. William Downes, St. Joseph, Mo.; Mr. James Rice, Perryville, Mo.; Mrs. John Wall, Newport, Ky.; Mrs. Catherine Garvey, Dunmore, Pa.; Mrs. Rose Ryan and Mrs. Susanna Knorr, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. Patrick Connelly, Trenton, N. J.; Margaret Rush and Joseph McIntyre, Providence, R. I.; Mr. James Courtney, Lowell, Mass.; Mrs. Anna Sauer, Hamilton, Ohio; Mr. Andrew Cullinan and Miss Katherine Cullinan, Montreal, Canada; Mr. Charles Slavin, Cohoes, N. Y.; and Mr. F. F. Palms, Detroit, Mich.

Requiescant in pace!

THE ANNUNCIATION.
(Francesco Vecellio.)

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LX. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 25, 1905. NO. 12.

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Ave Maria!

AVE MARIA! Oh, dry were the fountains,
Dull the gray mist on the face of the sea,
Sombre the clouds that enfolded the mountains,
Dreary the shadows that swept o'er the lea,—
All through the ages since Adam had broken
Pact with his Maker, gloom gathered apace
Down to the day when, in reverence spoken,
Soft fell the message sweet, "Hail, full of grace!"

Ave Maria! Lo! shadows uplifted,
Billows of light flooded forest and lawn;
Now, at long last, were the gates of sin rifted,
Earth smiled to welcome creation's new dawn.
Vanished the grief which our errant first mother
Left as a legacy sad to her race,
Joy unrestrained came to men with this other,
Virgin low-greeted with, "Hail, full of grace!"

* * *

Nazareth and the Annunciation of Our Blessed Lady.

BY THE REV. JOHN FREELAND.

BETHLEHEM, the little city which has become far more important to the devout Christian than the most opulent and crowded towns of the world, stands out calm, sweet, and beautiful, at whatever period of its history the mind cares to dwell upon it. There Rachel, the beloved wife of Jacob, was buried; there, in the cornfields among the reapers, Boaz met Ruth; there the Shepherd-King was born, and came in from the field "ruddy and fair" to be anointed by the prophet; there, in the time of St. Jerome, the citizens still delighted in singing the Psalms of David as they followed the plough or watched their sheepcotes; and there, it is said, to-day we find that Christians are more numerous than in any other town in the Holy Land.

But Nazareth, whose place in the heart of the true follower of Our Lord is hardly less dear than that of the "City of David," has fewer descriptive facts, meets with less frequent notice, and possesses a history, in Sacred Writ, far less complimentary to itself than Bethlehem. Indeed, Nazareth is mentioned with very little capable of charming the Christian, and with much which will excite at least slight feelings of indignation. It was there that Our Lord was obliged to say that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country; there He wrought no miracle; there those intimately connected with Him refused the confidence readily given Him by the greatest stranger; and there they endeavored to cast Him from a precipice and to put Him to death before His hour was come.

But, in spite of this, our affection for Nazareth is very great, and can never change. Two circumstances cast into the shade all the spots upon its fair fame and make it stand out bright and glorious. It was the home of Christ; and there, before He came to us, and after He left her, Mary lived. For

nearly thirty years it was graced with the presence of Him who is called the most beautiful among the sons of men; the rays of whose light are so great that in heaven they need "no sun, for the Lamb is the light thereof." Its streets were blessed, as no other place on earth has been blessed, with the footprints of Him who "went about doing good." From the summit of the hills which encircle this, His earthly dwelling-place, He oft glanced out upon the waters of the Mediterranean Sea, watching its blue waves dash themselves into a fringe of stainless white. There, so far as His human knowledge is concerned, He received those first impressions of the birds, of the reapers and the cornfields, of the sowers and the fallow land, of the vineyards, of the flowers, and of the lilies of the field, which were, in later years, to shape themselves into parables, the simple beauty of which no other lips have been able to equal or even remotely to attain to.

If His shadow eventually became so powerful as to bless what it passed over, and to hallow what it settled upon, then the measure of holiness and grace in the cup of Nazareth must have been filled to overflowing, reaching from the depths of its streams up till it overran the crests of its hills. And if His garments were the channels of His power, as, even in their very fringe and hem, we see they were, what holy and blessed influences must have permeated the houses of the little town, against the walls of which His robe must have brushed and touched so often,—influences and powers which should be regarded as inherent in the stones of Nazareth to-day, since the stones that line the roads of ancient cities at the present are the ruins of palaces which stood up in their pride centuries ago!

But even *He* is not always the central object of the mind's consideration when the word "Nazareth" is named. The other circumstance to which we have alluded as imparting so much glory to the Galilean town—the fact that there our Blessed Lady lived—is one which sometimes stands out in the imagination even more boldly than the other concerning Our Lord. There the Incarnation took place; and, although it was the Son of God "who for us men and for our salvation came down from heaven," yet, so far as He is concerned, the action was so hidden and mysterious that the eyes of the soul, when contemplating it, must needs be fastened and riveted onto the Mother, who was the other great agent and co-operator in this wondrous event.

Indeed, if Bethlehem be inseparably associated in our mind with the Birth of Christ, Nazareth is quite as closely joined to every one of our thoughts on the Annunciation. Of the two events, the latter is in reality the greater, inasmuch as the first step in all arduous undertakings requires a more than ordinary effort, and calls for courage, boldness and determination of the will, as well as the actual exercise of bodily activity. It was the first step in the Redemption. It *was* the Incarnation; and in that act, which means so much for the human race, Mary took a foremost part, becoming at this stage of it even the one personality of whom the imagination can form to itself any definite representation.

It is well known that many Biblical characters and places have been remarkable for names which express, not only some ordinary feature in them noticeable by all, but also some duty, grace or office of quite a spiritual kind. The word "Nazareth" means the city of the watch, and the city of separation. It comes from the same root as the name applied to one who has dedicated himself to God either altogether or partially and for a time. Separation

well answers even to the natural position of Nazareth. It is said to lie like the hard cluster of seeds in the middle of a blossom, shut in by its fifteen hills, which seem to be so many petals and leaves, so gradually do they rise the one above the other, overlapping and filling in the interstices formed by those beneath them, nearer down to the town.

Here, in this "city of the separation," our Blessed Lady watched and kept vigil, her soul intent on God. Here she continued in the lifelong resolution, made when quite a child, of setting aside and dedicating herself to Him who was to be her Son while at the same time He remained her Creator. Withdrawn from the society of mankind, in the little house which even now at Loreto, in spite of the emblems of the Christian Faith which deck its walls, is so lowly and poor, she spent her days in prayer, in conversation with the angels, and in spinning the purple thread which the high-priest of the Temple had said she alone of all the maidens of Israel was able to weave into garments fit for kings. Here she became the Mother of God, a dignity which at once raised her far above the celestial beings who so constantly attended her; for, to alter the famous question read in the epistle of the Mass on Christmas Day: "To which of the angels hath He said at any time: Thou art my son, to-day have I begotten thee? And again: I will be to him a father, and he shall be to me a son?"

It is this incident, the Annunciation, which almost at the beginning of the Gospels stands recorded like a light set up on high, flashing forth the great truth that Our Lord was both God and man, so as to make the way clear to those who set forth on the difficult journey of interpreting the Scriptures. Yet, after all, what a glimpse only of the scene it vouchsafes to us! How we hunger and thirst to know more than the mere fact that Gabriel went, that he spoke; that the spotless Maiden of Nazareth was afraid at the sound of his words; that she was assured of nothing being impossible with God; and that, with the greatest submission to the divine will, she said, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord: be it done unto me according to thy word"!

If the name of the Archangel means "God and man," as one of the Fathers of the Church informs us, and as the later Hebrew suggests that it may, how Gabriel must have trembled as his name brought before his mind the great object of his being! How he himself must have feared as the familiar word "God and man" fell from the lips of some brother angel, bringing to his remembrance that there still remained to be carried out the most important embassy of his whole existence! Bidden into the presence of the Most High, how serious he must have become as he observes that God, who in all other cases has either directed or ordered or threatened, is now Himself anxious to treat a human creature with reverence, and tells him that she must be saluted with "Hail," and declared full of grace; and that nothing could be reckoned as done until she had said, "Be it done according to thy word"!

The descriptions of the Annunciation, by means of which the devout mind has endeavored to fill up the void caused by the small amount of information vouchsafed to us by Holy Writ, are very many. One of them alludes to the great brightness which, so soon as Gabriel had entered into the small room where Mary was engaged in prayer, filled every corner with dazzling splendor. Another account pictures for us the Blessed Virgin on her way to the Fountain of the Annunciation,—at that time, as it is to-day, the only well from which the inhabitants of

Nazareth drew the necessary water for man and beast.

It was summer time, as the month of March in the Holy Land would be. The sun cast its rays upon the flowers, which the district of the place is said to produce in such numbers and with such variety both of kinds and colors. It made the ground glitter on which the Mother of God was walking. It caused the sand, lying about the stream, to glisten at her arrival. It lighted up the white houses as they stood against the green of the hill which supported them, as the nacre of a shell, washed by the sea, shines in the moss weed covering the jetty erected to restrain the violence of the waves. In this brightness, and in the stillness of the early summer morning, the Immaculate Spouse of the Holy Spirit hears the salutation, *Ave Maria!* She looks about her; and, seeing no one, retraces her steps, trembling, afraid, troubled, to her little house, whither Gabriel follows her and makes himself manifest.

But for edification, as well as for a description at once simple and beautiful, we must go to Saint Bonaventure, who, as even a Protestant has well said, being a saint, may know more concerning those things which God has thought fit to conceal from the ordinary individual than even the greatest student or the most erudite scholar. He says: "Almighty God, bidding the Archangel Gabriel to come unto Him, thus addressed him: 'Go now to Mary, Our most beloved daughter, espoused to Joseph, dearer to Us than any other creature, and tell her that My Son desireth her beauty and chooseth her for His Mother. Ask her to receive Him with gladness; for by her means I have decreed to bring about the salvation of the human race, and to forget the injury it hath done Me.'"

Saint Bonaventure wishes us to think of God as sitting on His throne, addressing, with a kind, tender, and fatherly face, the Angel who kneels before Him, with joy and gladness stamped upon his countenance; and who, with head bent, in fear and with reverence, receives his great commission with rapt attention. "Gabriel, therefore, rising, made speed on his wings down from the heavens; and in one moment, in human form, finds himself in the presence of the Virgin Mary, then abiding in an inner chamber of her poor little house. But, swift as was his flight, God reached the house before him, and he finds there the Holy Trinity waiting to receive Its own ambassador." For we must remember that the Incarnation was a great work of all the Three Divine Persons.

"Having entered, the faithful friend of the Bridegroom addresses Our Lady. He salutes her Full of Grace, and Blessed among women. He tells her that the Lord is with her. But she is disturbed and answers nothing,—not because she doubted the truth of the Angel's words, but because, being so truly humble, she dwelt rather on what she imagined to be her imperfections than on anything spoken of her virtues or her excellencies. But Gabriel, knowing the reason of her hesitation, said: 'Fear not, Mary, and be not dismayed at the praises which I have uttered. Not only art thou full of grace, but thou hast brought it back and found it again from God for the whole of mankind. For behold thou shalt conceive and shalt bear the Son of the Most High; and He that hath chosen thee for His Mother will save all that hope in Him.'

"At these words Our Lady asks her well-known question, and receives the equally well-known answer. We are to consider how eagerly the Most Blessed Trinity watches the scene; how anxiously the three Persons mark her lowly, her modest and her reverential attitude; how They wait upon her

words, looking for her consent, and with what joy they hear her say, 'Behold the handmaid of the Lord. Be it done unto me....' Gabriel and Our Lady both fall upon their knees and adore the Lord who has become incarnate. Then the Angel takes his departure. Bending low before her, even down to the ground, he takes his farewell and vanishes. He returns heavenward, home; and he tells there the news of what has taken place. A new joy enters there,—a new feast, and exultation great exceedingly. But Our Lady, all inflamed with the love of God, feeling that she has conceived, gives thanks upon bended knees for so great a blessing, and humbly with devotion asks of God to deign to teach her how she may be able faultlessly to do whatever she shall be called upon to do on behalf of His Son."

The Feast of the Annunciation was the commencement of the year in mediæval England; and even after the Reformation, the ancient custom of dating the beginning of the annual changes of time from the twenty-fifth of March, Lady Day, died a very lingering and a very hard death. To the Catholic instinct of the Ages of Faith, as those remote times have been so deservedly called, nothing appeared so fittingly to mark the entrance of a New Year as that event of the Annunciation, which inaugurated a completely new era for the members of the human race. Only on the day when Gabriel came down with his important message could the earth truly be said to be blessed. Then the old enmity between God and man was rolled away like a heavy cloud, and we were smiled on by Him who is the "true Light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world."

The "New" had begun. The former things were passed away. God had become a little child; and, while still remaining what He was, He began to be one of us. A Virgin became a mother, her motherhood not injuring her maidenhood. And the human race, for a second time in its history, is made to the image of its Maker; this time, however, not made like to God, as in the beginning, but raised up to bear His likeness, owing to the fact that He had humbled Himself and taken our form, assumed our nature, and was made of a woman as each one of us, sin only and His miraculous Incarnation excepted.

On that day, as Saint Bonaventure says, "the salvation and the redemption of the human race began; the reconciliation of the whole world commenced. Mankind was made sublime and received a kind of divinity. To-day the Son found a new motive for rendering obedience to the Father—the work of our salvation. To-day He came out of the highest heavens, 'rejoicing like a giant to run his course,' and made His way to the garden of the Virgin's womb, into which He withdrew Himself in retirement. To-day He becomes one of us, and, beginning to be our very brother, He starts His pilgrimage in the midst of the children of men."

Indeed, very solemn and wonderful, and altogether pleasant, delightful and winning, as the Saint says, was the great work wrought on the first Annunciation Day. But one of the pleasantest and most delightful thoughts it excites in our mind is this—that, on that occasion, Mary began to be our Mother as well as the Mother of Christ. We can not reasonably say that we are brethren of that Lord who took flesh and became incarnate out of the most pure Maiden of Nazareth, unless we acknowledge in the same breath that we, too, are her children, though very imperfect and wayward ones at the best. It is our privilege to call her by the tenderest name under

heaven—our Mother. We are truly her little ones, because He, our Elder Brother, was truly hers. But that privilege became ours on the first Annunciation Day; for which cause sweeter to her ears and stronger on our lips than at other times are the words when said on the Feast of the Annunciation:

> Show thyself a Mother,
> Offer Him our sighs
> Who, for us Incarnate,
> Did not thee despise!

Young Mr. Bretherton.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XI.—Changes and an Accident.

(Continued.)

JIM BRETHERTON, leaving the horses to Nort Jenkins' care, walked back to discover what had become of the woman and child, and to see if they needed assistance. The former was still clinging desperately to the tree upon the embankment, having apparently failed to realize that the danger was past. Some one was standing near; a voice bade the woman take courage and come up to solid earth again, before the darkness should render any motion perilous; a hand was likewise outstretched to assist her.

Bretherton paused and listened. It was too dark for him to distinguish objects: the lights were beginning to gleam out through the dusk, and a few stars to glimmer in the sky overhead. As he listened the sound of that voice set his pulses tingling; and he hastened forward with eager, hasty strides, to find himself confronted by Leonora Chandler.

"Good heavens!" he cried, "*you* here! Why, it was surely not you whom we so nearly ran down!"

"No, no!" answered Leonora. "I was in the Smiths' cottage over there, and I was so much frightened."

There was a curious agitation in her manner, and Jim Bretherton could perceive, even in the dim light, that she was unusually pale and trembling violently. The young man gave her a strange look,—a long, steady gaze, which he himself could not have interpreted. Her agitation seemed to communicate itself to him. He was quite oblivious of the facts that his hat had fallen off, that his face was streaked with dirt, and bleeding from a scratch upon his cheek, while one sleeve of his coat was literally torn from its place and hung limply down. The two stood regarding each other for a full instant in the twilight. It was one of those moments worth years in the matter of sympathy and comprehension.

"You are not hurt?" Leonora said at last, in a low tone.

"No, I am not hurt,—or at least nothing to signify," Bretherton replied, hastily. "But why are you here at this late hour?"

"Mrs. Smith does my dressmaking," Leonora explained; "and I stayed late on purpose. Aunt Tabitha had a visitor at the Cottage whom I wished to avoid."

"You are imprudent to stay here till dusk," he remonstrated. "There might be tramps lurking about."

"Rather any tramp than that—detestable—"

She did not finish the sentence, and it did not even occur to Jim Bretherton to wonder who was meant. He was still absorbed in the mere surprise of finding her there.

"I heard you had gone away from Millbrook," he said next.

"Did you?" exclaimed the young girl. "Well, I may have to go away later. But I am not surprised at the report. So many things have been said lately that are absolutely false."

Bretherton's spirits rose. He knew she was referring to that other rumor which he had found so disquieting.

"Lord Aylward and I were greatly cut up," he observed, "when we heard you had left Millbrook."

At this moment the horses came dashing up with Nort Jenkins and Lord Aylward. The latter cried out:

"I say, Jimmy, are you going to stay all night upon the road?"

"No," replied young Mr. Bretherton. "But we shall have to make room for new passengers. Nort can walk home, and you will have to handle the reins, old fellow. I feel a bit stiff."

It was with the greatest surprise that Lord Aylward recognized Leonora Chandler; and it was with no less alacrity that he made room for her on the seat beside him. Leonora at first demurred, but Jim Bretherton insisted that they should leave her at home.

"We shall have to drop this woman and her child somewhere, in any case," he declared. "She seems bewildered."

The poor woman, indeed, stood there absolutely miserable in her ragged clothes, shivering from the chill of the evening, and still apparently dazed by the recent fright. Her large eyes had been observing the little scene which had lately passed between two of the actors in the drama; and she regarded the horses now with something of terror.

When Jim Bretherton motioned to her to get into the carriage, she shrank back, crying:

"No: I ain't fit to get in there."

"Oh, you are all right!" responded the young man, good-naturedly. "But where do you want to go?"

"I want to be put down somewhere near the mill," she answered, and her voice had an indefinably foreign sound, though she spoke good English. "I want to see Mother Moulton, but I won't go straight to the door: I'm scared of him."

Leonora started as the woman said these words; and Jim Bretherton, too, heard them with some surprise. He was, of course, rather new to Millbrook; but he had preserved a set of boyish impressions, and one of them was that nobody ever wanted to see Mother Moulton, whose personality was enshrouded in the deepest mystery.

"We shall leave you there," he said, helping the woman and her child into the back seat as kindly and considerately as if the wretched creature were Leonora Chandler herself.

The poor woman was quite overcome by her sudden elevation; and the party of four drove along in silence till they came within sight of the milldam and the brick walls of the mill, appearing through the trees. The woman begged to be let down there, and Bretherton sprang from his place to assist her into the road. As she stood there she whispered to him:

"You saved my life and my child's. I won't forget. God prosper you in your sweet-hearting, and may the lady's eyes never look at another!"

The young man reddened, and sprang into his place in the carriage, with a hasty wave of the hand. Lord Aylward asked jestingly what all the whispering was about; but Bretherton only laughed and refused to repeat her words.

"She was muttering a charm," he said, lightly. "I fancy she's one of the gypsy fraternity who deal in love philters and that sort of business."

Leonora, however, looked straight before her and asked no question. Perhaps she had heard or had divined what the woman was saying. When they reached Rose Cottage, and she bade the two men good-night, she advised Jim Bretherton to drive over to the doctor's and be assured that he had sustained no injury. Though he

laughed at the moment, he, nevertheless, followed her advice; for he knew that something was wrong with his left arm; and he was anxious to wash the blood and dirt from his face, lest his mother should be frightened.

XII.—Lord Aylward Formulates His Views to Young Mr. Bretherton.

The next event of importance in Millbrook was the unexpected nomination to Congress of James Cortlandt Bretherton. The country that year had been possessed with a very mania for seizing upon its young men and pushing them into the legislative halls. Jim Bretherton, in his own district, had so powerful a backing, political and social, and was so generally popular, that it was considered advisable by the party to overlook his complete inexperience in matters political and to elect him, if possible, as a candidate certain to reflect credit upon all concerned.

The Governor was delighted; it had been his dream to behold his only son entering the arena of public life, where he would inevitably win honors. Between him and his boy there had always subsisted a close friendship; and the younger man was very likely to model himself upon a parent in whom he found his highest ideals of patriotism and of high-minded devotion to duty.

The elder Bretherton, when he became a Catholic, had been forced to renounce all his chances of political preferment; and even a rumored nomination to the presidential chair. Prejudice and bigotry were much more rampant in his early days than at the dawn of the twentieth century. Governor Bretherton had retired contentedly to spend the remaining years of his life under his own vine and fig-tree. His name still remained at the head of a law firm in Boston; but he made only occasional visits there, to give the benefit of his advice in exceptionally important cases. It had been decided that Jim should enter this same law office; but the choice of the Congressional committee put this out of the question for the time being.

Meanwhile Lord Aylward, who had merely run over to America for a hasty visit, prolonged his stay week after week and month after month. He eagerly seized upon the pretext of the approaching political contest to delay his departure from the Manor, where, indeed, he knew himself to be heartily welcome. He announced his intention of remaining to see his friend Jim through with the election.

In his heart of hearts was another motive which he scarcely acknowledged even to himself. This was the fascination exercised over him by Leonora Chandler on the occasions, now becoming constantly fewer, when he was admitted to her presence. For Miss Tabitha, impelled chiefly by the fear of Eben Knox, labored with surprising ingenuity and pertinacity to keep her niece out of the society of the two young men. She knew that their presence infuriated the mill manager; while, judging from her own past experience, she was likewise fearful of endangering Leonora's peace of mind.

These difficulties seemed only to spur Lord Aylward upon a course which he had taken for granted was entirely clear, or occupied only by a noxious reptile. He and Jim Bretherton, between them, had so designated the unprepossessing manager of the mill. Not being extraordinarily clear-sighted, it never occurred to him that his friend might have been disposed to travel the same road over which he felt himself going with uncomfortable rapidity. Even when they were in the same room, Leonora had very little to say to young Mr. Bretherton, and he as rarely addressed her.

Jim was not long in discovering,

indeed, that Lord Aylward was fairly infatuated with Miss Tabitha's niece. He could not, of course, guess how far such an attachment might lead; for it is rare enough in modern life to find a man prepared to make a really great sacrifice for the sake of any woman. Nor had he any certain clue to Leonora Chandler's feelings. Save for a momentary impression in that memorable twilight after the accident to the horses, he had no reason to suspect her of more than ordinary interest in himself. He recalled more than once her childish remark that she would like to marry a great man. If she had been ambitious *then*, why not *now?* And the advantages appertaining to a Bretherton of the Manor were more than set off by the dazzling prospects which Lord Aylward could offer.

Jim Bretherton, therefore, strove more and more to persuade himself that his own attraction to Leonora was but a passing fancy, for which it would be very unwise to dream of sacrificing his career. Moreover, he felt that in some sort Lord Aylward had a prior claim, and should have a fair field in which to prosecute his suit, if such were his intention. Possessed by this resolve, and in that same spirit of indomitable resolution for which his father had been remarkable, he threw himself into the election contest, and accepted, so far as he himself was concerned, the inexplicable situation which Miss Tabitha had created at Rose Cottage.

As for Lord Aylward, one evening, in the smoking-room at the Manor, he definitely formulated his position with regard to Leonora Chandler. At first he had been dilating enthusiastically upon life in the Canadian Northwest. It had long been his ambition to proceed thither with a couple of congenial friends and an Indian guide; and he discoursed with unusual eloquence on the variety of big game abounding in the forests and beside the rivers of the Far North. He next proceeded to have a growl at all institutions, particularly those of Great Britain. He grumbled at the fact that he was an elder son and would have to take upon his shoulders all sorts of responsibilities, with honors and dignities for which some of his younger brothers had special aptitude and undoubted relish.

"My brother Dick," he cried, "would have cottoned to the whole blessed business tremendously, — he has a decided taste for such things. And I'd like to know why I should have been selected for a hereditary legislator?"

"Why, indeed?" laughed Jim Bretherton, who was comfortably ensconced in a siesta chair, sending up thence huge clouds of smoke.

"I tell you what, Jimmy," went on Lord Aylward, "the chaps I envy are those mounted policemen in the Northwest. They're a fine lot of fellows; and their work, to my mind, is mostly play — galloping over the plains on first-rate beasts, hunting, occasionally running down some poor devil of a lawbreaker, or getting up an Indian scare for a diversion. Now, that's a glorious life, and it would suit me down to the ground."

"You could offer the redskins a very decent scalp, too," commented Jim Bretherton. "Your hair is as thick as wool. They missed the chance of their lives when fate made you a lawgiver."

"I wish to Jericho *you* were in my place!" retorted Lord Aylward. "For you seem to be exactly cut out for the job."

"Mistakes of that sort are apt to happen," assented Jim Bretherton. "I might as well have been the tenth Marquis John Gilbert Rufus Robert, otherwise 'Bob,' Aylward; but, as it chanced, I am not."

There was a considerable pause after that. Both men went on smoking,—

Lord Aylward furiously, as if his effervescing thoughts found vent in such fashion; Jim Bretherton calmly and contemplatively, watching the wreaths curl upward. He, somehow, suggested a gladiator who has not yet shown his full strength in the contest of life, but awaits a crucial moment. He was hazarding a shrewd guess that Lord Aylward's dissatisfaction with his high estate had its origin in a source not far removed, and in an anticipation of the obstacles which would arise to marriage with a penniless and obscure American. The young host, however, made not the smallest reference to the subject.

Presently Lord Aylward burst forth, in characteristic fashion:

"I fancy you must have a fairly good idea, Jimmy, that something unusual is keeping me over here. I'm positively ashamed to trespass for such a length of time upon your hospitality."

"Look here, Bob, don't take that tone!" cried Bretherton. "Between you and me, it's ridiculous. You're at home here, and my people are as delighted as I am to have you with us."

"Thanks awfully, old fellow!" said Lord Aylward. "And, anyway, apart from everything else, I should like to see you through with this election business. The fact of the matter is, though, that I'm confoundedly hard hit, and I haven't the vaguest notion whether or no the girl cares a button about me."

It was something of a shock to Jim Bretherton to hear this fact, which he had long suspected, put into plain words. He turned a shade paler and smoked away more vigorously; while in his mind's eye he saw Leonora as she had appeared that memorable evening upon the road. He recalled the expression of her eyes — wistful, agitated, infinitely sweet. He controlled himself by an effort, and answered steadily enough:

"Well, Bob, the only way to make sure in such a case is to ask the girl herself."

"Oh, it's easy for you to philosophize!" said Lord Aylward. "But a man doesn't want to make an ass of himself proposing to a girl who hasn't given the least direct encouragement."

"With a title and a rent roll like yours—" began Bretherton, laughing an exceedingly forced laugh.

"Shut up, Jimmy!" exclaimed the lover irritably. "I don't believe Leonora Chandler would marry me for any such reason."

"She is certainly very different from other girls," admitted Jim Bretherton. "But, in most instances, I should say the probabilities were all the other way. Miss Chandler did not strike me as being particularly romantic or impressionable, and she may be ambitious."

"Hang it all, Jimmy! don't you think there's any chance for me at all, standing upon my own feet?"

"My dear fellow," responded Jim Bretherton, "as to that part of the subject, I can not hazard a conjecture. I have never yet pretended to understand a woman."

"Her manner is very puzzling," continued Lord Aylward. "It's the same to everyone. And yet those eyes of hers suggest that she could be very different."

The two men relapsed into silence, from which Aylward roused himself with the same sort of expression he would have worn in tackling some unusually big game, or in advancing to a forlorn charge on a battlefield.

"I can't go on staying here forever, and she will have to make up her mind within the next few weeks."

"How will they take it in England?" Bretherton inquired.

Lord Aylward made a gesture of annoyance, for this very matter weighed heavily upon his mind.

"I am my own master," he declared,

defiantly. "It wasn't yesterday I came of age. They will kick, I suppose,—I'm sure of it. But they will have to receive my wife."

"Oh, to be sure!" put in Bretherton, hastily.

"And, by Jove, Jimmy, she'll make some of those people over there stare."

"Yes," answered Bretherton; "she's bound to look stunning anywhere."

"You see," Aylward went on, "my mother has set her heart on seeing me married to the daughter of a Duke, with money and all the rest of it; but, by Jove, I don't want her! There's nothing against the girl: she's all right, and a deuced sight too good for me. But if Leonora Chandler will have me, I'll marry her and no one else. Lots of fellows marry Americans; and if Miss Chandler hasn't got millions, why, she's got everything else, and no confounded old money-bags of a father to come poking after a son-in-law."

Jim Bretherton was silent, and Lord Aylward continued to pursue his own train of reflections:

"Why, even out here in America your people would cut up rough if you suddenly announced that you were going to marry a girl of whom they did not approve. But I don't suppose it would make a vital difference in your course of action."

"No," said Jim Bretherton, slowly; "in that matter, I should claim the right to please myself."

The conversation after that drifted away to other things, and Lord Aylward made only one more allusion to the subject. Before they separated for the night, he stood thoughtfully looking down upon his friend, who still reclined in the siesta chair:

"I'm deuced glad, Jimmy," he said, "that you're not in the running! For you would be dead certain to win, don't you know? You always did come out ahead in every race."

(To be continued.)

To St. Joseph.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

YOU who know the weary way,
You who felt the doubts and fears
That afflict us every day,
Show the rainbow in our tears!

Mists, like spectres, threatened you,
Clouds, like dragons, barred your path,
And the falling rain and dew
Soddened all the aftermath.

You who were not caught above
All the sordid cares of life,
Show the end of patient love,
Show us peace beyond the strife.

(Martha, with her leaden cares,
Knew not Mary's ecstasy;
Martha, who the burden bears,
Only common things can see!)

We who see the things of earth—
Rapt not to the very Throne,
We who know the storm and dearth,—
In our dulness seem alone.

We know a Golden City glows
Somewhere,—New Jerusalem;
We know that angels bow in rows,—
We can not stretch a hand to them!

Beyond the cloud-bar is there light?
Beyond the dark are sunny days?
The sea winds in a frenzied fight
Send sea-foam back in sullied sprays!

O Joseph, saint of common men,
Like you, in veiling rains we grope;
Let March winds pass, and surely then
Show us the rainbow of your hope!

THY very face and form, dear Mother, speak to us of the Eternal; not like earthly beauty, dangerous to look upon, but like the morning star, which is thy emblem, bright and musical; breathing purity, telling of heaven, and infusing peace. O harbinger of day! lead us still as thou hast led! In the dark night, across the bleak wilderness, guide us on to our Lord Jesus,—guide us home.—*Newman.*

The Hillside and the Street.

BY JANET GRANT.

A COUNTRY hillside from which one looks away, across a lovely valley for twenty miles, to where a light mist at the horizon marks the course of the "noble Hudson"; a cheerful, airy, but unpretentious house, with a veranda overgrown by honeysuckle vines. Such was the home of John Watson, his young wife Alice, and their only child, John junior.

Seven-year-old Jack was a handsome little fellow, so fair in complexion that he might have posed for one of the boy Angles whom the great Pope Gregory centuries ago declared should have been called angels. His finely-chiselled face, with its delicate flush, made one think of the honeysuckle blossoms of the porch; but he was, nevertheless, a sturdy urchin, whose manly ways contrasted almost amusingly with the gentleness of his appearance.

In all the sports of the boys who lived on the hill he wanted to join. In the football season his talk was of the rushers and the backs, touchdowns, goals, and kick-offs; in winter he lent a hand in the erection and defence of the snow fort; and when spring came again, his chatter ran upon bases, pitcher, catcher, and centre-field. In summer, with a rod, a cord and a bent pin, he went fishing for minnows in the creek that flows through the hollow.

During six months of the year, the hillside and the valley are more beautiful than a poet's dream of fairyland. On the height the ground is not laid out in regular plots, but is like a wide pasture where the wild flowers give a violet or golden hue to the grass as it grows high; while the ever-green spruce and hemlock trees, and the waving boughs of the chestnuts and maples, make a grateful shade without shutting out too much of the sunshine. Rich in verdure, luxuriant in the foliage of many groves, dotted with fertile farms and tasteful residences, the plain presents every hour new beauties of Nature in its lights and shadows. What wonder, then, that it is named by those who love it "the valley of Paradise"?

In winter, when the fields are covered with snow, it has a new glory. Even when they are rugged and brown, the outlook upon the vast expanse of sky, the sense of freedom conveyed by being able to gaze abroad so far, renders the prospect a pleasant one.

But it was only early and late in the day that John Watson the elder had time to enjoy it. Every morning the train that winds around the base of the cliff bore him to his business in New York city. There, until evening, he battled in the maelstrom of commercial life, in order to keep up the cottage and maintain his little family. And often enough he felt that, were it not for wife and child, he would give up the struggle.

Such was his mood one evening when he left the train. The March wind blew cheerless and blustering as he strode up the hill from the station; and when little Jack came running to meet him, it buffeted the boy about as if making sport of his small strength. The picture accorded with the merchant's gloomy thoughts. Yet he noted with pride how the boy persevered; and when at last his son reached his side, he caught him in his arms with a hearty exclamation:

"Bravo! It was a hard tussle; but you kept on and won for my sake, didn't you, Jack?"

"Ha, ha, yes! And for my sake you kept to the straight road, didn't you, Daddy?" cried the little lad, with a ringing laugh. "Now we can climb the hill together."

Sometimes Alice Watson found the monotony of this country life irksome; but for the most part she was happy enough in her household tasks and the interchange of visits with her neighbors. On Sundays John always drove with his family to Mass at the church in the village.

To-night the master of the house found a good fire burning on his domestic hearth,—that is, the house was agreeably warm after his long trudge; and a savory supper and the companionship of a bright little wife awaited him. But he was used to these blessings of life, and accepted them as a matter of course.

During the meal he was moody; at its close he intrenched himself in silence behind a copy of the morning's *Herald*.

"Daddy, I am building a boat!" cried Jack, holding above his own curly head a piece of wood, while he attempted to clamber up on the paternal knee.

"Ah! And what are you going to name your ship when it is finished?" asked the father, lowering his newspaper for a moment, and taking into his hand the bit of pine block which, as yet, bore only a few marks of the penknife with which it was to be whittled into shape.

"Oh, I don't know!" replied the little artisan, earnestly. "But, as the work is going to be so hard, don't you think I ought to have a mighty good name for it?"

John Watson absently put the child from him, and, returning the unpromising beginning of the wonderful craft which Jack's imagination already saw so splendidly completed, pursued his reading. Disappointed, the little fellow crept away. Never before had his father refused to help him.

After Jack was asleep, when Mrs. Watson sat sewing beside the sitting-room table, her husband spoke his mind.

"It is a hard thing to be honest in business when competition is so keen," he broke out. "The firms that are crowding me to the wall do not hesitate to employ methods in their dealings which look rather shady to me, but are common enough among men richer and more prominent socially than I am. A man is only laughed at when he does not outwit the other fellow. Get rich quick, is the spur nowadays; and he who follows this motto is the most respected, until he is found out in some chicanery. Then even those who are trying to climb the ladder of success by the same means are ready enough to give him a push downward as he is toppling over. 'Watson,' a man said to me the other day, 'your sense of honor is really Quixotic.' And I believe it is the truth. The next time I have a chance to go into a good thing, I shall remember that I have a wife and child to support and must look out for the future."

Alice Watson was neither very clever nor very wise, but this ordeal found her more nearly equal to the occasion than many a woman of greater talent or ambition might have been.

"No, John: in that case you may leave your wife and child out of your calculations," she said, quietly. Then, leaning forward and laying a hand upon his arm, she added, with the winsome sweetness that had won his heart when he first met her: "John, I would rather be poor all my life than have you any less—Quixotic, as you say. And I am going to bring Jack up in the same manner."

"Oh—er—of course I was only jesting!" John hastened to explain, with some uneasiness, as he clasped the firm little hand and looked reassuringly into her pretty blue eyes. "Women do not understand business."

In the weeks that followed, John Watson was more perplexed with cares than he would have admitted. Men whom he trusted had proved false, and

he found himself forced almost to begin life over again. Morose at home, he took scarcely any notice of the boy who was the pride of his heart.

If the little fellow felt this neglect, he said nothing. Many an evening, standing before the sitting-room table, he worked at his boat, shaping hulk and bow and stern, and fitting the mast. But, though his small fingers were often blistered from the use of the knife, and his young brain grew weary from "the very hard work," his father gave him no word of encouragement or praise, nor seemed to remark his efforts at all.

The winds of March had been succeeded by the sunlit showers of April, and they in turn by the budding beauty of May. John Watson had been away on a business trip. He had not seen his wife and child for ten days; and now, as, with an acquaintance, he walked up Broadway, the great thoroughfare of the American metropolis, he was, in thought and feeling, a different man from the one they knew.

The sun shone bright; the trees of Trinity churchyard waved their new banners of green; the Spring had strewn with a few violets and dandelions the resting-place of the people who walked here two centuries ago. But, except in this spot, and above at St. Paul's close, there was no hint of rest or resurrection, unless one might call rest the loitering of the vagrants near the fountain before the City Hall. Everywhere else in the vicinity was the mad rush and whirl of mercantile and political life, of speculation in stocks and bonds, of the struggle for millions or for bread.

"You had better come into this deal, Watson," said the man, whom he addressed as Holden, as they pushed along through the throng. "It is a sure thing, and will return you double the money."

"But—" hesitated John Watson, debating the question. "Is it quite fair and square?"

"Oh, I have not thought of that! A few years in this vortex makes one forget such things," was the impatient reply. "The plan will stand daylight as well as most ventures, I'll wager; and you are a 'tenderfoot,' old boy, if you let slip so good a chance to make a few thousands."

Watson's face grew hard as steel and his eyes shone. Why, indeed, should he not enter into this transaction?

"I have urgent need of the money, sure enough," he reflected, bitterly. "Besides business obligations to be met, there is the mortgage on the cottage to be raised, living expenses to be taken into account; my wife should dress as well as her neighbors, and I must provide for the boy's future. It is too late to turn back now: my friends have arranged this opportunity; I can not desert them; it would be folly to refuse."

"Where's the harm, anyhow?" urged Holden at his elbow.

The two men reached a corner, and paused on the curb to finish the conversation. There, too, stood a good-natured, ruddy-cheeked elderly woman, evidently a stranger in the city; for her dress and manner told that she would fit better into a rural picture, and she carried a large bouquet of apple blossoms.

As Watson glanced at her, the expression of his countenance softened. He had never seen her before, but the perfume of the flowers she held with so much care suddenly altered the current of his thoughts.

"Do you want to cross the street, madam?" he asked, touching his hat.

"Yes, thank you kindly, sir!" she answered, in a rich Irish brogue. "I am just waiting a bit until the crowd gets by."

"Then you are likely to wait until midnight," interposed Holden, with a

laugh. "The crowd is always going by on Broadway, only somehow it never gets past."

So saying he plunged amid the stream of traffic, leaving to his companion's gallantry the kindness of piloting the woman across.

When this task had been accomplished, she turned delightedly to her escort.

"If it were not that you are such a fine gentleman, sir," she said, "I would offer you some of these posies that I am bringing to my daughter's little ones."

The smile of this unknown cavalier encouraged her. Thrusting a fragrant spray into his hand, she continued:

"Indeed, I will make bold to do it, anyhow. Perhaps you, too, will find the blooms like a sweet breath of the country air, amid the turmoil of these busy streets."

"Thank you! thank you!" he cried, awkwardly crushing the flowers into the pocket of his coat. Then, with a bow, he hurried on after Holden, who had tarried for him on the next block.

"Well," said the latter, taking up their talk where it had been interrupted, "I just wanted to see you a moment this morning, Watson, to make sure you will stand firm, no matter how the rival parties may feel about it. Money is money, and you and I must have it. Those in danger of being worsted must look out for themselves."

But the other's view of the situation had changed. The fragrance of that spray of apple blossoms brought vividly before him his country-home, his wife, who had said she would rather be poor than have him do a questionable act; his little son. Strangely enough, however, it was the picture of Jack running to meet him on the March day which arose in his mind; and again he heard the little lad exclaim, with a happy laugh:

"Ha, ha, yes! And for my sake you kept to the straight road, didn't you, Daddy? Now we can climb the hill together."

"Holden, I am obliged to you for wanting to do me a favor," John Watson said, slowly. "But—well—you need not count me in the deal."

That night he took a late train from the city. When he reached home Jack was fast asleep, and, in fancy, sailing away in a fairy dream-shallop over a sea of silver moonbeams. As the traveller, after his week of absence, went into the child's room, the light of the lamp he held fell full upon a toy boat, finished at last. It was a clumsy craft, roughly made, with cotton sails, and a piece of tin pipe for a smoke-stack; but it stood up bravely on the table where the boy had placed it, and from the mainmast floated a tiny white flag which bore a rude legend.

"Ha, ha!" laughed John, turning to his wife. "I wonder what the boy has named his boat?"

He looked closer. In crooked letters, formed with persevering love, were scrawled upon the pennant these words,

"The good ship, John Watson."

As he bent over the white cot and kissed the brave little artisan, now so peacefully sleeping after his childish toil, the father's eyes grew misty. The world might be false and hollow, friends might prove untrue, temptation might assail him, but wife and child had faith in him. They trusted that he would override the menacing waves of the storm.

For long afterward, whenever John Watson grew desperate, the recollection of that day on the hill kept him in the straight path; whenever he became despondent, the thought of that rudely built little boat caused him cheerfully to take up again his struggle with the world, and renew his resolution to hold fast to the stanch principles that would make his life like a good ship passing through a tempestuous sea.

Mothering Sunday.

BY MARY F. NIXON-ROULET.

IN these days of rush and hurry, when many people are too busy to be courteous, in too great a hurry to be polite, one reverts pleasantly to times when courtesy seemed innate, and people were not ashamed to show themselves delicately attentive to one another.

Simplicity and affection are very charmingly displayed in a custom formerly prevalent in England and Ireland—namely, of always going to make a visit to the mother of the family upon the Mid-Sunday of Lent. Even married sons and daughters paid this visit yearly, always carrying some gift to their mother; and the custom was called "going a-mothering."

The day was also called Mothering Sunday, and it was one of genuine happiness for all present. There was a general festivity at home, furmenty being quaffed,—a drink made of grains of wheat boiled in sweet milk, sugared and spiced. In canny Scotland the favorite dish for Mothering Sunday was "carlings," or pancakes made from steeped pease fried in butter, seasoned with pepper and salt. From these the day was sometimes called "Carling Sunday"; and the Sundays of Lent are enumerated in a couplet:

> Tid, Mid and Misera,
> Carling, Palm, Pase-egg Day.

The gift usually brought to the mother was a sweet cake called a "simnel cake"; and Herrick wrote in a canzonet to Dianeme:

> I'll to thee a simnel bring,
> 'Gainst thou go a-mothering;
> So that when she blesses thee,
> Half that blessing thou'lt give me.

These simnel cakes are made from raised dough of fine flour and water, colored a deep yellow with saffron, filled with raisins, currants, and candied lemon peel. They are boiled and then baked a warm brown.

The people of Shropshire have a quaint story anent the origin of the name simnel. There lived, they say, in Shropshire, long ago, a good couple of thrifty peasants named Simon and Nelly. It was their custom to gather on Mothering Sunday all the children who, like birds, had flown from the home nest, about their hearthstone and make a little feast for them. Now, Nelly was like John Gilpin's wife,—"she had a frugal mind"; and on Midlenten Day she found she had from her week's baking a quantity of fine dough which would not go into her bread pans. This she was determined not to waste; and as there were still some tasty bits of the Christmas plum pudding left, she decided that these could be used for the filling of some very nice tarts for her guests.

She set to work, therefore, to roll out her dough, when Simon came in and asked what she was doing. When she told him, he was pleased with her thrift; and, as most men, having a "sweet tooth," he lingered near to taste the first fruits of her expert handling of these unusual materials. But, also manlike, he kept volunteering advice, to which Nelly did not take very kindly. She thought she knew her business far better than Simon did; and when he finally insisted that the cakes be boiled instead of baked, as she had proposed, the dispute grew into a quarrel. Nelly said the cakes must be baked like a pie, Simon declared they must be boiled like a pudding. From words they fell, alas! to blows. Nelly began the warfare by throwing her stool at Simon, who seized the broom and began beating her. Upon this unseemly scene there entered the village priest, who speedily stopped the quarrel, scolding the participants roundly.

Terribly ashamed of themselves, the

quarrelsome pair decided to leave a decision to his reverence, and laid the mooted question before him. He decided that the cakes should first be boiled and then browned in the oven; and as in the heat of their discussion the fire had gone out, he commanded that the stool and broomstick which had been used in the quarrel should be converted into fuel. Being a clever cleric with a decided sense of humor, he further decreed—in an endeavor to "make the punishment fit the crime"—that some eggs broken in the scuffle should be used for icing.

All was happily concluded; and the strange concoction, contrary to the adage that "too many cooks spoil the broth," turned out excellent, and its fame spread all over England. The cakes were called "Simon Nelly Cakes," afterward abbreviated into Sim-Nell, or Simnel.

About a Famous Quotation.

EVERYONE is familiar with Lord Macaulay's oft-quoted tribute to the indestructibility of the Church. "She saw the commencement of all the governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished in Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the Temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's." Not so many persons, perhaps, are aware that the image, or figure, in the last sentence was used by Macaulay more than once, and that its underlying idea had already been utilized by several writers before he employed it at all.

The sentence, as given above, appears in Macaulay's review in the *Edinburgh*, of Von Ranke's "History of the Popes of Rome, during the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries." This review was published in 1840. Eleven years previously, discussing, in the same periodical, Mill's "Essay on Government," Macaulay had written: "Is it possible that, in two or three hundred years, a few lean and half-naked fishermen may divide with owls and foxes the ruins of the greatest of European cities,—may wash their nets amidst the relics of her gigantic docks, and build their huts out of the capitals of her stately cathedrals?"

Five years before this last sentence appeared in print, Macaulay had published, in *Knights' Quarterly Magazine* (November, 1824), a review of Mitford's "History of Greece." The concluding sentence of that review runs: "And when those who have rivalled her [Athens'] greatness shall have shared her fate; when civilization and knowledge shall have fixed their abodes in distant continents; when the sceptre shall have passed away from England; when, perhaps, travellers from distant regions shall in vain labor to decipher on some mouldering pedestal the name of our proudest chief; shall hear savage hymns chaunted to some misshapen idol, over the ruined dome of our proudest temple; and shall see a single naked fisherman wash his nets in the river of the ten thousand masts; her influence and her glory will still survive,—fresh in eternal youth, exempt from mutability and decay, immortal as the intellectual principle from which they derived their origin and over which they exercised their control."

With the passing comment that the use, in the sentence about the Church, of the specific "traveller from New Zealand," "London Bridge," and "St.

Paul's" gives to that sentence a graphic quality not secured by the generic phrases, "travellers from distant countries," "our proudest chief," and "proudest temple," employed in the period about Athens,—let us see whether Macaulay's thrice-repeated idea may not have been suggested by some author who wrote before his time.

In that short-lived periodical, the *Bee*, which flourished forty-one years before the great reviewer's birth and just a century before his death in 1859, Goldsmith, in "A City Night Piece," had written: "What cities, as great as this, have ... promised themselves immortality! Posterity can hardly trace the situation of some. The sorrowful traveller wanders over the awful ruins of others. . . . Here stood their citadel, but now grown over with weeds; there, their senate-house, but now the haunt of every noxious reptile; temples and theatres stood here, now only an undistinguished heap of ruins."

In 1791 Volney, the French author, published his famous "Ruins," in which appeared these words: "Who knows but that hereafter some traveller like myself will sit down upon the banks of the Seine, the Thames, or the Zuyder Zee, where now, in the tumult of enjoyment, the heart and the eyes are too slow to take in the multitude of sensations? Who knows but he will sit down solitary amid silent ruins, and weep a people inurned and their greatness changed into an empty name?"

Seventeen years before Volney produced his "Ruins," Horace Walpole had written in his "Letter to Mason": "At last some curious traveller from Lima will visit England, and give a description of the ruins of St. Paul's, like the editions of Baalbec and Palmyra."

Henry Kirke White published, at the age of nineteen, just two years before his death from over-study at Cambridge, in 1806, a volume of poems, in one of which, "Time," we find this passage:

Where now is Britain?

. . . . . .

Even as the savage sits upon the stone
That marks where stood her capitols, and hears
The bittern booming in the woods, he shrinks
From the dismaying solitude.

Finally, Shelley, who was drowned two years before Macaulay published his review of Mitford's "Greece," has this sentence in his "Dedication to Peter Bell": "In the firm expectation that when London shall be a habitation of bitterns; when St. Paul and Westminster Abbey shall stand shapeless and nameless ruins in the midst of an unpeopled marsh; when the piers of Waterloo Bridge shall become the nuclei of islets of reeds and osiers, and cast the jagged shadows of their broken arches on the solitary stream,—some Transatlantic commentator will be weighing in the scales of some new and now unimagined system of criticism the respective merits of the Bells and the Fudges and their historians."

Without accusing Macaulay of plagiarism, conscious or unconscious, it will readily be seen that his reading of Goldsmith and Walpole and Volney and White and Shelley may well have had much to do with the evolution of the famous sentence quoted from the *Edinburgh Review*,—a passage so commonly known that "Macaulay's New Zealander" has come to be synonymous with one belonging to a century as yet far in the future.

We have no right to make others the victims of our moods. If illness makes us cross and irritable, makes us unjust to faithful workers who can not protest, let us quarantine ourselves so that we do not spread the contagion. Let us force ourselves to speak slowly, to keep anger away from the eyes, to prevent temper showing in the voice. If we feel that we *must* have dyspepsia, let us keep it from getting north of the neck.—*W. G. Jordan.*

Calendar Thoughts.

The Almighty is too just to interweave with our nature any passion which it is not in the power of our reason to subdue.—*Gerald Griffin.*

He that falls into sin is a man; he that grieves at it may be a saint; he that boasts of it is a devil.—*Anon.*

The primal duties shine aloft like stars; the charities that soothe and heal and bless are scattered at the feet of man like flowers.—*Wordsworth.*

Conventionality is not morality. Self-righteousness is not religion.
—*Charlotte Bronté.*

It is well for men to give good advice when they are too old to set bad example.—*Anon.*

Every crime destroys more Edens than our own.—*Hawthorne.*

Duty, like death, enters every abode and delivers its message. Conscience, like reason and judgment, is universal.
—*Bancroft.*

They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

If luxury is sweet, its consequence is cruel.—*Marmontel.*

The only perfect people are those we don't know.—*Mme. de Boufflers.*

They can conquer who believe they can.—*Dryden.*

Thinking well and talking well are nothing without doing well.
—*La Chaussée.*

Time relieves us of our passions or renders ridiculous those to which we cling.—*Nisard.*

Shall I hold on with both hands to every paltry possession? All I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator for all I have not seen.—*Emerson.*

Of all the riches that we hug, of all the pleasures we enjoy, we can carry no more out of this world than out of a dream.—*Bonnell.*

Notes and Remarks.

One of the good works the practice of which is especially commended to Christians during the Lenten season is almsgiving. In the generic sense, an alms is any service rendered to one's neighbor, pre-eminently the spiritual and corporal works of mercy; specifically, it is the offering of money, or of what has appreciable money-value, to the poor and needy. Excellent as is the practice—and, in conjunction with prayer and fasting, it is certainly one of the principal means of satisfying for sin and of attaining perfection,—there is yet a caution that may well be impressed upon the mind of the almsgiver. It is that we are bound to be just before we are generous. Liberal almsgiving is a good thing in itself, but the liberality displayed by many is unquestionably a constructive injustice. Delinquent debtors; violators of the Seventh Commandment which obliges us "to pay our lawful debts and give everyone his due"; men and women who deliberately avoid, postpone, or indefinitely delay the payment of legitimately contracted bills; persons who incur new debts while foreseeing their inability to liquidate those already owing,—all such Catholics err egregiously if they imagine that their most open-handed generosity to the necessitous will condone their patent dishonesty toward their creditors. They are substituting a work of supererogation for a positive duty; are giving away what is not really their own; are without question violating the divine command, "Thou shalt not steal." Almsgiving is good; payment of one's honest debts is both good and necessary.

Pius X. is never tired of impressing on bishops and priests the vital importance of adequately instructing children in the Catechism. In a recent letter to

the Cardinal Vicar, he orders that the parish priests of Rome set apart every year a special period for religious instruction and the solemn festival of First Communion. The great day is to be preceded by an examination and by three days of particular preparation. "The unfortunate spirit of the age," says the Sovereign Pontiff, "would relegate the priest to the sanctuary alone. Be it so, but let the pastors remember that the soul of the child is the most august of sanctuaries. It is their duty to light and keep burning the divine fire in those living temples, into which guilty hands seek to throw incendiary flames; and one of the most effective means of doing so is the faithful teaching of the Catechism."

Frenchmen in general and ex-Prime Minister Combes and his sympathizers in particular ought to be interested in the following declaration concerning the Concordat, made by Napoleon a little more than a hundred years ago, and now recalled by a writer in the London *Tablet*. The greatest enemy of the Corsican never accused him of being a fool, but the warmest friends of Frenchmen are not generally of opinion that they are possessed of common-sense in an uncommon degree. (That would be wisdom, which is rare among any people.) French citizens, therefore, would do well to read and inwardly digest these words of one whom they all admire in some measure, and whom the rest of the world consider "a most genius man," as he was once described by an enthusiastic Frenchman of our acquaintance:

> The execution of the Concordat, from which the enemies of public order still ventured to conceive criminal hopes, has almost everywhere produced the most beneficial effects. The principles of an enlightened religion, the voice of the Sovereign Pontiff, the firmness and perseverance of Government, have triumphed over every obstacle. Mutual sacrifices have reunited the ministers of religion; enlightened reason and cordial unanimity have revived the Gallican Church; and the happiest change has already manifested itself in public morals. Every day produces a more perfect coincidence of opinion and of sentiment. Childhood is more docile to the instruction of parents, and youth more submissive to the authority of magistrates. The Conscription goes on smoothly in those very places where the mere name of Conscription was once sufficient to stimulate insurrection, and to serve the country is now become a duty of religion.

We echo the *Tablet's* comment on this notable passage of a manifesto to the French people by a ruler who was nothing if not enlightened:

> Well may it be brought from the obscurity of State Papers into the light of our day, and be read by modern rulers. The improvement of morals resulting from the re-establishment of a religion which Napoleon thought "enlightened" is also worth a remark. Current history supplies a reversal of policy; entailing, perhaps, a reversal of the happy experience which Napoleon records.

No one can accuse President Roosevelt of not having the courage of his convictions. Whenever an occasion offers, he is sure to reassert his views on "race suicide," mammon-worship, etc.; though he must be aware of the fact that they are resented by many people. The opposition comes from all quarters, sometimes unexpected ones; and the opinions of his Strenuousness are freely characterized as impractical, elementary, old-fashioned, commonplace, and so on. We like to believe that the resentment is violent rather than strong, emotional instead of being judicious. It seems to us that the majority of Americans agree with the President, and rejoice that his admonitions are reiterated as occasion demands. He preaches well, and we hope he may do so often during the next four years. If he sometimes repeats himself,—well, professional preachers have been known to do the same.

Our readers are familiar with Mr. Roosevelt's opinions upon what he happily terms "race suicide." They were reasserted in his speech at the

recent Congress of Mothers. In a late address, at the meeting of the American Tract Society in Washington, he had something to say about permitting mere material well-being to become the only ideal of the nation, which will bear repetition. After referring to the responsibility entailed by wealth, the President spoke of the wonderful changes which have come in the last half century, continuing as follows:

The railway, the telegraph, the telephone, steam, electricity,—all the marvellous mechanical inventions of these last five decades, have changed much the superficial aspect of the world, and have, therefore, produced certain great changes in the world itself. But, after all, in glorying over and wondering at this extraordinary development, I think that we sometimes forget that, compared to the deeper thing, it is indeed only superficial in its effect. The qualities that count most in man and in woman now are the qualities that counted most two thousand years ago; and as a nation we shall achieve success or merit failure accordingly as we do or do not display those qualities.... The railroad, the telegraph,—all these wonderful inventions, produce new problems, confer new benefits, and bring about new dangers. Cities are built up to enormous size; and of course with the upbuilding of the cities comes the growth of the terrible problems which confront all of us who have to do with city life. Outward circumstances change; new dangers spring up and old dangers vanish. But the spirit necessary to meet the new dangers, the spirit necessary to insure the triumph that we must and shall win, is the same now that it has always been.

Eminently sound and sane and timely. Was there ever a people by whom such admonitions were more needed? "Elementary instruction," say the critics; but this is just the kind of instruction that has been sadly neglected among us. A return to first principles, Constitutional principles not excluded, is our crying need, whether we recognize it or not.

Discussing recently the question of religious teaching in the schoolroom, Sir Wilfrid Laurier instituted a comparison between social conditions in Canada and in this country, saying incidentally: "When I observe in this country of ours a total absence of lynchings and an almost total absence of divorces and murders, for my part I thank Heaven that we are living in a country where the young children of the land are taught Christian morals and Christian dogmas." Thereupon a Chicago daily expatiated on the Canadian Premier's supposititious statement that there are *more* lynchings, divorces, and murders in this country than in the Dominion; and it elaborated the point that the population of this country is somewhat larger than is that of Canada. The editorial is decidedly disingenuous. No one supposes for a moment that Sir Wilfrid was speaking of anything other than the *relative* prevalence of the lynchings, murders, and divorces in the two countries. And everyone who has examined the question knows that, while our population is to that of Canada as sixteen to one, our murders and divorces are to hers as one hundred and sixty to one, and our lynchings to hers as sixteen hundred to nothing. It won't do for our publicists to laud irreligious education to the skies, and then grow fretful at legitimate criticism of its logical social outcome.

The *University Correspondence*, an educational journal devoted chiefly to London University matters, quotes an item of society news from the January *Boudoir*, as an illustration of what pluck and perseverance can accomplish in face of serious obstacles. Miss Annie O'Brien Christitch, a young lady from the Balkans, who had never attended an English school, but possessed the English tongue, determined to become an undergraduate of London University; and, owing to persevering efforts on her part, a term of only six weeks' oral teaching by University Tutorial College, London, sufficed for the attainment of the goal. Miss Christitch

was devoted to music rather than mathematics—she is no mean violinist—until she went in for hard study eighteen months ago. Besides French and German, she is familiar with Russian, which she acquired during a sojourn in St. Petersburg, where her father, Colonel Christitch, held a diplomatic appointment at the Imperial Court. Miss Christitch's mother is a writer for the English press, and, under a pseudonym, is numbered among our own valued contributors. The educational triumph of her eldest daughter was no surprise to us, though it seems to have been a sensation of the hour in London.

Among the virtues which seem to be taken for granted, passing almost unnoticed until death or some other supreme circumstance may render them conspicuous, the self-sacrifice of Catholic missionaries in foreign lands holds a first rank. The Church has been well described as the most fruitful source of heroism the world has ever known; and her heroes are so numerous that not one in a thousand ever attains to celebrity. Their self-effacement is no less admirable than their fortitude. Martyrdom has many forms, but to our mind the most impressive is that of the veteran missionary who, instead of the swift stroke of the executioner, sees death approach with slow steps, every one of which is fraught with fresh trials,—the increasing infirmities of age added, mayhap, to the sufferings of disease, the pangs of poverty supplemented by inaction and isolation. What an amount of patience and persevering courage must be required in such cases! And they are by no means rare.

A Eurasian priest, with whom we have been in correspondence for several years past, writes from the leper asylum at Mandalay, Upper Burma: "I have had to leave my parish in Mangalore, India, and come down this side, as last year leprosy began to attack me. As yet it is confined to my right foot." The letter has no further reference to his frightful malady, contains no complaint, no regret; and the only request was to change his address for THE AVE MARIA, and, if convenient, to send a few intentions for Mass.

If there were not so many appeals before our readers, we should be tempted to make a new one in behalf of this and two other missionary priests of our acquaintance, who are as deserving as they are destitute, and whose humility is as remarkable as their heroism. It is too bad that they should want for any of the common conveniences of life. Comforts they do not crave, luxuries they would spurn.

Writing recently from Ki-gnan, Mgr. Coqset, Vicar-Apostolic of Southern Kiang-Si (China), states that the principal need of his vicariate at present is an increase in the number of missionaries. "Everywhere," he says, "the mandarins are extremely polite to us. Whatever may be their motive, it is for us to profit by existing conditions. As for the duty of preparing a native clergy, we are not neglecting it: already we have seven native priests, six of whom I myself have ordained. These ordinations, however, are long in preparation. Our missions will need for many years yet numerous good missionary priests from Europe." *Les Missions Catholiques* (Feb. 24) publishes an excellent picture of Mgr. Coqset and his seven Chinese priests,—a decidedly interesting and thoroughly intelligent-looking group.

A lady monologist—a dramatic reciter of character-sketches at private entertainments—says that in her experience: "Women don't ever get offended, because no woman ever sees herself in my types. Often I've had a woman, the absolute example of some one I

have described, say to me: 'Oh, I was so much amused at your picture of Mrs. So-and-So!'" This habitual failure to recognize one's own moral portrait, when accurately and graphically drawn, is not exclusively characteristic of women. Imperfect self-knowledge and consummate self-deceit are probably as common to the sterner as to the weaker sex. In the Sunday congregations listening to the preacher's construction of a moral cap, fully as many men as women whom it fits to perfection ignore the fact that it is just their size, and complacently consider how extremely well it is adapted to the heads of some dozen occupants of other pews. To see one's self as others see one would often be a great incentive to genuine humility.

A veteran who has probably read with contemptuous dissent Dr. Osler's famous—or notorious—pronouncement on the age-limit of efficient manhood is Senator Wark of Canada. The Senator recently celebrated, at his home in Fredericton, New Brunswick, his one hundred and first birthday. His health is excellent; he moves about unassisted, reads the papers regularly, acts as his own barber, eats three meals a day, and, if the present session of the Dominion Parliament is prolonged—as it probably will be—until after Easter, will very likely proceed to Ottawa to acquit himself of his senatorial duties.

On the occasion of the next International Eucharistic Congress, to be held in Rome the first week of June, there is to be a High Mass in St. Peter's, the Pope himself pontificating; and a grand procession of the Blessed Sacrament in the Vatican Gardens. The Holy Father, it is further announced, has expressed his intention of granting a general reception on the closing day of the Congress.

Notable New Books.

Saint Peter Fourier. By L. Pingaud. Translated by C. W. W. Duckworth & Co.; Benziger Brothers.

We can not bestow high praise on the translation of this book, but we have no hesitancy in saying that it is one of the best of the series to which it belongs and of which it forms the eighteenth volume. In this age of popular education, the story of Saint Peter Fourier should be a familiar one to the members of all teaching communities; for he was a great educator as well as a great saint; and many important lessons are to be learned not only from his own life, but from the history of the two religious Orders of which he was founder and restorer. His idea that the hope of Church and State is centred in the young, that on their education all depends, bore its greatest fruit in the century following his death. His example inspired numerous founders of teaching communities, whose establishments are still flourishing in many parts of the world.

Of the two branches which Saint Peter Fourier grafted on the monastic tree, the first has withered, and the second but rarely bears new branches. Distrust on the part of bishops, opposition on that of priests, worldliness and dissensions among themselves, prevented the success of the nuns of Notre Dame. The Order of Notre Sauveur fell lower than it was before the Saint began his reform. Being forced after the Revolution to recruit in haste professors for their new colleges, the Canons received many novices of doubtful vocation,—"fops" and "curled abbés." "All the best posts were bestowed on prigs, who ought to have been sent back to the novitiate." The general who succeeded Père Pillerel, "a model of monastic virtues," is referred to as "an ambitious, worldly old sceptic." Under him the ruin of the Congregation was completed. But the glory of Peter Fourier went on increasing until, in 1898, he was enrolled among the saints. A man of peace and prayer, he had, like his Divine Master, been "set for a sign of contradiction in Israel."

In the Morning of Life. By Herbert Lucas, S. J. Sands & Co.; B. Herder.

Originally prepared for the students of Stonyhurst, the thirty-one brief discourses that make up this admirably published volume will prove helpful to all sorts of boys, whether they be fourteen or forty years old, in college or out of it. The themes range over a wide field—the presence of God, devotion to the Blessed Virgin, the importance of salvation, death, the Cross, vocation, Mary Magdalen and John Henry Newman,—to

name only a few. There is plenty of substantial thought in almost every chapter; the treatment is vigorous and practical, in spite of its fragmentary character, and a strong academic flavor due to the author's frequent appeal to the Greek text in preference to the familiar translation. The temper of the preacher is markedly sane and moderate; his style nervous and correct, with a pleasant dash of illuminating metaphor. Here is a characteristic bit on the subject of vocation, so often a puzzling question for boys:

Vocation does not always come to a man, as it were, ready-made. It is not like a parcel tied up and addressed and laid on our table. Rather it is like a tender and delicate seedling which, if we tend it carefully, will grow to maturity; but, if we neglect it, will wither away and die. It is plain that one who is not yet fit may render himself fit; and, on the other hand, that one who has all the promise of fitness may, by wasting his time, by indulging frivolous habits, or by yielding to grosser temptations, very effectively spoil his own character and quite disqualify himself for the priesthood.... Practically, the course to be followed when we are considering the question of our state of life is, first, to pray earnestly, and seriously to consider the true end and purpose of human life; secondly, to write down our reasons on either side and carefully to ponder them; then to form our decision, at least provisionally, and again commend it to God in prayer; and, finally, to ask advice. And it is to be observed that the stage at which advice is, ordinarily speaking, most likely to be profitable, comes *after* and not *before* we have taken the trouble to think the matter out for ourselves.

The book is not all so didactic in tone as this passage might lead the reader to suppose; but scattered about freely among the meditative and hortatory pages are many similar bits of instruction and wise counsel,—none too common, we must say, in books of the kind, though so eagerly sought after by earnest young men in the morning of life.

Religion and the Higher Life. By William Rainey Harper. The University of Chicago Press.

This readable book consists of some of the talks, more or less informal, which in recent years the author (President of the Chicago University) has addressed to companies of young men and women, particularly students. In his preface he expresses the conviction that the universities and colleges are not performing their full function in the matter of religious education; and he says that by means of these talks he has tried to discharge in a measure a responsibility which has weighed upon him more heavily than any other connected with the office which he has been called to administer.

We have been especially interested in the addresses entitled "Our Intellectual Difficulties" and "Religious Belief among College Students,"—the second of which must have been published before; for we remember quoting this opinion of Prof. Harper: "There has been a peculiar and a fatal lack of proper religious instruction for the young during the past twenty years, and we are just beginning to feel its terrible effects." In concluding the same paper, he says:

Let us not croak, then, about the amount of infidelity now in our colleges. We may well be surprised that it is not even greater than it is, when we take into account the wretched conditions which exist as to the religious education of boys and girls who have not reached the college age. We ourselves, as parents and church members, are largely responsible for such infidelity as does exist in college; since, in most cases, we have failed to take even the most simple measures to prevent it. The college can hardly be expected to repair the mistakes of the home, or the teacher to overcome the indifference or irreligion of the parent.

We can not attach any great importance to these occasional addresses. Prof. Harper's manifest sincerity is the quality which gives them their leading value. They are not very profound or luminous, and they have no remarkable qualities of style or diction.

California and Its Missions. In two volumes. By Bryan J. Clinch. The Whitaker & Ray Co.

Mr. Clinch is, of course, not the first worker in the field of early Californian history; but, as he points out in his preface, some of his predecessors produced results so bulky and undigested as to be practically useless to the ordinary reader; others treat only the secular side of the subject; and still others deal exclusively with the missions. "The object I have proposed," Mr. Clinch explains, "is to tell both the secular and religious history of my adopted State during the whole period of the missions." Incidentally some other questions that arise inevitably out of the leading theme—such as the evolution of the Spanish missionary system, and the Pious Fund—are treated with considerable fulness. So far as the sources are concerned, Mr. Clinch lays no claim to originality: he has drawn chiefly from the well-known American historians of the period, and from two or three important works in Spanish and Italian.

The first volume takes up the narrative of the early exploration, and the missionary activities that went with colonization. Few cultivated readers are unfamiliar with the rough outline of the story; but it is so concisely summarized in these pages, and the element of human interest so markedly predominates mere chronology in the telling, that it will be found notably fresh and engaging. The second volume resumes the story after the expulsion of the Jesuits and the coming of the Franciscans. This portion of the work is even more familiar, because the records are more abundant; but, as they are also more closely packed with important incident, the story keeps up the reader's interest without much difficulty. Viewed merely as a piece of literature, however, the work is not one over which the admirers of Mr. Clinch's magazine essays can grow enthusi-

astic. There are signs of haste in putting the text together, and the refinement—sometimes even the accuracies—of style receive scant courtesy. These volumes are valuable, but they are not Mr. Clinch at his best.

A Manual of Mystical Theology. By the Rev. Arthur Devine, C. P. R. and T. Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.

Few of us can say with St. Peter: "Lord, Thou knowest all things: Thou knowest that I love Thee." Still we may desire this love ardently, and we may address ourselves daily to God in the words of the Psalmist: "My soul hath coveted to long for Thy justifications at all times." This desire to love God is the foundation stone of contemplation. Mystical theology, which professes to lead the soul to the heights of the contemplative life, is defined by St. Bonaventure as "the extension of the love of God by the desire of love." If, then, there be any royal road to the cool, refreshing shades of contemplation, that road would seem to be *affective* prayer, or the exercise of the will in eliciting aspirations and ejaculations. Father Alvarez and Father Baker are two well-known exponents of this system of contemplation. Here, for example, are some of the acts which Father Devine cites from the works of the latter in illustration of *affective* prayer:

> Hail, sweet Mary! Hail, most Sacred Virgin, whom God before all ages did choose for His most Sacred Mother!
>
> Grant that I may be numbered among them whom thou dost love [whose names are written in thy virginal breast], and whom thou dost teach, direct, help, cherish.
>
> Do not repel me, a wicked sinner; do not despise and reject me, defiled with the stains of sin!

Such is "internal affective prayer (which is a prayer of the heart or will, by good affections quietly and calmly produced, and not with the understanding),—a prayer made without those distracting methods or that busying of the imagination and wearing of the soul by laborious discourses." These words of Father Baker give us the keynote of that eternal contemplation which exists among the Blessed in heaven; for there are no reasoning or discursive exercises in the City of God.

Father Devine's "Manual of Mystical Theology" is a worthy complement to his "Manual of Ascetical Theology," and will undoubtedly enjoy the popularity it deserves. The book is excellently published and is provided with a thorough index.

The Strategy of Great Railroads. By Frank H. Spearman. Charles Scribner's Sons.

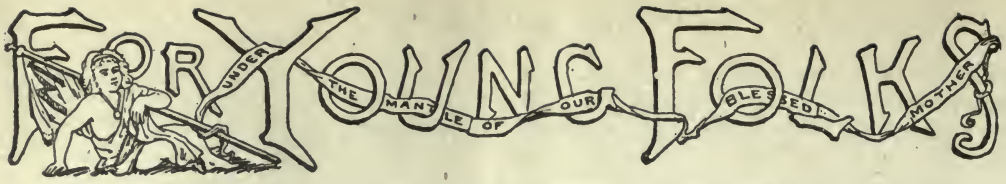
Mr. Spearman's power of attracting and keeping his reader's attention, whatever may be his theme, is strikingly illustrated in this handsome book. There are few subjects in which we feel less interest than railroading; but we confess that some chapters of the present work, notably perhaps "The Fight for Pittsburg" and "The First Transcontinental Railroad," formed most entertaining reading for us. Extraordinary struggles have arisen between the contending financial interests for supremacy in control of American railroads. The energy and strategy shown in these contests are described in a strenuous, spirited fashion by Mr. Spearman. His subject clearly called for expert knowledge, and it is in evidence on every page. A number of good maps give an additional value to a book which satisfies at once the historical sense and the desire for unusual incident and stirring narrative. An unskilful literary craftsman writing of railroad lines and systems would have produced the dullest work imaginable: Mr. Spearman, on the contrary, has given us a volume which even untrained readers will enjoy.

A Spoiled Priest and Other Stories. By the Rev. P. A. Sheehan, D. D. Burns & Oates; Benziger Brothers.

The announcement, some time ago, of a new book by the author of "My New Curate," "The Triumph of Failure," etc., naturally excited pleasurable anticipations; but we much regret to say that they are not fulfilled in this collection of short stories. "Topsy," the concluding one, was the first story written by Canon Sheehan; and the others seem to be republications from magazines, in which, perhaps, they were presented anonymously. There is not one in the lot that could have been written since "My New Curate" appeared. They lack the humor of that charming book; and the pathos of them is of another sort,—less tender and also less real. No reader of Canon Sheehan's most popular work could ever forget it; but of the eight stories that make up "A Spoiled Priest," none possesses unusual merit as regards either characterization or construction, or is likely to be remembered. We must confess that we find the best of these stories unworthy of the author's reputation. Nevertheless, we are bound to declare that no one will regret any time that may be devoted to this book. It is fairly well illustrated, and neatly bound in red cloth.

The Waters of Lethe. By Lida L. Coghlan. John Murphy Co.

This is a story of quiet, sustained interest, told in an entertaining way. The author fulfils the unwritten law of art, "Thou shalt not preach"; and yet there is a lesson taught just as life teaches it, inasmuch as actions and consequences are related in the same manner as are cause and effect. Nobility of character, unaffected sweetness of disposition, and unselfishness can not be met with even in the book-world without one's feeling their influence for good.



Gabriel's Greeting.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

WHEN the Angel winged swiftly his flight from the skies
And announced to thee, Mother, thy worth in God's eyes,
Did he know that his greeting, his "Hail, full of grace!"
Would re-echo forever through time and through space?

Was he conscious that, ages thereafter, his word
Would be treasured as gladdest this earth ever heard,
That the sheen of its glory for aye would increase,
And its music grow sweeter with mercy and peace?

Did his vision angelic foreshow him a world
Bearing proudly a banner to Mary unfurled,
While the millions who march 'neath it never give o'er
Just repeating their watchword, his *Ave!* of yore?

Did he see, dearest Mother, our hearts filled with love
For thy Son and thyself in his fair home above?
Did he see us, life spent, at thy feet find a place
To repeat with him, "*Ave!* O hail, full of grace!"

Little Sunshine.

BY AUBERTINE WOODWARD MOORE.

THE part of the house in which little Kathie and her father lived was flooded with sunshine all day long. On the other side of the house, where grandmother lived, it was always dark and gloomy. The sun's rays never entered there.

"I wish we could turn the house round a bit, so that grandmother could get some of our sunshine," said Kathie to her father.

"It would do no good," replied her father, sadly. "The sun could not find its way into her rooms."

"Perhaps I could carry some sunshine there," said Kathie.

"Try it, my child,—try it!" her father exclaimed. "If any one could carry it there, my little one, you could."

So Kathie ran out into the garden, where the sun's golden beams, in all their splendor, sported among the trees and the plants. Beyond all, the roses seemed aglow with glorious sunshine.

"I'll carry some roses to grandmother," thought Kathie. "Perhaps the sunshine will go with them into her rooms."

Gathering a great handful of roses, she hurried with them as fast as she could go to the gloomy side of the house. She did hope she would not lose any of the sunshine she had seen caressing them.

A burst of brightness entered the room with her. Grandmother looked up, blinking her eyes as though they were dazzled by the unusual light.

"Shut the door, Kathie!" she cried, in a peevish tone. "You are letting in a draught."

Kathie quickly shut the door, and it actually seemed as if she had shut in some of the sunshine. Certainly the room seemed brighter than it was when she first peeped in.

"I have brought you some roses, grandmother dear!" she said, gaily. "They looked so lovely in the garden, I wanted you to see them."

"You have brought a bit of sunshine with them," answered the old lady, and her voice was less querulous than at first.

Every day Kathie came with her offering of flowers, and every day she left behind her more and more sunshine.

It was not very long before grandmother's sitting-room was almost as bright as the other side of the house. It was so, at least, when Kathie was there.

Grandmother felt it. Her eyes lightened, the furrows in her face became less deep, and her voice more cheerful. She called Kathie "Little Sunshine," and kept the child with her all she could.

"As soon as you come into the room, Little Sunshine," said the old lady, "you chase all the gloom away. Everything seems bright when you are here. The sunshine sparkles in your eyes."

Kathie could not quite understand this. She found herself peeping into the looking-glass to see if the sunshine really did sparkle in her eyes. She could not see it, but it did sometimes seem to shine in grandmother's eyes.

The old lady began to tell the little girl wonderful stories about brave princes and princesses that were both beautiful and good. Kathie's eyes would fairly dance with pleasure; and again grandmother would say, tenderly: "Little Sunshine!"

It was all most strange to Kathie. Grandmother's room was far brighter than it used to be: she could not help seeing that. At the same time the garden was sunnier than ever, and her own side of the house had lost none of its light.

She asked her father what it all meant.

"Don't you know the secret, Little Sunshine?" asked he.

"No, father."

"No? Well, then, I will tell you. The more people seek the sunshine, the more they will find. Grandmother had quite forgotten to look for it, so it had left her alone. You began to carry it into her room, and she helped you keep it there."

Kathie pondered long on these words.

God sends His blessed sunshine upon earth. Let us all unite in cherishing it.

The Ups and Downs of Marjorie.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XI.—A Visit to New York.

(Continued.)

Judge Bolton sprang to his feet in alarm.

"Bert!" he cried. "Bert!"

"O father, Judge Lindsay, I am so sorry!" said Bert, appearing on the threshold, pale with dismay. "I've broken the vase,—the beautiful Japanese vase!"

"My precious Satsuma!" exclaimed its owner. "But never mind, Bolton! I ought to have known better than to turn a live boy loose among thousand-dollar porcelains. It's all my fault. Never mind!"

"Bert, Bert, how could you be so careless?" said his father, reproachfully.

"O father, it—it wasn't carelessness, indeed! I was so—so stunned and—startled that I knocked against it—I don't know how. For the picture—the picture seemed Marjorie herself!"

"Marjorie!" echoed Judge Lindsay, breathlessly. "Marjorie who? Where? What does the boy mean?"

"The picture—that big painting in the corner," stammered Bert. "It's a little girl I know; and it took me all aback to see her here, just as I left her yesterday. It's Marjorie Mayne."

"My God!" exclaimed Judge Lindsay, starting from his chair, white and shaken. "What are you saying, boy? Marjorie! Marjorie Mayne! What is he talking of, Bolton?"

"A little girl taken from the orphan asylum in B—— by some good neighbors of ours," explained Judge Bolton.

"The orphan asylum,—the orphan asylum?" repeated Judge Lindsay, in great agitation. "And—and she is like that picture, you say?"

"Gee whizz! yes," answered Bert. "I never saw anything more like. I

thought it was Marjorie stepping right out at me, sir."

"My God, if it should be,—oh, if it should be!" murmured the old Judge, trembling in every limb.

"My dear friend, be calm, be calm!" said Bert's father, anxiously. "What has so excited you?"

"Do you not understand?" cried the old man, hoarsely. "Do you not understand? There may have been a child that, in my pitiless obstinacy, I never heard of,—a child left to the cold charity of a cold world? For my girl, my poor lost darling, was Marjorie Lindsay Mayne. My *girl*, Bolton! And this child, who bears her name, whose likeness to her so startled your boy,—my God, I must see her! Take me to her, Bolton,—take me at once!"

"My dear friend, think! You are not strong enough, well enough, for this excitement."

"Strong! well! My heart is beating as it has not beaten for years,—with new life, new hope, new love, man! Marjorie Mayne! Like that picture,—the portrait painted when my girl was twelve years old! O Bolton, in God's name take me to that child at once!"

XII.—Out in the Darkness.

Marjorie had hurried home after her parting with Bert, rosy and happy and hopeful again. True, now and then a doubt of the old gypsy would flicker across her gladness, only to be driven away; for, as Marjorie naturally thought, why should the old woman fool a poor little girl like her with a story of hidden gold, when there was nothing to gain by it? And, after all good Miss Martha's prayers and novenas, surely it would not be strange if Manor Hill were saved even by ways more wonderful than this. So it was a blithe little Marjorie that went back to her work, singing the old St. Vincent hymns, as she polished up the big silver candlesticks, where the altar tapers had dropped their waxen tears during the Mass.

"Little Marjorie is herself again," said Miss Martha, as the sweet notes of the *Ave Sanctissima* floated up to the bedroom where the two old sisters were carefully folding lace and linen and vestments, to pack away in the big cedar chest. "What a bright little song bird she is! We shall miss her sadly, Susan, when she leaves us."

"Yes, indeed!" was the brief reply.

"I've been thinking," continued Miss Martha, as she wrapped the priestly maniple tenderly in its tissue-paper,—"I've been thinking, ever since our Mass, how wilful and headstrong I have been, Susan."

"You!—wilful and headstrong!" exclaimed Miss Susan.

"Yes: wilful and headstrong, dear, in making you hold on to the place as I have done, against your better judgment. You were ready to give it up months ago, as Judge Rowe advised. You were always the braver and stronger and wiser, Susan. I was the weak, the rebellious one. I could not make the sacrifice; it seemed too—too hard. But the other day, at the foot of our little altar, Susan, light was given to me,—light and strength. I felt that I could submit to God's will; that we, the last of the Talbots, must not shrink from the Cross that is our heritage, Susan,—one which those of our blood and name have always borne bravely and nobly. So I don't want you to struggle any longer, dear sister. Jeb is too old and weak for the spring ploughing and planting. Let us give up the place at once, as our friends advise."

"Martha, no, no!" Miss Susan's voice was husky and broken. "I told you we would fight it out, and we will; yes, please God, we *will!*"

"But we can not, Susan; everybody knows it and sees it. You are thinking only of me. I know that, too. So let

us fight no more. When I looked up at the Talbot Cross last Sunday, and thought of all it taught, all it meant, Susan — pain, torture, imprisonment, exile at last,—exile for all our race in a land then so strange and distant and perilous as this,—I felt I was a weakling indeed to shrink from the sacrifice God wills for me. Asa Greene has been pressing you for payment, I know,—though you have tried to hide it from me."

"He has,—he has been pressing me hard," said Miss Susan, bitterly. "And while we still have a few dollars left, Martha, it would be best."

"I understand," was the calm reply,—"I understand and agree with you. Then write to him at once. Tell him he can have Manor Hill next week."

And then it was poor Miss Susan's turn to drop into the big armchair behind her, and burst into a strange passion of tears. And, while gentle Miss Martha drew the strong old grey head to her breast, and spoke words of comfort and cheer, through the dim old house, fast tottering to its fall, rose a young voice clear and sweet as the warble of a springtime bird. "*Ave Sanctissima*," sang Marjorie, as she rubbed her candlesticks into glitter and gleam,—

Ave Sanctissima!
The shadows gather near;
Ora pro nobis!
O Mother Mary hear!

. . . . . .

"Aunt Nance," asked Marjorie that evening as, her own work done, she perched herself on the kitchen table where the old cook was kneading her dough for the morning bread, "did you ever hear of anybody finding a pot of gold?"

"I dunno 'bout a pot, chile," replied Aunt Nance, "but I heern of 'em finding a chist."

"Oh, a chest!" echoed Marjorie, with brightening eyes. "Why, that's bigger than a pot!"

"Yes, dey was big folks, honey,—too big to go fooling round wif pots. 'Twas a young lady I knowed—Miss Firginny Peyton."

"Tell me about it, please,—tell me *all* about it, Aunt Nance!" pleaded her little listener, eagerly.

"Well, dey was big people, you see, honey. De Peytons was fust-class people, de biggest and de fustest in de county, wif lands dat stretched way up and down de ribber, and so many collud people you couldn't count dar heads; and de barns and de granaries and de smokehouses fairly busting wif corn and terbaccer and bacon, and ebberyting de Lord gives you ter eat. And up in de great house, de pantries and de presses and de closets was jest packed and piled wif linen and china and glass and silver and gold, good 'nough fur kings. For de Peytons had been rich and great so long, dey did not know whar tings come fum. Dey had so much — teapots and sugar-bowls and forks and spoons, dat was dar grandmothers and dar great-grandmothers, and dar great-*great*-grandmothers,—jest piled up round 'em like de mosses round a big rock. But de rock was stirred at last, chile. De war bust out and de whole arth shook. De Colonel went off wif his regiment, and he was killed; and Master Jack and Master Archie warn't long behind him; and den de ole Missus peaked and pined till she died, too. Dar was no one left but Miss Firginny, a little girl no bigger dan you.

"And den one night de sojers come along wif dar guns and dar cannons; and all de collud folks scattered like chaff in de winds, 'cept ole Aunt Till, who was de Peytons' 'mammy'; and she run off wif Miss Firginny, troo de swamp lands in de black ob de night, to Judge Norton's, ten miles away. She run so hard and fast dat she got de digestion ob de brain and died next day. And Miss Firginny growed up as fine

and pretty a young lady as ever was seen in de county, dough she hadn't father or mother or nobody, and was dat poor she didn't have two cotton gowns to her back. And de ole Peyton place got wusser and wusser, till de roof was down and de chimbleys all tumbled in; and de barns and de smokehouses and de granaries dun crumbled and rotted away; and dey warn't no one but crack-brained ole Aunt Reah and de lame turkey gobbler left on de place.

"It was hard times fur de last ob de Peytons, shuah, till one day Miss Firginny was down in de bushes picking currants for Mrs. Norton's jelly, when her little feet went down in a hole whar de dogs had been nosing; and dar was a chist — a big black chist—filled wif silver and gold and ebberyting fine: teapots and coffeepots and jugs and candlesticks, watches and rings, and chains and necklaces, spoons and forks; and ebberyting packed and piled and scrouged in that big chist, whar Aunt Till had hid 'em away fum de sojers, before she run off wif Miss Firginny ten years before."

"And Miss Firginny mended the old house and put up the roof and fixed everything?" asked Marjorie, eagerly.

"Dat she did," answered old Nance. "Dar ain't a prettier place now in de whole county. I been dar and dun saw it, chile."

"Oh, wasn't that fine?" said the little girl, with dancing eyes. "I'm so glad you told me; because it's a true story, I know, Aunt Nance."

"True! Laws, yes, honey! Miss Firginny dun married Mr. Gordon Graves, and got some ob dat berry silver shining on her table now."

So Aunt Nance's story effectually settled all Marjorie's doubts. What had been, could be. "Miss Firginny" was a glittering beacon of hope and faith, in the gathering shadows.

Little guessed good Miss Martha, as she recited the evening prayers in the fading firelight, of the wild, distracting thoughts filling the curly head bowed at her side,—of the sore need there was for the nightly intercession against the "snares of the enemy" spread for the heedless little girl under her care.

"Oh, I hope I am not doing anything bad!" thought Marjorie, as, her good friends locked in their bedrooms for the night, she crept softly down the darkened stairs. "But I've got to try and find the gold for poor Miss Martha, even if it scares me to death to go out in the dark—goodness, what's that?" as she felt a cold touch upon her hand that made her almost scream outright. "O Rex, dear old Rex! I forgot you were there on the hall rug, taking care of us! There, now,—down, Rex! and hush, hush! You can't come with me to-night. You would fly at old Selma and spoil all. You can't,—*can't* come with me, Rex!"

So, noiselessly shutting the door upon this last friend, Marjorie stole out into the night alone.

And, oh, how strange and still it seemed out in the darkness! Marjorie stood breathless for a moment on the great pillared porch, feeling she could not leave its friendly shelter. How black and lonely and awful it looked under the shadows of the tall, bare oaks and down the long stretch of the road!

Marjorie had never before faced alone the terrors of night, and her brave young heart chilled. How warm and safe the old house seemed, with its big porches stretched out like sheltering wings in the darkness!—the kind old house that Asa Greene would pull down unless—unless *she* could help and save! Ah, at that thought Marjorie's heart warmed! She drew one long, shuddering breath and sped like a winged thing down the road.

(To be continued.)

With Authors and Publishers.

—The *Salesian Bulletin*, organ of the multifarious charitable activities comprehensively spoken of as "the Work of Don Bosco," is printed monthly in eight languages at Turin, Italy. The total number of copies issued is 250,000. The *Bulletin* is one of the most uniformly interesting of our exchanges.

—While the preface to "Forms of English Poetry," by Charles F. Johnson, states that the book "is addressed to young people and to general readers," those who will receive most benefit from its perusal are safe to be undergraduates and their professors of English literature. A suggestive volume and an interesting one. The American Book Co.

—Nothing in the line of First Communion certificates could be more appropriate or artistic than those issued by the Society of St. Augustine, Bruges. There is a variety of designs, and we are glad to notice that, in several specimens which we have examined, the words "Memorial of First Communion" are in English. The least expensive of these certificates are well worth framing, and they will be admired for beauty of design, exquisite coloring, and skilful printing.

—It is a long call from Indiana to Syria; and from the French into the Arabic, through the English, is a decidedly tortuous passage. Hence our surprise last week to see an Arabic version of "The Little Robinson Crusoe of Paris," by Mme. Foa, translated from THE AVE MARIA. The work has been done by a Maronite priest stationed in Beyrouth. Our translation, or rather adaptation, of the beautiful little French classic appeared last year. We congratulate H. Twitchell, the translator, on the unlooked-for popularity of the story outside the circle of young readers for whose entertainment it was done into English anew.

—We regret to hear of the death on the 15th inst., in New York, of Mr. William Seton, LL.D. He had been in ill health for some time past, but continued his literary labors to almost the last day of his life. Dr. Seton was a man of unusually wide culture, and wrote novels as well as scientific essays. By profession he was a lawyer, but soon after being admitted to the bar gave up practice to devote himself to literature and travel. His best-known book is "The Romance of the Charter Oak," a new edition of which appeared last year. Science, however, was Dr. Seton's favorite pursuit; and though he wrote much on subjects in which he was especially interested, his work has never received the credit it deserves. He is spoken of by those who knew him intimately as an ideal gentleman of the old school,—kindly, cordial and charitable as well as accomplished, and at his best a most delightful companion. He died in his seventy-first year. *R. I. P.*

—The official report of the Thirteenth Universal Peace Congress, held in Boston, Massachusetts, in October last, is a substantial brochure of some three hundred and fifty pages. A comprehensive and well-arranged record of the proceedings of that convention, it contains considerable matter of general interest.

—A valuable work, for which linguists and philologists will be duly grateful, has just been published at Hong Kong. It is a French-Laocian dictionary, by Bishop Cuaz, Vicar-Apostolic of Laos. The preface states that the Thâi-Lao idiom, or Laocian language, is the tongue generally spoken in the whole basin of the Mekong River, comprising five large provinces.

—"The Life, Letters, and Travels of Father De Smet," in four volumes, mention of which was made in these columns some time ago, is being very favorably noticed by the more important periodicals of the country. In a lengthy and appreciative review, the New York *Sun* says:

> For varied and multiform information relative to the tribes of our early Northwest, there is no single work more valuable than this admirably arranged and annotated record of the labors of Father De Smet. They cover a period of nearly thirty-five years of constant zealous effort for the welfare of the Indians. The results of his ever intelligent and sympathetic observations and studies, penned while fresh and vivid, not recalled as indistinct reminiscences, form a veritable thesaurus, of which later students of the history and ethnology of the early Northwest will, no doubt, long continue to take advantage.

The work is one which serious students of American history can scarcely afford to be without.

—More than half a century ago Cardinal Newman, in his concluding lecture on "The Present Position of Catholics in England," said: "What I desiderate in Catholics is the gift of bringing out what their religion is. . . . You must not hide your talent in a napkin, or your light under a bushel. I want a laity, not arrogant, not rash in speech, not disputatious, but men who know their religion, who enter into it, who know just where they stand, who know what they hold and what they do not, who know their creed so well that they can give an account of it, who know so much of history that they can defend it. . . . I wish you to enlarge your knowledge, to cultivate your reason, to get an insight into the relation of truth to truth, to learn to view things as they are, to understand how faith

and reason stand to each other, what are the bases and principles of Catholicism, and where lie the main inconsistencies and absurdities of the Protestant theory." In his preface to the book from which we quote, the great teacher says further that "his object has not been to prove the divine origin of Catholicism, but to remove some of the moral and intellectual impediments which prevent Protestants from seeing it."

The world has changed much since these words were written, and the Church is better known among intelligent non-Catholics than it was fifty years ago; but the false notions which Newman combated still prevail, on both sides of the Atlantic, among scores of thousands who have never spoken to a priest, never looked inside one of our books, never witnessed a Catholic ceremony. Our obligation, therefore, still remains to do our best and our utmost to remove the moral and intellectual impediments which prevent Protestants from perceiving the divine origin of the Church. For this purpose it is not too much to say that there is no better book in the language than Cardinal Newman's "Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics in England." A cheap edition of it, with an admirable introduction by the Rev. Dr. Barry, has lately been issued by the Catholic Truth Society of London. Price, one shilling, net.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"A Manual of Mystical Theology." Rev. Arthur Devine, C. P. $2.50, net.

"St. Peter Fourier." L. Pingaud. $1, net.

"California and Its Missions." Two volumes. Bryan J. Clinch. $5, net.

"Religion and the Higher Life" William Rainey Harper. $1.10.

"The Strategy of Great Railroads." Frank H. Spearman. $1.50, net.

"A Spoiled Priest and Other Stories." Rev. P. A. Sheehan, D. D. $1.25, net.

"In the Morning of Life." Herbert Lucas, S. J. $1, net.

"The Waters of Lethe." Lida L. Coghlan. $1.25.

"Last Letters of Aubrey Beardsley." Rev. John Gray. $1.60.

"Ceremonial for Altar Boys." Rev. Matthew Britt, O. S. B. 35 cts.

"Socialism." Victor Cathrein, S. J. — Victor Gettelmann, S. J. $1.50.

"Progress in Prayer." R. P. Caussade, S. J. 75 cts., net.

"Letters of Blessed John of Avila." $1.10.

"Cardome: A Romance of Kentucky." Anna C. Minogue. $1.25.

"Brother and Sister." Jean Charruau, S. J. $1.25, net.

"Vera Sapientia." Thomas à Kempis. 75 cts.

"Principles of Sacred Eloquence." Rev. John Conway, O. P. 50 cts.

"The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass." Rev. Dr. Nicholas Gihr. $4.

"The First Days of Jesus." 15 cts.

"Rosa Mystica." Kenelm Digby Best. $6.

"Pastoral Medicine." A. E. Sanford, M. D. $1.50.

"Teacher's Handbook to the Catechism." Rev. A. Urban. $4.50.

"The Life of St. Teresa." $2.20.

"The Feasts of Mother Church." Mother M. Salome. $1.25, net.

"Method of the Solesmes Plain Chant." $1.

"The Middle Ages." Thomas J. Shahan, S. T. D. $2.20.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Edward Gaule, of the diocese of Davenport; Rev. A. B. Tritz, archdiocese of Dubuque; Rev. Francis Yardin, S. M.; and Rev. Theodore Kevenhoerster, O. S. B.

Sister Mary Paul, of the Sisters of Charity; and Sister M. Baptista, Order of the Visitation.

Mr. Ranon Hernandez and Mr. Charles Clark, of San Antonio, Fla.; Mrs. Johanna Walsh, Providence, R. I.; Mrs. Anna Byrne, St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. Francis Gay, Sandy Hill, N. Y.; Mr. A. Reinhart, Kansas City, Kansas; Mr. James Coullahan, Roxbury, Mass.; Miss Bridget Connolly and Mr. A. I. Riley, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. Henry Bassing and Mr. William Downs, St. Joseph, Mo.; Mr. D. Neaton, Watertown, Minn.; Miss S. Reilly, Wheeling, W. Va.; Mrs. Mary McCarthy, Warrensburg, N. Y.; Mr. John Christman and Mr. George Ries, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Hanora Riordan, Mr. John Sullivan, and Mr. Arthur McMullen, Glens Falls, N. Y.; Mr. Alfred Holwick, Canton, Ohio; and Mr. Daniel Gibson, Sandusky, Ohio.

Requiescant in pace!

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LX. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 1, 1905. NO. 13.

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Vesper Hymn.

(*Telluris Alme Conditor.*)

TRANSLATED BY DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

ALL-BOUNTEOUS Builder of the earth,
Who, when Thou gav'st the world its birth,
Rolled back the waters with Thine hand,
And so securely fixed the land,

That these the seeds of all things bright
Might burst in beauty soon to light,—
The fragrant flowers, the golden fruit,
The grassy mead, the generous root.

Oh, let Thy grace descend like dew,
And wash the wounds our sins renew,
Till, by our tears at length made clean,
No more the dreadful scars be seen;

So that our hearts may keep Thy law,
And from all evil thoughts withdraw;
But, glad in all things pure below,
In death's approach no fear may know.

This grant, O Father, only One;
And Thou, His sole-begotten Son;
In union with the Spirit, He
Who reigns with both eternally.

MARY is a specimen, and more than a specimen, in the purity of her soul and body, of what man was before his fall, and what he would have been had he risen to his full perfection. It had been hard, it had been a victory for the Evil One, had the whole race passed away, nor any one instance in it occurred to show what the Creator had intended it to be in its original state.—*Newman.*

The Patroness of the Philippines.

TO the sons of St. Francis belongs the honor of having first carried the Faith to the mountains of Antipolo, overlooking Laguna de Bay, eastward of Manila. The brave and zealous missionaries to the people of Morong were the same who in 1578 and the following years founded the mission of Antipolo, converting an immense number of the inhabitants of these mountains to the Faith of Christ.

As the harvest entrusted to their care was continually augmenting, while the number of the missionaries was not proportionately increased, the Franciscans finally resigned their charge into the hands of the first Bishop of the Philippines, Domingo de Salazar. He, finding himself without pastors for these converted souls, desired the Society of Jesus to take charge of them. On this account Father Pedro Chirino was summoned from the province of Balayan, where he had been a missionary, and placed in control of the missions of Antipolo, Taytay, and the adjacent regions.

He said Mass for the first time in Taytay on the 25th of March, 1591, the Feast of the Annunciation; and was received by the natives, says the chronicle, as an angel from heaven. At that time Taytay consisted of some four hundred dwellings, and Antipolo of

only one hundred; but the number of the faithful was augmented by perhaps twelve hundred from the neighboring mountains. A few years later—for the sake of convenience, and also because of the beautiful church which had been built there, as well as the liberality and wealth of the Indians,—the Jesuits removed the seat of administration from Taytay to Antipolo, and very soon found their converts increased to the number of nine hundred souls.

We shall not here follow the progress of Antipolo in all its phases, as the subject does not belong to the purpose of our sketch. We shall content ourselves with stating some facts which seem to demonstrate that the Blessed Virgin was preparing this particular town or village to be the throne of her mercy and intercession in the Philippines. In the first place, by a curious coincidence, the date of the arrival of the Franciscans was the Feast of the Immaculate Conception; that of the Jesuits fell on the Feast of the Annunciation. Father Martin Enriquez, the successor of Father Pedro Chirino, preached his first sermon in Tagalog, the native tongue, on the Feast of the Nativity of our Blessed Mother. Father Francisco Almerique, who followed the other two, was in the habit of daily assembling the people—men, women and children—for the recitation of the Rosary. On Saturdays a special Mass was always said in honor of Our Lady, and several societies were established in her name.

Therefore, it is no wonder that, in the subsequent misfortunes which assailed them, this pious people appealed to the Blessed Virgin for assistance. A notable instance of this confidence occurred in the year 1598, when, the crops being menaced by a plague of locusts which had devastated all the surrounding country, they vowed "always to celebrate the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, and to give abundant alms of money and rice to the orphans and the poor." Their harvest was spared, and they complied with their vow. They established the festival, gave alms, and performed other works of piety. This is sufficient to show that these people had a most particular devotion to the Mother of God.

In 1616 Antipolo was, therefore, the central point upon which depended the missions of Taytay, Cainta, Baras, and Santa Catalina.

When Don Juan Niño de Tabora was appointed Governor of the Philippine Islands, in the year 1626, he saw in the parish church of Acapulco, Mexico, an image of the Blessed Virgin, originally brought from Spain, which so attracted his attention and inspired him with devotion that he used every means in his power to carry it with him on his journey, as patroness and protector of the voyage. The accomplishment of this desire was attended with some difficulty, but his vows and promises were at length effectual in securing the coveted treasure. With great reverence and considerable ceremony, it was carried on board the ship which was about to conduct him to the distant Islands. He set sail March 25, 1626. To the protection of Our Lady was attributed the wonderful preservation of the voyagers from several dangers which menaced the expedition.

On the 18th of July the Admiral landed in the Bay of Manila, and soon afterward a grand function was held in the cathedral, whither the sacred image was carried in solemn procession. Immediately after it was conveyed to the Church of St. Ignatius, and there deposited amid an immense concourse of people assembled to do honor to the Mother of God, whom they had already chosen as their protectress.

Later on, according to the most reliable authority, the sacred image was transported to Antipolo for two excellent reasons. The first was the

exceptional attachment felt by the Governor for the Society of Jesus; the second was because in Antipolo a magnificent church was in process of erection by Father Juan de Salazar, who had ministered to the people of that pueblo for more than nine years. The grandeur, solidity, and remarkable beauty of this church were in themselves monuments to the zeal of the pastor, the piety of the people, and the munificent generosity of the Governor, who contributed largely to its completion.

It was not long before the patroness whom they had chosen gave evidence of her appreciation of the devotion of the Filipinos. During an insurrection of the Chinese in 1639, the church was pillaged, and a crucifix as well as the image of Our Lady thrown into the flames; the latter having been also pierced by the lances of the rebels. Strange to relate, while the wood on which the crucifix was fastened burned to ashes, the figure itself remained intact; as was also the case with the blessed image, which, thrown twice into the fire, refused to be destroyed. Small wonder was it, then, that the Governor ordered the relics so marvellously preserved to be transported to Manila, where the crucifix was deposited in the Royal Chapel, and the statue of Our Lady left at Cavite, where she was solemnly pronounced patroness of travellers. Numerous instances are recorded of shipwrecks averted through her intercession.

The sacred image was absent from Antipolo fourteen years, during which period travellers never ceased to implore Our Lady's protection or to thank her for wonderful preservations. When, yielding to the solicitations of the Antipolons, the miraculous image was once more restored to their guardianship, as may be supposed, they signalized its return by many religious exercises, especially a novena, which resulted in so many confessions and Communions as to leave no doubt in the minds of thoughtful men that the Blessed Virgin was desirous of bestowing extraordinary spiritual favors on this devoted people. Owing to the protection vouchsafed her grateful clients, the Filipinos, both in their struggles against revolution and their journeyings by sea and land, the title of Our Lady of Peace and of Travellers had early been bestowed upon the Virgin of Antipolo.

Several times during the period between the placing of the sacred image upon the golden throne prepared for it in the magnificent church where it may now be seen, and the present, it was transported from place to place, especially where vessels of importance, containing distinguished travellers, were about to embark, in order to bring the blessing of Heaven upon the voyage. In this manner did the well-beloved Virgin of Antipolo traverse the treacherous waters of the Pasig river as many as seven times.

In 1863 the Augustinians were placed in charge of the mission of Antipolo, and during their administration devotion to the Blessed Virgin was greatly augmented. The annual feast, held on the first Tuesday in May, long the occasion of wonderful religious fervor, now became the principal feast of Our Lady throughout the archipelago. Three solemn novenas, the final one concluding on the day of the festival, were held annually; and at the close High Masses were celebrated from four to eight in the morning. Twice a day the novena was recited—once in Spanish and once in Tagalog,—each time followed by joyous litanies of praise and thanksgiving. Four times the sacred image was carried in procession through the principal streets of the town: at the end of each novena, and on the last day of the *fiesta*.

The church of Taytay, ruined in

the Spanish-American war, and in which, during its voyages to and from Manila, the image of Our Lady was many times temporarily deposited, was built by the same Father Juan de Salazar who erected the church of Antipolo. It is neither so large nor splendid as that of the former place; but in connection with it there is a tradition which may interest the American reader.

Having built the churches of Silang and Antipolo, the zealous missionary began the construction of another at Taytay. He purposed building it of noble dimensions, in order to accommodate the large population, as well as those who would be converted in the future. He designed the foundations according to this intention, but a singular circumstance obliged him to reduce them to smaller dimensions.

It is said that one day while he was ascending the stairs of his dwelling, carrying in his beretta some money which had been given him by the natives for the building of the edifice, he passed in front of a crucifix, reverently saluting it. Then came a voice from the Christ on the Cross, saying: "Be careful, Juan, how you spend the money of the poor!" He immediately reduced the cost of the work, and the building was smaller than was originally intended.

The chronicler goes on to say: "And to this day that same crucifix which spoke to the venerable Father is preserved in that dwelling, and the story can be seen in the records. If such rigor is to be shown in the cost of churches, what shall he said of those who further the cause of injustice?"

Enough has been related in this short sketch to establish the fact that the Filipinos cherish a great devotion to the Blessed Virgin, which is in itself a passport to the love of God; for where the Mother is, the Son can not be far distant. During the recent celebration of the Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception, more than half a million of Filipinos took part in the function held at Antipolo, giving proof of a new fervor and an increase of worshipers observed months before in the May *fiesta* of 1904. To this augmentation of faith and devotion the zealous and prudent administration of Archbishop Harty has largely contributed.

We can not better conclude this recital than by the following quotation from a sermon preached by Padre Murillo on the occasion of the culmination of the festivities of the Jubilee. He said:

"I hope that the people of the Philippines will always gratefully remember that the Blessed Virgin is the gracious benefactress of these Islands, of their commerce, their navigation, and all their interests. I am confident that she will gladly assist them in their afflictions, and free them from all kinds of misfortunes and necessities. I hope that they will never hesitate to show their gratitude,—not like the nine lepers healed by our Lord Jesus Christ, who, turning their backs upon Him, showed themselves ingrates toward Him who had been their benefactor. This, however, is not to be feared; because to noble souls gratitude is natural, while to those less noble the dread of having to return to their leprosy will inspire them with that beautiful virtue."

WELL might St. Lawrence Justinian exclaim in ecstatic amazement at the efficacy and virtue of the peace-offering of the New Testament: "There is no oblation greater, more profitable to man, more acceptable to God, than this Holy Sacrifice. It gives glory to God, joy to the angels, peace to the nations; it opens heaven to the weary pilgrim, it sheds light upon the understanding, it sustains the hope of the laborer, and guides the wanderer into the right way."

Young Mr. Bretherton.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XIII.—Opinions and Counter Opinions.

IT was shortly after the conversation between the two young men that Jim Bretherton met Miss Chandler outside the church door one morning, after early Mass. The Manor carriage usually conveyed thither the Governor and Mrs. Bretherton; but Jim often took a short cut through the fields, and frequently enough served Father McLoughlin at the altar. He did not always meet Leonora, however; as she in preference attended the convent chapel.

He greeted her on that occasion with a certain grave and constrained friendliness; remarking, as they walked along together, that most of his time was taken up with political affairs, which seemed thrust upon him by the committee.

"You might have taken pity on Aylward, though," he observed. "He is devoured by his national disease of ennui, and would either take the first steamer homeward or set out for the Northwestern wilds, to kill or be killed, if there were not some special attraction at Millbrook."

"He seems to spend much of his time in Reuben Jackson's society," Leonora replied, calmly; "and I see him from time to time smoking a pipe upon Jesse Craft's doorstep."

"I'm afraid it is not those excellent people who are keeping our peer of the English realm at Millbrook," laughed Jim Bretherton. "Besides being a very good sport, Reuben Jackson has a capital window for observation; and as to Jesse Craft, if he is not the rose, he is very near the rose. All of which proves that poor Aylward is really deserving of your pity."

"I am not sure that I was ever moved by pity in my whole life," said Leonora. "I have always seemed to prefer people who did not require pity."

"You will find precious few of that enviable class under the sun," answered Jim Bretherton. "But here comes our peer now, umbrella and all!"

The girl turned in the direction indicated, and greeted Lord Aylward pleasantly, but with a slightly heightened color, which Bretherton was quick to perceive.

"Good-morning, Miss Chandler!" cried Lord Aylward. "I see you are an early bird, like my friend Jimmy here. He gets up at the most unconscionable hours and goes off on his own hook. My Aunt Bretherton assures me it is to church. You Roman Catholics are great church-goers."

"Miss Chandler usually prefers the chapel," observed Bretherton, hastily. "I rarely get a glimpse of her here."

"I'm an old convent girl, you know," said Leonora; "and convent girls turn there as naturally as birds to a nest."

After that there was a somewhat embarrassed pause, which Bretherton broke by declaring that he had to go home and get a bite of breakfast, and would meet Lord Aylward afterward at Smith Jackson's store.

The two thus left together walked on, in complete silence at first, in the direction of Rose Cottage. Then Lord Aylward suddenly exclaimed:

"Jimmy's an awfully good fellow—I mean religious, don't you know?—though he never talks about it. At college it was just the same. We all used to admire his grit in keeping the feasts and fasts, and all that sort of thing. Once a fellow tried to chaff him about some statue or another he had in his room. The fellow said something which Jimmy didn't like (I fancy

it was about the Virgin Mary), and, by Jove, he got it straight between the eyes (Jimmy was in training for a boxing match at that time); and the other man hadn't another word to say."

Lord Aylward laughed aloud as he thus grew reminiscent; and Leonora listened with a bright, interested look.

"One day he downed another chap who talked about the 'vulgar Romanists.' Bretherton just took the cigarette he was smoking out of his mouth and said he agreed with that old Jacobite fellow who used to declare that the Catholic religion was the only religion for a gentleman. He said the thing with a drawl, but the chap didn't have a word further to risk upon Romanists. Jimmy was immensely proud of his religion; and, by Jove, we all admired him for it! I used to tell him that I'd give half my estate to believe as he did."

"His father and mother are very good Catholics, too," said Leonora.

"I should say so!" exclaimed Lord Aylward, enthusiastically. "Why, since I've been at the Manor, I feel like an out-and-out heathen! By the way, Miss Chandler, I always thought till to-day that you were one of us."

"One of the heathen?" put in the girl, with a quick flash of amusement.

"No: you know what I mean,—an Anglican, a Church-of-England woman, whatever you call that here."

"My aunt calls it Episcopalian," said Leonora. "She belongs to you."

"Oh, that's how I made the mistake! I saw her at church one or two Sundays. I was falling asleep over the parson's sermon. (He's a bit prosy, but he's a capital sport.) I caught Miss Tabitha's eye and woke up in time to say 'Amen!'"

"So you are not quite a heathen, after all?" commented Leonora.

"Oh, yes, I am!" said Lord Aylward, eagerly. "I hardly ever go to church when I'm at home. I was ashamed to stay away here. Everybody at the Manor went,—servants and all. But, by Jove, Miss Chandler, if I believed as Jimmy does, I'd be a churchman and no mistake!"

Having made this declaration with the utmost earnestness, Lord Aylward relapsed into silence, from which he presently emerged again to inquire:

"Do you believe that way, Miss Chandler?"

"I hope so," she answered; "only I can not take precisely the same means of showing it."

"You can't knock fellows down? Well, hardly," laughed the Englishman; and he continued to laugh for some time, immensely amused by the jest.

"With us," explained Leonora, "it's not only believing: it's practising our belief; and in that respect you've heard, perhaps, the old saying that every Catholic is worse than his religion, while many Protestants are better than theirs. You mustn't mind my saying so, and you needn't be the least afraid that I'm going to turn controversial."

She, in fact, led the subject away, after that, altogether from religion; and Lord Aylward, following her lead, presently remarked:

"You've got on a stunning coat there."

"Yes," Leonora answered. "It was made in New York. It was a present from my cousin, Mrs. Brentwood, to whom I was companion that time I met you. Don't you think it was rather shabby of her to leave me in the lurch and get married?"

"Oh, by Jove, yes!" assented Lord Aylward. "And some goose told Jim and me that it was you who had got married. I was awfully cut up—"

"So was I," interrupted Leonora, hastily,—"not by the report, but by the marriage. It lost me my situation. I felt the blow coming, though. I was

prepared for it. Don't you remember how devoted Mr. Taylor Howard was to her all summer?"

"Yes, tremendously devoted. I used to wonder how the fellow could prefer her to you."

"Tastes differ," remarked Leonora, laughing, though with a slightly heightened color. "Mrs. Brentwood is very handsome."

"To be sure; and she has a perfect figure and rides a horse superbly. By the way, Miss Chandler, as you don't ride, would you come out and take a drive with me some afternoon,—say to-morrow, if it's fine?"

Leonora hesitated. She had scarcely ever gone to drive with any one in her life, but she liked Lord Aylward. He impressed her as being such an honest, simple gentleman; and she was unconsciously piqued by the attitude which young Mr. Bretherton had lately assumed in her regard.

"I think I can go to-morrow," she assented,—"that is, if Aunt Tabitha does not object."

"I'll call for you at half-past three," said Aylward, eagerly. "Bretherton is good enough to let me have his dogcart any time I want it."

This being agreed upon, Leonora went in at her aunt's gate, which the two had just then reached; and his lordship hurried away, fearing, possibly, that the girl might change her mind.

Miss Tabitha sat within, at her inevitable tatting. She had been a very unhappy woman during the last few weeks. The sunshine seemed to have deserted Rose Cottage. Eben Knox had so worked upon the spinster's naturally timid nature as to have acquired a complete ascendency over her, and she suffered him to obtrude his unwelcome society upon her and her niece without the slightest protest.

Leonora had been at no pains to disguise her abhorrence of the mill manager, scarcely deigning him a reply when he directly addressed her; and she had already given her aunt to understand that if Eben Knox persisted in haunting the cottage, she would take a situation which should remove her from Millbrook.

Miss Tabitha saw with alarm that her niece had been escorted to the gate by Lord Aylward. She knew that Eben Knox would be fully aware of this occurrence, and would consequently lash himself to fury when next he paid her a visit, and threaten her with dire calamities. She often wondered how the happenings at the cottage became known so speedily to the manager; but he had, in fact, two sources of information. What he himself could not perceive from the corner window, he usually discovered through the instrumentality of Dave Morse. Grudgingly, indeed, the lad, who hated and feared his master since the time he had received from him a blow, obtained a daily chronicle of the happenings at the cottage from Mary Jane.

Miss Tabitha, on the other hand, had an almost superstitious reverence for the peerage, and never for an instant believed that Lord Aylward would offer himself in marriage to her niece. She believed that his admiration was of the transitory nature common enough in men of his stamp, and would quickly evaporate when he found himself amongst his own people. She was the more confirmed in this opinion by what she regarded as the defection of young Mr. Bretherton; for which, unreasonably enough, she blamed him, though her own manœuvres had been its principal cause. She argued that Jim Bretherton had seemed to admire Leonora, but had quickly withdrawn from an untenable position, and that it would be the same with the English Lord. In her loyalty to the Bretherton family, she would scarcely have wished its latest representative to make an obscure marriage. Though she was

devoted to her niece after a fashion, it is a question whether she was not even more devoted to that fetish of her own imagination, around which clustered all that was pleasant or brilliant in her own past.

For all these reasons, and because of the influence of that stronger mind upon her weakness, she had almost come to the conclusion that it would be best for Leonora to marry Eben Knox, and enjoy the wealth and luxury with which he was prepared to surround her. It vexed her profoundly, therefore, that her niece would not listen to such a proposal. Leonora plainly told her aunt that the very thought of Eben Knox filled her with loathing, and that she would die a thousand times rather than marry such a man. Miss Tabitha, therefore, lived in constant dread that Leonora, by her open repugnance to his plans, would bring down upon all concerned the vengeance of the moody manager.

"Leonora dear, you walked home with Lord Aylward," she observed; "and I very much wish, my child, that you would discourage that young gentleman's attentions."

"I could not very well engage in a dispute with that young gentleman on Millbrook High Street," laughed Leonora. "I met him, and he walked beside me to the gate. But I may as well tell you at once, dear, that I am going out to drive with him to-morrow."

"O Leonora, you will ruin us all!" exclaimed the aunt, laying down her work and looking as if she were about to cry.

"Now, my dear, dear aunt," said Leonora, "isn't that a melodramatic way of talking? Why should it ruin any one for me to take a drive with Lord Aylward?"

"Oh, I can't explain!" wailed Miss Tabitha,—"I can't explain! But there is not the slightest use in encouraging Lord Aylward. He would never dream of marrying any one in this country."

"It is not a question of marrying," Leonora said, quietly—though an unwonted color rose to her cheek and there was a flash in her eye,—"it is a question of going for a drive."

"Oh, that's all very well!" protested Miss Tabitha, who, in the trouble and agitation which had lately beset her, had grown querulous. "But it's only compromising yourself for nothing. It is the same with all these fine gentlemen. Look at young Mr. Bretherton!"

"Well, what of him?" Leonora asked.

"He used to come here at first, and he used to hang about whenever we went for a walk, and now—"

She paused more in sorrow than in anger; for she could not but know that her own manœuvring, under the direction of Eben Knox, had had a large share in producing this result. She hesitated, moreover, to cast even a shadow of blame upon the representative of a house to which she was devoted; and, in particular, upon Jim Bretherton, who had already endeared himself to her by the charm of his manner and the kindliness of his nature. She honestly believed that whatsoever tended to separate him from Leonora was doing both of the young people a veritable service. An attachment between them would only be repeating that story of a past generation, which had been productive of harm and of suffering to two who had loved each other.

"That may be all very true," admitted Leonora; "and I suppose young Mr. Bretherton has his own reasons for avoiding the cottage. For my part, I think the constant presence of that odious Eben Knox would be reason enough."

"And yet, my dear niece," ventured Aunt Tabitha, "if you mean to marry at all, Mr. Knox is by far the most

eligible suitor who has yet offered. He has wealth and—other advantages—"

"Which can not be very easily enumerated," laughed Leonora. "But that matter is not worth discussing. You may rest assured that, whatever I do, I will never marry Eben Knox. I hate to think that he has dared to dream that I would marry him."

She checked the rapid speech, which, in her unusual excitement, she feared might carry her too far; and, taking her gloves from the table where she had thrown them, she prepared to leave the room.

(To be continued.)

The Nest in the Oak.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

A BIRD was chirping softly
Among the naked trees.
"I dare not build," he murmured,
"A home in one of these.

"They are all grey and leafless,
The once glad woods are dumb;
I do not hear my comrades:
Too soon I must have come."

Still wandering through the woodland,
Still fluttering up and down,
The days passed, and the nights fell
On branches cold and brown.

But Spring, that gentle maiden,
That friend of all the world,
Came tripping through the forest,
Her bright green flag unfurled.

The birdling followed after,
He saw her touch a bough,—
"Last eve it was all withered,
It is all leafy now!"

And there his nest he builded,
Soft, even, warm inside,
Beneath a roof of greenery,
And welcomed home his bride.

And there the happy songsters
Still to their dwelling cling,
And warble every season
A greeting to the Spring.

Some Mothers of Saints.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

IT has been remarked, and in many cases the remark is supported by facts, that if a man owes to his father his name, his career, his social standing, and certain broad lines of character, to his mother, whose influence is less apparent, he often owes the more intimate features of his moral personality. Like all general statements, this one is open to criticism; yet a mother's power, although often less visible in its action, tells strongly upon those delicate fibres that are the real mainsprings of a man's thoughts and actions.

This theory is touchingly exemplified in the history of many of God's saints. Over and over again, by the side of the confessor, the doctor, the martyr, as the case may be, stands, half concealed from public gaze, veiled in her sweet humility—all the sweeter because of its utter unconsciousness,—the mother, whose example and training contributed, more powerfully than she herself was aware, to give a hero to the Church of God.

As far back as the early days of the Christian Church—those dim days of peril, when through much suffering the true Faith was slowly winning its way to victory,—we come face to face with noble examples of heroic motherhood. The Christians were a universally despised and cruelly persecuted race; and, from their babyhood, little children were accustomed to look with untroubled eyes on the instruments of torture—the headsman's sword or the burning pile. They worshiped God in the Catacombs, surrounded by the relics of those who, after fighting the good fight, had been called home; and the conviction that this life was a brief and painful pilgrimage was brought before them by a thousand signs and tokens, as

they trod the streets of imperial Rome.

One of these martyr-mothers was Symphorosa, a noble matron; another was Zoe, a Phrygian slave; both lived under the Emperor Hadrian. Symphorosa was arrested, called upon to sacrifice to the idols, and, upon her refusal, was tortured and finally drowned. The next day her seven sons were summoned to the presence of the Emperor. True to their mother's lessons, they endured the most barbarous torments with superhuman courage, and one and all gained the martyr's crown.

Zoe's case was somewhat different. St. Symphorosa was spared the pain of seeing her children suffer, and it was from the golden gates of heaven that she watched their final struggle. Zoe not only witnessed her boys' agony: she knew that by her refusal to apostatize she was the primary cause of their sufferings. Under her eyes their tender flesh was torn by the lashes; she looked on with eyes where natural pity and supernatural heroism were strangely blended. "Be brave, my sons," she cried, "and fear not pain!" The Acts of the Martyrs tell us that the boys were worthy of their mother. Their clear, childish voices were raised in defiance of their tormentors. "These tortures are nothing!" they exclaimed. "Make us suffer more than this, that our crown may be the brighter!" And then Zoe, her husband and her sons were condemned to perish by fire. Their voices were heard through the crackling flames singing hymns of praise. At last they cried out, "Lord Jesus, receive our souls!" and winged their happy flight to heaven.

A few years later, under the Emperor Antoninus, a noble Roman lady, named Felicitas, and her seven sons were called upon to sacrifice to the gods; and were threatened, if they refused, with the usual torments. Like Zoe the slave, her sister in faith, Felicitas thought more of her boys' future glory than of their present pain. "Lift up your eyes to heaven my children!" she said. "Jesus is waiting for you. Prove yourselves the faithful servants of so great a King. Be constant in the love of Christ." One after another, the seven boys—Januarius, Felix, Philip, Silvanus, Alexander, Vital and Martial — were put through the usual questions. Their firm answers have been preserved, and prove the solidity of their Christian teaching. They were condemned to various torments and executed in four groups, in different parts of the city; their mother was beheaded. One of the most interesting discoveries made within the last few years, by the eminent archeologist, M. de Rossi, was that of the Catacomb where St. Felicitas and some of her sons were buried by their fellow-Christians.

Of the same stamp as these heroic women was the mother of Symphorian, a young Christian who was executed for the Faith under Marcus Aurelius. He was a native of Autun in France, and possessed all that makes life pleasant. He was of noble birth, young, rich, and universally popular. When he was led to martyrdom, his mother stood on the ramparts of the city to see him pass. "My son," she cried, "remember the living God! Death has no terrors when it leads to eternal life. Look up to Him who reigns above!"

One more anecdote of the heroic times of the early Church, and we shall pass on to later and more peaceful days.

In Palestine, a Christian youth named Theodulus, or Barulas, was, upon his refusal to sacrifice to the gods, cruelly beaten. His mother was standing by; when the little martyr, bleeding from the rods, begged for some water to quench his thirst, she said: "Endure a little longer, my child. Soon thou shalt be refreshed at the springs of eternal happiness." The boy, having remained steadfast in his profession of

faith, was eventually condemned to be beheaded; but the place of execution was at some distance, and his maimed feet could no longer support him. When his mother saw that he was unable to walk, she took him in her arms, all bruised and bleeding, and, with a reverence even greater than her love, carried him to the spot where the execution was to take place.

Here she surrendered her precious burden to the hands of the soldiers. After tenderly kissing the boy, she bade him farewell. "Go, my son, where God calls thee; and when thou art with Him, remember thy mother. Hitherto I have called thee my child: now I will call thee my lord." When the young martyr's head fell to the ground, she was heard to murmur: "He was Thy servant and the son of Thy handmaiden!" Then she quietly came forward, wrapped her boy's mangled remains in her veil, and with slow and reverent steps carried them away for Christian burial.

When the days of persecution came to an end, the Christian mothers' part was somewhat modified by circumstances. True, in heathen countries—in Japan, for instance,—during the persecutions of the sixteenth century, we meet with examples of heroism as striking as those we have just quoted; but, as a rule, in the Christian community the mothers of the saints were called upon to teach their children to live up to new religious ideals, that must have appeared strange to the survivors of the proud and self-indulgent Roman world.

St. Monica, the mother of St. Augustine, whose prayers and tears gave her illustrious son to the Church, belonged to this period of transition, when the Christian Faith, having emerged from the Catacombs, was steadily gaining ground on the ruins of the heathen Empire. So did the noble matrons to whose mental and moral development St. Jerome largely contributed. Among them was St. Paula, the mother of St. Eustochium, one of St. Jerome's most illustrious correspondents.

The epoch was a most important one in the history of the Church. From being a despised and persecuted race, the Christians had now become the victorious and governing body; and the austere teaching of St. Jerome was especially valuable in leading these noble daughters of Rome along the narrow paths of humility and penance, so foreign to the spirit of their nation.

Anthusa, the mother of St. John Chrysostom, who lived in the fourth century, was their contemporary. She was left a widow at the age of twenty, and steadily refused to marry again, wishing to devote herself to the care of her two children, one of whom was the future St. John.

As a youth, he gave his mother much anxiety. He was brilliant and ambitious, but showed no inclination toward the pure and penitential Christian doctrine of which Anthusa was a devout follower. Great, then, was her joy when this beloved and gifted son openly declared himself a disciple of Christ. The fact of his conversion excited deep interest. The Christians gloried in the brilliant scholar who had joined their ranks, and the pagans were loud in their laments at the loss of so valuable a member of their community.

John was not one to do things by halves. Having become a Christian, he decided not only to become a priest, but, in order to lead a life of more perfect renunciation, to break with his refined and intellectual surroundings and to bury himself in some distant solitude. This resolve roused the strong human element that mingled with Anthusa's love for her son. She had prayed for his conversion, and with her whole soul had rejoiced when her petitions were heard; but, although she accepted the idea of his being

a priest, her sensitive and loving heart rebelled at the thought of his burying his extraordinary talents in a hermitage.

St. John relates how one day she led him by the hand to her room, and there, in a voice broken by sobs, reminded him of her lonely widowhood and of her absolute devotion to her children's welfare. She besought him, in return, to abandon his idea of becoming an anchorite,—at least while she lived. John yielded, and was content with being a secular priest at Antioch; but after his mother's death his old craving for solitude returned, and he fled to the desert.

It would seem, however, that Anthusa's opposition to John's wishes came less from the weakness of a loving heart than from a keen instinct that her son was not fitted for a hermit's life. At any rate, subsequent events justified her conduct. John became so ill that his superior obliged him to return to Antioch, where he found the fitting employment of his glorious gifts, and rendered, as our readers know, great service to God's Church.

The mother of Pope Leo IX. brings us down to feudal times. She was Heiliwige, Countess of Alsace, closely related to the Emperor Conrad; and, having been early left a widow, she was obliged to defend her dominions from the attacks of her rapacious neighbors. In spite of her warlike surroundings, Heiliwige gave her boy a careful education. When he was only five, she sent him to school at Toul, had him taught reading and music, and, above all, trained him to serve God.

Her own life is full of the contrasts that are so frequent in medieval times. As a widow and a sovereign princess, she was called upon to fortify her frontier towns, to levy troops, to grasp the sceptre and the sword rather than the distaff. But, like many of her contemporaries, she had the aspirations of a mystic, and that deep love for monasticism that characterized the Middle Ages. Not only did she build convents and abbeys, but, in the intervals of her busy life, she loved to retire to these havens of peace, where, in the contemplation of things eternal, she forgot the world and its cares.

The memory of Countess Heiliwige is linked with the institution of the "Golden Rose," which, as our readers are probably aware, is blessed by the Pope on the third Sunday of Lent and sent by him to some Catholic empress, queen or princess whom he wishes to honor. The Queen-Mother of Spain and the late Empress of Austria were, among other illustrious ladies, thus distinguished by the Holy Father.

The custom of blessing the Golden Rose was instituted by St. Leo IX. on the following occasion. In memory of his mother, he gave a large portion of his ancestral domains to the nuns of Woffenheim. In return, the community bound itself to present him every year with a golden rose weighing two ounces. In course of time this custom was modified, and it gradually assumed its present form. But, none the less, its origin is connected with one who, as an energetic and able sovereign, a devout and wise mother, may serve as an example to the royal ladies on whom the Sovereign Pontiff bestows the Golden Rose.

Alette de Montbard, the mother of St. Bernard, belongs, like the Countess of Alsace, to feudal times; but her responsibilities were less, and her influence was exercised only in her home and its immediate surroundings. She was fifteen when she married the Lord of Fontaine, who belonged to the great French house of Châtillon; and while her husband worthily held his place among the fighting knights of Burgundy, Alette governed her large household with a happy mixture of sweetness and energy, nursed the poor

and sick with her own hands, and, above all, trained her seven children to serve God.

She seems to have lived in close communion with her Creator, and more than once she was favored with supernatural revelations concerning her own and her children's future. Thus, although her third and most highly gifted son, Bernard, showed, during her lifetime, but little inclination toward a monastic vocation, she knew that he was one day to be a great preacher in the service of God's Church.

She was informed, too, of her approaching death; and the manner in which this noble woman, on whom had been bestowed all the good gifts that make life desirable, prepared to relinquish them, exemplifies, better than any panegyric, to what heights of perfection she had attained. The story as related by the old historians is a touching one.

Every year, on the feast of her favorite, St. Ambrose, the Lady of Fontaine was accustomed to give a repast to the priests of the diocese of Dijon, to which she belonged. One night she dreamed that St. Ambrose had revealed to her that on the next recurrence of his feast she would be called home, and that he would be near her when the solemn hour came. Alette related her dream to her husband and children; and, says the historian, their veneration for her was such that, seeing she herself believed it to be a real warning, they dared not do otherwise, although their sorrow was intense. It contrasted with the calmness with which Alette prepared all things for her impending departure.

When the Feast of St. Ambrose drew near she issued her invitations as usual, and gave all the necessary orders for the reception of her guests. But, alas! when, on the appointed day, her clerical visitors crossed the hospitable threshold of Fontaine, they were told that their hostess was dying. She did not forget them, however. Her eldest son, Guy, received them in her name; and when the meal was over he requested them to visit his mother, who wished for their presence. She received them with her usual sweet courtesy, and begged their prayers. The priests then knelt round her bed and recited the Psalms, in which she joined; but when they began the Litany for the Dying she gently breathed her last.

Alette's mission with regard to her children did not end with her life; indeed, her influence in shaping their careers seems to have been even more powerful when it was exercised from the world above. Her presence was often visible to Bernard; and when he hesitated between a religious vocation and a life devoted to human science, it was she who gently led him upward and gave to the Church one of her most illustrious servants.

Another of her sons, Andrew, a brave knight, one day sought his brother Bernard. "I have seen our mother," he said; and he, too, entered a monastery. Two of his brothers soon followed, and at last only the youngest boy, Nivart, was left to inherit the family honors. This child was playing with some other lads when his brothers left their home forever. Guy took his hand. "My little brother," he said, "this castle and these lands shall now be thine." The boy looked up gravely. "You are taking heaven for your portion and leaving me earth!" he replied. "The bargain is not fair." And some years later he too became a monk.

Long afterward Alette's only daughter, Humbeline, having tasted of the world, its pleasures and pomps, ended her life in a convent, in the odor of sanctity.

Like the Lady of Fontaine, Juana d'Aza, the wife of Felix of Guzman and the mother of St. Dominic, foresaw her son's glorious destiny. Some weeks before the saint's birth, she dreamed that her unborn babe, under the shape

of a dog carrying a lighted torch, was setting fire to the earth,—a symbol of the zeal with which St. Dominic and his sons were to carry the word of God to the ends of the world. Doña Juana's vision is commemorated in the arms of the Dominican Order: a dog bearing a burning torch. We know little else of Juana d'Aza, except that when he heard of her death, St. Dominic exclaimed that he would never cease to follow her example and carry out her advice in all things. Coming from the lips of such a son, these words speak volumes for Doña Juana's worth.

(Conclusion next week.)

Marga's Dressmaker.*

BY BEN HURST.

I.

WE were strolling in one of the suburbs of Vienna.

"Look!" exclaimed my friend Marga. "Here comes my dressmaker,—a nice little body, is she not?"

A refined-looking, neatly-dressed woman passed us, with a smile and a graceful bow. She was walking rapidly, and a small boy followed her carrying a large wide box.

"She has crowds of fashionable customers," added my friend; "and I wonder how she can retain them all without extra help. But she is positively indefatigable. Her husband is a 'Beamter,'—that is, you know, in the State service, with a good salary."

"Then he ought to be ashamed of himself!" I said. "Fancy making his wife work like that!"

"You wrong him," returned my friend; "and here is where my story comes in. I must tell you why I am so interested in her. I went one day to see if she could manage to finish a theatre bodice of mine earlier than we had arranged; and, on entering, found the room occupied by a huge blond gentleman, lounging about in the most nonchalant manner, and puffing a cigarette. He removed the latter on seeing me, but his face expressed a certain bewilderment.

"'Is Madam Strell at home?' I asked, somewhat puzzled.

"'Certainly, Madam,' he replied; and called, 'Gretta! Gretta!' with true marital authority.

"A startled, anxious face looked out from an inner door for a moment, and Gretta's voice said:

"'Please wait one moment: I am coming!'

"In a short time she appeared, came forward, and to my surprise shook hands with me.

"'This is my husband,' she said, introducing him formally.

"She then began to chat; behaving in general like a lady who was receiving a visit from one of her acquaintances. My woman's instinct kept me on the alert, and I carefully followed her lead.

"'Do let me show you the new hat Raimund bought for me,' she said at last, leading the way to an inner room.

"The Beamter profited of the move to make an elegant bow and take himself off. I then turned to my companion with a face that very probably represented a point of interrogation—like yours just now."

And Marga broke off with a laugh.

"Oh, do go on!" I said. "I acknowledge I am curious."

"Well," continued Marga, "she thanked me earnestly for not alluding to the dress. 'The truth is,' she said, 'my husband is well-to-do—a Beamter, in fact,—and he sees no necessity for my keeping up my trade. Madam will understand, however, that there are many people I can not see my way to refuse,—particularly friends who patronized me before my marriage, and have got so used to me they do

* A true story.

not like to employ a stranger.' (I was not one of these, but I did not say so.) 'I did not expect Madam to-day,' she went on volubly, 'as it is a holiday, and Raimund would be at home. Of course it is wrong to have secrets from one's husband, but men are sometimes so unreasonable,—and there are so many things wanted in a house. Why should I be idle, Madam? I am happy when I work; and my earnings are my own, are they not?'

"'Of course,' I said, recalling all my woman's independence theories. 'You are quite right to work, and it is surely more praiseworthy than to pass your free time in dressing and visiting like so many other Beamters' wives. But perhaps your husband finds you overdo t, and neglect your health?'

"'Oh, no!' she said, with a pleasant laugh. 'He doesn't mind my stitching, and only jokes at my vanity; for he thinks it is mostly for myself I take such pains.'

"She then opened the ottoman on which we had been seated, and drew from among a pile of other materials the half-sewn bodice which had been the cause of my unannounced visit, at the same time resuming her professional manner, which she did not again lay aside."

"Raimund will peep into that box one day," I declared.

"No," replied Marga. "He probably has no idea that it opens."

"All the same, she can not go long undiscovered," I insisted. "Spite her plannings and combinings, he will come home unexpectedly some day and find her pinning linings on you or me."

"What?" exclaimed my friend. "So you will patronize her, too? Merely for the pleasure of outwitting a man, I feel sure."

"No," I said. "Your dresses are well made. I do not see why I can not also help an industrious little woman who wishes to have a small income of her own, instead of being a parasite on her husband."

"Very true," answered Marga. "That is just how I felt. But, do you know, if it had been anybody else than this good, quiet creature, I should not like to continue a customer?"

"Quite naturally," I assented. "But hard work can have nothing wrong in itself. It is a refutation of any unworthy motive. Besides, the face of that woman does not allow of suspicion."

"How much you manage to see in one glimpse!" she laughed. "My story is not lost, I see."

"Give me her address," I said. "I admire her pluck and industry, and I am sure there is some serious reason at the bottom of it. But I shall not look her up at her own place, for I do not care to encounter the blond lion. Are you sure *he* does not profit by her busy fingers?"

"I think not. I was curious enough to make inquiries, and my husband tells me he is quite a model clerk."

"All the same, he can't be nice," I maintained; "otherwise his wife would not need to have this secret from him. She must want for money."

II.

It was about a year later that Marga and I happened to be again together, driving in the Prater, when she called my attention to a tall, well-dressed man walking toward us.

"That's Madam Strell's husband," she said. "As you see, he won't salute me; although he never failed to lift his hat most correctly when we used to meet after our first introduction. He looks sourly on those who patronize his wife and enable her to follow her trade, I suppose."

"So he knows about it!" I exclaimed. "I often wanted to ask you about her. Are you still satisfied with her work?"

"Well, no," said Marga. "I am on the lookout for another dressmaker.

She has been very unpunctual and careless of late."

"Poor thing! She looks so pale and tired!" I said. "She must work harder than ever, now that there is no longer any concealment."

"Yes; she told me her husband saw how difficult it was to make both ends meet, and does not hinder her."

"I am sorry to hear it," I said; "for I think she is working herself to death."

"Let us drive there," proposed Marga, with a sudden impulse. "She has a promenade costume of mine in hands for over a month. Would it bore you?"

"Not at all," I answered. "Let us go, by all means; although I have never been to see her about my clothes. Indeed, till lately there was no need to do so, as she used to be exactness itself."

"Unfortunately, it is not," said Marga; "though she works late and early, and he has been promoted."

We waited for some moments after Marga had knocked at a small door on the third story. This had a tiny card pinned on the top panel, bearing "Madam Strell, Dressmaker," in her own handwriting. My heart sank at the wan face of the little woman who opened the door for us. I remembered her so brisk and pleasant,—a different being. She led us into the room where she had evidently been at work, and began to apologize for delay.

"I see you have a great many things in hand," I said. "You should not accept more than you can do. You look worn out. Give yourself a rest."

"Oh, no, Madam!" she replied, with a smile. "I am not tired, and I can be happy only when I work. It is important, too, that I should earn."

"But you will make yourself ill," protested Marga. "You are not reasonable. Don't you see that if you break down you will be obliged to give up your customers?"

"That is what I fear," she said, with a startled look from Marga to me. "But what can I do?"

She sank into a chair and clasped her hands.

"You won't withdraw your custom from me," she murmured, "when I tell you how—"

All at once she turned deathly pale and closed her eyes.

Marga and I looked at each other for a moment in utter dismay. I then stooped down and took the cold hands in mine, while Marga rang violently.

"Shall I get you a glass of wine?" I asked, as a small *stubmädchen* appeared. "Here are salts. Only keep quiet and tell us what to do."

"Here is the cordial," said the little maid, taking a bottle from the mantelpiece. "She'll be all right when she takes it."

And so it proved.

"You are overwrought," said Marga, gently, as the woman sat up, apparently revived, and dismissed the maid with a friendly smile. "Have you consulted a doctor? For I see you are subject to such attacks."

"No—quite seldom," she answered, evasively. "It is not worth speaking of, and work has nothing to do with it. But—I have been in great trouble. My brother—"

Here she broke down and sobbed despairingly.

"O God! my own brother! my only friend! We loved each other so—from childhood. And he had nobody but me. Since I married nothing went well with him. I tried to help him—but he was so unhappy! And now—he is gone from me forever."

"Is it long since you have lost him?" I asked, compassionately.

"Some months," she murmured in a low voice. "I lost heart—although I promised him not to fret. I should work more than ever for the child's sake,—he left me a little girl to look

after. I can not bring her here—my husband would not like it,—and I can not bear to send her to an orphan asylum. I have found a home for her with nice people,—but it is a struggle."

"And your health is failing. You *must* bring her here!" I said, indignantly. "Your husband can not object when he sees how you are wearing yourself out in order to pay for her elsewhere."

"Oh, no!" she said, quietly. "I do not ask to bring her here; and—Raimund is not fond of children."

"Is the child's mother dead, too?" asked Marga.

"His wife?"

For the first time I saw the pretty, patient face darken with anger.

"Ah, no! *She* is alive, but she has abandoned the child. And he loved her so! But she it was who drove him—to death. My poor, poor brother! He was so good, so religious, as a child. He would not hurt a living thing or wrong a soul. And so gay, so cheerful always. Everybody loved him."

Her tears welled forth afresh, and Marga—tender-hearted Marga—sat down by her side and drew her head on to her breast.

"Cheer up!" she said. "The child will not be neglected, and who knows? Herr Strell may consent to adopt it when it is a little older. Do not worry yourself any more just now. We shall all try to help you, and God will reward your sisterly devotion."

We left her calm and comforted, if not consoled.

"Did I not say there was some noble sacrifice at the bottom of her untiring industry?" I said as we drove away. "Now do you know what I propose? She *must* have rest; and the villa at Baden is empty, for we go to Marienbad next week. She could go there with the child till we return in a month or so. My old Martha will feed her and nurse her and pet her, if I only give a hint."

"Splendid!" cried Marga. "That would set her up. Write to her at once about it."

I did so, but my offer was declined,—very gratefully of course, but still declined.

"I do not feel justified in accepting Madam's kind offer," wrote Frau Strell; "and shall explain my reasons on the first occasion when I shall have the honor of meeting Madam."

But it seemed to me that she avoided this explanation, and I took care not to force her confidence.

"She speaks and acts as if there were some disgrace attaching to the child," said Marga. "And she never mentioned its name, which would be her own maiden one, too. Poor thing! Just think of her toiling and moiling day and night probably to provide luxuries for that other woman! And all for love of a brother! But I must say I understand her husband's feeling aggrieved."

"Nonsense! He is a conceited, selfish brute!" I declared. "Surely no fit mate for that little golden-hearted wife of his. If he were worth his salt, he would have divided her cares and been a solace, not a hindrance."

"True," said Marga. "But why fall upon him thus? His rôle in the affair is negative."

"And that is just what I reproach him with," I insisted, as the carriage drew up before Marga's door. "I have a perfect spite against the man. A Christian's rôle in life is never negative."

III.

Life in Vienna is a selfish, absorbing whirl. True, it is pretty much the same in other capitals; but I am trying to find an excuse for the fact that, amid a thousand cares and pursuits, I lost sight of Marga's dressmaker for a considerable time. We had continued to employ her (although she spoiled our gowns, which we often got remade or altered without her knowledge; and

in spite of her extravagant prices) until she herself ceased working, owing to the death of the child.

Some time afterward I saw her in the Prater, sitting by the side of the Beamter, who seemed ineffably bored. She was looking up at him timidly, plainly trying to entertain him; for I saw her speak several times, and get no answer beyond a shoulder-shrug. Her beautiful eyes were now unnaturally large, her mouth drawn, and she was but the ghost of herself.

Next time I saw her it was on a hospital bed in the Cancer Ward. She had written to Marga, asking her to come.

"I hope you do not mind my having come, too," I said, as we approached the bed. "I am truly sorry to find you here. Let us hope it won't be for long."

"Oh, no! it won't be for long," she said. "But the next move is to the grave, and to the better life beyond it. I want to ask a last favor of you, Madam,"—turning to Marga.

I moved away quickly, but she called me back.

"Don't go, please," she said, with her old, timid smile. "I want to ask your pardon, too, for having deceived you. My brother is not dead."

Her tears began to flow, and Marga tried to soothe her.

"Only tell us what we can do for you," she said.

"Bring Albert to see me," she sobbed. "He is in prison, but if Herr B——" (naming Marga's husband) "would speak a word, surely they would let him come to say good-bye. He knows I am dying, poor fellow, and he wants to come. The warders would be with him, of course; nor would he try to escape, for his life is ended, too. Ah, God! what has he to look forward to, now I am gone?"

My eyes were wet and so were Marga's.

"You must tell me his name," she said, "if I am to try to procure your wish. I promise you I will do my best."

"It is Albert M——," said the invalid, in a low voice, pronouncing the name of a bank defrauder with which all Austria had rung some years before. "*She* made him take the money, and he got twenty years. She escaped to spend it and he gave himself up. Poor boy!"

Yes, we remembered. A sensational drama that thrilled us at the time.

"Be assured," said Marga, "that we shall try to obtain his liberty under escort for a couple of hours. But do not count on it too much. Prison regulations may stand in the way."

"Does your husband come regularly to see you?" I asked.

"Well, no, Madam. He knows this long time that I am incurable," was the answer; which seemed to her—poor wife!—a natural explanation.

We tried to cheer her by speaking with compassion of the unhappy convict, declaring that we had never in our hearts found him so deserving of blame; it was clear he had been led away, and so forth.

She listened, clasping her rosary, while the tears coursed down her pale cheeks. But her face lit up with a smile of welcome as the Sister in charge came near.

"Sister," she said, "I think I am not going to wait for the other side to have a taste of happiness, after all. It is possible that I shall see my brother; but if not—God's will be done!"

Marga and I paused outside the door of the ward.

"To think of it!" she murmured. "Such heroism, such devotedness! These things do exist among us; and for the sake of this one soul, perhaps, are many of the cowardly and selfish spared."

"I thank God," was my reply, "for the lively faith in a better land that sustained her in her weary task all these years."

Marga lost not a moment in endeav-

oring to compass the invalid's wish; but there were inevitable delays, and she died—this humble heroine of sisterly devotion—with her last earthly wish unfulfilled.

We saw the husband at the funeral, in coldly correct mourning. Some months later we saw him again, apparently well pleased with himself and with the stout, smiling young woman on his arm. Evidently he wished to impress her with his high connections; for, as he caught sight of the livery, he actually turned out of his way to accomplish an elaborate salute. But Marga sat straight and gave him a haughty stare.

"You are thinking of that poor little woman who was his wife!" I said, with a sigh.

"Yes," replied Marga. "I can not excuse him. While she was happy and healthy, he liked her well enough. When trouble fell on her, he drew off. Had he been a *man* she need never have fretted and worked herself to death."

"You said once his rôle was negative," I reminded her. "As for me, I prefer the brother, convict as he is, who sobbed in remorse over her coffin, to the heartless husband."

And Marga acknowledged that she agreed with me.

TRUE charity is not typified by an alms-box. The benevolence of a check-book does not meet all the wants of humanity. Giving food, clothing and money to the poor is only the beginning, the kindergarten class, of real charity. Charity has higher, purer forms of manifestation. Charity is but an instinctive reaching out for justice in life. Charity seeks to smooth down the rough place of living, to bridge the chasms of human sin and folly, to feed the heart-hungry, to give strength to the struggling, to be tender with human weakness; and, greatest of all, it means obeying the divine injunction: "Judge not."—*W. G. Jordan.*

A Caution to American Catholics.

SOME advice for American Catholics is offered by an anonymous contributor to the *Catholic World*, writing of the religious crisis in France, for which, it is freely asserted, our coreligionists in that country are in great measure to blame. The writer would have us take warning from the deplorable folly and ruinous discord of which they stand convicted before the world. We are far from agreeing with all the opinions expressed in the article under consideration; and we feel sure that many French Catholics, quite as well informed as the writer of it, would have other explanations to offer of the present disaster, and would trace to altogether different sources the causes which have contributed to bring it about. If those in a position to know the inner history of political movements in France during the last few decades were free to take the public into their confidence, doubtless we should all understand better than we do the attitude of French Catholics toward the Republic,—why so many of them regard it as an immoral usurpation, and so many others are among its most ardent supporters.

If there is any lesson for American Catholics to learn from the 'deplorable futility not only committed but persisted in' by their brethren in France, it should not be neglected. The obligation to point it out and to profit by it is alike imperative. According to the writer in the *Catholic World*, the lesson is this:

> That we must beware of separating ourselves into a class apart; that we must suppress every tendency which would result in binding us together into a grievance committee; that we must assimilate the best spirit of America, and be assimilated by it; and that we retain the utmost personal independence which is consistent with our traditional and noble instinct of obedience. French Catholics have been brought to their

present plight by distrusting democracy and by remaining in their country somewhat as a foreign substance remains in the eye. They have been in the Republic as foreigners who refuse to become citizens. We shall avoid their misfortunes if we love democracy heart and soul, cherishing and practising the independence on which it rests; and if, secondly, we defeat any purpose, which has already appeared or may appear, which would put us, as a body, outside the common interests of our country, and give ground for the reproach that we are of an alien spirit, of a temper more censorious than conciliating, and of a character in which whole-souled helpfulness is less conspicuous than intemperate criticism or unwarranted pugnacity.

There is little danger, we think, that American Catholics will ever form a class apart. And why should we not stand together whenever there are grievances to be redressed or rights to be defended? Are not the Catholics of this country, as a whole, imbued with the best spirit of America? Was there ever an occasion when they did not prove themselves the best of citizens? Do we not love democracy heart and soul, and thoroughly appreciate all its advantages? The danger is of our becoming too conciliatory, of forgetting our rights in glorying over privileges which are common to all. No class of citizens show more respect for authority than Catholics, none are more law-abiding, none more patriotic. Our country has everything to hope and nothing whatever to fear from its Catholic population, no matter from what country recruited. The advice we have quoted is good, of course; it would be better, though, if it were really needed. What we resent about it is the patronizing note: Sit down and be good, and don't let any one know you are there.

POETRY is not made out of the understanding. The question of common-sense is always: What is it good for?—a question which would abolish the rose and be triumphantly answered by the cabbage.—*Lowell.*

Notes and Remarks.

It is not to be forgotten that those who avail themselves of the generous dispensation from the Lenten law, accorded nowadays in so many dioceses, are bound by the very terms of the dispensation to additional prayer and other good works. One practice, comparatively easy to a large number of Catholics who habitually neglect it, is attendance at daily Mass. In view of the fact that "one Mass is worth more than all the treasures of the world," and that assistance at the Adorable Sacrifice is the grandest and most efficacious act of piety of which a lay Catholic is capable, the relative emptiness of so many churches and chapels on weekday mornings is a striking proof of lamentable indifference to spiritual interests, of wanton unconcern as to innumerable graces and blessings which one may have for the asking. In Lent at least, if at no other season, practical Catholics should make it a point to be present, as frequently as possible, at the sublimest religious function performable on earth. No other half-hour of their day can assure them the one-hundredth part of the pleasure or profit that will accrue to their souls from the twenty-five or thirty minutes spent at morning Mass.

The American Tract Society, according to the report of the Rev. Judson Swift, its secretary, distributes "Christian literature"—*i. e.*, tracts—in twenty-four languages or dialects to immigrants on their arrival at Ellis Island. The colporteurs of the Society are the first Americans with whom the strangers come in contact. We do not know what Catholics are doing to counteract the effect of so much tract distribution. Of one thing we are sure—this kind of literature is calculated to intensify or

create prejudice against the Church among ignorant readers. The antidote ought to be supplied in abundance. What a blessed thing it would be if at least all immigrants from Catholic countries, on landing at Ellis Island, were furnished with a copy of some such publication as Mr. Bonaparte's address on the duties and responsibilities of American Catholics, with needed information as to the location of churches, etc., and warnings about the dangers to be met with on all sides! Some nationalities are provided for in this respect, but others, we fear, are neglected. As President Roosevelt remarked upon a recent occasion, only those who have had experience with the dangers and difficulties surrounding the newly-arrived immigrant can realize how great they are. Enlarging upon the subject, he said further: "The immigrant comes here almost unprotected; he does not as a rule know our language; he is wholly unfamiliar with our institutions, our customs, our habits of life and ways of thought; and there are, I am sorry to say, great numbers of evil and wicked people who hope to make their livelihood by preying on him. He is exposed to innumerable temptations, innumerable petty oppressions, on almost every hand; and, unless some one is there to help him, he literally has no idea where to turn."

Writing from Cha-pin-pa, China, to *Les Missions Catholiques*, Father Dangy, of the Paris Foreign Missions corps, gives some interesting information as to the cordiality of the relations existing between the Chinese and the Japanese. Apropos of Mgr. Chouvellon's project of establishing a Catholic paper in the Chinese language, he states that the pagans, the Protestants, and even the Japanese have a press, and that it is a necessity for Catholics to have one also. Continuing, he writes: "I have just told you about a paper published by the Japanese at Tchong-kin; and you will ask me, doubtless, what the Japs are doing here in the heart of the Flowery Kingdom. Well, the fact is that the Chinese, seeing how strong on sea and land are their cousins of the Rising Sun, not only send crowds of their young men to the military schools of Japan, but bring to all their garrison towns Japanese instructors, who drill soldiers, open schools, and even publish newspapers. So that if, Providence permitting, Japan should vanquish Russia, China would be in her hands. What would happen then to the Catholic missionaries?" Nothing worse, we venture to predict, than has already happened to their predecessors; and, very possibly, a course of treatment distinctly preferable to that which they have received in recent years. If China ever does become Japanized, we doubt very much that Boxer outbreaks will be promoted or tolerated in the revolutionized Empire.

Loss of faith on the part of educated Catholics is very commonly imputed to intellectual pride,—to the overweening conceit that rejects as incredible whatever transcends the limited scope of unaided human reason. While the imputation is perhaps just, as regards middle-aged or elderly apostates, there is among younger Catholic backsliders another cause that is much more common. "There are two things," says Cardinal Manning, "which destroy faith. The one is infidelity, which destroys faith as its proper opposite, like as water puts out fire; the other is immorality, which destroys faith by stupefying the soul." Many a youthful apostate who talks glibly of the intellectual doubts that assailed and finally vanquished his faith, lost that precious gift of God simply because he had previously lost his virtue and yielded himself up to the unbridled sway of sensual passion. "Nothing so deadens

the heart, nothing so darkens the reason as vice," says the great prelate just quoted; "and when, as I sometimes do, I hear men saying with an imperial air, 'I do not believe this, I do not believe that,' they remind me of the poor creatures we see, at the corners of the streets, labelled on their breasts 'stone-blind.'"

An account of a night spent at the famous Hospice of St. Bernard forms one of the most interesting chapters of Frances E. Willard's "Glimpses of Fifty Years." *Our Dumb Animals* quotes it entire, but we must confine ourselves to a single paragraph. During the long evening around a huge and glowing hearth-fire the Father Rector was plied with questions by a party of non-Catholic American guests, all eager to be fully informed about the Hospice, the monks, the dogs, etc. "How long have you been here?" was quickly followed by another question, still more curious: "*Why* are you here?" The answer to this one is what we wished to quote:

> The scene was worthy of a painter,—that shrewd Yankee, whose very figure was a walking interrogation point; and that graceful, urbane monk, in his long cassock, as, leaning in his easy-chair and looking forward and a little upward, he answered with slow, melodious emphasis: "Brother, it is my calling, that is all." So simple was his nature that to have heard "a call" from God and not obeyed it would have seemed to him only less monstrous than not to have heard any call at all. At early dawn we were awakened by men's voices in a solemn chant, led by the hospitable Father; and never did religion seem more sacred and attractive than while we listened as through the chapel door came the words of the *Te Deum*, consecrated by centuries of Christian song: "We praise Thee, O God! We acknowledge Thee to be the Lord."

The protest of a number of Congregational ministers of New England against the acceptance, by the board of commissioners for Foreign Missions, of a money-gift from the president of the Standard Oil Co., has elicited from newspapers and public men a variety of opinions, some judicious and a good many the reverse of judicious. Personally, we should have no objection to using the money in question for any of the purposes for which we solicit from time to time offerings to our "Contribution Box." Even granting—what the protesting ministers do not appear to have affirmed—that the millionaire's wealth is the undoubted spoils of wholesale robbery of the public, how shall the necessary restitution be made? Catholic theology replies: by good works. There can be no question that—apart from Mr. Rockefeller's case altogether—money dishonestly acquired in the commercial and industrial world to-day can not always be restored to specific individuals, yet the natural law of justice rigorously demands that restitution nevertheless be made. How make it, if not by giving to works of charity, of beneficence, of public utility of one kind or another? By all means let the Standard Oil money be accepted. There is scarcely any danger that too much of it will be offered. Our Congregational brethren need entertain no scruples on that score. But we should be sorry to have this money misused. Let it be expended upon the heathen at home,—in promoting knowledge of the Ten Commandments, of which a great many of our people, rich and poor, seem not to have heard.

By overlooking an "if" in our comments on a letter addressed to a member of the Ladies' Missionary Society by one of the Filipino students attending a State normal school, the *Catholic Standard and Times* falls into the error of supposing that we recognize no real and formidable danger to their faith on account of being in secular institutions. There *is* danger of course, and we fully realize it. We said that '*if* all Catholic young men in State universities knew their religion as well as Mr.

Alba and were possessed of his spirit, we should have greater hope of their converting others than of their being perverted themselves.' It is too much to expect that all our young men should be of Mr. Alba's stamp. We have heard of perversions among the Filipino students, and this was no surprise to us. Some young American Catholics also become unfaithful to their religion as a result of attending secular colleges and universities; others, however, instead of being injured are strengthened in their faith by coming in contact with those who do not share it. We expressed the conviction that the Filipino students following special courses in State universities and technical schools are of such sterling character that their stay there may not only do themselves good but result in lasting benefit to their non-Catholic associates.

There can be no difference of opinion as to what is safest and best for the Filipinos pursuing studies in this country; and the Executive Board of the Catholic Federation may be relied upon to see that Secretary Taft's instructions regarding these young men are faithfully carried out, as we feel certain he intended that they should be. For reasons already explained, all of these students can not be in Catholic institutions; but there is nothing to prevent their being in good Catholic homes, which is even more important. We say "good," because it is a thousand times better, in our opinion, that these wards of our government should be persecuted by non-Catholics than scandalized by their coreligionists.

We should have more to say on this subject if we were free to express ourselves fully.

The superioress of a convent school in England publishes a warning against an unprincipled Frenchman of plausible manners who is obtaining money under false pretences. His method of procedure, familiar as it is, has doubtless deceived many. He visits the convent or school, interviews the superioress, and makes full inquiries about the studies, terms, etc., in view of placing a daughter at the school; gets a prospectus, and in a few days returns and makes arrangements for the entrance of the pupil, offering to pay in full in advance with extras, etc., and then writes a cheque putting down, as if by mistake, an amount which exceeds the sum due. Then he very politely excuses himself, and asks the superioress kindly to give the difference in change. The pupil is said to be coming the next day or the day following; but as he, the father, can not leave his business to accompany her, he will send her with a lady friend. The excuse given for immediate entrance is that the child has been placed by mistake in a Protestant school which had been represented to him as Catholic.

The trick is an old one, as we have said, and has been exposed innumerable times. In this country the impostor generally represents himself as an army officer. The statement that the supposititious child is in a Protestant school and must be removed at once is a new fetch, however, calculated to allay all suspicion, and of course to quicken the process of making change.

Contrary to newspaper reports in this country that the Grotto of Lourdes has been confiscated by the French government, correspondents in Paris assure us that a recent decision of the Court of Pau declared the Grotto, with its dependencies, to be the property of the Bishop of Tarbes. Fears that the sanctuary may eventually pass into the possession of the layman charged with the liquidation of the property of the Fathers of the Grotto are said to be wholly groundless.

A Giant.

BY E. BECK.

WE often hear in prose and song,
In truthful tale and fable,
Of stalwart men both brave and strong,
Of giants tall and able.
Of him we hear who labored much,
Than whom none could be bolder,
Who carried once, his strength was such,
Mount Atlas on his shoulder.

But none amid these men of might
Whose names are often quoted,
Whose deeds woke wonder or affright,
Whose power and strength were noted,
Had half the strength of one who lives
Among us at this minute,
And who his help so freely gives
The least of us may win it.

He gives his aid to all who ask,—
He helps the man of letters,
The king, the schoolboy at his task,
The beggar and his betters.
None on him vainly make a claim,
He heeds not rank nor station;
And if you wish to know his name,
It is Determination.

Catholic Heroes of Land and Sea.

BY MAY MARGARET FULLER.

II.—Robert Bruce.

"YOU'RE not coming!" said George, just as though he had the management of things.

"We are!" cried Bessie.

"We are!" echoed Belle.

"Ever since last time," pursued their brother, "you said you hated these meetings; you called them stupid and a lot of other names."

"I know," responded Bessie, sweetly, tying her hair-ribbon in a becoming bow; "but I didn't say anything about Navy Yards, did I?"

So before long the Studious Four, complete in number, and waving merry good-bys to their mother who watched them from the window, started away for an afternoon's pleasure. Captain Morris himself was waiting at the entrance of the Yard to receive them; and at once they boarded the launch, which carried them out into the deep water where his splendid ship was anchored. For a long time they roamed about, seeing all the treasures of the giant vessel, from the death-dealing guns and powerful engines to the happy Jack Tars who were mending their clothes in a secluded corner.

At the end of the tour they were led mysteriously into the mess-room, where a surprise luncheon was spread out, with a quaint little Japanese boy to serve it. The sight of the Alpine summits of ice-cream must have prompted Frank's first remark:

"I think John Barry's ship must have been different from yours, Captain; and you couldn't make me believe he treated his friends this way."

"No," said Belle. "I suppose a plate of gunpowder and bullets was all he could offer them. But, good gracious, it's getting dark and we haven't had our meeting yet!"

"Don't worry," answered Captain Morris, kindly. "I'll pilot you young landlubbers home; and I sent word to your mother over the phone just before you reached here. But, come to think of it, you haven't even told me whose ears are going to burn over our talk to-day."

"Well, Frank wanted a naval hero, because we were coming over here," said George; "but I thought we ought

to begin with those who lived long ago, so we chose Robert Bruce."

"Thinking to catch me napping, I suppose. It's a long time since my school days; but if you give me two minutes, I'm sure I can recall something about him."

"Time's up!" called Frank, when the second-hand of his watch had gone twice around.

"Now let me see! Robert Bruce was contending against John Baliol for the Scottish throne; and the English King, Edward I., decided in favor of Baliol, at the same time keeping him under his own subjection. Baliol soon tired of this; and by and by, though the families were really enemies, his nephew, John Comyn, and Robert Bruce, grandson of the one I just mentioned, laid a secret plan to free Scotland."

"Why, that's great!" said George. "But I'll bet you've been reading about it lately. Well, Comyn found out that he hated Bruce more than he did Edward I.; so what did he do but betray the plan! Bruce happened to meet his enemy's messenger, and found that he had a letter asking the King 'to imprison or execute Robert Bruce for treason.' I don't wonder that he got angry at this; but the trouble was he didn't control his temper, and one day he committed an awful crime. In those days they used to talk over State affairs in the chapel of the Gray Friars at Dumfries, because in that holy place no one was supposed to do wrong. But here Bruce met Comyn, and in his rage stabbed him. Of course the times were barbarous, and the people seemed to be glad he was out of the way. But the moment it was done, Bruce was sorry."

"Oh, dreadfully sorry!" added Bessie. "Besides going to confession, he performed the hardest penances; and all his life he remembered that sad day."

"Well, his people's love for him increased when they saw his bitter repentance," observed Captain Morris; "for they crowned him, crying, 'God bless our good King Robert!'"

"And then the war against England began," said Frank; "and in the very first battle Bruce was defeated."

"Wait a minute, please!" cried Bessie, searching madly through a notebook she had just produced from her pocket. "One of my anecdotes fits in here. Oh, now I have it! After that battle, the Scots went up into the mountains; and while they were there, three men sent by his enemy, the Lord of Lorn, attacked Bruce when he was alone in a quiet place. They were very savage, but Bruce managed to conquer them, and lost only his cloak. The clasp of it was kept by the Lords of Lorn and shown ever after, in memory of the time when they almost captured the great hero."

"I have another story about those enemies," said Belle. "You see, they were bound to get the best of the King in some way. He knew this; and when word came that they were lying in wait near by, he took his little page Ariel and disappeared into the forest. But the bad men had stolen his bloodhound, and three times the dog traced his master's hiding-place; but as they couldn't travel fast enough, it didn't do any good. At last Bruce and Ariel jumped into a stream and broke the scent. Right on top of that he had another adventure. Some men, meeting him in the woods when he was tired and hungry, invited him to their hut; and, as they claimed to be patriots, he accepted. But when the meal was over and the King had gone to sleep, Ariel heard them plotting to kill his master as they sharpened their knives. His armor saved the hero's life, but Ariel was wounded badly. Bruce escaped, though; and carried Ariel up the mountain to the nearest cottage, where a kind woman gave them help."

Frank saw the look of triumph on

the faces of the twins, and began to feel anxious as to his own laurels, until Captain Morris asked about the battle of Sterling, at Bannockburn.

"Let me tell about it!" exclaimed Frank. "To begin with, Bruce's army was about half the size of the English one, so he had to try to make up for that in other ways. First, he picked out a field so placed that, in order to reach it, the English had to cross vast marshes. Then between the lines he dug deep pits, which he hid with turf and brushwood. Before the battle, while the English were feasting and having a fine time, he had his chaplain say Mass in the camp, and every man received Holy Communion. The battle ended in a big victory for the Scots, and the war was over. The Northampton Treaty of 1328 was then signed, and Scotland freed."

"I like best to read about his life after that," said peace-loving Bessie; "though I really was a little disappointed to find that he became too ill to go and fight for Our Lord in the Holy Land, as he had promised. But he tried to keep his vow on his death-bed by begging his friend, Sir James Douglas, to take his heart there and bury it near the Holy Sepulchre."

"Gracious!" cried George, so suddenly that Bessie's notebook flew out of her hand into the melted ice-cream on her saucer. "Do you know that it's half-past eight?"

So the gay young students scampered away in search of their belongings, and were soon on the cars, under naval escort. The twins, elated over the success of their stories, and thoroughly reconciled to the prospect of future meetings, began to think of capturing at least one of Captain Morris' prizes; especially when, bidding them all good-night, he said:

"Boys, work hard over your hero for next time. I'm afraid these girls have made up their minds to win."

The Ups and Downs of Marjorie.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XIII.—A Friend in Need.

Old Lem was late in coming home to his shack that night. He had been at the mill for a bag of meal, and had lingered for a smoke and chat with his crony, the miller, who had just begun work for the spring.

With Buck shambling lazily at his heels, the old trapper had taken the short cut across the marsh meadows,—a lonely and perilous path excepting for practised feet like his. High on the shadowed hill above him he could see the night-light that burned before Miss Martha's little oratory, twinkling through the darkness like a star. The sight brought tender thoughts of his good friends to the old man's mind.

"It's too late for us to stop, I reckon, Buck,—too late for any sort of 'spectable people to hev company. But I've hed this here whistle cut for the little girl a week." He dived into his pocket and felt for the elaborately carved bit of wood on which he had spent hours of patient work. "But, laws, that purty little creetur was in bed and asleep two hours ago, I reckon! Hallo, what is it, old boy?"—as, with a low, angry growl, Buck paused with pricked ears. "Somethin' comin' you don't like, eh? Lay low, then, old chap,—lay low!"

And, with the hunter's instinct, dog and man stood noiseless and alert in the shadow, as hobbling down the narrow path came a crooked, hooded old woman, and by her side,—by her side! Old Lem caught his breath in speechless amazement as the sweet, twittering little voice fell on his ear:

"O Selma, I'm afraid,—I'm afraid! Are you sure this is the way? Are you sure the pot of gold is here?"

"Yes, little lady; it's not far now,—

not far. The stars are pointing it out to me. It's just—just—"

But old Selma never finished her speech. With a snarl and a cry, Buck and his master were out upon her,—Buck's fierce, hoarse bay waking the echoes; while old Lem, catching her by the neck, panted:

"You consarned old catamount! What devil's work are you up to? Whar are you takin' this little girl?"

A cry of mingled terror and relief broke from little Marjorie, while the old gypsy fought and screeched like a wild cat in Lem's iron grip.

"Oh, don't hurt her,—don't hurt the poor old woman, please!" exclaimed Marjorie. "She wasn't doing any harm. We were going to find a pot of gold."

"A pot of gold!" echoed old Lem, his grasp relaxing somewhat in sheer amazement.

"Oh, yes, yes!" sobbed Marjorie, excitedly. "Oh, don't make her scream like that! She is so old and weak."

"Weak!" echoed the old trapper, grimly. "She will be weaker than this before I get through with her. Shut up, you old wild cat, while I find out what sort of devil's trick you have been playin' on this child!"

"Oh, she will never, never tell now!" wailed Marjorie. "She will never tell us where the gold is, and I wanted it so dreadfully!"

"You wanted gold!" exclaimed Lem, feeling his hunter's wits quite unequal to the situation.

"Yes, yes: to pay Asa Greene, so that he won't take Manor Hill from Miss Susan and Miss Martha, and pull the dear old house down, and make cow-stables of it," sobbed the little speaker.

"You poor little innocent ijit!" said the old trapper. "So that's what you were out after! But what *you* were after, you old hag," he added grimly to his prisoner, "that's another thing! There's some black work behind this, or my name ain't Lem Stokes."

"I ain't hurt the child!" cried old Selma, shrilly. "I haven't laid a finger on her. You can't say I hurt a hair of her head."

"You hevn't, no,—I'll agree to that. But what you might have done, you old witch-hag, if Buck and me hadn't struck your trail when we did,—what you *meant* to do, is what Lem Stokes is goin' to find out. So come along! Trip on in front of us with Buck, sissy. I'm holdin' on to this here old catamount till I lock her up safe and fast somewhar for the night."

In vain the old woman struggled: she had to move on helplessly, in the trapper's wiry grip. So it was a strange procession that took its way back to Manor Hill, and startled the two good spinsters from their first nap.

"Great Heavens! what is it?" cried Miss Susan, springing up as the front door shook under old Lem's thunderous knock; while Buck and Rex barked fierce defiance at each other, and old Selma's shrieks made a very pandemonium without.

"Don't skeer, ladies,—don't skeer!" called a familiar voice. "It's only me—Lem Stokes. I've brought back yer little girl."

"Our little girl!" gasped both ladies, wondering if the old trapper had suddenly gone mad.

"It's I, Miss Martha,—it's I!" piped a tremulous little tone.

"Marjorie!" exclaimed Miss Martha, scarcely believing her own ears. "It is Marjorie, out in the night!"

And then the sobbing, trembling little wanderer was admitted to tell the pitiful tale, to which the good ladies listened, almost speechless with horror.

"O Marjorie, Marjorie!" cried Miss Martha, tremulously, as soon as she could find words. "I did not think you would do anything like this. Deceive me and disobey me! I have told you positively never to leave the house after night."

"Oh, it was to pay Asa Greene,—to get the money to save Manor Hill!" sobbed Marjorie.

"She will have to go back to St. Vincent's to-morrow," interposed Miss Susan, grimly.

"Not even to save Manor Hill should you have done anything so wild, so reckless, so wrong, Marjorie," said the gentler sister, with quivering lips.

"Go to your room, child!" said Miss Susan, sternly. "The Sisters warned me what you were, and I should have listened to them. Go to your room, and stay there in punishment until I tell you to come down."

And poor Marjorie went upstairs to her little nest, to sob herself to sleep; while old Lem, having locked his prisoner in the woodhouse, held council with Miss Susan and Miss Martha in the kitchen on the events of the night.

"I'll send the child back to the Sisters to-morrow," said Miss Susan, who, suddenly remembering Father James' warning, was pale and stern with alarm. "I can not—dare not take the responsibility of her any longer. Such a reckless, heedless little creature!"

"But such a tender, loving, faithful little heart, Susan!" said Miss Martha.

"Wait a bit, ladies,—wait! Don't settle things offhand like this," interposed Lem. "Give the little girl a chance. Judge Bolton will be back to-morrow, and he'll look into this business; and if thar's any devilment back of it, he'll draw it out, if any man can. Jest wait!"

XIV.—A Day of Disgrace and Its Ending.

The next day was a long one for the poor little penitent in her white cell under the eaves, with only Rosabelle for confidante and companion in her sorrow. Now that the excitement of hope and adventure had worn away, Marjorie began to realize that she had been a very heedless, foolish little girl, and had justly incurred her good friends' grave displeasure.

Aunt Nance, who brought up her dinner, was not able to afford much consolation; though there was no stint in the chicken and apple dumplings provided for the little prisoner.

"Oh, are they going to send me away, Aunt Nance?"

"Dunno, chile,—dunno. Miss Susan's got her lips shut together monstous tight; and Miss Martha seems turrible cut up, for shuah. But de Lawd knows, ez I tole Uncle Jeb, *you* couldn't help it, chile. Dat ole witch critter jes nachally conju you out ob de house, and you's obleeged to go. She 'bout de dangerousest ole witch ebbah come long hyah. When Marse Lem Stokes tuk her out ob de woodhouse to fotch her ober to Judge Bolton, she 'most spit fire, she wor so mad. What she conju a little gal like you for, I don't know; but she dun it, shuah. Bress de Lawd, she didn't get a chance to turn you into a toad frog ober dar in de swamp!"

And, though Marjorie could not accept Aunt Nance's view of the situation, things looked gloomy enough for her, as the long day wore on, and her fate still seemed to be in doubt. Rosabelle's stare was not sympathetic, and the little brown birds beneath her window were too busy with their housekeeping to give even a twitter of compassion to her forlorn state.

"Oh, Miss Susan will send me back to St. Vincent's, I know! And what will Mother and Sister Angela say when they hear I ran off with an old gypsy woman in the middle of the night? What *will* they say? I'll be kept in penance, oh, for days and days, I know! And all the girls will giggle and whisper; and that kitty-cat of a Nellie Deane will come here in my place; and I'll never, never again see Manor Hill or Miss Martha or Rex or Bert, or anybody! O Rosabelle, Rosabelle!

I'll be an orphan always now, and never anybody's own little girl again!"

And, quite overcome by the despairing thought, poor little Marjorie flung herself on the bed, and sobbed herself and Rosabelle to sleep. And, what with her night of excitement and her day of despair, Marjorie slept long and heavily, while the sun went down behind the cedars and the darkness came on,—a darkness in which a new Star of Fortune was rising for the unconscious little sleeper.

"Marjorie! Marjorie!"

It was Miss Martha's voice that at last roused her; and she started up impetuously, to fling her arms around the slender form bending over her in the dim candlelight.

"O Miss Martha, dear Miss Martha, forgive me this time! I'll never be heedless or disobedient again. I'll be good always,—indeed I will, Miss Martha! I only wanted to get the money to save Manor Hill, and keep your heart from breaking, as everybody said it would if you had to leave your dear old home. Forgive me this time, dear Miss Martha! Oh, I just felt I *must* do anything to save Manor Hill!"

"I know, dear child,—I know!" Miss Martha was trembling strangely. "We will not talk of that now, dear. You must jump up and smooth your hair, and come downstairs at once. There is some one to see you."

"Oh, you are going to send me away, you are going to send me away!"

"No, dear,—no; not if we can help it," was Miss Martha's fluttered answer, as she nervously tied Marjorie's apron and smoothed down her ruffled curls. "Come, dear,—come!"

And, half-bewildered, half-awake, poor little Marjorie followed the gentle lady down the broad stairs to the sitting-room, where a tall, white-haired old gentleman sat talking to Miss Susan.

"Here is our little girl, Judge Lindsay," said Miss Martha.

And as the lady drew forward the pretty, little, shrinking figure, with its tousle of red-brown curls and its shining eyes, a hoarse cry broke from the visitor's lips and he started to his feet.

"My God, it is herself again! It is Marjorie,—my child, my child!"

Then, for the first time in all her remembrance, bewildered little Marjorie was clasped in the strong arms that had suddenly regained all their life and vigor, and was held to a heart throbbing with fatherly love and grief and joy and remorse,—all combined; while Miss Martha's gentle voice murmured, tremulously:

"Oh, thank God, you have found her! Thank God, our little Marjorie is blessed and safe at last!"

What a bewildering evening it was for Marjorie! Half a dozen times she had to pinch herself sharply to be quite sure she was awake. It was so altogether novel a thing to be perched upon a grandfather's knee, with his arm about her waist and her curly head drawn down upon his shoulder, as if he could not let her go even for a minute from his sight and hold! It was such a strange and remarkable thing to hear his deep voice tremble as he called her his dear little girl, *his* Marjorie,—his own! It was such a very startling thing to learn that he was the Judge Lindsay of whom Bert had told her, and who was so rich and great and wise and good! It was such a delightful thing to hear, as she sat there on his knee in the firelight (Miss Susan and Miss Martha having kindly disappeared), that this grandfather intended to spend the rest of his life in making her happy,—in giving her everything her heart could wish!

"Oh, I wish for one thing so much!" said Marjorie, gaining courage as she felt the hand threading her red-brown curls with loving touch. "But it's a great big thing, grandfather."

"What 'great big thing' does my little girl want so much?" was the smiling question.

"Asa Greene is going to take Manor Hill—all this home—from Miss Susan and Miss Martha."

"Never!" said the Judge, decidedly,—"not while we have a pocketbook to save it, Marjorie. That's not a big wish at all. Think of something else."

"Could we — prop up the — south porch?" asked Marjorie, eagerly.

"We will build a new one, darling!"

"And mend the kitchen chimney?"

"Ah, my poor little darling!"—the speaker's voice shook and he drew Marjorie with sudden tenderness to his heart. "Listen, my pet! These things are all past for you, dear. You are to have no work, no cares, no troubles, Marjorie. I have houses and lands, and money more than I can spend, my little girl! And all is to be yours,—all, all! Now make a big wish for your own sweet little self."

But Marjorie only drew a long, happy sigh, and nestled closer in the strong arms that enfolded her.

"Oh, I don't want anything more,—I don't want anything, except to be your own, only little girl always,—always and forever, grandfather!"

And the tears that welled up in the old man's eyes at the loving, childish words were the baptism of a new life to him.

(To be continued.)

Andirons.

Those who have come into possession of their grandmother's andirons will be interested in knowing that authorities can not agree concerning the origin of the word. Some say that it was originally *brand iron*, others that it was *hand iron;* but the most reasonable derivation seems to be from *end iron*, owing to the position of the firedogs at the ends of the fireplace.

The Twelve Good Rules.

Do young folks nowadays read Goldsmith's "Deserted Village"? And, if they do, are they as insistent in hunting up the explanation of unusual words and phrases, historical allusions, illustrative figures, and other knotty matters, as were the boys and girls of a generation or two ago? For instance, what did the poet mean by the first half of this line,

The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose?

The second half was, of course, plain enough: "fox and geese" was a popular game half a century ago; but what were "the twelve good rules"? It took considerable time and much searching to discover that the rules in question, ascribed to Charles I., of England, were:

1. Urge no health. 2. Profane no divine ordinances. 3. Touch no State matters. 4. Reveal no secrets. 5. Pick no quarrels. 6. Make no comparisons. 7. Maintain no ill opinions. 8. Keep no bad company. 9. Encourage no vice. 10. Make no long meals. 11. Repeat no grievances. 12. Lay no wagers.

April Sayings.

A poet thus apostrophizes April:

Hail, April, true Medea of the year,
That makest all things young and fresh appear!

There are many couplets which give us a pleasant view of this showery, flowery month.

April showers
Bring May flowers,

says an old English rhyme; and a Scottish clan say:

An April flood
Carries away the frog and his brood.

In some parts of England people believe that

A cold April
The barn will fill.

And the Irish quote:

When April blows his horn,
It's good for hay and corn.

With Authors and Publishers.

—"Thoughts for Freethinkers" is the happy title of a series of plain talks on the moral dangers and difficulties of the hour, by the Rev. Dr. William Barry, just issued by the Catholic Truth Society of London.

—The death is announced of Padre Bertelli, of the Barnabite Order, one of the most eminent scientists in Italy. For some time he was director of the Vatican Observatory. He wrote voluminously on scientific subjects and was the inventor of a seismometric instrument. *R. I. P.*

—The sentiment which is pandered to by "yellow journalism" existed long before there was journalism of any kind in the world. Plutarch, who wrote seventeen or eighteen hundred years ago, tells us: "Statesmen are not only liable to give an account of what they say or do in public, but there is a busy inquiry made into their very meals, beds, marriages, and every other sportive or serious action."

—There is nothing like definiteness in description; but to secure that quality it is scarcely necessary to hyphenate a score of words into one many-syllabled epithet. The German who translated Cardinal Wiseman's *Horæ Syriacæ* was more particular than elegant when he wrote of the prelate as a "from-an-Irish-family-descended-in-Spain-born-in-England-educated-in-Italy-consecrated Syrian scholar." The translation, needless to state, is literal.

—An illuminative paper in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* for March is "The Catholic Church and Human Liberty," by the Rev. Dr. Coghlan. It is a comparative statement of the teaching of the Church and of the non-Catholic world, religious and philosophical, on the vital question of the existence of freedom of the will. We commend its earnest perusal to such of our readers as have heard or read the extravagant theories on this subject advanced by self-styled modern "philosophers."

—A "Catalogue of Church Music," prepared by the Rev. Henry Tappert and approved by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Maes, has been published by the *Dolphin* Press. After Passion Sunday no music not contained in this catalogue may be used in religious services in the diocese of Covington. We are glad to notice that the needs of the smallest parishes have not been overlooked in the list of masses, hymns, etc. Many organists will probably be surprised at the number of easy masses to be had. Indeed, with so large a catalogue to select from, there is no reason why the simplest church service should not be attractive and devotional,—pleasing to the ear, touching to the heart. Father Tappert will have the thanks of many for his painstaking labors. But this catalogue is much to the credit of everyone concerned in its production, the printers not excepted.

—The editor of a popular English magazine not long ago took a vote of his readers as to the favorite heroine in modern history. Out of 300,000 votes given, 120,776 were for Florence Nightingale. Judging from these figures, the new life of the famous nurse, by Sarah A. Tooley, is assured of a large sale.

—In the course of 1903, the Rev. C. M. Van Aken contributed to the *Butte Miner* a series of articles on "Socialism *vs.* Property-right." These papers are now published in pamphlet form with the title "The Question of the Hour; or, What about Socialism?" Several of the chapters are of exceptional interest, and all will repay perusal.

—Pastor Wagner purposes securing all the benefit fairly coming to him from President Roosevelt's unsolicited advertisement of "The Simple Life." His latest publication is "My Appeal to America"; and one of his earlier books, "The Busy Life," has just been translated for the American market.

—Opinions are still divided as to the outcome of the apparently inevitable separation of Church and State in France. Writing in the *Correspondant*, Eugène Boeglin is decidedly optimistic as to the benefit that will accrue to the Church from the abrogation of the Concordat. If that abrogation has for result the vitalizing and energizing of Catholic faith in contemporary Frenchmen, the rupture may well be regarded as a blessing in disguise.

—The *Canadian Bookseller* is responsible for this stanza, which has more sense in it than most parodies:

> Lives of great men all remind us
> As the pages o'er we turn,
> That we're apt to leave behind us
> Letters that we ought to burn.

Longfellow himself, we remember, once parodied the same poem. Sensitive as he was in such matters, these lines would have amused him, and he would be the first to say, How true!

—The death of Jules Verne, at the age of seventy-eight, removes one of the most prolific and unobjectionable of contemporary novelists. Middle-aged readers will recall with pleasure the delight with which, three or four decades ago, they pored over the pages of "Around the World in Eighty Days," "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," "Five Weeks in a

Balloon," and a score of other books, full of incident and free from any of the poison unfortunately so common to French fiction. The aged romancer had the unique experience of seeing some of his wildest suppositions more than verified. His writings are sure to have a fresh vogue half a century hence as prophetic romances of science and invention. We have heard that M. Verne was a practical Catholic. *R. I. P.*

—A new form of post card has been invented in France. A brief description of it is given by the *Bookseller, Newsdealer, and Stationer*, which suggests various uses for this coming craze:

A thin, transparent gelatine disk, bearing a gramophone musical record, is attached to the card. A hole is pierced through the centre of the disk, and the card can be placed on an ordinary "talking-machine" and played in the usual way. The musical post card opens up an entirely new field for the craze. Photographs of great singers and composers will be accompanied by extracts from their works, pictures of national flags by the anthems of the different countries, and so on in endless variety. Candidates for political honors, instead of sending merely their photographs to constituents, will be able to accompany them with the phonographic records of an election address. The additional cost as compared with ordinary cards is very slight. The disk, being perfectly transparent, does not in any way interfere with the picture beneath. As a novel advertising medium the new cards are certain to be popular. French champagne firms are already having pictorial cards printed which will literally sing the praises of their wares.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"A Manual of Mystical Theology." Rev. Arthur Devine, C. P. $2 50, net.

"St. Peter Fourier." L. Pingaud. $1, net.

"California and Its Missions." Two volumes. Bryan J. Clinch. $5, net.

"Religion and the Higher Life" William Rainey Harper. $1.10.

"The Strategy of Great Railroads." Frank H. Spearman. $1.50, net.

"A Spoiled Priest and Other Stories." Rev. P. A. Sheehan, D. D. $1.25, net.

"In the Morning of Life." Herbert Lucas, S. J. $1, net.

"Last Letters of Aubrey Beardsley." Rev. John Gray. $1.60.

"The Waters of Lethe." Lida L. Coghlan. $1.25.

"Ceremonial for Altar Boys." Rev. Matthew Britt, O. S. B. 35 cts.

"Socialism." Victor Cathrein, S. J. — Victor Gettelmann, S. J. $1.50.

"Progress in Prayer." R. P. Caussade, S. J. 75 cts., net.

"Letters of Blessed John of Avila." $1.10.

"Cardome: A Romance of Kentucky." Anna C. Minogue. $1.25.

"Brother and Sister." Jean Charruau, S. J. $1.25, net.

"Vera Sapientia." Thomas à Kempis. 75 cts.

"Principles of Sacred Eloquence." Rev. John Conway, O. P. 50 cts.

"The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass." Rev. Dr. Nicholas Gihr. $4.

"The First Days of Jesus." 15 cts.

"Rosa Mystica." Kenelm Digby Best. $6.

"Pastoral Medicine." A. E. Sanford, M. D. $1.50.

"Teacher's Handbook to the Catechism." Rev. A. Urban. $4.50.

"The Life of St. Teresa." $2.20.

"The Feasts of Mother Church." Mother M. Salome. $1.25, net.

"Method of the Solesmes Plain Chant." $1.

"The Middle Ages." Thomas J. Shahan, S. T. D. $2.20.

"The Sin of David." Stephen Phillips. $1.50.

"The Soul's Orbit." M. D. Petre. $1.48.

"The Know-Nothing Party." Humphrey J. Desmond. $1.25.

"Shadows Lifted." Rev. J. E. Copus, S. J. 85 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. J. B. Heiland, Rev. Andrew Magenhann, and Rev. Henry Kaempker, of the diocese of Cleveland; and Rev. Patrick Clancy, archdiocese of New York.

Sister Julia, of the Sisters of Notre Dame; Sister M. Frances, O. S. B.; and Sister M. Hieronimus, Sisters of the Incarnate Word.

Mr. John Boland, of St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. Charles Osberger, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. Peter White, S. Amana, Iowa; Miss Nora Moran, Plantsville, Conn.; Mrs. Katharine Haig and Mr. Robert Boyd, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Alice Kinsella, Bloomfield, Conn.; Mr. Charles McAuley, Albany, N. Y.; Mrs. Anna Oates and Mrs. J. H. Wagner, Toledo, Ohio; Mr. Thomas Griffin, Baltimore, Md.; Mr. P. J. Schotten, Erie, Pa.; and Mrs. Margaret Woodlock, Springfield, Mo.

Requiescant in pace!

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN
HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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In Passiontide.

BY LIONEL BYRRA.

FAST rolls my turbid tide of years away,—
An ebbing tide, I fear me, e'er receding
From life's high-water mark with swifter sway
As nearer to its ocean-home 'tis speeding.

Doth Lent not follow Lent with briefer lapse
Than was its wont of old in Youth's fair morning?
When Passiontide again doth dawn, perhaps
I'll be beyond the Church's solemn warning:

"Remember, man, that thou art only dust,
And into dust shalt sure return in season;
Waste not thy time: extinguish pride and lust,
And saving penance do for sin's foul treason."

Alas, my soul, too brief—however long—
The course still left us for meet reparation;
Yet, great soe'er our debt, let hope be strong,—
Behold, 'tis now the day of our salvation!

An Old Instruction on Penance.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

CHAUCER'S famous Canterbury Tales give us a vivid picture of old English life. Some of them are full of improprieties, which it is impossible to defend, even by the plea that they were not so shocking to the susceptibilities of his age as they are to our own. The poet himself recognized that much of what he wrote might do harm to the souls of his readers, and at the end of his last Tale—"The Parson's Tale"—he makes an apology for those works which contain anything offensive. Some scholars have thought that the retractation by name of certain of the poet's writings was interpolated into the concluding paragraph of "The Parson's Tale"; but, be that as it may, it is certainly due to an early—indeed, to a contemporary hand,—and is evidence that, even in Chaucer's own time, he was considered to have gone beyond the boundaries of what was then regarded as decent.

To us, of course, large sections of the Canterbury Tales are amongst those things which we must pass over unread. The great beauties of his poetry are not, however, lost to us; for several of the Tales are wholly inoffensive; and modern editors have, moreover, made wise selections which we may read without scruple. In spite of the defect I have mentioned, Chaucer's picture of Old England makes one thing plain—that the Catholic religion thoroughly permeated the life of the nation. There are, indeed, religious passages which have never, perhaps, been excelled for beauty and devotion. Witness the beautiful "Invocatio ad Mariam" which introduces the "Second Nun's Tale." The description of the "Poor Parson of a Town," in the Prologue; the beautiful paraphrase, in the "Tale of the Man of Law," of the strophes of the Passion hymn for Lauds in Holy Week, are examples of the familiarity of the poet with the Liturgy of the Church.

That Chaucer had a truly religious

spirit is not to be denied; and that he had a thorough acquaintance with the teaching and practice of the Church is especially evident in the last of the Canterbury Tales,—that told by the good Parson of whom he gives so charming a description in the general Prologue. The pilgrims are near the end of their outward journey to the shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury. All have contributed to the entertainment of the company except the Parson. Mine host of "The Tabard," who has been acting as a kind of master of ceremonies, requests him, in somewhat curt language, to do as others have done, and tell his tale like the rest.

> Sir Priest, quoth he, art thou a vicary*
> Or art a parson? say truth, by my fay!
> Be what thou be, but break thou not our play;
> For every man, save thou, hath told his tale.
> Unbuckle, and show us what is in thy mail.

Such, slightly modernized, is the invitation. The Parson's reply is full of dignity. "Thou gettest no fable from me; for Paul, that writeth to Timothy, reproveth them that forsake the truth and tell fables and such follies. Why should I sow chaff from my hand when, if I wish, I can sow good wheat? Therefore I say, that if you please to hear morality and virtuous discourse, and will give me audience, I will full gladly do your praiseworthy pleasure." To this all the pilgrims assented; for it seemed good to all of them to end, at least, with something virtuous. So the host speaks for all, signifying their assent and willingness to listen. Thus encouraged, the Parson begins his tale, which is nothing else than a strikingly practical instruction, in prose, on the Sacrament of Penance, differing little from what we may read in any modern Catholic book which sets out to give detailed teaching on the practice of confession.

Mine host had asked the Parson to be brief, seeing that the sun would soon be down. It can hardly be said that the request was complied with; for a sermon follows which few modern congregations would care to sit out. In this paper I can do no more than give as much of the Parson's tale, in a modernized dress, as will suffice to show the excellent instruction which was given to the people in those early days,—days when, according to popular supposition, the religion of the laity consisted in a mere superstitious use of certain forms, while any real knowledge of the truths of religion was chiefly conspicuous by its absence. But let the good Parson speak, and show that it was not so:

"Our sweet Lord God of Heaven, that willeth no man to perish, but that we all come to the knowledge of Him, and to the blissful life that endureth forever, admonisheth us by the Prophet Jeremy, who speaketh in this wise: 'Stand ye on the old ways, and see and ask for the old paths' [that is to say, on the old sentences], 'which is the good way; and walk ye in it; and you shall find refreshment for your souls.' Many are the ways spiritual that lead folk to our Lord Jesus Christ and to the realm of glory; of which ways there is a full noble way, and very fitting, which may not be wanting to man or woman that through sin hath misgone from the right way of the Heavenly Jerusalem. And this way is called penance; of which man should gladly hear and enquire with all his heart,—to wit, what is penance, and wherefore is it called penance, and how many kinds there be of workings or acts of penance, and how many sorts there be of penance, and which things appertain and belong to penance, and which things go against penance.

"Saint Ambrose sayeth that penance is the lamentation of man for the guilt that he hath done, and no more to do anything for which he ought to lament. And some doctor sayeth: Penance is

* Vicar.

the lamenting of man that sorroweth for his sin, and punisheth himself for that he hath misdone. Penance, with certain circumstances, is true repentance of man, that holdeth himself in sorrow and other pain for his sins. And that he may be truly penitent, he shall first bewail the sins that he hath done, and steadfastly purpose in his heart to have shrift of mouth [confession], and to do satisfaction, and never to do anything for which he ought again to bewail or lament, and to continue in good works; or else his repentance may not avail.

"For, as Saint Isidore sayeth, he is a japer and a gabber, and not truly repentant, that eftsoons doeth a thing [again] for which he must [again] repent. Weeping, and not to stint to do sin, may not avail. But, nevertheless, men should hope that at every time that man falleth, be it never so oft, that he may arise through penance, if he hath grace. . . . And, therefore, repentant folk that stint for to sin, and give over sin before that sin give them over, holy Church holdeth them surer of their salvation. And he that sinneth, and verily repenteth him in his last day, holy Church yet hopeth for his salvation, by the great mercy of our Lord Jesu Christ, for his repentance; but take ye the safer and certain way."

Here follows a description of the different kinds of penance — namely, "solemn, common, and private." This account of the various forms of penance in use in England in Chaucer's time is interesting. "That penance which is solemn is done in two manners; as to be put out of holy Church in Lent, for slaughter of children and such things. Another is when a man hath sinned openly, of which sin the fame is openly spoken in the country; and then holy Church by judgment constraineth him for to do open penance. Common penance is that priests enjoin men in certain cases, as for to go peradventure naked [sic] on pilgrimage, or barefoot. Privy penance is that which men do at all times for privy sins, of which we shrive us privily, and receive privy penance."

Here follows a beautiful exposition of the things necessary for true penance, which is compared to a tree bringing forth fruit:

"Now shalt thou understand what is needful and necessary to every perfect penance; and this consisteth in three things: contrition of heart, and shrift of mouth [confession], and satisfaction. . . . And this is fruitful penance against those three things in which we anger our Lord Jesu Christ: that is to say, by fault in thinking, by recklessness in speaking, and by wicked, sinful working. And against these three wicked guilts is penance, that may be likened to a tree. The root of this tree is contrition, that hideth in the heart of him that is truly penitent, just as the root of the tree hideth him in the earth. Of this root of contrition springeth a stalk, that beareth branches and leaves of confession, and fruit of satisfaction. Of which Christ sayeth in His Gospel, Do ye worthy fruit of penitence; for by this fruit must men understand and know this tree, and not by the root that is hid in the heart of man, nor by the branches nor the leaves of confession. And, therefore, our Lord Jesu Christ saith thus: By the fruit of them shall ye know them.

"Of this root also springeth a seed of grace, which seed is mother of salvation; and this seed is eager and hot. The grace of this seed springeth of God through remembrance of the Day of Doom, and on the pains of Hell. . . . The heat of this seed is the love of God and the desiring of the joy perdurable [everlasting]. This heat draweth the heart of man to God, and maketh him hate his sin. . . . The sinful man that loveth his sin it seemeth to him most sweet of anything;

but from that time that he loveth sadly our Lord Jesu Christ, and desireth the life perdurable, there is to him nothing more abominable. *For truly the law of God is the love of God.*"

Having laid down the necessary parts of penance, and enforced his lesson by this apt illustration of a tree with its root, trunk, leaves and branches, the Parson goes on to take each part—contrition, confession and satisfaction—one by one, and to explain it in detail. Thus "in this penance or contrition man shall understand four things: that is to say, what is contrition, and what be the causes that move a man to contrition, and what contrition availeth the soul." Contrition "is the true sorrow that a man receiveth in his heart for his sins, with sad [settled, serious] purpose to shrive him, and to do penance and never more to do sin." And this sorrow is to be "heavy and grievous; first, because a man hath offended his Lord and Creator; and more sharp and poignant because it is his Heavenly Father he hath sinned against; and yet more sharp and poignant for that he hath displeased and offended Him that bought him, that with His Precious Blood hath delivered us from the bonds of sin, and from the cruelties of the devil, and from the pains of hell."

Into the causes that should move a man to contrition, the good Parson goes at great length. "First, a man shall remember him of his sins. But look that that remembrance be to him no delight—by no means,—but great shame or sorrow for his sins." The second cause is this—"that, as saith Saint Peter, whoso doth sin is a thrall to sin, and sin putteth a man in great thraldom. Even Seneca, a heathen, saith: '*I am born to greater things than to be thrall to my body, or for to make of my body a thrall.*' Nor a fouler thrall may no man nor woman make of his body than for to give over his body to sin. And even were it the foulest churl or foulest woman that liveth, and the least of value, yet is he then [after sin] more foul and more in servitude.... O good God, well ought a man to have disdain of sin, since that through sin, when he was free, he is made a bondslave."

The third cause moving to contrition is the thought of hell, of which the author gives a truly terrible picture. The fourth cause is "the sorrowful remembrance of the good deeds that he hath left undone here on earth, and also the good that he hath lost." What follows in this connection shows that Chaucer well understood the doctrine of the Church concerning the revival of the merit of good works by repentance, and the absence of merit for life eternal in those works done in a state of mortal sin. "Truly the good works that he hath lost, either they be the good works that he wrought ere that he fell into deadly sin, or else the good works that he wrought while he lay in sin. Truly the good works that he did before that he fell into deadly sin are all mortified, confounded, and dulled by again sinning; the other works that he wrought while he lay in sin, they be utterly dead as to the life everlasting in heaven. Then those good works that are mortified by again sinning, which he did while he was in charity, can never quicken [revive, as to merit] again without true penitence.

"The fifth thing that ought to move a man to contrition is remembrance of the passion that our Lord Jesu Christ suffered for our sins. For, as saith Saint Bernard, while that I live I shall have remembrance of the toils that our Lord Jesu Christ suffered in preaching, His weariness in travelling, His temptations when He fasted, His long wakings when He prayed, His tears when He wept for pity of good people; the woe and the shame and the filth [sic] that men said to Him;

of the foul spitting that men spat in His face; of the buffets that men gave Him; of the foul mouths [that men made at Him], and of the foul reproaches that men said to Him; of the nails with which He was nailed to the cross; and of all the rest of His passion that He suffereth for men's sin and not for any guilt of His own.... And therefore may the sinful man well say, as sayeth Saint Bernard: 'Accursed be the bitterness of my sin, for which there must be suffered so much bitterness!'"

The sixth thing that should move a man to contrition is "the hope of three things—that is to say, forgiveness of sin, and the gift of grace for to do well, and the glory of heaven with which God shall guerdon [reward] man for his good deeds." After discoursing on this, the Parson goes on to describe the good effects of contrition in the soul; taking occasion to show how an act of "perfect contrition" will obtain forgiveness of sin, provided that it includes the will to make use of the Sacrament of Penance. Not having to consider the case of Protestants, or those who do not know of the sacrament, he naturally does not enter into the question of an "implicit" intention to confess, as contained in the general wish to do whatever is necessary for salvation.

Next comes an explanation of the nature of confession: "The second part of penitence is confession, and that is a sign of contrition. Now shall ye understand what is confession, and whether it ought to be done or not, and what things are necessary to a good confession. First shalt thou understand that confession is true showing of sins to the priest,—that is to say, true confession; for he must confess him of all the conditions that belong to his sin, as far as he can; all must be said, and nothing excused nor hid nor wrapped up; and he must not boast him of his good works."

Here the Parson takes occasion to describe at great length the seven deadly sins, and the remedies against them; leaving himself not much space at the end of his discourse to speak of "satisfaction"—the third part of penance. Satisfaction, he says, "consists for the most part in almsdeeds and in bodily pain. Under "bodily pain" he includes "prayers, waking [watching], fasting, and virtuous teaching."

He brings his treatise (for such it is) to an end by the following touching and beautiful request to his hearers, from which I omit the apology for the offensive works which Chaucer, or some one for him, puts into the mouth of the Parson, who is certainly one of the most charming characters of his truly dramatic poem:

"Now pray I to all them that hearken to this little treatise or read it, that if there be anything in it that pleaseth them, that they give thanks for it to our Lord Jesu Christ, of whom proceedeth all wisdom and goodness; and if there be anything that displeaseth them, I pray them also that they impute it to the default of mine ignorance, and not to my will, that would fain have said better if I had had knowledge; for our book sayeth, all that is written is written for our doctrine, and that is mine intent. Wherefore I beseech you meekly for the mercy of God that ye pray for me, that Christ have mercy on me, and forgive me my sins.... But of the translation of Boëthius' Consolations, and other books of legends of saints, and of homelies, and morality and devotion, [for] that thank I our Lord Jesu Christ, and His blissful Mother, and all the saints in heaven; beseeching them that they, from henceforth unto my life's end, send me grace to bewail my sins, and to attend to the salvation of my soul, and grant me grace of true penance, confession and satisfaction to

be done in this present life, through the benign grace of Him that is King of kings and Priest of all priests, that bought us with the Precious Blood of His heart; so that I may be one of them, at the last day of doom, that shall be saved; *qui cum Deo Patre et Spiritu Sancto vivis et regnas Deus per omnia sæcula. Amen.*"

Young Mr. Bretherton.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XIII.—(Continued.)

"I AM very uneasy, Leonora, about that drive to-morrow with Lord Aylward," observed Miss Tabitha.

The girl stood still as she reached the door and looked back. It struck her for the first time that the matter was, for some occult reason, a vital one with her aunt, to whom, despite the old lady's many idiosyncrasies, she was sincerely attached. She herself was disposed to accept the invitation with the twofold object of annoying Eben Knox and of setting the rumors concerning him and her at rest. Perhaps deep in her heart was likewise a certain pique against Mr. James Cortlandt Bretherton, which made her the more anxious to go for this particular drive.

"Of course if you make a point of my remaining at home," Leonora said, gravely, "I should not like to disoblige you; but I have rather set my heart upon driving to-morrow, with Lord Aylward."

"O my dear, my dear," cried Miss Tabitha, alarmed by the expression, and in very real distress, "if you value your peace of mind, don't set your heart on any man above you in station!"

Leonora laughed.

"It is not upon the man but only upon the drive that I have set my heart," she said. "But if it really distresses you, of course I shall not go."

It was now Miss Tabitha's turn to hesitate. All her little vanities, which had lain dormant during these strenuous weeks of suspense and anxiety, began to reassert themselves. It would be a fine thing for her niece to be seen driving with the young gentleman who was the Brethertons' kinsman and friend. She felt suddenly convinced, by some flash of intuition, that there was no danger for her niece's peace of mind in association with Lord Aylward. What mattered it if Eben Knox raged and stormed? So long as any hope remained of obtaining Leonora's hand, the manager would keep the secret.

"As you have promised, I suppose you must go," Aunt Tabitha said, resignedly. "But be very circumspect, my dear,—be very circumspect."

Leonora, at this solemn warning, laughed outright.

"Oh, I shall be very circumspect!" she said. "And Lord Aylward will have to be on his best behavior. I never saw him on any other, by the way."

The next afternoon Miss Tabitha, wrapping herself up, stood majestically upon the porch to watch Leonora's departure, in the dogcart, with Lord Aylward. After she had seen them off, she took a constitutional about the garden, which was beginning to be more or less dismantled. The glory of summer had, in truth, departed. She walked about slowly, looking out wistfully whither the thinning foliage of the trees displayed Mount Holyoke in the distance, and pondering upon the days when she, too, had been young. Jesse Craft, who had been sunning himself upon his front steps, perceiving his neighbor in the garden, descended to where the sunflowers stood, with brown, drooping leaves, like gaunt and ragged figures.

"It's a fine day for this time of year," he observed. "I reckon, though, we're

goin' to have a powerful hard winter. Everything points in that direction. The thick fur upon the chipmunks and other little critters, and—"

Miss Tabitha did not allow him to finish his enumeration.

"I hope you are mistaken," she interrupted. "It will seem so very tedious waiting for the spring."

"Spring's a fine thing," commented the rustic philosopher. "But it passes mighty quick, like the days of our youth."

The lady sighed, and Jesse went on: "Talkin' about youth, I seen your niece goin' out buggy ridin' with the Britisher."

"She drove out with Lord Aylward, in young Mr. Bretherton's dogcart," corrected Miss Tabitha, with majesty.

"Well, you're right,—so it was," assented the neighbor, cheerfully. "And sez I to myself, sez I: 'This young gent, he's a-courtin' Miss Lenora.'"

"No, no!" exclaimed Miss Tabitha. "You're altogether mistaken."

"Am I mistaken when I see a bird buildin' its nest or a mole diggin' in the ground?" said Jesse Craft, doggedly. "You take my word for it, that chap's made up his mind. He knows a thing or two, and that Lenora Chandler's the girl for his money. So he sez to the other young man, he sez: 'If you don't mean business, then you jest step out and leave the field to me.'"

Miss Tabitha listened, and, in the flurry of contending emotions, forgot to be horrified by her neighbor's familiarity. She knew that Jesse Craft was a shrewd observer, and the suggestion he threw out almost took away her breath. In her wildest dreams she had never thought of any such alliance for Leonora. Yet there was the shadow of Eben Knox cast black and ominous upon her pathway. Even suppose that Lord Aylward had really made up his mind to propose to Leonora, Miss Tabitha felt that the manager of the mill would be certain to interpose and upset everything by his disclosure, thus involving the Brethertons, herself and Leonora in a common disaster.

"Now, I'm sorry, I am," pursued Jesse Craft. "I could have wished it was the other. He's my style,—a bright young fellow, son of a bright father. He ain't got a handle to his name, and he ain't got as much ready cash as the Britisher; but you can bet your bottom dollar he's bound to come out ahead. He's sartain sure of the nomination to the United States Congress; and I guess he'll get elected, too. Now, if I was a girl, he wouldn't ask me twice; and Lenora could stay right here and play great lady, if she'd a mind to."

Jesse Craft shook his head, pondering on the situation.

"There's no accountin' for women's ways," he murmured; "and they're mostly alike in their whimsies."

"You are altogether mistaken concerning young Mr. Bretherton," said Miss Tabitha, her loyalty to the family rising up in arms, as well as a not unnatural fear that such conjectures might reach the ex-Governor and his wife. "He was never at any time a suitor for my niece; his station is altogether above her."

"Maybe so, maybe so," admitted the old man. "I'm not sayin' that he was her sweetheart. But what about the Britisher? Ain't he above her in station, too?"

"Of course he is," said Miss Tabitha, "but he is merely visiting Millbrook and pays my niece a passing courtesy."

"Don't you believe it!" cried Jesse Craft, stamping with his stick upon the ground, to emphasize his words. "Any one can see with half an eye that he's mighty sot on gettin' Lenora. Why did he set so often on them steps of mine, if he hadn't an eye on the girl? And why did he gather up every scrap of talk I could give him about her?—

though, mind you, he's a cute chap, and never so much as mentioned her name himself. I tell you, Miss Tabithy, his mind's made up. It's a good thing, too, if there's no chance of the other. The Britisher's a fine fellow, with a pretty bit of land and cash down, I hear; and dead in love with Lenora. I ain't never far mistaken in these matters, battered old hulk as you see me now."

Miss Tabitha listened as in a dream, her mind suddenly transported from the humble precincts of Rose Garden to a very El Dorado of wealth and fashion, where Leonora might reign as a queen. She was oppressed, too, by a foreboding of the evil that might result if any such rumor were to reach Eben Knox's ears. As if in answer to her thoughts, Jesse Craft suddenly said:

"I hope you won't take it ill, Miss Tabithy, but if I was you I wouldn't have that hungry-looking jackal from the mill hanging around here so much. He's a low-lived grub, he is. All the soul he's got—and it ain't much—is wrapped up in money. Take my advice and keep him away from Lenora."

"Mr. Knox is a very wealthy man," said Miss Tabitha, bridling; "and he's perfectly willing to give my niece every comfort and luxury, if she will only consent to marry him."

"Lenora married to that low-down toad!" cried Jesse Craft, evidently at a loss for a word forcible enough to express his sentiments. "Why, I would rather see him drowned first in his own pond. There'd be a riot in this town, sartain, if he were to attempt such a thing; and Jesse Craft would lead it, see if he wouldn't."

He glared defiantly at Miss Tabitha, as he spoke, through the sunflower stalks; and the spinster drooped under that gaze.

"Anyhow," concluded Jesse Craft, "I'll bet on the girl every time. She won't marry no Eben Knox."

So saying, he hobbled into the house; while Miss Tabitha stayed without, a prey to manifold perplexities: intimidated, on the one hand, by the force of public opinion as represented by Jesse Craft; and, on the other, by that powerful pressure exerted by Eben Knox. She drew the fleecy folds of her woolen shawl about her, and stood there pitifully, resembling nothing so much as one of her own pinks blighted by the touch of frost in the air.

Meanwhile the quiet community of Millbrook was stirred to its depths by a projected entertainment which was to be given in aid of a public charity, and which had some curious results, intimately concerning several of the personages just then prominent in the mind of Millbrook.

(To be continued.)

God Save the King!

THE King ascends his royal throne,—
God save the King!
And such a king was never known,
Of mankind's flesh or mankind's bone,
Through all the generations flown,—
God save the King! God save the King!

Bring sacred oils for hands and head,—
God save the King!
Bring richest robes of Tyrian red,
And white-eyed pearls from ocean's bed,
For Glory is the Bride he'll wed,—
God save the King! God save the King!

Nay! He is poor and low and mean,—
God save the King!
No regal birthplace hath He seen,
Among the poor His lot hath been,
His name is Christ the Nazarene,—
God save the King! God save the King!

His spousal bounty come and see,—
God save the King!
The blackest criminal that be
This day must have his liberty;
And, lo! He sets Barabbas free,—
God save the King! God save the King!

Now scourge His flesh with whip and rod,—
God save the King!—
Till blood bedew the thirsty sod;

Aye, scourge Him deep and well; O God!
Not man He seems, but worm or clod,—
God save the King! God save the King!

Set diadem upon His head,—
God save the King!
Of thorns in stubborn Judah bred
Weave ye His crown; and ruby red
The gems around His brow 'twill shed,—
God save the King! God save the King!

Take lordly cloak of purple dye,—
God save the King!—
On His red wounds, oh, let it lie!
Bring hollow reed for sceptre high;
Then kneel ye all, and mocking cry:
God save the King! God save the King!

Read ye His kingship in His eyes,—
God save the King!
His royalty in mercy lies;
And, hearing Nature's hopeless cries,
Creator for creation dies,—
God save the King! God save the King!

Let's chaunt a new song, brethren we,—
God save our King!
Our sins He nailed unto the tree,
Ourselves hath set at liberty,
And heaven will give eternally,—
God save our King! God save our King!

R. O'K.

Some Mothers of Saints.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

(CONCLUSION.)

THE mothers of the saints whom we have noticed hitherto, evidently influenced their children's lives and characters; and, if the latter eventually attained a higher degree of holiness than their mothers, they none the less owed their crown of sanctity in great measure to their parent's training.

It was somewhat different with Donna Picca and Donna Lapa, the mothers of St. Francis of Assisi and St. Catherine of Siena,—good and worthy women in their way, but to whom their children's extraordinary vocation and supernatural mission were sources of disquietude rather than of joy.

The mother of St. Francis was of French origin, and had married a rich merchant of Assisi, Bernadone Moriconi. Although the birth of her son Francis was heralded by miraculous signs, she does not seem to have drawn from these tokens any conclusion as to the boy's future destiny; but she delighted in his beauty, his graciousness, his winning ways, and the charm that made him a general favorite. Even his love of pleasure seemed to her worthy of excuse. "Be patient," she used to say when Bernadone complained of the young man's extravagance. "Even in his amusements, our son shows a nobleness of heart that makes me think well of his future."

When the transformation took place that made Francis a saint, his father was indignant at his new life of poverty; and Donna Picca, although she strove to protect her boy from his father's anger, was troubled in her mind. She would have been content to see her son a popular and brilliant member of society; but the "folly of the Cross," that prompted him to espouse "the Lady Poverty," passed her comprehension. Later on, perchance, she came to understand that Francis had chosen "the better part," and that the earthly renown she had dreamed of for him was nothing, even in a human point of view, to the glory that was the consequence of his self-chosen vocation.

The mother of St. Catherine of Siena reminds us in some respects of Donna Picca of Assisi; though she was of lower birth and coarser grain,—a good, honest, hard-working woman of the people, to whom her daughter's special vocation was, during many years, a matter of perplexity and distress. Her first trouble in this respect was Catherine's refusal to marry. Donna Lapa had brought up her twenty-five children to the best of her ability; and could not understand that the most gifted

of her daughters should shrink from a vocation which, as she knew from experience, afforded an ample field for self-sacrifice and devotion to others.

For some years Catherine's prayers and penances, and her firmly expressed resolve to wed no earthly spouse, were a standing grievance to her mother. Only by degrees did the good woman grasp the fact that the child for whom she desired no higher destiny than that of marrying a Sienese tradesman, was set apart for other things.

Catherine's ecstasies and visions, the marvellous science of the supernatural world that makes her writings even now sources of light and knowledge, her deep mysticism, her miraculous insight into men and things, passed Donna Lapa's comprehension; it was easier for her to understand plain facts, and she gradually realized that her daughter was the most famous woman in Italy. She knew that Catherine's mediation was sought for by the Italian Republics, and that she was the heaven-sent ambassadress whose wise counsel and earnest pleading brought back Christ's Vicar to the Eternal City.

Donna Lapa was in Rome when, on the 29th of April, 1380, Catherine's soul took flight to heaven. She knelt among the little group of devoted friends, whose greatest earthly joy was about to be taken from them; and "it was a devout spectacle," writes the saint's disciple, Stephen Marconi, "to see that sorrowful mother recommending herself to her holy daughter, and asking and receiving her blessing in return."

Five years later the inhabitants of Siena, to whom a valuable relic of their illustrious countrywoman had been sent, organized a series of festivities in her honor. St. Raymund of Capua had his share in arranging this magnificent display, unparalleled in the annals of the city, and of which we possess a minute description. It was a bright May day, and from early morning the people scattered sweet-smelling herbs and flowers along the streets where the procession was to pass. When the great bell of the palazzo gave the signal, the other bells in the city filled the air with joyful and solemn melody. First came two hundred girls and boys, dressed in white, carrying roses and lilies; then followed the members of the confraternities of the town and its suburbs, bearing lighted torches; the numerous hermits of the Sienese State, representatives of the various religious Orders, the secular clergy, the magistrates and officials of the Republic in their robes of office; abbots and bishops in full pontificals; and lastly the holy relic in a reliquary of gold. On one side walked the Bishop of Siena; on the other St. Raymund of Capua, Master-General of the Order of Preachers, the saint's spiritual father and guide.

St. Catherine's religious Sisters, the Tertiaries of St. Dominic, followed; and among them, wearing their habit, was Donna Lapa, then eighty years of age. We are told that many enthusiastic spectators broke through the ranks to congratulate her. "O happy you, who with your own eyes have beheld the glorious triumph of your daughter!"

What thoughts must have passed through the aged woman's simple mind when she beheld the splendid pageant of which her child was the heroine! Did she realize that sanctity is often, even in this world, the road to immortality? Did it occur to her to compare the life that she had mapped out for her daughter with the marvellous vocation that henceforth "forms part of the classic history of Siena," where to this day Catherine Benincasa, the benefactress of her native city, is a living memory?

In contrast to Donna Picca and Donna Lapa, who intellectually and

morally were on a lower plane than the son and daughter to whom they gave birth, is Blanche of Castile, Queen of France,—a truly regal figure, who exercised a strong influence over her son St. Louis. She was only fifteen when in 1210 she came from her native Spain to marry Louis, the eldest son and heir of Philip Augustus, King of France. Her beauty, noble bearing, precocious wisdom, and energy, were remarkable; she was, observes an old historian, "worthy to be loved by God and by men."

Her eldest son was born in 1214. It was the feast of the Evangelist St. Mark; and Blanche inquired why the church bells, that usually rang that day, were silent. She was told that they had been stopped lest the noise should inconvenience her. She immediately gave orders that they should be rung as usual; and it was to the joyful sound of the church bells of Poissy, on the banks of the Seine, that St. Louis came into the world. His birth was followed by that of several princes, three of whom grew up to manhood; and of one daughter—Blessed Isabel of France.

In 1223, upon the death of Philip Augustus, Blanche and her husband ascended the throne; and only three years afterward the young King died, leaving his widow regent of the kingdom for her son, who was then eleven years old. The Queen, young, a widow and a foreigner, had no easy task to fulfil; but the history of her government would carry us beyond the limits of this paper, which deals rather with the mother of a saint than with the wise and successful queen regent of France.

The political cares that weighed so heavily upon her did not prevent her from devoting herself to the training of her son, whom she educated to be a great and good king as well as a holy servant of God. She took care to surround him with men of high character, whose example and influence appealed to his noblest instincts; and, although she was mindful that he gave a certain time each day to his devotions, she remembered that she was educating a king and not a monk, and accustomed him to ride, to hunt, to lead a hardy, active life befitting his youth and station. Also she insisted upon his being surrounded with the external pomp that was due to his royal rank; but at the same time she taught him to be gentle, humble and patient in his dealings with men.

One of the most lovable traits in the character of St. Louis is his tender respect for his mother. Her teaching, even in little things, was never forgotten by him. Joinville, the sainted King's devoted follower and future historian, tells us that once, during his expedition to Egypt, King Louis assembled his knights to ask their advice on an important matter. Before speaking he was observed to make the Sign of the Cross on his lips. "This was a favorite practice of his mother, from whom he had learned it; she taught him thus to ask for the blessing of God and the Holy Ghost on the words that he was about to utter." And when in the East he heard of his mother's death, he fell on his knees. "Sweet Lord Jesus," he exclaimed, "I loved my dear mother above all things, and she well deserved it!"

Blanche spent the last days of her eventful life in the Abbey of Maubuisson, where she laid aside her regal robes and adopted the habit of St. Benedict. She breathed her last surrounded by bishops and monks, and tended by her daughter, Blessed Isabel, herself a religious; only her eldest and best-beloved son, the King, was far away,—a prisoner in the hands of the Moslems.

In our portrait gallery of "Mothers of Saints" Blanche of Castile, with her splendid energy, her strong faith, her

uncompromising devotion to duty, is a magnificent type of royal and Christian motherhood. Not, indeed, that she was absolutely perfect: like all powerful natures, she was domineering; and her daughter-in-law, Margaret of Provence, is said to have suffered from her masterful spirit. Her royal gifts of mind and character were inherited by her son St. Louis, in whom they were softened and made perfect by the crowning grace of sanctity.

Another queenly figure, but of less commanding aspect, is that of Charlotte of Savoy, the wife of Louis XI. and the mother of a canonized French princess, Jeanne of Valois, the foundress of a religious Order for women—Les Annonciades. Charlotte was only ten years old when she was betrothed to Louis, Dauphin of France, son of Charles VII., afterward Louis XI. Politically an able ruler, Louis in private life was the most suspicious, heartless, tyrannical and selfish of men; and his wife was treated by him with systematic neglect and cruelty. Even her children were taken from her; she was kept without money, and deprived in her home of the influence to which her station and character entitled her.

Charlotte endured her long martyrdom with uncomplaining meekness. She was, we are told, gentle, charitable and devout; and these virtues were inherited by her daughter Jeanne. Happier than her mother, whose whole life was one of gilded slavery, the latter spent her last years in peace and contentment at the head of the Order that she had founded, and of which a few houses still existed in France until their inmates were cast adrift by M. Combes.

Few saints were more strongly influenced by the women of their family than the austere General of the Society of Jesus, St. Francis Borgia. Three generations of noble and holy women contributed to the moral and intellectual training of one who was at once an able statesman and a great saint. The first was his mother, Doña Juana of Aragon, Duchess of Gandia. She was of royal birth, closely connected with the Emperor Charles V. Her devotion to St. Francis of Assisi made her give his name to her son, and from the moment of his birth her one thought in life was his education. So carefully, indeed, did she instruct him in religious subjects that his father, the Duke of Gandia, used to say, half in jest and half in anger, that Doña Juana taught her boy "the paths that lead to heaven rather than the high ways of earth."

The young Duchess died when her son was only ten; but the task so lovingly begun by her was taken up by her mother-in-law, Doña Maria Henriquez, to whom on her deathbed Doña Juana entrusted her boy. This Dowager Duchess of Gandia was a remarkable woman. Her husband was murdered when she was only eighteen; she devoted herself to the training of her only son; and when he was happily married she entered the Convent of the Poor Clares at Gandia, where her daughter was a nun. Although she lived the life of a religious, Doña Maria never shrank from the duties that had to be performed outside the cloister; and after the death of her young daughter-in-law she proved a wise and affectionate counsellor to her grandson.

Doña Maria's gift of penetration and her insight into future events were regarded by her contemporaries as the result of her remarkable holiness. The Emperor Charles V. often sought her advice, and she is said to have foretold her grandson's future destiny. Her watchful care of this beloved youth was shared by her own mother, Doña Maria de Luna, also a gifted and holy woman, who lived long enough to see

her great-grandson, Francis Borgia, grow up to manhood.

A striking contrast to the strongly marked characters of these highborn Spaniards is the fragile young mother of St. Teresa, Doña Beatrice de Ahumada, who at the age of fifteen married Don Alfonso de Cepeda, by whom she had nine children. Her illustrious daughter describes her as very lovely and lovable, sweet, patient, and always suffering. But, with a severity tempered only by deep filial respect, St. Teresa is near blaming the invalid for her enjoyment of the books of chivalry with which she beguiled her long hours of illness.

Doña Beatrice's fondness for the heroic romances of old Spain did not prevent her from being the worthy mother of a saint. She was only thirty when she died, after fifteen years of suffering, borne with unfailing patience. Her eight boys, one and all, achieved distinction in their different lines; and her only daughter was St. Teresa.

The mother of St. Francis of Sales brings us down to more modern times. Française de Sionnaz, Baroness de Sales, and her husband, a brave soldier, seem to have brought up their large family with the happy blending of firmness and tenderness that formed so marked a feature in the writings and character of their eldest son. They wished their children to be respectful and obedient, say the saint's historians; but were careful that they should not become "timid and melancholy." And, knowing that exercise and recreation are essential to the young, they had their boys taught riding, dancing, fencing, and all other accomplishments befitting their station.

Madame de Sales lived to see her son Francis become Bishop of Geneva; and she had the supreme comfort of being strengthened and soothed by his ministrations when she lay on her deathbed. "This one," she said, kissing his hand, "is my son and also my father."

The Baroness de Sales had the joy of seeing her eldest born serve the Church by his preaching and his pen; but Donna Marta de Sentena, Marchioness of Castiglione, enjoyed the privilege, unique in the annals of Christian motherhood, of seeing her boy raised upon the altars of the Church. We have few details regarding her character; we know only that she was gentle and pious; that when her husband opposed Aloysius Gonzaga's religious vocation, her loving and comprehensive sympathy never failed her son, and that it was she who at length prevailed upon the Marquis to allow Aloysius to enter the Society of Jesus. When, in 1561, the young Jesuit died in the odor of sanctity, Donna Marta was a widow; she lived twenty-two years longer, and witnessed the glory of him who had sought only to be despised and forgotten. What mingled feelings must have filled her heart when she beheld the public and universal honor paid throughout the Catholic world to the boy who, in great measure, owed his sainthood to her wise and tender care!

Donna Anna Cavalieri, the mother of St. Alphonsus Liguori, an Italian like Donna Marta, belonged to the same school. Her piety and charity were well known in Naples, where her son, Alphonsus Maria, was born in 1696. A Jesuit missionary, who has since been canonized, St. Francis Girolamo, was a frequent visitor at the Palazzo Liguori. Donna Anna once brought her baby to him and begged his blessing upon the child. Taking the infant in his arms, the famous missionary gazed long and earnestly at its tiny face. "This boy," he said, "will live to be ninety years old, and will accomplish great things for Christ." In after years, when her son's vocation to the priesthood revealed itself, Donna Anna hopefully

remembered the prophecy of the sainted Jesuit. She lived to a great age, and, like the mother of St. Francis of Sales, was assisted on her deathbed by her son, whom she had grown to consider with feelings in which motherly love and humble deference were touchingly blended.

In times nearer to our own a most attractive type of Christian motherhood has been presented to us by Mrs. Craven in her famous book, "A Sister's Story." Some of her best pages are devoted to describing her mother, Albertine de Montsoreau, Countess de la Ferronays. If this sweet and noble woman was not, strictly speaking, the mother of saints, readers of "A Sister's Story" will remember that to some of her children, whose holy lives were crowned by a premature death, was awarded by a good lay-brother the appellation of *I Santi*,—praise that was unhesitatingly ratified by those who were the witnesses of those glorified deathbeds.

The youth of Madame de la Ferronays has the interest of a romance. It was spent among the hardships and perils of the "Emigration," when the French nobles, driven from their country by the Revolution, displayed, whatever may have been their previous faults and failings, admirable courage and endurance.

Albertine de Montsoreau married Auguste de la Ferronays in the little Austrian town of Klagenfurth, and the first years of her wedded life were as checkered as her childhood. Then, when the Bourbons returned to France, came more prosperous days, and the Count de la Ferronays was called upon to fill important posts in the service of his country. But his wife's mind had been trained to rise above the vicissitudes of earth; and whether in poverty and in exile, or among the splendors of court and diplomatic life, she remained the same—gentle, loving, wholly wrapped up in her home duties. Three of her children—Albert, Eugénie and Olga—were cut off in the flower of youth; her husband died before her. But through all these trials her perfect resignation never failed. It appeared simply heroic to those who knew how passionately and entirely she loved her husband and her children. Never, perhaps, was a woman's heart more completely bound up in its domestic affections.

The methods of this loved and loving mother seem to have been simple enough. She taught her children by her example even more than by her precepts; she won their entire confidence by her comprehensive sympathy and large-hearted indulgence; and remained through life the silent, sweet and powerful influence that led them heavenward.

As Mrs. Craven's biographer excellently observes: "To many Madame de la Ferronays endears herself as the most perfect figure in Mrs. Craven's incomparable group. Loving and patient, she reaped her harvest; for of whom could it more truly have been said than of her and her *santi:* 'They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. Going, they went and wept, casting their seeds; but coming, they shall come with joyfulness, carrying their sheaves.'"

Words that may be applied with equal truth to the other mothers of saints whose memory we have recalled in this slight sketch.

Mater Christi.

MARY, thou art Queen of martyrs,
And thy grief was as the sea
In its deeps of pain and longing,
As life's waves swept over thee.

Mary, thou art Queen of joyance,
Mother of the King Divine;
When thy Son low whispered "Mother!"
Joy of heaven and earth was thine!

* * *

A Repentant Soul.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

I.

THE other day, in Paris, died an old woman who for many years had been known not only for the singular purity and unselfishness of her own life, but also for the practical interest she took in the lives of her fellow-creatures, particularly children and youth, whom she was accustomed to seek out and gather about her in her own simple but comfortable home, instructing them in the doctrines and mysteries of their religion, while at the same time she ministered to their material wants. The boys and girls whom she instructed and prepared for their First Communion, to whom later she imparted the knowledge necessary to the preservation and defence of their Faith, and for whom she procured situations in which the practice of it would not be forbidden, nor its foundations imperilled, might be numbered among the thousands. The following is her history:

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On a certain day in Lent, more than forty years ago, Madame Blanchet, a widow of considerable means, still young and attractive, was seated in the salon of her charming apartment on one of the handsomest streets in Paris. As she sat near the window which overlooked a pleasant garden, just now bursting into bloom, a visitor was announced. It proved to be her landlord, Monsieur Margeron, a man of perhaps sixty years of age, large, rubicund, prosperous, but very ordinary-looking, with a certain air of vanity which betokened that he gave himself full credit for the good things which had fallen to his share.

"You have called about the rent, Monsieur Margeron?" said the lady. "I am willing to pay the increase you ask, although I think I have been paying enough already. It is, however, both disagreeable and expensive to move; one becomes attached to places, and this place is endeared to me by many associations."

"I am glad that you have decided to remain," replied Margeron. "I do not like to lose old tenants. As it stands, the apartment is cheap. But you look sad, Madame."

"Yes, I am feeling sad. To-morrow will be the feast of Our Lady's Compassion. On that day my husband always went with me to Holy Communion."

"Ah!" said Margeron, rubbing his fat hands. "I had often wondered that Monsieur Blanchet, man of the world that he was, should have been so religious."

"He was not at all what you call 'so religious,'" she rejoined promptly; for Madame was a woman of great energy of character, never hesitating to speak the truth as she knew it.

Margeron seemed embarrassed. He looked somewhat aimlessly about the apartment; at length, seeing the large brown eyes of Madame Blanchet fixed questioningly upon him, he observed:

"Very religious, I should say, for a man—not advanced,—quite mediæval, as my daughter would express it."

"Your daughter! Ah, you are very proud of her, Monsieur?"

"Yes; I have reason to be."

"She is quite 'advanced,' I believe?"

"In her ideas on religion, yes."

"And she has inoculated you also?"

"I can not—I do not exactly follow you, Madame," answered Margeron, who was, to tell the truth, a very simple man indeed.

"And when were you at the sacraments, Monsieur?" inquired Madame Blanchet, with the directness of the *grande dame* addressing an inferior,—an attitude which her landlord did not resent, but which would have

exasperated his daughter, of whom he was so proud.

"Not for some time, Madame," he replied, a little nervously,—"not for some time. It is not necessary,—a mere matter of form. And why should one comply with forms when one no longer—"

"When one no longer believes?" interrupted Madame Blanchet. "Is that what you were about to remark?"

"Not exactly, Madame,—not exactly. When one marries, or if one is dying, it is better, of course—"

"Nonsense!" interjected Madame Blanchet, impatiently. "That's a pitiful subterfuge. How inconsistent you are, Monsieur Margeron!"

"These things are very delicate, Madame," remarked the old man, again rubbing his hands. "They lie between a man and his Maker. They belong to the domain of conscience, and conscience is a sanctuary wherein—"

Madame Blanchet laughed.

"You are quoting your foolish daughter, Monsieur," she said. "You were not a very young man when she was born. At that time you were, no doubt, a practical Catholic."

"I was, Madame. My wife was the most religious of women."

"Yes, you are right,—a simple, good woman,—so I have heard. Why not keep to that beautiful simplicity, Monsieur? It would become you much better than the rôle you have gradually assumed of late years. Frankly, now, what is it that prevents you from going to confession?"

"Many things which I can not enumerate here, Madame," answered Margeron, with a more pompous air, as he remembered that he was the owner of the large and handsome building in which Madame Blanchet had been domiciled so long.

As he mentally adjusted their separate rôles of landlord and tenant, he began to assume a trifle more dignity than he had before manifested. His brow contracted in a frown; he placed his fat hands firmly on either arm of the chair in which he sat, as he repeated:

"Many things, Madame,—many things, most of which you would not understand."

A faint pink flush stole into Madame Blanchet's cheek.

"That is your polite way, then, of telling me that I am a very foolish person?" she answered, laughingly.

"Oh, no, Madame,—not at all!" he went on, suavely. "I say what I mean when I tell you that I know you are far more intelligent and far better educated than I am; but—but you have been brought up in a prejudiced atmosphere. These prejudices have been ingrained by association and also by such authorities as—"

"Our friend the Vicar of St. Vincent's, for instance,—a man whose learning and sanctity are known to all."

Madame was growing impatient. Her landlord, on the contrary, had begun to hold himself well in hand. He continued, very calmly:

"Madame must know that I admire and respect the Curé of St. Vincent's; but he also has adhered to the same lines as yourself. Formerly the Church stood for all that was great and good in civilization. But, then, it has not progressed, Madame,—it has not progressed. Ah, my dear lady, if you would only read, or hear read, the doctrines of the modern savants!"

"Fine savants those to whom you allude, Monsieur! Many of them have never given an hour to the sincere study of religious truths, and yet there is nothing too high or holy for them to approach and comment upon in their unspeakable audacity. I tell you, Monsieur, that their teachings are false, their pretended discoveries nothing but impostures, and they themselves only impious vagabonds."

"Oh, oh!" exclaimed the landlord,

much flurried, and inwardly hoping that something or some one would put an end to the interview. He did not wish to quarrel with his tenant; he could not argue with her to his own satisfaction.

It was, therefore, a great relief to him, when a light tap was heard at the door, and to Madame Blanchet's "Come in!" his daughter entered. She was about twenty-seven years old, tall, dark, and intelligent in appearance, but the expression of her countenance was one of discontent and obstinacy.

"Good-afternoon, Emma!" said Madame Blanchet, pleasantly. "Your father and I have been discussing religion, and we do not seem to be able to agree."

"And I am afraid we never shall, my dear," said Monsieur Margeron, as his daughter seated herself. "Madame Blanchet has just been asking me why I do not make my Easter duty."

Emma looked at her father, and both laughed merrily.

"Fancy you see me telling my sins to a man—good enough perhaps, but still a man, and one often not very much better than myself! Can you imagine it, Emma?"

"Admitted," interposed the widow, gravely. "Holy or not, the priest has received from God the power to absolve from sin."

"And where," asked Emma, haughtily, "is the man—tell me, Madame,—who could absolve my good father from sin? He has no sins. He is a just man: scrupulously honest, kind, affectionate. No one could have been a better husband; there does not exist a better father."

"That may be, Emma," answered Madame Blanchet. "I do not dispute it. But the saints themselves committed faults and went to confession."

"The saints acted according to their lights, Madame," said Emma. "All I know is that if any man is worthy to enter heaven, that man is my father."

"You do not believe, then, in the laws of the Church?"

"There have been good men in the Church, there are still; but I do not try to interfere with their belief. Let them think as they please. For myself, I will think as *I* please, Madame. This is a progressive age. Narrowness has been shelved, and it is the broad-minded tolerants who will revolutionize the world."

"Alas, to their own and the world's undoing!" answered Madame Blanchet. "Emma, I remember you as a happy young girl; you do not seem to be happy now. Your convent days,—have you forgotten them?"

"They seem to me like a childish dream, Madame," said Emma, proudly lifting her dark head. "In those days I was only a parrot: since then I have learned to read and to think."

"Come, my dear," observed her father. "It is near Madame's dinner hour."

All Madame Blanchet's amiability seemed to have returned. She arose, smilingly, and went with them to the door.

"You are both too good to perish," she said as they stood a moment on the landing. "I am going to pray for you."

"Thank you, Madame!" answered Emma, pleasantly enough; while her father added, laughingly:

"Pray that I may have the benefit of a priest before I leave the world, Madame. I am apt to go suddenly, with my heart complaint."

"Do not jest, Monsieur," said the widow, seriously.

"But I am *not* jesting," the old man responded. "I assure you I should feel very uncomfortable if I thought I would not have the priest before I died."

"Ah, Monsieur," murmured Madame Blanchet, "I can not understand your position! It is most inconsistent. You are taking a great risk,—a very great

risk. Who can presume on the mercy of God?"

"I am not afraid," said the old man. "And remember, Madame, you have promised to pray for me."

So saying, he continued his way, laughingly, down the stairs; while a little in advance of him marched his daughter, with head held erect. Madame Blanchet looked after them thoughtfully for a brief moment, and returned to her apartment.

(Conclusion next week)

Experiences in a Field Hospital.

SOLDIERS have not in general a great reputation for piety; but one must not be rash in one's judgment, and condemn a whole class without qualification. From the days of religious persecution up to the present time, it has often been seen that a large proportion of military men are far from being godless.

Nothing is more calculated to rejoice the heart of the Christian than to meet with faith and practical piety amongst soldiers. Both in time of war and of peace, to how many temptations they are exposed, how many impediments they meet with in the practice of their religious duties! All must esteem the God-fearing soldier who does not allow human respect or external difficulties to deter him from prayer and from approaching the sacraments. One need not ask whether his devotion is real and genuine, for it is severely tested on the battlefield; and yet more in the hospital, where fortitude is tried to the utmost, where terrible hardships have to be borne and acute suffering has to be endured.

There has recently been published a book containing the experiences of some German Jesuit Fathers during the Franco-German war (1870-71). It consists principally of extracts from their letters and reports. The Fathers, whose praiseworthy exertions in ministering to the sick and wounded are universally acknowledged—though ill-rewarded by their country,—speak with joy of the piety of the soldiers in general, and not unfrequently relate incidents and occurrences which prove that God is near to those who call upon Him, and testify to the wondrous potency and efficacy of the Church's sacraments and means of grace. One of the Fathers who served as chaplain to the main army writes thus:

"I spoke of the piety of the German soldiers in general: I can not quit this subject without giving a few individual instances met with at Würzburg. Amongst a large number of sick and wounded there were two dear, good fellows who from the first, when brought to the hospital, made their confession, and throughout caused me joy and edification by their exemplary patience and resignation.

"One of them had been shot in the foot, and the wound quickly became so bad that the doctors decided that the foot must be amputated. But the patient was strongly opposed to this, and always begged for delay, until one day the head surgeon declared that the operation must take place that afternoon; otherwise, mortification would set in. The sick man then saw that he must give way. He resigned himself to his fate, yet did not lose courage.

"It was the feast of Our Lady's Assumption; and he hoped that, as human aid was ineffectual, Mary would surely come to his help. He had already begun a novena in her honor, and, during the short time that remained before the operation, he did not cease to besiege her with prayers and supplications. Nor did he ask in vain. When the doctors came to amputate the foot, to their astonishment they found it had undergone such a change that there was no longer any question of taking

it off. The head surgeon himself said that he could not conceive what had happened to the foot since morning. But the patient knew well whom he had to thank, and he told all who came to his side how wonderfully the Mother of God had interfered on his behalf.

"Much the same happened in the case of the other soldier of whom I spoke. He was more severely wounded than his companion; one of his legs had to be amputated, and the operation was fixed for ten o'clock on the next morning after he was brought to the hospital. He was a good Christian, fully resigned to the will of God and most devout to the Blessed Virgin. He even rejoiced in his sufferings, since they enabled him to imitate Our Lord and unite himself to His passion. In the evening, of his own accord, he sent to ask me to administer the sacraments to him in the morning, before the operation came off. Immediately after the reception of the sacraments, so extraordinary an improvement took place in his condition that the doctors, greatly amazed at the unaccountable change, declared amputation to be quite unnecessary. How often in the military hospital did I see exemplified the words of Our Lord: 'Ask, and you shall receive'!"

Another priest of the Society, serving as army chaplain, relates somewhat similar experiences. He writes:

"After the bloody battle of Gravelotte a train came up loaded with wounded men. The Sisters hastened out to bind up their wounds; I also found abundant work. Amongst others, there was a French soldier who had received several wounds, the worst being an injury to the spine which, to all appearances, must prove fatal. Strange to say, one of his Scapulars adhered firmly to the injured spot. On the morrow I saw the poor fellow again: there was neither inflammation nor discharge; and, contrary to all expectation, in a very short time the wound was completely healed, to the surprise of doctors as well as nurses. Many soldiers have reason to ascribe their preservation from death on the battlefield or the cure of their wounds to the gracious protection of our Immaculate Mother.

"It is most remarkable how great peace and holy resignation to the will of God are imparted to the soul by the reception of the sacraments. It frequently has also a singular and striking effect in curing the sick and healing the wounded; so that even the staff-surgeons have begged me to persuade Catholic soldiers to receive the sacraments, because they saw the influence they had in rendering the men patient and peaceful.

"From the theological explanation of Extreme Unction, I never should have thought that this sacrament so often wrought the physical cure of the sick. Another army chaplain told me that in time of war he had made the same observation. Together we counted thirty instances in which the malady took a favorable turn directly after the patient had been anointed.

"I remember that one day I anointed a soldier suffering from dysentery. His end was hourly expected, yet all at once a decided change for the better took place. The next morning he was sitting up in his bed. The moment I entered he called out: 'You brought me my cure yesterday!' In a few days he was discharged from the hospital as cured, and returned to his home in Paderborn. So fully was his recovery from that dangerous malady considered impossible that his name actually appeared amongst the list of the dead."

THERE is no such thing as a menial office when you put a true man into it. A menial office is an office with a mean man in it; and it makes no difference whether the office be a king's or a scavenger's.—*Anon.*

Lessons from the Lowly.

THE cheerful patience with which many an humble and obscure person bears great misfortunes is often a lesson and a rebuke to those who make profession of religion; sometimes a source of wonder to those who fancy that examples of extraordinary sanctity are to be met with only in the lives of canonized saints. How very few of all who practise Christian virtues in a heroic degree ever attain the honors of saintship! The following instance of Job-like patience and resignation to the divine will is related in *Rose Leaves from Our Lady's Garden:*

A lady in Virginia had engaged an old colored man, an acquaintance of her cook, to saw wood for the fires. Hearing his saw still going after dark, and wondering at so much industry, the lady went out into the yard to speak to him. As she drew near she saw him measuring the logs with his hands, and feeling painfully for the right spot to place the saw; so she told him to go to the kitchen and ask the cook for a lantern, if he wished to continue his work. The old man turned a smiling face toward her and said cheerfully:

"Tanks you, missus! Don't need no lantern. De day's always shinin' fer Robert!"

"How is that, Robert?" she asked.

"Well, you see, missus, I's blind. But dere's always plenty o' light inside," he answered. "When I was a young man I found de Lord, and give myself to Him, and I ain't never had no 'casion to complain sence then. De Lord's been mighty good to me."

"Do you get work enough to support you?" he was asked.

"Sometimes I has right smart o' work, and den agin I don't have none. De days I ain't got work—well" (laughing), "I eats less on dem days."

Blind and old and poor, he could still be cheerful. "De Lord's been mighty good to me," was a sublime saying.

Another true story of a lesson learned from the lowly was related by Hall Caine when he last visited the United States. He was speaking of the many good things said unconsciously and frequently lost on the hearers of them.

An English bishop, driving in his carriage on the Isle of Man, came to a convict in his striped clothes, breaking stones on the road. The prelate talked to the convict a little while, giving him some fatherly advice and encouragement. Then, as he got ready to drive on, he said, with a smile and a sigh:

"Ah, my man, I wish I could break up the stony hearts of my people as you break these rocks on the highway!"

From his lowly attitude the convict looked up at the bishop in his magnificent equipage.

"Perhaps, sir," he said, "you don't work on your knees."

Father Hecker, who once astonished a distinguished convert by referring to a great modern saint as a "brick"—"human clay moulded in the fires of temptation," he quickly added, seeing the other's surprise,—used to say that "rust of the knee-joint" was the great malady of present-day Christians. Asked how he ever came to join the Catholic Church, his answer was, "By getting down on my knees."

THERE are some wells of apparently the sweetest and purest water which is, however, bitter to the taste and dangerous to drink. On examination, a small, thin rivulet of poisonous matter has been found in their lowest depths running into them. Something similar is probably happening to those who are overscrupulous. Self-love is the rivulet that is poisoning their souls.

—*Henry Potter.*

Notes and Remarks.

A devotion that should be much in evidence in all Catholic churches and chapels during Passiontide is the Way of the Cross. "Going around the Stations" is a practice peculiarly appropriate to the present, as to any, penitential season; because, apart from the exterior mortification—the physical discomfort which, in some degree at least, its performance entails,—the reflections suggested by each of the fourteen pictured scenes of the dolorous journey to Calvary must infallibly impress even the least thoughtful Christian with a deeper sense of the enormity of sin, the supreme evil. Effective and eloquent as no doubt will be many a Lenten preacher's denunciation of licentiousness, intemperance, sensual indulgence, inordinate love of pleasure, pride and covetousness and envy, still more powerful to a normally tender heart is the graphic portrayal in the Stations of the agonizing sufferings, the prolonged torture, the ineffable desolation and woe which such sins, and our own personal sins among them, cost the gracious and loving Redeemer of mankind. Especially should those Catholics who avail themselves of the generous dispensations from fasting and abstinence now so commonly accorded, make it a point to practise the Way of the Cross. Somewhat penitential in itself, the exercise is an effective means of exciting within us that abiding horror of sin in general, and that lasting sorrow for our personal transgressions, which are the congruous sentiments of the Lenten season.

There appears to be some doubt as to the real date of the birth of John Knox, the Scottish reformer. Dr. Lindsay, in a paper in the London *Quarterly Review*, expresses his belief that 1505, the date usually given, should be 1515. Notwithstanding the doubt, however, the four hundredth anniversary of Knox's birthday is to be celebrated some time this year. We may, in consequence, expect a superabundance of "Reformation" literature during the next few months. Not all of it will be as eulogistic as were the tributes to the reformer's memory in the decades immediately succeeding his death. Already, indeed, in the *Scottish Historical Review*, Mr. Andrew Lang takes the "great ecclesiastical statesman" vigorously to task for his faults as an historian. As a party pamphleteer, in 1559, Knox exceeded, thinks Mr. Lang, the limits of honest journalism. "His plan was to deny the existence of any scheme against 'the authority,' though he aimed at nothing less; to deny the intrigues with England in which he was taking the foremost part; and to accuse the regent [Mary of Guise] of perfidy, by asserting the existence of terms which assuredly did not exist in the treaty of July 24." One may readily admit with Knox's admirers that he never swerved from his purpose, while at the same time fully agreeing with Mr. Lang's conclusion: "In his History, as far as I can discover, he deliberately concealed the truth on several essential points, and sometimes accused the regent of perfidy when she was not guilty." Serious accusations these for a reviewer to make against a reformer.

Young seminarians, their professors, and all who have a hand in moulding clerics, will be interested in this extract from a recent speech of the Holy Father to a number of bishops: "I give you, venerable brethren, just one bit of advice: watch over your seminaries and over aspirants to the priesthood. As you are aware, there floats over the world nowadays a spirit of independence that is fatal to the soul, and it has penetrated even to the

sanctuary; independence not only as regards authority, but also as regards doctrine.... If ever you find in your seminaries one of this new type of savants, get rid of him as quickly as possible, and on no consideration confer Orders upon him. You would forever repent having ordained even one such aspirant; you will never regret having excluded him from the sanctuary."

If the testimony given at Albany the other day, by a New York Assemblyman, as to the public schools in the greatest of American cities is not wildly exaggerated, it is high time for a modification in the New York school curriculum. "I know by observation," said the State legislator, "that less than forty minutes a day are spent in studying reading, writing, and arithmetic." With all proper respect for the advanced educational theories of twentieth-century school superintendents, it must be said that such an allotment of time for the subjects mentioned is ludicrously small, and it is self-evident to any one who remembers his own drilling in these elementary branches that the results achieved must be less than meagre. Parents whose children are being experimented upon with a dozen or more pedagogical fancies, while the essentials of a primary school education are practically thrust into the background, should rise in revolt against such a prostitution of their children's time and such a waste of public money.

The San Francisco *Monitor* says that the late Senator Hawley, of Connecticut, will be remembered by Catholic Americans as one of the most zealous and outspoken supporters and defenders of Catholic educational work among the Indians. The Senator was an army officer, and, like the great majority of his profession, was free from the vulgar prejudice which controlled so many of his fellow-senators. "During the controversy in the Senate which resulted in the Government's repudiation of its own plan for promoting the civilization of its wards through the efforts of Catholic missionaries and schools, General Hawley was among the ablest and most earnest antagonists of this shameful policy. He refused to be influenced by the clamor of sectarian bodies, whose opposition to the arrangement entered into on President Grant's initiative, was manifestly a mixture of bigotry and jealousy. Hawley was not a Catholic, but his sense of justice was outraged by the campaign of prejudice evoked by the sects on that occasion."

Good things were said and good stories told by Governor Folk, of Missouri, in an after-dinner speech made at a gathering of Bullion State exiles in New York last week. After eulogizing Missouri—which was, of course, the proper thing to do under the circumstances,—Governor Folk explained what is meant by the "Missouri idea," of which we have been hearing so much. He defined it as "the idea that citizenship in a free country implies a civic obligation to enforce the performance of every public trust, and holding every public official to strict accountability before enlightened public opinion for all official acts."

In the course of this brilliant speech some truths were presented which all citizens would do well to remember and to propagate. Bribery was characterized as the "treason of peace," and the patriotism of the ballot was declared to be even more necessary in a free country than the patriotism of the bullet. "Plenty of men will die for their country," said Governor Folk; "but the man who will live for his city and State every day is the man good government needs. There is a constant conflict between evil and good; and evil must always be fought against, else the good will be overcome. The useful

grain the farmer sows does not grow and ripen by chance, but must be cared for and protected; while the thistle, scattered by chance and cared for by accident, will flourish anywhere. So good government does not exist by accident. The seeds must be sown and the plant nurtured and defended, else the weeds will grow up and choke it."

That no law can create civic virtue, that the public life of a nation is but a reflection of its private life, that the greatest and gravest dangers which beset a free nation proceed not from without but from within,—these are declarations worthy of the chief executive of a State which is second to none in civic honor.

The Lenten Pastoral of the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Menevia, which is printed in Welsh as well as English, announces the opening of a new college at Holywell, where the students of the diocese will receive a thorough training in the Welsh language in addition to their other studies. His Lordship states, evidently with much gratification, that Welsh missions have been opened at Llanrwst and Pwllheli, where some Oblate Fathers from Brittany, who have thoroughly mastered the language, preach regularly every Sunday in that tongue. Bishop Mostyn is no less hopeful than zealous for the conversion of his fellow-countrymen; and we feel confident that henceforth the progress of the Church in Wales will be more marked. The pastoral letter of his Lordship is on the three good works especially appropriate to the holy season of Lent — penance, prayer and almsdeeds. We quote the following paragraph:

It was the fast of the Ninivites that saved their city from ruin; it was the prayer of the centurion that obtained the cure of his sick servant; it was the almsdeeds of Tobias that brought down upon his house so many and such great blessings from God.... The more we can bring home to ourselves the fact that prayer is absolutely necessary for our salvation, that without it we can neither live well nor die well, the more we shall strive, in spite of all difficulties, to put it in practice.... There are many, no doubt, who on account of their health or because of the nature of their work, are dispensed from observing the laws of the Church with regard to fasting and abstinence; but we would remind them that they are still bound to do penance; and that if they can not comply with the law, there are many other ways in which they can deny themselves.... If prayer is good with fasting, it is better still if this be coupled with almsdeeds. "Stretch out thy hand to the poor, that thy expiation and thy blessing may be perfected."

A few years ago it was the fashion of scientists to scout the idea of spiritual manifestations, while the Christian theory of demoniacal possession was ridiculed as superstition pure and simple. Nowadays the spiritualists have strong supporters among men of science. Dr. Edgar M. Webster, a member of the mental section of the American Medical Association, is quoted as saying:

Persons who are spoken of as hopelessly insane are frequently simply lost under the overwhelming control of a spirit or, at times, a crowd of spirits. We frequently find by post-mortem examinations that no physical disorder exists in the brain or nervous systems of such insane. A large percentage of the insane are persons who have attempted to become spiritualistic mediums and who, by laying themselves open to spirit influence, have found the wrong or an evil spirit taking advantage of their susceptibility, for the purpose of giving vent to spiritual desires and ideas through an earthly medium.

To the question, "Do you believe in obsession by a spirit in insanity cases?" Dr. Webster replied:

I must believe in it. More than twenty years ago I took up the study of spiritual matters. I noticed that I possessed some clairvoyant and clairaudient powers. I little believed those faculties were to become of such great use to me in my medical practice. I smiled when I read in the Bible that demons were driven out from the insane person's body and soul. Now I know what that meant. I understand that the word 'demon' in Hebrew simply means 'the spirit of one dead.' So it is [sic]. There are many kinds of insanity, but where violent hallucinations point to the fact that a spirit or, in many cases, many

spirits have taken possession of the patient's spirit, the cure is practically easy. The acute obsession has not proceeded too far to cause serious physiological changes in the patient; and, where the diagnostician is a clairvoyant, the exact nature of the intrusive spirit can be determined and the treatment can be suited to the case. Even cases where a spirit is causing the trouble, organic changes may be shown in the patient's body upon operation or post-mortem.

There are diseases with symptoms very similar to demoniacal possession. We do not believe that Dr. Webster has ever had to deal with a possessed patient—one from whom devils were to be cast out,—otherwise he would not be so confident of his powers. Medical skill is of no avail in such cases. One of the most distinguished physicians in London assured the late Frederick George Lee that, in his judgment, numerous peculiar and remarkable cases both of epilepsy and madness which had come under his notice could be duly and rationally accounted for only by the Christian theory of possession; but he did not attempt to treat such cases.

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The certain existence and alarming influence of what is termed "spiritualism" has proved a formidable stumbling-block to the apostles of atheism, agnosticism, and materialism. And the spiritualists are right in saying that the manner in which, heretofore, their opponents endeavored to account for and explain away some of the most undisputed phenomena of modern necromancy, to any person who has witnessed the phenomena in question, is childish. Modern spiritualism has its dangers, and they are not to be minimized; however, we agree with Dr. G. Sexton ("Spiritualism and Its Critics"), that "it is destined to crush the materialism of the age, and to hurl scepticism, now so prevalent, from the throne which it has usurped."

We are glad to notice that at last one of our leading educational institutions has taken a stand against athletics. In future the authorities of Clark College will not allow athletic sports to interfere with studies. Jack has become too lively a boy: henceforth there must be more work and less play. The new policy, which will have the approval of all true educators and sensible parents, as well as of all serious students, is announced in the annual catalogue of Clark University and College:

The students of Clark College will not be allowed to engage in contests with representatives of any other institution; nor will they be allowed to give public entertainments without the consent of the faculty. The announcement of this policy has met with the approval of educators, directors of sports, and others, and it has also met the approval of the students.

It is to the credit of the men connected with the college that they see clearly that the work of a three-year course can not be carried out successfully if they engage in competitive and commercial games, which absorb so much time and interfere so largely with the curriculum of the college. This college must stand for scholarship.

Educational institutions everywhere would do well to follow this lead. The athletic craze has been so violent and so prolonged that many people will not notice the incongruity of the declaration, "This college must stand for scholarship."

Commenting a few weeks ago on co-operation in circulating anti-Catholic magazines and papers, we said that such co-operation is plainly matter for a serious examination of conscience. Very brief examination should suffice to convince any whole-hearted Catholic that *Lippincott's Monthly Magazine* is a periodical which he can not conscientiously support,—at least until it mends its ways. The current number of that magazine contains an article, "The Second Nocturn of St. Patrick," which is simply scurrilous,—an elaborate vilification of the Catholic confessional and of the Irish nationality. It is a shameful production.

"Words, Words, Words."

BY ELLA LORAINE DORSEY.

IF I were asked what single study would best promote general intelligence, I should say unhesitatingly Etymology; for it is a liberal education in itself, drawing into its stream history, art and poetry, geography, philosophy, the classics, mythology, natural history, religion, and so on *ad fininitum*.

The most ordinary word has a meaning that puts us in touch with other days, ways, manners and men; even slang words are often but lost children whose soiled faces and tangled locks alone prevent them from being recognized. Take, for instance, "spree" and "skee," which a young girl used a few days ago as follows: "Let's go on a spree,—let it be a matinée,—and we'll have a squee time!" But spree is from *esprit* (spirited), and skee, or squee, from *exquis* (exquisite).

Since the Civil War we know the word "skedaddle," from the Greek *skedannumi*, "to retire tumultuously," which is the best description of a routed army we have ever had.

The old Nick, old Scratch, and old Harry are familiar to everyone; and yet comparatively few realize that the first is the Finnish *Nœki* or the North German *Nickel* (both meaning evil and devil); the second comes from *Scrat*, or *Schrat*, a Scandinavian wood-demon; and the third from *Hari* or *Herra*, the Scandinavian names synonymous with Baal or Beel in Beelzebub.

"To jump on" is scarcely a pleasing phrase, and yet it is the literal translation of insult, from *in* (upon) and *salto* (to leap); although it originally meant landing on an enemy's coast to attack.

Take the merry adjective "jovial." It meant one born under the planet of Jupiter or Jove, who was supposed to be perpetually joyful: martial, mercurial and saturnine are, of course, derived from the planets Mars, Mercury and Saturn.

We all remember the Indian name for squirrel, *adjidomo*—"tail-in-air"; but the word as we know it comes from *skiouros* "shade-tail."

The food-names count as an important item of word-identification. Take the teas, for instance: Hyson means "before the rain." Bohea is the name of the hills among which it is grown. Pekoe means "white hair," referring to the down on the tender leaves. Souchong means "small plant." Twankey is the name of the river; and Congou is the misspelling of Congo, which means "labor," and expresses the extra care taken in preparing.

Spinach is from the Arabian word *Hispanach*, the Spanish plant. The name of the great American dainty, pie, is the contraction of pastie. In the old cook-books the word is given pie. Jelly is so manifestly from the Latin *gelo* (to congeal), and biscuit from *bis-cuit* (twice-baked), that they need no translation.

And of the words in common use which have most unsuspected meaning one is money, so called from its first being coined in the Temple of Juno Moneta at Rome. Scorn is the Danish *skarn*, meaning dirt, mud, or mire;

and pelting with mud was a natural expression of scorn.

Hottentot is a clever Dutch invention; for when the Dutch at the Cape of Good Hope began their trade with the Caffirs, they were much struck with what has been aptly called the "click" of the Caffir languages, which sounded to them like the perpetual repetition of the syllables hot, tot. *En* is the Dutch "and."

A quid of tobacco is so called from the good Gaelic word *cuid* (a portion), and is little changed; but Thackeray's "Book of Snobs" popularized a new word and wrenched to a new meaning the entry on some of the old English college lists, which designate those not of noble birth as s. nob.—i. e., *sine nobilitate.*

Story is but the contraction of history. And the journeyman of song and story is one who works for daily wages (from *journée*, day). The pistol of the soldier takes its name from the Italian town Pistoja, whence the weapon was first brought to England in 1526. And the word "muff," so dear to boyish hearts as a term of abuse, really means a clown or boor, from *mof.* Interloper is a hybrid from the Dutch *loopen* (to run) and the Latin *inter* (between). It was a term used in smuggling, and meant to run between the customs officers.

Charlie, Peg, and Meg or Mag were not originally nicknames; for Charlie is the Gaelic form of Charles; Peg is from the Danish word *pigé* (a girl); and Meg is from the German *magd* (a maid). The title mandarin is not Chinese at all, but is a Portuguese word, first applied to the Chinese officials. It is from the Portuguese *mandar* (to govern), and the middle-age Latin *mandaria* (dominion).

Italy gives our word Sapper, from *zappare* (to dig); and whoever has seen a schooner under full sail rising from or dropping below the sky-line will realize that Dutch sentiment did not go astray when it gave its word *schoon* (beautiful) to the little craft. But the real origin of this word is found in the Norwegian *skunna* (Icelandic, *skunda*), or the Anglo-Saxon *scyndan* (to hasten).

The names given the early discoveries by Catholic sailors and soldiers are interesting witnesses to their faith; as Natal, so called by Vasco da Gama because he first saw it on Christmas Day—*Christi dies natalis.*

Our Indian names are highly descriptive. Take Niagara, divide it into its native form, *Niag hera*, and we have something that stirs the heart of all who have listened to the deep note of its waters; for we have "Hear, or Hark to the thunder!"

Monuments of honor and monuments of infamy we all know; but the list of ever-renewed monuments of flowers that Science rears to the botanist who first introduces some fragile loveliness to the world is infinitely varied. Take our poinsetta—or Christmas flower, as we often call its crimson star with the heart of gold,—or the magnolia. The first was named for our Minister to Mexico who enriched us with this tropical plant; the second was named for Pierre Magnol, professor of Botany at Montpellier, and dead since the seventeenth century; but every year, when the summer moon shines and the mocking bird sings, the flowers swing their censers and send up their spices in the name of the Frenchman who saw and loved it.

As a uniform designates a certain regiment or branch of service, so sometimes a regiment gives its name to a certain type of soldier the world over, as Hussar. This comes from the Hungarian word *husz* (twenty), and the tradition is that one of these dashing soldiers was a match for twenty of the enemy. But the historian tells us that when the Turks overran Eastern

Europe, every twenty houses had to equip and maintain in the field one soldier; they were called hussars to distinguish them from the regular troops, and they proved so gallant that the finest cavalrymen of all countries have been so called.

Elbow gives us a peep back into English history; for it comes from *ell*, a measure which was the length of the arm of Henry I.; and *bow*, the bend or bow of the ell or arm.

The twanging bit of steel we know as the Jew's-harp is really *jeu-harpe;* and the joyful word jubilee comes from the Hebrew *yobel*, a horn, because every fifty years the first day of the grand Sabbatical year was proclaimed by a blast on the horn called "yobel," and all slaves of Hebrew blood are freed, and all alienated lands restored to their former owners.

The mock orange gets its name "syringa" from the Greek word for tube or pipe; and it was first given to the plant because its wood was used for making Turkish pipes.

The military term "surrender" is manifestly *se rendre*, to yield oneself; but tattoo has been adopted from the Dutch *tap-too*, the time when tap-rooms and ginshops were closed.

A poacher and a sneak are unattractive, but it is interesting to know that the first is so-called because he unlawfully kills and pockets another man's game (from *poche*, a bag or pocket); and the other gets his from the Anglo-Saxon *snican*, to creep.

The two fish who have had their names oddly changed are the porpoise and the grampus; for the first is really *porc* (hog) *poisson* (fish), and the latter *grand-poisson*.

Gumption is a curious word, and yet it derives from the old verb to *gawm*—i. e., to understand.

The word stoic implies unusual powers of endurance; but the word itself means portico or porch, alluding to the portico where Zeno, the founder of that rugged school, taught his philosophy.

Our word pier is the child of the Danish *pyr* and the Swedish *fyr*, which both mean the beacon or light by the shore, to mark a landing place. We give it to the place itself.

The laundress when she asks for starch is using the German *starke*, for strength or stiffness. The sportsman when he calls to his spaniel does not always realize that his ancestors came from Hispaniola in the West Indies, hence his name; and who ever sights from the masthead and calls out "Iceberg!" is speaking pure German; for *eis* is ice, and *berg* is mountain.

Cinderella's slipper has fallen under the microscope, and strife rages as to whether it was made of *vair* (fur) or *verre* (glass).

A New England lady told me once she used to take the dictionary to her room when she was a child, and hide it under her pillow when she went to bed, so she could read it in the morning. "A little disconnected, but most interesting," was the only comment possible. But the little girl was not far out of her reckoning; for a word has no frontier: it slips back and forth through the world at will, sometimes disguised, sometimes deformed, but always like the troubadours with tales to tell and songs to sing of the places where it has lingered and the peoples it has known.

A Lesson Learned.

Walter Savage Landor did not share his countrymen's taste for field sports. In his youth he had shot a partridge one winter afternoon, and found the bird alive the next morning, after a night of exceptional bitterness. "What that bird must have suffered!" he exclaimed. "I often think of its look." And Walter Savage Landor never took gun in hand again.

The Ups and Downs of Marjorie.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XV.—St. Vincent's Picnic.

It was fully a week before Marjorie quite realized the situation,—before she understood that the "Star of Love" had risen over her path in all its beauty and brightness. Of the evil shadows that threatened to darken that path so cruelly, she never heard; she knew only that old Selma had died in a fit, brought on by rage and excitement at her imprisonment. But before dying, the old gypsy told Judge Bolton enough to cause an investigation, which not only revealed the cruel plot against little Marjorie, but fully established her claims to her grandfather's love and care. Young Lindsay fled from the country, disgraced and beggared; while Gresham secured his own safety by betraying his accomplice and sending to Judge Lindsay the letters and papers of his lost child.

"He deserves a halter!" said the old gentleman to Judge Bolton, as they discussed the situation in the latter's office. "This villain has had a grudge against me for many years. I exposed and denounced his rascality, and had expelled him from the courts."

"He came very near avenging it," answered Judge Bolton. "But we have no witnesses against him, and the child is now safe forever. You not only can forgive, but try to forget, my friend, in the new love and joy that have come to you,—forget!"

And the old Judge took his friend's advice, and put this black evil shadow of the past away from him forever.

Marjorie, having at last found the "fairy wand" of her childish dreams, waved it lovingly and generously. Manor Hill was not only saved from Asa Greene, but bought outright by the Judge, on liberal terms, that made its old mistresses independent and comfortable; securing them a home for life with the little girl they had learned to love as their own; and giving them the happy assurance that, when they were gone, Marjorie would hold the dear old place as her most precious inheritance.

"And we'll build up the porch and prop the chimneys, and—and—what else is to be done, Marjorie?" asked her grandfather, pinching her cheek as, perched on his knee, she looked over the big legal papers that had just been signed by the two old ladies with tears of joy and gratitude.

"Oh, fix everything!" said Marjorie. "Mow the lawn and plant the garden and mend the fences, and get Rex a new collar, and Jeb a new hat."

"How about new gowns and hats for Marjorie?" asked the Judge, smiling. "How about a pretty phaeton with two grey ponies that a little girl can drive? You've been better than twenty doctors to me already, and I must pay for it."

"But you've just—just bought Manor Hill for me," said Marjorie.

"Not at all! I bought it for Miss Susan and Miss Martha, who have promised to take you and me in, since I sold our own home a dozen years ago and have been camping around in hotels ever since. Manor Hill is my business entirely. I've got those twenty doctors' bills to pay yet; for I was just getting ready to step into my grave when I found this little hand stretched out to make a new man of me. What would my little girl like best, since Manor Hill is safe?"

"Oh," said Marjorie, with dancing eyes, as she felt the fairy wand was really in her grasp at last, "I'd love to give the girls at St. Vincent's a party—a real party like Mrs. Grosvenor's grandfather used to give: pink and white ice-cream, and chocolate cake, and little bags of candy all round,

O grandfather dear!" she clasped her little hands excitedly, "could we give St. Vincent's an Easter party?"

"We can and we will," answered the Judge, with an odd tremor in his voice. "But St. Vincent's is rather a dull place for a frolic; isn't it, Marjorie? Suppose we bring the party out here and make a picnic?"

"Out here!" exclaimed the little girl, breathlessly. "Oh, goodness, wouldn't that be splendid?"

And the look in the brown eyes settled matters. That picnic must be, Judge Lindsay resolved, if he had to cable to Rome for consent. But there was no need for any such extraordinary efforts. Mother Thomasina, who had been beaming with joy ever since she had heard of little Marjorie's fortune, was quite willing to convoy the picnic herself.

And what a picnic it was! Marjorie felt there never had been such a day of delight from the beginning of the world, as that wonderful Easter Monday, when the two big stages hired for the occasion rolled into the gates of Manor Hill, and fifty little blue-skirted, white-aproned girls tumbled out upon lawn and carriage-way.

Everybody was there to see and help along the fun: old Mrs. Lacy and Mrs. Hill and Miss Betty Crofton; Bert and Dick and Eveleen; Mrs. Tibbs and Polly; old Lem, his brown face fairly beaming; and Father James, who declared he would not have missed the occasion for a cardinal's hat.

What a day it was! How the old place rang with glad voices and happy laughter; while lawn and grove and garden seemed fairly ablossom with orphan flowers in blue and white! What joyful shouts went up under the oaks, as the big swings old Lem had rigged up to the sturdy boughs went flying skyward under Bert's mighty "pushes"! What chattering there was on the old croquet grounds, where Dick Hill guided mallets and balls!

What a merry, chattering crowd Marjorie led to see the new chickens and the turkey gobbler and the calf! What a wonderful day it was, with Mother Thomasina's mellow laugh making a deeper note in the silvery music; and Sister Angela forgetting to chide even when Molly Byrne left half her apron on the chicken-yard fence! And Nora—dear old Nora,—who had come with the rest, beaming with triumph that Marjorie's "goolden fortune" was found!

"I thought you would be dressed fine as Helen Grosvenor," said Nellie Deane, critically regarding the blue skirt and white apron of Marjorie.

"Oh, no!" was the quick reply of the little hostess. "I wanted to look just like the rest of you to-day. Grandfather!—O girls, I do hope you'll all get grandfathers, too; they're so nice!—grandfather took me to town and bought me lots of things: a new hat and coat and shoes, and dresses with tucks and buttons. But, for real fun, I'd rather have this old blue skirt. There's the very tear I gave it in the Zoo last Christmas and that Sister Angela made me mend."

"You'll never have to mend any more," said Nellie, with an envious sigh.

"Oh, yes I will! I'm going to Mont Marie to school, and I'll have to learn to do everything. But I'll come home every Saturday and have grand times. Grandfather wants me to learn how to row and swim and shoot and drive. And I am going to have two grey ponies and a cute little phaeton. I'll come to St. Vincent's and take you all out in turns. Oh, I'll never forget St. Vincent's and the fun we had there together,—never!" concluded Marjorie, giving the two friends with whom she was walking "arms round" a loving squeeze.

"Goodness!" exclaimed Molly Byrne, starting as they passed the cedars. "There's a graveyard!"

"Yes," replied Marjorie. "It's Miss Martha's. Everybody she loves is buried there. And, O girls, won't it be lovely! Grandfather is going to put up a little chapel there—a dear little tiny chapel, with a beautiful marble altar,—in memory of my mother, who was his own only little girl, like I am now. There's no church near here, and Father James will come every other Sunday and say Mass."

And Marjorie chattered on confidingly, as the little orphan of yore, until a big bell sounded calling back all the ramblers to luncheon.

And it *was* a luncheon,—grandfather and Miss Martha had seen to that; no skimpy little hand-around affair, but a real luncheon, spread on long tables under the trees; with Father James to say grace, and half a dozen grinning waiters to bring in creamed chicken and hot biscuits and sandwiches, and everything else good.

What a clatter of knives and forks and merry tongues filled the air! What a momentary hush of breathless delight when the ice-cream appeared, in all sorts of surprising shapes—towers and baskets and birds and flowers, that seemed almost too pretty to eat! How the fun rose again when the French "kisses" were popped hilariously, each disclosing some gay little favor, and Marjorie handed around the pretty boxes of French candy to be taken home!

And, finally, what a chorus of joy arose when Humpty Dumpty himself came tumbling in on the scene, from no one knew where,—a truly wonderful Humpty Dumpty, who could twist himself into anything, and did tricks for an hour or so, finishing up by playing football with his own head, which he pitched up a tree! Some of the tiny tots were so overcome at this that he had to turn a somersault and appear with the new head of a laughing clown, who informed the company that he had in his pocket just fifty-two tickets for the circus next week; and if they could be of any use to Miss Marjorie Mayne's friends he would leave them with Mother Thomasina, with fifty-two dimes for the necessary adjuncts to a circus ticket: peanuts and pink lemonade.

All St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum going to the circus! Marjorie led the grateful cheer that arose at this announcement, and felt she couldn't be awake,—that it must be a delightful dream.

And when at last the sun went down behind the cedars, and the beautiful day was done, Mother Thomasina marshalled her little band on the wide porch of Manor Hill; and, while they waited there for the big stages to come, Sister Angela clapped her hands in the usual signal, and fifty sweet little voices rose in music that touched every listener's heart, and made old Judge Lindsay look down at his little Marjorie with eyes that grew tender and misty, as, holding his hand, she led as of old the evening hymn:

Mother of the motherless,
  Mary pure and fair,
Shield us through the darkness
  With thy loving care;
Be the orphan's Mother,
  Hear the orphan's prayer!
    Ave Sanctissima!
    Ave Purissima!
      Ora, ora pro nobis!

Mother of the motherless,
  Fades the dying day:
Lead us through the shadows,
  Lest our footsteps stray;
Be the orphan's Mother,
  Mother dear, we pray!
    Ave Sanctissima!
    Ave Purissima!
      Ora, ora pro nobis!

(The End.)

ONE of our youngest boarders being asked to say three "Hail Marys" for a special intention, sadly confessed that she knew only *one*.

—*The Nazareth Chimes.*

With Authors and Publishers.

—The following eminently sane remark we find in a book notice contributed to the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record:* "But it would be well in a discussion of such a subject to recognize that there are difficulties in the way, and that those who may not have the happiness of sharing our views are not all insincere."

—Mrs. Augusta J. Evans Wilson, the novelist, whose "Beulah," "St. Elmo," etc., used to be regarded by unsophisticated readers thirty years ago as the perfection of "high-toned" literary style, is still living, at the age of seventy, in Mobile, Alabama. Her last novel, "At the Mercy of Tiberius," was published about twenty years ago.

—Two interesting publications recently received, from the American Book Company are: "First Principles of Agriculture," by Goff and Mayne; and "Four American Indians," by Whitney and Perry. As a substitute for the lurid dime novel, the latter book, comprising the stories of King Philip, Pontiac, Tecumseh, and Osceola, is healthy reading for young Americans.

—The following interesting announcement, concerning a book which is sure to have a host of readers, appears in the *Athenæum:*

Mr. Reginald Balfour is about to publish, through Messrs. Burns & Oates, a little book entitled "The Assisi Keepsake: being the Talisman against Temptation written for Brother Leo by St. Francis of Assisi, together with words of Counsel by the same Seraphic Father." These two writings by the saint will be reproduced in facsimile.

—By the death of Mr. John Augustus O'Shea a gifted and eccentric figure in the world of journalism has disappeared. For many years he was a valued correspondent of the London *Standard.* His contributions to leading magazines were frequent, and certain of them were of a high order of merit. Mr. O'Shea was beloved by those who knew him intimately, and some of his best friends were former enemies. The experiences and adventures of this brilliant and eccentric man would make a fascinating volume. We are gratified to learn that he was buried in the Catholic cemetery at Kensal Green. *R. I. P.*

—It is interesting to compare the criticisms of Mrs. Humphry Ward's new book, which is, of course, an event in the novel reader's calendar. "'The Marriage of William Ashe' is sure to be much read," says the *Athenæum;* "but there is little or nothing in it that has not been given before both by the writer herself and by others. It is not a remarkable book." According to the London *Daily News,* "The Marriage of William Ashe" is "probably the best book which Mrs. Humphry Ward has yet produced." The *World* also is of opinion that "she has done no finer work." Other literary critics on this side of the water declare that the author has written no better story than this; though she herself, in a letter to an American friend, acknowledges that Lady Kitty, by whom the book stands or falls, is not all that was intended.

—"Unconscious cerebration" is the euphemistic modern phrase for what is really unconscionable plagiarism. The latest convicted criminal in this line is a New York Congressman, who delivered an eloquent passage of some six-score words which a *Sun* correspondent has found verbatim in an English essayist of the last century. You never can tell who may read the same books as yourself.

—The death of the venerable Father Neville, of the Birmingham Oratory, the friend and literary executor of Cardinal Newman, is reported from London. He had been a candidate for Anglican orders, but submitted to the Church in 1847, and became one of the first band of English Oratorians He was widely known, and highly respected as a model priest. Father Ryder is now the last of those sons of St. Philip to whom Newman so gracefully and affectionately referred in a familiar passage.

—The latest biographer of Thomas Moore (Mr. Stephen Gwynn) presents a decidedly puzzling picture of the once famous song writer. He was very lukewarm in religion, and content to have his children adopt a creed opposed to his own. Even his patriotism was of no earnest type, in that he would not quarrel with his country's oppressors, though he did so with those who agitated for her relief. On the other hand, it is asserted that there never was a man more truthful and fastidiously honorable in all his dealings. He was attracted by female fascination as a butterfly by scented flowers, yet never was there a more faithful and devoted husband.

—We are glad to be reminded of and to quote again a bit of frank literary criticism by Sidney Lanier, which students of literature in Catholic institutions would do well to copy into their notebooks. In his essay on the English novel, after referring to the works of certain authors now, happily, out of fashion, Mr. Lanier says:

I can not leave this matter without recording in the plainest terms that, if I had my way with these classic books, I would blot them from the face of the earth. One who studies the tortuous behaviors of men in history soon ceases to wonder at any human inconsistency; but so far as I can marvel, I do daily, that we regulate by law the sale of gunpowder, the storage of nitroglycerine, the administration of poison—all of which can hurt but our bodies,—but are absolutely careless of these things, so-called

classic books, which wind their infinite insidiousness about the souls of our young children, and either strangle them or cover them with irremovable slime under our very eyes, working in a security of fame and so-called classicism that is more effectual for this purpose than the security of the dark.

Mr. Lanier had died before Honoré Balzac became so popular with English readers; but we feel certain our eminent poet and literary critic would not have hesitated to class him with English novelists whose names are synonymous with what Carlyle called sewage; in spite of Balzac's being, according to Mr. Henry James, "the Mecca toward which all realistic pilgrims wend their ways, . . . the great master of the age." Of course there is no accounting for tastes, but much of what Balzac wrote not a few respectable people consider revolting reading. Mr. James describes the "great master" as a "charming personality." A contemporary who knew him intimately said that he was not the sort of person one would care to meet at one's own table. Which is much for a gentleman to say. We will add, while we are upon the subject, that the grossest book which ever came under our notice was from the pen of M. Balzac. We read a few passages and then and there conceived for the author a loathing which the years have not lessened. There are many classics which young students of literature would do well not to ignore in favor of any production by Balzac, though literary critics may sometimes proclaim him the "great master of the age."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"A Manual of Mystical Theology." Rev. Arthur Devine, C. P. $2 50, net.

"St. Peter Fourier." L. Pingaud. $1, net.

"California and Its Missions." Two volumes. Bryan J. Clinch. $5, net.

"Religion and the Higher Life" William Rainey Harper. $1.10.

"The Strategy of Great Railroads." Frank H. Spearman. $1.50, net.

"A Spoiled Priest and Other Stories." Rev. P. A. Sheehan, D. D. $1.25, net.

"In the Morning of Life." Herbert Lucas, S. J. $1, net.

"Last Letters of Aubrey Beardsley." Rev. John Gray. $1.60.

"The Waters of Lethe" Lida L. Coghlan. $1.25.

"Ceremonial for Altar Boys." Rev. Matthew Britt, O. S. B. 35 cts.

"Socialism." Victor Cathrein, S. J. — Victor Gettelmann, S. J. $1.50.

"Progress in Prayer." R. P. Caussade, S. J. 75 cts., net.

"Letters of Blessed John of Avila." $1.10

"Cardome: A Romance of Kentucky." Anna C. Minogue. $1.25.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Gerard Gysen, of the diocese of Buffalo; Rev. M. Marron, diocese of Monterey; Rev. James Burns, archdiocese of Cincinnati; Rev. Thomas McCormick, diocese of San Antonio; Rev. Edward Tuohey, C. P.; and Rev. William Neville, of the Oratory.

Mr. Francis Travers, of New York; Mrs. Margaret Hanselman, Williamsburg, N. Y.; Mrs. Susan W. Woods, Pittsburg, Pa.; Dr. J. R. Murphy, Dunmore, Pa.; Mr. Martin McDonough, Minooka, Pa.; Mr. Charles King, Minneapolis, Minn.; M. R. Mansell, Auburn, N. Y.; Mr. Patrick Monaghan, Fairmount, W. Va.; Mr. Joseph Enright, San José, Cal.; Mr. J. P. Lynam, Omaha, Neb.; Mr. John Mackin and Mrs. J. V. McCauley, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. William Boggs, Baltimore, Md.; Mr. Joseph Nichols, Toledo, Ohio; Mr. John Wheelihan, Jersey City, N. J.; Mr. Valere De Vemie, Kansas City, Mo.; and Mr. E. W. Bast, Canton, Ohio.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the leper priest at Mandalay, Burma:

Friend, $2; B. J. M., $1.50; L. F., $5; Miss E. W., $10. (Besides a number of intentions for Mass.)

For three poor missionaries:

Friend, New Orleans, $40; a Priest, $20; E. D., $3; T. M., $3; A. M. L., $15; W. F. D., $25; F. H., $15.

Father Stroebele's mission boat:

Friend, $1; C. O. M., $1; M. C. H., $1.

To supply good reading to hospitals, prisons, etc.:

F. G., $1; B. J. M., 25 cts.; Friend, 52 cts.; C. O. M., 20 cts.; F. H., $1.

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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The Last Scene.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

BREATHLESS the air, lurid the sun,
Through black-edged storm-clouds dimly breaking;
From their cold death-sleep, one by one,
Forms, long since buried, slowly waking.

Trembles the solid earth! Aghast,
Men flee; but Woman, softly crying,
Clings to the gibbet to the last,
Watching her Son and Saviour dying.

Above the Cross a dense black cloud,
Glooms, quivers, breaks, and then enfolds Him
As in a luminous, pale shroud,—
Thus at the end doth she behold Him!

Mary, His Mother, patient, sweet,
Of all earth's mothers bravest-hearted!
Now she may rest her aching feet,—
The world's Redeemer hath departed!

The Kingdom of God.

BY THE RT. REV. JOHN CUTHBERT HEDLEY, O. S. B.

FROM the very beginning of His preaching, our Lord Jesus Christ, in order to express and designate the work which He was to accomplish on earth, uses the phrase, "Kingdom of Heaven." That Kingdom, as we gather from the innumerable references found in the Gospels, is founded and grounded on spiritual and moral principles,—principles revealed by God, inculcated by the ancient Scriptures, or innate in those human hearts which He created for Himself. At the same time, that Kingdom is not to be altogether spiritual or invisible. The band of the followers of Jesus are to be recognizable from the beginning. They are not only to be lowly, docile, forbearing, and disciples of the Cross; but they are to glory in His name, to look for grace and help from Him, and to imitate Him in their lives. When He is about to leave the earth, He provides for a continuance of His Kingdom by bestowing sacramental powers, by the wondrous ordinance of the Holy Eucharist, and by the promise of that Holy Spirit who is to be the perpetual herald and guardian of the truths of Christianity, amid all the world's confusion, and throughout every generation of men. Thus the preachings of Galilee and of Jerusalem are to leaven the whole mass of the peoples of the earth. Thus the little seed is to grow into a mighty tree. Thus the Kingdom of Heaven, spiritual in its principles and visible in its organization, is to be a great fact among the institutions of mankind; to make good its claim on the adhesion of every creature of God; and to stand up in unshaken opposition to every rival school or party, whether springing from human corruption or set up by the malice of the devil.

The spiritual life can never be really separated or dissociated from the living Church of God. The organization of the Catholic Church is divine. But it is not a mere organization: it is the

instrument of the Holy Spirit for the ministration and diffusion of light and grace. No spiritual life which is not guided by the Catholic Church can be free from darkness and error. No holiness can be true or real which knowingly rejects the ministry of the Church. No aims or purposes in Christian aspiration, no means or methods in Christian practice, can be safe or harmless which are not warranted and blessed by the perpetual Guardian of the truth. Without her venerable sanction, there must be exaggeration and inadequate comprehension; there must be that danger of falsehood which always accompanies the free play of sentiment and feeling; and there is sure to be, in many cases, absolute fanaticism.

But this is not all. There are virtues—emphatically Christian virtues—which, as experience clearly shows, are sure to be lost sight of and neglected wherever the spirit and traditions of the Church are ignored. If there is one virtue that is more distinctive of Christ's Kingdom than another, it is the virtue of lowliness of heart, or humility. Our Blessed Lord has pronounced that unless a man receives the Kingdom of Heaven "as a little child" he can not enter that Kingdom.* If this means anything, it means that a man is not to guide himself in religious matters by his own light, but to be willing and ready to be taught and to be led. It means much more than mere inquiry or the asking for information. People may ask and inquire, may investigate, and take in knowledge, and all the time reserve to themselves the right to judge, to accept, or to reject as they see fit. This is not the Gospel spirit, or the Christian's attitude of mind. Inquiry of this sort, human nature being as it is, will only lead, in religious matters, to divergence, dissension, and the dissolution of the truths taught by Christ. The true Gospel humility means the readiness to be taught, to submit one's judgment to authority, and to guide one's practice by tradition and instruction.

It is clear that such lowliness of spirit is impossible — and even if possible, would be unadvisable—without such an institution as the divinely established Church. Outside the Church you certainly do find submission and docility; but it is the submission of the weaker and less instructed minds to those who are better educated and louder in speech than themselves. Those whom they obey and follow differ from others, who also have their following. The leaders boast of their own lights, and do not hesitate, in many instances, to assert that they are inspired by the Spirit of God. Other leaders, who have just as much right to be heard, maintain absolutely opposite views. To what leader the simple, the busy, or the uneducated may attach themselves depends upon such circumstances as locality, opportunity, race or prejudice. And whilst the leaders, with noisy self-sufficiency, preach their views of the Gospel, and try to extinguish their rivals, the least of their followers is quite prepared, whatever may be his ignorance or his deficiency, to judge and condemn the leader whom he has followed, and to transfer himself to the guidance of another. In such a spirit as this, we may venture to say without hesitation, it is impossible to enter the Kingdom of Heaven. Unless Our Lord has deceived us, and the words of St. Peter and St. Paul are without meaning, only humility, obedience, and the submission of heart and intellect to teaching and instruction, will enable a man to find Christian truth and to be secure in Christian practice. But these are dead virtues in modern times, except in the Catholic Church.

It would naturally be too wide a subject to speak of all the mistakes

* St. Mark, x, 15.

that leaders and followers are liable to fall into when they are not directed by the teaching Authority which God has placed in the world. It would be too long to describe the strange views of God, the distortion and misapplication of Holy Scripture, and the wild mangling of the Christian creeds, which are familiar to those who follow the utterances of self-constituted evangelists. To the all-spiritual, unchanging God, they attribute the limits and conventions of the society they live in. Our Blessed Lord is sometimes a mere man, at others nothing but a name for what they call "salvation." And as for "conversion," they can only cry out and vainly repeat what their forefathers have inherited from the evil sources of Luther and Calvin. Conversion, in the Catholic teaching, involves three things at least: the real turning of the heart to God with some kind of filial love, the detestation of all past sin without exception, and the firm resolution to avoid sin and the dangerous occasions of sin in the future. How much of this is to be found in that so-called "acceptance of salvation" which is preached in Protestantism? Is this anything more than a blind feeling, an unreasoning assurance, or even an empty formula?

It is true, our Blessed Saviour offers salvation to all. But the souls of men are not stones or clods that can be "saved" without their own co-operation. A man must use his reason and exercise his will; his whole nature must exert itself, divine grace helping; and then the Precious Blood of Calvary does its cleansing, and man is reconciled. And when once reconciled, the soul can not lie down in security and idleness. It is the work of many a weary day to undo the havoc that a man's sins have wrought in his own heart. Years of penance, of mortification, of prayer, and of perseverance are required to make conversion solid and sure. Above all, that great sacramental dispensation, in which the Blood of Christ is continually applied to the souls for whom it was once shed, must be used and frequented, even as a man uses his daily bread. Without the Sacrament of Penance, sin comes quickly back to the soul from which it has been cast out. Without the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and the Holy Communion of Christ's Body and Blood, men may talk and make professions, and even excite themselves to feeling, but they can not long keep the grace and the charity of God in their spiritual being. It is chiefly by that great Sacrament of the Eucharist that Christ is in us, and we in Him.

It is necessary to bear these truths well in memory when we find ourselves in the presence of religious movements which pretend to do without the Church of God. The question of Church or No-Church is so vital a one that the devil is not unwilling to allow men even to become better, if thereby he can persuade them that they do not need the Church. When they leave off drinking and swearing, sing hymns and cry aloud, and in all sincerity turn to God and their Saviour, these things are good, whether in the Church or out of it; but they are not the whole of the religion of Christ. At the best, they are only beginnings—they are first steps in a narrow and hard road. To stop at this point is practically to go back altogether. There must be sure leading, enlightened instruction, and strong and solid help, if a man is to complete the vague aspirations of his pricked conscience by the full reign of sanctifying grace in his soul, and the adequate exhibition of Christian conduct in his life.

Even Catholics lose sight of this. There are those amongst us who content themselves with some kind of conversion—at a mission, for example,—and almost wholly neglect the sacra-

ments, by which alone the effects of a mission can be made lasting. There are also those who have not even felt what it is to be converted, but who content themselves with living as respectable but only nominal Catholics, never going to confession and never approaching Holy Communion. Let such Catholics remember that even their Saviour can not save their souls unless they themselves co-operate. And let all remember that the Kingdom of God is not a mere name or a mere doctrine, about which men are to dispute to the end of time. It is visible and recognizable; it rests on Catholic dogma; it is built up of the teachings of Holy Scripture and the practice of the saints; it lives and flourishes by the sacraments and ordinances of Christ; and it is a living force and voice in the world through the perpetual Church in which speaks the Spirit of Christ Himself.

There are certain marks by which a Catholic may recognize whether or no he is of the Kingdom of God. As long as he does not deny his faith, he is a Catholic and belongs to the Church. But, as we all know, in order to belong in the full sense to the Kingdom of God, it is not enough to belong to the visible Church: we must, besides, learn the spirit of the great King of that Kingdom, our only leader and master, Jesus Christ. The first mark of this spirit we may consider to be that lowliness or humility of heart of which sufficient mention has already been made. This does not imply that the mind of a Catholic should be listless, inert, and merely subservient; waiting, before he even thinks, for his Church to speak. What the Church does is rather to ward off error than continually to dictate. She holds in her keeping a great and splendid system of divine truth, the chief part of which is contained in the Scriptures. This vast treasury of divine instruction and practice would go to pieces without the Church, but it by no means requires the Church to be always intervening. A great cathedral has keepers and guardians, and men are always at work to save it from decay; but none of those persons made it, and the visitor can spend days in examining its glories without ever coming across one of them. The Church did not invent or create Christian truth: it was delivered to her hands. She has to interpret it, to enforce it, and to guard it. So that it is not the Church that men's minds have chiefly to deal with, but that wide, vast and beautiful system which God has revealed and given into her keeping.

The Gospel lowliness of spirit is directed, first and principally, to the revelation of God. But it is directed also to that divinely constituted herald and minister of God, through whom it knows the extent and the true meaning of that revelation. Comparatively speaking, the Church very rarely intervenes in a Christian's mental world. It is true that the Church is living and active, and that her pronouncements are a feature of the Christian religion. But, compared with the solid, settled, widely-extended realm of Christian truth, these pronouncements are few; and fewer still are those which call for any painful exercise of the virtue of obedience. The mind of a Catholic, therefore, provided he recognizes what the Church is, and is ready to obey, freely ranges over a magnificent body of truth; and his only fetters are those which hinder him from going wrong,—fetters which no rightly reasoning man can hold to be an obstacle to liberty in its true sense. But the sense and feeling of humility are there. The heart bows before its God and before the ordinances of its God. It is pride and self-sufficiency that are the chief hindrance to the union of man with God; and the lowliness required by

the Gospel enters into the very essence of the spiritual life, holding the human spirit steady and happy in its only true attitude toward its Creator.

The second mark of those who belong to the Kingdom of God is what may be called unworldliness. This is shown in our living steadily for heaven; in being detached from the possessions, the business, and the pleasures of this life; and in loving the Cross, and gladly taking it up. There are a great many Catholics who could not stand a test like this. Most of us are marching on, contentedly and without reflection, in the world's army of pleasure-seekers. If the word "pleasure" is too strong, let us call it that simple and straight pursuit of the well-being of self, which the world frankly professes to be the purpose of life. Catholics acquiesce very generally in this, although they may not openly profess it. We work, we play, we seek, we think, with one main object—to be comfortable. We even spend ourselves, we strain, we suffer, to be more comfortable in the long run; whereas, in the teaching of Christ, what we ought to embrace and love is rather the poverty, the obedience, and the obscurity of Nazareth, and that Cross which unless we take upon our shoulders we can not be disciples of Christ.

The third mark of the Kingdom of Heaven is to live in the practice of the ordinances of that holy Kingdom. No one who does not recognize the Blessed Eucharistic dispensation of our Lord and Saviour as an essential and indispensable influence in his daily life can be of the Kingdom of God. The Holy Eucharist — sacrifice and sacrament—is the great means and effective producer of that presence of the Creator within our human life without which we are nothing but self, grossness and meanness. Not to be constant at Mass, at Communion and at confession, is to be a deserter from the Kingdom of God.

There is one other mark. We are known as followers of Jesus Christ if we love those whom He loves. He loves all human creatures, and He has died for all. We can not belong to Him unless we also love every creature of God, and more especially those who, by reason of their nearness, are called our neighbors. Love includes kindness and help; it implies the duty of forgiveness; and it excludes all injury, whether by deeds or by words. Christian love is not a mere external profession or practice, but a disposition of the heart, which is independent of our feelings, and triumphs over our dislikes. Beginning with those of our own family and household, there is no one that we have anything to do with who must not be in some way the better for our kind words, kind behavior, carefulness, self-restraint, self-sacrifice, or material and spiritual help. In order to imitate Jesus Christ in His divine charity, we must not be afraid to put ourselves to inconvenience, and to deprive ourselves of enjoyments. Especially does He bless those who prove their loyalty to Him by giving their time, their service, and their means to the seeking out and relieving the suffering poor who would otherwise be overlooked and neglected.

We must belong either to Jesus Christ or the world. May He give us light to understand how serious is this question, and grace to devote ourselves to Him alone! For the moment, we are left to ourselves, and our Heavenly King seems to be silent, patient and expectant. He does not separate the wheat from the tares: both must grow up together till the harvest. But the responsibility of separation presses upon ourselves at every moment of our lives. We can not love the world and the things of the world in this life and look forward to the Kingdom of God hereafter.

ROME, the lighthouse on the rocks of time.—*Hall Caine.*

Young Mr. Bretherton.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XIV.—A Morning's Adventures.

THE proposed entertainment which set Millbrook agog was in aid of the Catholic Hospital, which lay in a very poor district on the outskirts of the town, and in an opposite direction from the aristocratic seclusion of Thorneycroft and the Manor. The Sisters of Charity had come thither from Boston to take charge of the establishment, which, previous to their coming, had been in a dire condition of neglect as well as of debt. During the two years of their residence in the town they had worked wonders with an apparently hopeless institution, and raised it to quite a respectable level. They had, moreover, succeeded in dispelling the dark cloud of prejudice which had hung like a pall over the townspeople, and prevented them from acknowledging that any good could be accomplished by the hated and despised "Romanists." Many of the most bigoted Protestants in the neighborhood were now disposed to accept Jesse Craft's verdict, which he fully ventilated, to the effect that "these here Sisters of Charity are about as close an imitation of angels as is manufactured this side the Jordan."

Protestants were, therefore, disposed to lend a helping hand in the great work of rehabitation going on at the Hospital, and to co-operate with the few wealthy Catholics in making the entertainment for "St. Vincent's" a success. The Bretherton influence was, of course, all upon the side of the Sisters. The Governor had worked very hard to bring them to Millbrook, and his wife had ever since been one of their chief "patronesses." In order to give a special prestige to the function, Mrs. Bretherton had volunteered to throw open the long unused ballroom of the Manor, and to secure the presence of many guests of distinction from places in the vicinity by tickets sent in her own name.

As the Committee of Patronesses consisted exclusively of married women, Leonora Chandler had hitherto not assisted at their meetings; but she was on the friendliest terms with the Sisters, being a frequent visitor to the wards of the Hospital and an efficient worker in various directions. Hence she had been early consulted upon the arrangements for the coming event by the superior, Sister Mary Agnes, who counted very much upon Miss Chandler's superlatively good taste and her initiative. This gave Leonora a pretext for being as much as possible away from Rose Cottage, which the frequent presence of Eben Knox now rendered odious.

One morning as Leonora was coming home from the Hospital she saw a crowd collected upon the high street, and presently discovered that the cause was the arrival of two dancing bears, with their leaders, a brace of sturdy Savoyards. She had scarcely made this discovery when she descried, advancing from an opposite direction, Mr. James Cortlandt Bretherton. She had not seen the young man very recently, as he had been more or less occupied with election matters; and had, besides, absented himself deliberately from Rose Cottage, with a view to leaving the coast entirely clear for his kinsman, Lord Aylward.

Just as Jim Bretherton approached the outskirts of the crowd, one of the bears by a sudden movement made a rush toward the sidewalk. Instantly there was a scream and a ripple of excitement, and voices cried out:

"The child is down! The bear has its paw upon her!"

Leonora saw Jim Bretherton push

his way through the group of frightened and bewildered spectators, and presently emerge again, holding in his arms a little girl. Though her face was stained with tears and dirt, Leonora recognized her at once as the child of the woman—probably a gypsy—who had so recently been saved from the horses' hoofs by the identical young gentleman from the Manor. She was struck by the coincidence.

Jim Bretherton, who did not see Miss Tabitha's niece, was doing his utmost to reassure the frightened child and to cause her to dry her tears. The child held firmly with a chubby arm to the young man's neck, but continued, nevertheless, to wail and lament at the very top of her lungs. She kept pointing a terrified and very dirty finger at the bear, despite the protestations of her protector that the animal was 'very good and wouldn't hurt anybody.' By way of illustration, he advanced toward Mr. Bruin and began to pat its shaggy head; and the beast, taking kindly to this demonstration, snuffed about his new acquaintance and laid a friendly paw upon his arm. This so terrified the child that she screamed and clung more desperately than ever to Jim Bretherton, while the Savoyard hastened to lead the bear away.

Just then Miss Chandler approached, saying:

"I'm afraid you've got into difficulties, Mr. Bretherton."

"Well, rather!" cried the young man, laughing. "I've certainly got more than I bargained for."

"I wonder if she would come to me?" suggested the girl.

Jim Bretherton's first look of relief was succeeded by an apprehensive glance at Leonora's dainty costume.

"I'm afraid it wouldn't do," he said, ruefully. "Your frock would be ruined."

"The frock will wash," Leonora answered. "But I think there will be another difficulty."

She pointed significantly to the two arms which now encircled the young man's neck; and, indeed, the brown eyes of the child glared defiance when the girl made a movement to take her.

"There is nothing for it but to carry her home," declared Jim Bretherton, with a glance of comical despair,—"that is, if I had the remotest idea where her home is."

"Why, have you forgotten?" asked Leonora.

"Forgotten what?"

"That she is the child of the woman you saved the other day?"

"I never noticed. All children of that age look pretty much alike to me. I know only a single distinction—the clean and the dirty. This one seems to belong to the latter class, especially as the bear rolled her over in the mud."

The young man regarded the little one attentively as he spoke, smoothing her hair and uttering ejaculations which might be supposed to have a soothing effect, though still the child cried on.

"I should suppose, then, she belongs to the mill-house and Mother Moulton," Jim said, tentatively.

"I suppose so," assented Leonora.

"Well, I must take her to Mother Moulton, or whoever owns her. But do you think, Miss Chandler, you could get her to stop crying? Would 'cat's cradle' or any of those sort of things be any use?"

"No: they are too intricate and protracted for the high street of Millbrook," laughed Leonora. "Already our group is dividing public attention with the bear."

Jim Bretherton laughed too, though somewhat uneasily. He did not quite relish the notion.

"I think you might suggest something, instead of laughing at me," he complained.

"What can you expect me to do, when the young despot has rejected all my overtures?"

"Make some more. I am sure you can get the infant to stop crying, if you like. You can dry any tears and heal any wounds, as the infatuated Aylward might say."

"That is sheer flattery," answered the young girl, though she flushed uncomfortably at the mention of Lord Aylward's name. "For my part, I see only one gleam of hope."

She pointed as she spoke to where Miss Spencer stood, fresh and wholesome, in her doorway, whence came a delicious smell of choice confectionery. The dispenser of sweets was herself observing the scene with interest and amusement.

"Happy thought!" exclaimed Jim Bretherton, relieved. "Of course the poor little beggar would like one of those things Miss Tabitha used to bribe me with when I was unmanageable. We'll try a lollipop. Will you come, Miss Chandler, and choose something that won't be poisonous?"

So together they proceeded to the confectionery shop, Miss Spencer calling out as they advanced:

"I reckon, Mr. Bretherton, you're just about tired playing nurse-girl!"

"It isn't exactly the occupation I should choose," he laughed. "For violent exercise, I'd prefer a good game of football myself."

No sooner had the two entered the shop than the child's eyes began to glisten. She released one arm from her death-grip of young Mr. Bretherton's neck and began to point eagerly at the various sweetmeats. She presently permitted herself to be set down upon a stool, Jim standing in front of her and regarding her, as he exclaimed:

"Now, young woman, as you have consented to a truce, make your own terms. Choose what you will."

"Why, I thought *I* had come in here for the express purpose of choosing!" Leonora interposed. "If you want to kill the child, you will just let her run riot amongst Miss Spencer's wares."

"Well, give her something," urged Jim Bretherton. "She looks as if she were starving."

The child had, indeed, a famished look in her eyes, as she snatched at the piece of gingerbread which the young girl held toward her.

"That is much better for her than a lollipop," Leonora declared, striving to pull the little creature's frock and pinafore into place, and to arrange her dishevelled hair.

Jim Bretherton, looking on with satisfaction, remarked:

"Mother Moulton must have kept her on starvation rations. Perhaps that is why the mill-manager looks so like a death's-head."

Leonora, who had her back turned and was busied in arranging the little girl's costume, did not appear to notice this reference to the manager. Miss Spencer, however, sighed, rolled her eyes, raising both hands with a significant gesture toward the unconscious Miss Chandler.

This proceeding upon the part of the confectioner very much puzzled young Mr. Bretherton. What had she to do with Mother Moulton's short rations or Eben Knox's uncomely appearance? A chance remark which he had heard at Smith Jackson's recurred in a flash to his memory. He had at the time attached little importance to what had been said, and had summarily dismissed the subject, resenting the introduction of Miss Chandler's name into the discourse. But now it came back to him with peculiar force; and, in the same connection, he recalled a conversation which he had once had with Jesse Craft.

"Did you ever," the old man had asked, "see a hawk circle round about a snow-white dove, without feelin' about for a musket, and wishin' you could get nigh enough to put about a pound of small shot into that there pirate?"

Young Mr. Bretherton had answered carelessly that the hawk was not a whit worse than any other huntsman. He had been astonished when Jesse Craft, staring hard at him, and dropping all metaphorical allusions, had exclaimed:

"If I was a young feller and in the runnin', why, I'd rattle his bones till they shook like dice in a box!"

This sudden ascent from a hawk to a human being had seemed enigmatical, and to be attributed only to Jesse Craft's well-known eccentricity.

Now the full significance of the old man's hints was suddenly borne in upon young Mr. Bretherton. He looked at Leonora, so lovely, so exceedingly fresh and dainty, as beautiful in character as in disposition, and a hot wave of indignation surged up within him. Not only did he feel that he would like to try Jesse Craft's prescription upon the obnoxious manager, but that he would like to go further: rattle the fellow's bones. "I'd like to break every one of them!" he said to himself, in his honest wrath. For it was one thing to stand aside and give herself, if she so elected, to a man of Lord Aylward's calibre, and quite another to suffer this skulking pariah so much as to approach her.

Miss Spencer read upon Bretherton's face such an expression as alarmed her. She was not at all sure that he was not vexed at her audacity in making signals to him. She paused, therefore, in the midst of an expressive pantomime; and Leonora, turning at the moment, caught her in the very act.

"Why, Miss Spencer," she exclaimed, "what an attitude! You look as if you were calling down either a benediction or—something else."

"An anathema would be most in order," declared Bretherton, following out his own thought.

"Surely not upon this poor child!" exclaimed the girl.

The young man shook his head.

"Nor yet upon me, I hope?" inquired Leonora, in mock alarm.

"No, nor yet on you," Jim Bretherton answered, grimly.

He was thinking of Eben Knox as he spoke; and Leonora, like Miss Spencer, was somewhat puzzled by the expression of his face. Presently, however, the angry thoughts which had arisen within him cleared away; and the idea of Eben Knox's attentions to Leonora, being seriously considered, seemed preposterous.

"She will marry Aylward, of course," he thought; "then she will be perfectly safe from hawks of every variety."

Miss Chandler, who had been busying herself meanwhile with the child, whom she apostrophized as "poor little mite!" looked up at Jim Bretherton with an unwontedly soft and appealing expression, which the young man found very captivating. His loyalty to his friend was, however, an invincible buckler against weakness on his part; and he resolutely looked away, addressing some trivial remark to Miss Spencer.

The child helped to make a diversion; for, having finished the piece of gingerbread, she resolutely held out her hand for something more.

"Give her whatever you think best, Miss Chandler!" cried Jim. "Give her whatever else she wants. She may as well enjoy herself for once."

Leonora chose a sugar-stick, which Miss Spencer recommended as pure and wholesome; and the child, radiantly content, sat bedaubing herself with the succulent morsel.

"Put up a parcel of cakes and things for her, Miss Spencer," requested young Mr. Bretherton. "Miss Chandler and you can make the choice."

While this was being done Jim adjusted as well as he might the neckgear which had been disarranged by the clinging arms of the child, who sat regarding him with solemn eyes. His toilet being completed, he stood leaning

with his back against the counter, patting the little thing upon the head.

A fresh difficulty arose when, the parcel being made up, the two young people prepared to leave the shop. The child showed every disposition to remain in an atmosphere so congenial. She did not want to be taken away at all; and it was only by a peep into the bag, which Bretherton held open and which promised future delights, that she was induced to dry her tears and go forth into the high street.

Bretherton implored Miss Chandler to give him her further assistance.

"You won't desert me," he said, "till we see the infant safe at the door of the mill-house?"

"I won't go *there*," replied Leonora, hastily,—"not on any account!"

The young man was startled by the white, frightened look upon her face; and he could have bitten out his tongue for the thoughtless suggestion.

"That brute of a manager is getting on her nerves," he said to himself; adding aloud: "Oh, I can manage him all right once we get near there, if you will only come a bit of the way!"

To this Leonora assented; and the child grasped a hand of each of her new-found friends and trudged on between them. The trio had not, however, reached the path which led to the mill-house when the mother of the little girl was seen lurking in the alder bushes. She darted forth and seized the child, clasping the little one to her breast, with a passionate gesture. Jim Bretherton had scarcely time to thrust the parcel of sweets into her hand when she rushed back again into covert, like some wild beast that fears the huntsman. Standing and looking out thence, she made a graceful, fervent gesture to the young man, kissing her finger tips and pressing her hand to her heart; after which she disappeared almost instantaneously from sight.

(To be continued.)

An Eastern Legend.

BY YMAL OSWIN.

A SPIRIT stood at Heaven's gate,
Just freed from corse;
The lock was closed, and she must wait
In dull remorse.

Within a deep, melodious voice,
"Who art thou?" cried,
Making that lonely soul rejoice,
Though sight denied.

"Dost know me, Love?" the soul replied,
With sobbing breath.
"'Tis I myself; the gate throw wide:
There's no more death!"

A pause—"Beloved," he said, "return,
Art thou all fair?
Mourn still a while, and thou shalt learn
My joy to share."

She wailing fled, and toiled below
With bitter tears;
Wrought out the soil in grievous woe,—
A month seemed years.

Again she stood at the Gate of Pearl,
"Open, Heart's joy!"
She heard a rushing, winged whirl
All space destroy.

That voice adored then spoke again,
Soft as a dove,
Whispered in mingled joy and pain:
"Dost know me, Love?"

"*I am thyself, Love,—only thou!*"
The gate flew wide.
"Enter! Our souls forever now
Are one!" he cried.

THE shortest road to victory over the enemies of God is that of personal kindness; and, as regards their opinions, a sympathy, not of approbation but of comprehension; a glad insistence on points of agreement; a calm steadfastness against error,—free from all heat, bitterness, and personal estrangement.—*The Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J.*

"As We Forgive!"

BY MRS. BARTLE TEELING.

IT was long, long ago. Yet not so long ago as is that old story, "ancient but ever new," of the grassy hillside in far Galilee, where the Teacher stood, surrounded by His disciples and a little, wondering, ignorant flock besides, listening to strange things which were told. For He taught them a new prayer—one of those two which, as Father Faber so beautifully says, "never cease from off the earth,"—a prayer which runs: "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive." Not so far distant, too, as we, from that other hillside, shadowed over with a great and terrible darkness, out of which the voice of One who was at the point of death rang clear and solemn, echoing down the ages to come—the answer of the Creator to that awful *second prayer*, which, as the writer we have just quoted assures us, will also "never cease from off the earth": "His Blood be upon us and upon our children,"—echoing, we say, even down to us the words: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do!"

The story we are about to tell is but the fulfilment of these; for Christian forgiveness is the same throughout all time.

I.

The grey dawn of early morning was just passing into the more vivid coloring of an Italian sunrise, fair and beautiful everywhere in that favored country, but perhaps nowhere more lovely than when flooding with its radiance the fair "City of Flowers," the gem of medieval Tuscany. Strong walls enclosed the town,—sad necessity in these lawless times of which we write. And within these walls dwelt a people noted alike for the vigor of their reasoning powers and for their pre-eminence in artistic talent. The great Tuscan city had not, indeed, as yet approached the zenith of her fame; but was a rapidly rising state, governed by her nobles, and holding her own proudly and masterfully; while without the city lay a wilderness of uncultivated ground and thick forests, wherein lurked many an outlaw and robber.

It was a lovely summer morning. The air was soft and cool, and resounded with song from many a tangled thicket where the birds sang their matins undisturbed; and the hum of awaking life rose from the town, as the laborer went forth to his toil.

Not many yards from the Porto San Nicolo rose a rugged hill, crowned by a Benedictine monastery and church dedicated to San Miniato, the martyr. Here a community of black-robed monks—those familiar figures who are never wanting in every picture of historic scene or saintly memory for nearly fourteen hundred years—dwelt, solitary and in peace; looking down upon their fair native city with many a prayer; visiting it, perchance, in times of need, to preach from their stores of learning and of love the way of life; or pacing its streets with bowed head but eager step, to claim some treasure of manuscript or emblazoned page for their monastery. And as they returned, the artist eye would mark here and there some scene of Nature, to be woven into quaint margins and initials in Missal or Vesperal. A peaceful, happy life, full of glory to God and of good-will to men.

Two monks had gone forth on an errand of mercy before break of day, and were now returning by the steep and narrow path which wound up the hill, overshadowed by thick foliage on either side. Scarcely had they begun the ascent when a cry of distress broke upon their ears, followed by exclamations of horror. They paused a moment, and then, guided by the sound, pushed

aside the tangled briars, and came upon a sight which was, unhappily, in those days, no unusual one.

In a sunny glade, moss-covered and rich with flowers, a young man lay dead. He was noble, by his dress, and strong and fair; and he had been murdered in the night. The assassin's dagger, stained with blood, lay at his side; his right hand still clasped his undrawn sword, while his left was clinched in the death agony; and his still, white face, turned upward, with knitted brow and wide-open eyes, caught the first rays of the morning sun. Near him a group of horror-stricken searchers—his father, mother, and others—were weeping aloud.

"It is by treachery that my son hath fallen. He hath been surprised unawares. Oh, that I should have lived to see this day!" groaned the father.

"Alas, alas, my first-born, my son Hugo!" sobbed the mother, as she bent over the corpse in bitter grief.

Then there stepped forward a youth of some seventeen years, with long dark hair streaming over his shoulders, flashing eyes, and a princely look and air. His face was pale and his hands clinched as he advanced toward the old Count. He spoke low, from between his set teeth, yet the listening monks heard every word as he hissed it out with suppressed vehemence.

"My father, know you, or can you guess, who hath wrought this deed?"

The old man shook his head.

"Had your young master a quarrel with any man?" he said, turning to the servants.

They looked at one another as if unwilling to speak, but at length one stepped forward.

"Alas, my lord, he had! Count Stefano di Rucellai was his bitter enemy. I heard my master threaten him not many days since."

"Count Stefano!" exclaimed the old man. "He whom I have so often befriended! This, then, is his gratitude!"

"Father," said the youth, coming forward and kneeling on one knee; "give me your blessing. I will avenge my brother!" Then, seeing his father's face light up with glad surprise, he passionately continued: "I will never rest till I have taken the lifeblood of his murderer. By night and day will I seek him and track out his dastardly footsteps,—in palace or cellar, in sunshine or in rain, amid the feasting of the great or the misery of the poor, even to the foot of the altar. I will wear no rich raiment nor taste any dainty meats, nor will I slacken in my pursuit, until I see him at my feet to confess his dark deed and cry to me for mercy. And then"—his eye flashed as he went on—"I will make him rue the day which saw him my brother's murderer,—so help me God and the saints!"

"Well said, my son! Thy father's blessing go with thee!" joyfully exclaimed the old man. "Thou shalt show all Florence that the spirit of the Gualberti, who never suffered a foe to go unpunished, lives still in thee!"

And then he directed the retainers to lift and bear homeward the stiffened body, himself and the Countess following. As they passed down the hill, young Giovanni started from the dream into which he had fallen, and prepared to follow them, when a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and the gentle voice of the elder of the two monks who had watched the scene said:

"Giovanni, come home with me!"

"You, Padre Lorenzo? What brings you here?"

"The good providence of God, my son, which drew me hither to hear thy rash and wicked oath. Nay, turn not away, but come with me for a while. They"—and he looked down upon the sad procession entering the city gate—"will not need thee yet."

And so he drew the youth away from gazing at the blood-stained turf, up to

the monastery, kept him at his side all that morning, and comforted him with tender words, until the boy knelt at his feet and his bitter hardness melted into tears.

"And now, my son," said the good old priest, as he bade him farewell at the Vesper hour, "thou wilt think no more of thy wicked oath, save to repent of it?"

"Father," replied the boy, looking up at him, "I dare make no promises: the anger is too deep in my heart. And you know what is meant by the honor of a Florentine noble being at stake?"

"I know somewhat else besides, child," the old man sadly answered, as he lifted up the crucifix which hung at his side. "Thy God pardoned those who crucified Him, aye, and His angels looked upon His death, and His Mother stood beside, and *they* prayed: 'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do!' Giovanni, when thou meetest with Hugo's enemy and thine, remember this and forgive!"

The boy shook his head, kissed the old man's hand, and darted down the hill.

Father Lorenzo stood and watched him sadly, murmuring: "They have taught him revenge as a duty! Alas for these evil times, and that this should be so! What more can I do, O Lord? I can only pray; do Thou the rest!"

And so he turned and entered the gate of that dwelling, whose watchword and whose seal was Peace; and many and many a night afterward did he keep vigil before the altar while his brethren slept, wrestling in prayer for that young soul, that it might be converted and forgive.

II.

Many months have passed since young Hugo's death. His murderer, well aware of Giovanni's solemn oath, and fearing a like fate to that of his victim, kept in close hiding within the city, so that all search for him proved in vain. Giovanni's whole soul was absorbed in the passion of revenge. He studied fencing till he had become past-master of the art; he practised every feat of swordmanship taught in those days; he employed spies to discover Count Stefano's retreat, and offered rewards for his head,—in vain!

And now it was the afternoon of Good Friday. We need hardly say that since his brother's death, young Giovanni had been less assiduous than before in his devotions. It was difficult to pray in church when the eye glanced round involuntarily at every step, or scanned each group of worshipers, lest, perchance, the murderer should be amongst them. It was impossible to approach the sacraments with revenge upon his lips and in his heart. The unforgiven crime haunted him like a spectre, and he knew neither rest nor peace. He had not visited the monastery since that fatal day; for he shrank from meeting his good old confessor, Father Lorenzo.

But on this Good Friday, wandering about the streets with other gay companions of his own age, he had come to an open church door, and some vague instinct impelled him to propose a visit to the Sepulchre. His companions laughingly declined, so Giovanni turned in alone, followed closely by his servant. It was midday; and the Mass of the Presanctified, the solemn chanting of the Reproaches, the Adoration of the Cross, had all taken place among a dense crowd of the ever-devout, if somewhat turbulent, Florentines, in that Church of the Santa Reparata, which was the precursor of the present magnificent and stately Duomo. Upon a temporary platform draped in black a priest was standing, holding in his hands a large colored crucifix, which he called on the people to approach and venerate.

The young nobleman passed in at the curtained door, leaned against one

of the great stone pillars near the entrance, and his eye wandered half involuntarily from one face to another among the crowd. All at once he was startled out of his reverie by a word which struck with a strange thrill upon his ear: "Revenge!...revenge!" He moved nearer, to catch the sound again; and the priest's voice suddenly rang through the building with a loud cry: "O you Florentines, you Florentines, behold your God, whom you have crucified!" Then, turning his back upon the people, he threw himself upon his knees, and passionately apostrophized it:

"O my God, my sweet Jesus! See how Thy children, Thy people, have forgotten Thee! They eat and drink and slay one another, crucifying Thee afresh every day. They come to me and say: 'Alas, my Father, I have done this and that; I have slandered my neighbors, I have lied and stolen and fought, and done many evil things; but there—there are excuses: I have my family to keep, my money to get, my honor to maintain. I am poor, and a little theft here and there can not be helped; or I am rich and noble, and my dignity must be considered. And as for forgiveness, one forgives one's friends, of course, but who ever heard of forgiving one's enemy? I know that we say every day in the "Our Father": "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us." But I think that Thou must forgive us our sins without asking us to forgive other people theirs; for where would be our dignity or our honor if we were not allowed to take our revenge? So we will come and kiss Thy bleeding feet to-day, and then go out straightway, and, like the steward in the parable, throttle our enemy and say: "Pay what thou owest!" Yes, our lips shall kiss those feet of Thine, and then go out, breathing words of hatred against our fellowmen.'

"Ah, no!" he continued, changing the half-mocking tone for one of tender entreaty. "Rather let us, who come now to press this sacred image to our lips, be so changed by that touch that we may go away full of peace and charity! Ah, sweet Jesus, change our hearts to-day! Let no one kiss these wounded feet who will not in these wounds lay down all bitterness and wrath, *all desire of revenge*, all evil passions whatsoever; and, by forgiving, obtain forgiveness!"

And as he concluded, the preacher himself bent down and kissed the crucifix, and then held it out to the impressionable multitude, whose sobs filled the church as they crowded round.

Giovanni turned and left the church. He could not give the kiss of forgiveness; but a sudden impulse came upon him to go and see Father Lorenzo up at the monastery; so he slowly threaded his way through the winding streets to the riverside, followed its windings till the hill was reached, and slowly began the ascent, followed by his servant. He paused as a turn in the road brought him to the spot where his brother had lain, and pushed back the briars to gaze a while on the moss-grown bank.

"My lord is not avenged yet!" whispered his wily servant, smiling as he noted the dark cloud which gathered over the youthful brow at sight of the quiet greensward.

"No, but he shall be ere long!" returned his young master, quickly.

"Not if the signor listens to the counsels of the men of peace up yonder," sneered the retainer, who, for some reason best known to himself, lost no opportunity of egging on his young master to the pursuit of vengeance.

"True, Beppo! It were indeed useless to go there. Father Lorenzo would but talk of forgiveness, and that I will never yield."

And he turned back once more toward the city. By the road they had chosen,

they had to pass through a narrow defile, shaded with overhanging trees, and impervious to the sun's rays even at midday. And as they entered it a man was slowly advancing, his eyes fixed on the ground. Giovanni, contrary to his wont, was about to pass him by without a glance, when he was startled by an exclamation from his servant: "Behold, there is the murderer!" And in a moment the two were face to face.

"At last, Count Stefano!—at last I have found you! And unarmed! alone! God has delivered you into my hands!"

The wretched man fell on his knees, livid, and trembling in every limb. The age of chivalry would scarce grant indulgence to a midnight assassin, though perchance a knight might deem it unworthy of his sword to slay an unarmed foe. But in that case he might depute his servant to be the instrument of his vengeance, and Count Stefano knew that his hour had come.

"Mercy! mercy!" he gasped, stretching out his arms in the form of a cross. "O noble Giovanni, slay me not—on this day, of all others! Remember the dear Christ on the Cross! Yes, remember what you heard but now of His forgiveness! I saw you in the church! Oh, forgive me, forgive me, for His sake who died for us to-day! I was even now on my way to yonder monastery to beg admittance, that I might all my life do penance for my foul deed. O Count Giovanni, for Christ's dear sake, forgive me!"

I know not what angel-voice spoke with his, what angel's touch melted in that instant the angry heart; but (so the record goes) at those words grace conquered. The unsheathed sword was lowered; Giovanni raised his enemy from the ground, embraced him in token of forgiveness, and then—fled—fled up to the monastery, entered the church, threw himself, speechless and throbbing with emotion, before the crucifix which stood, alone, above the bare, stripped altar, the open tabernacle, of that Good Friday afternoon.

And as he there knelt and gazed upward upon the Crucified One, a great radiance shone around the Figure; the eyes, heavy in death, raised their drooping lids, the thorn-crowned head bent down graciously toward him, and from the parted lips came the words:

"*Thou hast well done, Giovanni!*"

He rose up, full of peace.

"Yea, I—or rather Thou in me hast conquered, O my God!"

Then he went in and told all to Father Lorenzo; and the two wept and gave thanks together, and watched all that night; and when morning dawned Giovanni knelt at the abbot's feet and received the black robe of the Benedictine, and sang his Easter thanksgiving among the brethren.

A Repentant Soul.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

II.

ABOUT the middle of July the malady of the heart from which Monsieur Margeron suffered began to make itself unpleasantly evident. In a fortnight he had become seriously ill and was obliged to remain in bed. His daughter attended him with filial devotion.

Madame Blanchet was absent in the country at the time, but returned in August on business, and then learned of her landlord's illness. The next morning she met Emma on the stairs. After exchanging salutations with her, the older lady said:

"They tell me your father is quite ill,—confined to his bed."

"Yes, he is ill," Emma replied. "His heart troubles him a great deal."

"Do you not know, Emma," said Madame Blanchet, "that in a disease

like his, and at his age, a sudden breaking-down is dangerous?"

"Yes, Madame, I know it very well; and I am doing all I can to alleviate his sufferings."

Madame Blanchet hesitated.

"Emma," she inquired, "has he had the priest?"

"The priest?" echoed Emma. "Why should I *frighten* him to death by calling in the priest?"

"Has he asked for one?"

"No," replied Emma: "he has never alluded to the subject."

"It would be a terrible thing to let him die without the last Sacraments. He would not wish to do so himself," said Madame Blanchet.

"Madame," answered Emma, "I am aware of that. I have studied the nature of my father's disease. If he does not recover from this attack soon, he can not last long. I am hoping, by good care and perfect quiet, to restore him to his usual state of health. The least excitement might defeat all this. Do you not understand?"

Madame Blanchet remained silent. She did not know what to say to this subtle and no doubt sincere excuse.

"Will you allow me to speak to him?" she asked, after a pause. "I assure you I shall not alarm him."

"No, I can not allow any one to see him. You would be sure to mention confession."

"Yes, I would."

"Very well, then,—you shall not see him. I beg of you not to worry yourself about it. I know your motives are good, and I appreciate them,—though you may find some difficulty in believing it. I am not at all narrow-minded, and can view the subject from both sides. But I have firmly decided on my course, and shall not alter my decision."

"You are taking a great risk, my girl," said Madame Blanchet.

"I am willing to take it, and to suffer for it. I beseech you to trust me, Madame. My mother died while I was still a child. I was instructed and educated by religious. I know what is required. And I am not by any means an infidel. Certainly between your ideas of religion and mine there is a difference; but, all things told, I am a Christian, and feel that my father would wish to die as a Christian. And so he shall."

"But, in a matter so grave as this, one should not be too—prudent."

"Permit me, Madame! Prudence may be exercised in two ways, especially in such a case. I have not only to watch that my father may comply—at the proper time—with the laws of the Church, but I must also take care not to inflict upon him one pain more than he already suffers."

"Then do I understand you to mean, Emma, that you will wait to call a priest until your father has lost consciousness?"

"I might resent this interference, Madame, were it not that I know you are really concerned. However disagreeable your questions may be, I will answer them by assuring you finally that I shall not hesitate a single moment to call a priest when my father asks for one."

"Ah!" exclaimed Madame Blanchet. "It is a bitter and dangerous thing to temporize thus with Almighty God. Emma, I beseech you—"

But Emma, placing her finger on her lips to ensure silence, hurried into her own apartments, and softly closed the door behind her. Madame Blanchet returned to the country without seeing her again.

The first of September came, and with it Madame Blanchet. She went to see Emma at once.

"How is your father?" she asked.

"Just now very weak." And, reading the question in her neighbor's eyes, she added: "He will rally again,—the doctors say so. And then I will send for the priest."

"Whether he asks for him or not?"

"Whether he asks or not."

Madame Blanchet went away, praying that the old man might indeed rally before the end. That night it came.

The next day, after all the funeral arrangements had been made, Emma knocked at Madame Blanchet's door. That lady had gone once or twice to her apartments, but had not been admitted. She thought it strange, but knew that many persons prefer to be alone in the first hours of their grief. Her heart was troubled: she feared the sick man had died without the priest.

Dry-eyed and pallid, Emma stood in the doorway. Madame Blanchet took both her hands and drew her inside. Rigid as a statue, she seated herself by a table, refusing the easy-chair which Madame Blanchet offered.

"Madame," she said, "they have refused to put my father in consecrated ground. They will not let him lie beside my mother."

"He did not have the priest, then?"

"No, he did not receive the last Sacraments. It was entirely my fault. Yesterday I told you a lie, in order to be rid of what I called your importunities. I said the doctors had told me he would rally. It was a falsehood: they had said nothing of the kind. Last night he had a severe choking spell. I felt that he was about to die. As he was recovering, speechless and agonizing, he looked at me with imploring eyes. I knew what he wanted to ask. 'Father?' I whispered, 'shall I send for the priest?' In those strained, beseeching eyes I read the answer to my question. I rang the bell, a servant came; I bade her run as fast as she could for priest and doctor, telling her to summon the priest first. I held my father in my arms, his terrified eyes alternating between me and the door. I shall never forget that imploring look,—never! As the poor head sank lower and lower on my shoulder, I prayed aloud. And then—the door opened, the doctor hurried in, the priest behind him. But it was too late—too late,—my poor father was gone!"

She arose, walked nervously up and down the room, pausing at length in front of Madame Blanchet.

"And now they will not let him lie in consecrated ground!" she cried out hysterically, clasping her hands high above her head in the agony of her sorrow. "He may not repose beside my mother; he will be alone,—all alone! And it is my fault,—my fault! But it is just, Madame,—it is just! It is the law of the Church,—that Church which I have ridiculed, but which I now admire! It is the law, and the law must be obeyed. It is just, Madame; but, oh, how sad,—how sad! And I—what will happen to me?"

"Come," said Madame Blanchet, tenderly clasping her arms about the frenzied and grief-stricken girl,—"come, let us go to your father."

Emma went with her like a child. When they came to the room where they had laid him, Madame lifted the handkerchief from the cold white face.

"See!" she said. "How peaceful he looks,—how content! His last wish was for the Sacrament of Penance, his last thought a prayer. He is in the hands of God. Be consoled, my child! Do not despair. You, too, will be forgiven. God is very merciful."

For a moment Emma gazed uncomprehendingly into the face of the good woman. Then the words which she had just heard seemed to pierce her bewildered brain. As she gazed lovingly at the face of her dead father, tears long delayed coursed down her pallid cheeks. After a few moments she turned to Madame Blanchet.

"He is in purgatory," she said. "As you remarked a while ago, he is in the merciful hands of God. I believe it, and I will live henceforward so as to show that I believe it."

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Then, softly sinking to her knees, and clasping her arms about the coffin which held all that remained of the father to whom she had been so devoted, she began to recite aloud the Acts of Faith, Hope, Charity and Contrition.

As the passionate fervor of the prayers died away into sobs, Madame Blanchet saw that the poor girl could endure no more. Tenderly lifting her in her arms, she led her away from the sorrowful scene, hallowed and blessed by this sublime consecration.

From that hour Emma Margeron took up the burden of a life devoted to her fellow-beings. As she lived, so she died, lamented by the tears and succored by the fervent prayers of those whom she had befriended, instructed and assisted on the way of salvation.

(The End.)

The Calvary of Mary.

IN order to feel pity, to be able to console others, it is necessary to have suffered; and in order to be capable of understanding the measure of human suffering, one must have tasted it in many forms,—one must have drained the bitter cup of sorrow to the dregs. Above all other creatures, the Blessed Virgin drained that cup of bitterness.

Predestined by the Most High to become the Consoler of the Afflicted, it had also been ordained that, from the moment of the birth of Our Lord in the stable of Bethlehem to His last breath upon the Cross, she should share in His every sorrow and disappointment and humiliation: should follow Him to Calvary, should stand beside Him there, suffering, dying; participating in His every anguish, His every pain. She was destined to be the Queen of Saints; but she was to attain that height of glory only after having, by her own sorrows and her share in those of mankind, merited the title of Queen of Martyrs.

As the rose attains its perfect beauty in the midst of thorns, so the Mother of Christ, born without sin, was advanced to the highest perfection through tribulation. And as the thorns which surround the queen of flowers become sharper and more bristling with age, so did the thorns of suffering penetrate more deeply the virginal heart of the Mother, whose whole life, from the infancy of her Divine Son, was but a sorrowful preparation for the Calvary which was also to be her own.

From bodily pain we believe her to have been exempted, but there is no comparison between the suffering of the body and that of the soul. It was the contemplation of this truth that caused Arnauld de Chartres to declare that at the moment when the Lamb of God was offered on the Cross, there were in reality two altars, two sacrifices,—the one of the body of Jesus, the other of the soul of Mary. While Jesus immolated His flesh and blood by death, Mary immolated her heart and soul through grief and compassion. The martyrs suffered by sacrificing their own lives, but Mary suffered infinitely more in sacrificing that of her Son, which was far dearer to her than her own.

Not only did she suffer in her soul all that Jesus endured in His body, but the sight of His torments was far more terrible to her than if they had been inflicted upon herself. The blows, the spittle, the taunts, the jeers, the thorns, the nails, the cross,—every torment which Jesus suffered was repeated in Mary's heart, penetrating to the depths of her immaculate soul, the dazzling purity of its whiteness reddened to crimson by the bloody torrents of Calvary.

And yet do we hear of a single complaint, a single remonstrance, as having fallen from her lips? As she stood there

at the foot of the Cross, through the dreadful three hours' agony, the earthquake, the thunder and lightning, the darkened skies, with the sight of His quivering flesh, torn and bleeding, before her eyes, the sound of His labored breathing in her ears, she uttered no complaint, no protestation. She could not reach Him to wipe the beads of anguish from that pallid brow; she could not strengthen Him with the clasp of His hands in her own. No: His palms were each pierced through and through by a single nail to the arms of the cross. She could not kiss His sacred feet; for they were fastened one above the other with a still more cruel nail to the rugged beam. She could only wait and pray until the end; and she neither wept aloud nor uttered a single cry of sorrow.

Oh, what a lesson—of dignity, of sublime suffering, of patience, of resignation, of silent supplication! She did not fly the cross: shall we fly it, for whom it means redemption and salvation! Happy the Christian who, far from wishing to shut out the bitter sight of the Crucifixion, turning toward the sorrowful Mother, places himself by her side, eager to share in the Calvary of Mary!

THE oldest representation of the Blessed Virgin is to be found in the Catacombs called after St. Priscilla. Our Lady, loosely enveloped in drapery, is without a veil, and holds the Divine Child on her knees. In front of her is the Prophet Isaiah, who points to a star shining over her head. He is robed in the garb of an ancient philosopher, and the Infant is looking back at him with a sweet smile, as if listening to the prophecy: *Ecce Virgo concipiet.* By the side of this interesting painting is a noble tomb, ornamented with rich stuccowork, of the same date as the fresco — the first half of the second century.

Notes and Remarks.

A Christian duty that may well be insisted upon during any period of special religious observance is the forgiveness of injuries. That it is an arduous duty need not be said. The natural man, unaided by the grace of God, is far less inclined to obey the Saviour's precept, "Love your enemies," than to conform to the oldtime law of retaliation—"an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." The unquestionable difficulty of forgiving our enemies does not, however, exempt us from the obligation; the duty is not more arduous than it is essential. Love of God and hatred of one's neighbor are sentiments that are absolutely incompatible; and it is the merest folly to endeavor to persuade ourselves that we are enjoying God's friendship, are united with Him, are in the state of grace, while we are conscious of harboring resentment against our enemy, and perhaps deliberately entertaining projects of revenge upon him. "He who flatters himself that he loves God while he holds his neighbor in hatred or aversion is a liar and a hypocrite, unworthy the name of Christian." Almsgiving is one of the specific duties of the holy season about to close, and St. Augustine declares that the greatest of all almsgiving is to forgive one's enemy. As it is surprisingly easy to deceive one's self as to the measure in which one has acquitted himself of this obligation, there are few points in the moral law about which we have more need to sound the very depths of our souls when preparing for confession, whether it be the weekly or monthly reception of the Sacrament of Penance or the annual "Easter duty."

"Why is it," asks a correspondent of the Indianapolis *Star*, "that whenever a tragedy occurs, one always hears of

Catholic priests being 'active on the scene'? The fact that they are always 'active on the scene'—whether it be the bursting of a boiler, a theatre fire, a tidal wave or an epidemic of yellow fever—being granted, will the *Star* kindly give its conclusions and tell us why it is?" A paragraph of the editor man's reply is worth quoting as an illustration of a growing disposition to be fair and generous toward Catholics:

The self-sacrifice and devotion of the Catholic priesthood and sisterhoods are as noteworthy to-day as they have ever been; and throughout the ages they have been an inspiration and an example everywhere to those who would serve their fellowmen. The annals of the brave men and devoted women of the Catholic Church are those of almost unexampled service, heroism, and self-sacrifice. This was the thought behind *The Star's* original comment.

Unless some contingency at present altogether unforeseen occurs within the next week or two, Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Autonomy Bill will pass the Canadian Parliament and become law. The educational features of the bill have given rise to considerable animated discussion in the Commons at Ottawa, and to a good deal of extravagant denunciation on the part of the non-Catholic Canadian press. While it is entirely natural that Sir Wilfrid's political opponents should utilize the school question for party purposes, more especially as the Canadian Premier's own course in connection with the Manitoba schools in 1896 supplies them with a precedent for insisting on provincial control of educational matters, it is not at all probable that the rank and file of the Canadian people are going to be very deeply stirred by the concessions which the proposed legislation makes to the Catholic minorities in Alberta and Saskatchewan. These minorities are simply to retain the rights which they possess at present. They are not to have separate schools in the sense in which the Protestants of Quebec and the Catholics of Ontario have separate schools. As the Canadian Minister of Finance put it in the current debate, "from the moment that the school [the proposed so-called separate school] opens in the morning up to half-past three in the afternoon, there is no difference between a separate school and a free national school." The sole point that differentiates the two is that, from half-past three to four o'clock, Catholic children may receive religious instruction.

As may be seen, there will really be no good ground for glorification on the part of Catholics, or for bitterness on that of non-Catholics, when the bill is finally passed. Majorities will always be able to protect themselves; that they be prevented from oppressing minorities, should they manifest a tendency to do so, can not seriously be regarded as a wanton deprivation of their inherent rights. We do not expect any serious Canadian crisis as a consequence of the forthcoming passage of the Autonomy Bill.

The second article of the proposed French law for the separation of Church and State runs: "The exercise of worship is free, subject only to the restrictions hereinafter laid down in the interests of public order." Commenting on these restrictions, embodied in some thirty lengthy articles, a writer in the *Annales Catholiques* says: "I remember that the 'divine Robespierre' invited to dinner a certain number of those who were to be guillotined as soon as they left the table. Article II is the dinner; the others, the guillotine."

One of the most illustrious of the valiant cohort of Catholic prelates on the Foreign Mission field dropped from the ranks on the 6th inst., when Mgr.

Favier died in Peking. During forty-three years spent among the Chinese, the deceased prelate, as head of the Lazarist mission, wielded an influence and accomplished a work so notable as to falsify Emerson's dictum that "the world knows nothing of its greatest men." Our readers will recall how prominently Bishop Favier came before the public a few years ago during the Boxer outbreak; and will doubtless remember, too, how triumphantly the great missionary refuted the charges trumped up against him at that period by the enemies of the Christians. Not merely as a successful evangelizer, but also as an able diplomatist, did he acquire fame throughout China. The government of that Eastern Empire manifested its appreciation of his exceptional worth by conferring upon him the rank of mandarin; while, in recognition of his services to French interests in the East, the government of his native France was forced for very shame's sake to decorate him with the highest emblems of the Legion of Honor. His much-lamented death, at the age of sixty-eight, must have been sweetened by the thought that his labors in the Lord's vineyard had been abundantly blessed, and that he had been preceded by many a Chinese martyr who revered and loved him as his spiritual father. *R. I. P.*

The following account of an ascent heavenward, of which the great campanile of the new Westminster Cathedral was at once a symbol and a cause, is from the London *Tablet:*

When the Westminster Cathedral began to arise from the ground, a family in one of the neighboring mansions looked out upon it with dismay. They did not divine any darker deeds than perhaps the darkening of their windows; and what they dreaded to hear was not the muffled scream of the cell-and-cellar victims [of anti-Catholic times], but the clamant invitation of the bells. The record of the various stages of their sentiment may be briefly put forth as follows. First stage: Indignation at the intrusion of the stone monster, and resentment against the chip of the mason's chisel, the bang of the carpenter's hammer, the cry of the carters in the early morning. Second stage: Letter to landlord demanding a reduction of the rents. Third stage: Rather interested in the progress of the edifice, and a willingness to go to the window to watch the crane, and to look down on Cardinal Vaughan as he stood in the street below. Fourth stage: Invitations to friends to tea, fortified by an allusion to the fine sight of the Cathedral afforded by the family's windows. Fifth stage: Visits to the interior of the Cathedral as soon as the roof was on. Sixth stage: Presence at the services, once the Cathedral was opened. Seventh stage: Reception of the family into the Church at the Cathedral!

Mr. Thomas B. Fitzpatrick, the recipient this year of the Lætare Medal conferred by the University of Notre Dame, began his successful business career, we are told, on a salary of two dollars a week. His integrity and industry proved more advantageous to him, however, than any amount of capital would have been. His reputation as an ideal citizen was won by unswerving fidelity to the high ideals of boyhood; and his life offers a shining example to the Catholic youth of America. All can not hope to attain his prominence and success in the business world; but, by imitating his example, it is possible for every young man to become an ornament to the society in which he moves and an honor to the Church. Mr. Fitzpatrick values his good name above all other possessions, and rather than tarnish it would unhesitatingly sacrifice his fortune; believing with Shakespeare that—

> The purest treasure mortal times afford
> Is spotless reputation; that away,
> Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.

Sixty-five years ago there resided in London a young Quaker dentist among whose friends were the as yet uncelebrated newspaper reporter, Charles Dickens, the Landseers, and other people of whom the world subsequently heard a good deal. The Oxford Movement

drew the young man into its current; the famous Father Faber helped him through his religious difficulties, and in 1853 he was ordained a Catholic priest. Fifty-two years ago seems a very remote period in this age of bustle and hurry and strenuous living, but the converted Quaker dentist died in Lowell, Massachusetts, only the other day. He was the well-known Oblate missionary, Father Lawrence C. P. Fox, whose labors on both sides of the Atlantic were abundantly blessed. A striking personality, and a tireless harvester of souls, he will be long remembered by all who had the benefit of his ministrations or the pleasure of his acquaintance. *R. I. P.*

The battle of Mukden, in which the killed and wounded on both sides are estimated at 200,000, is the bloodiest battle of modern history. It is hard to realize what these appalling figures mean. A few aids to the imagination are furnished by a writer in *Collier's Weekly*. Two hundred thousand casualties equal: three hundred Iroquois Theatre disasters; a hundred and fifty *Slocum* disasters; eighty Johnstown floods; thirty Galveston floods; the total population—men, women, and children—of a city like Minneapolis; the population of the States of Idaho and Nevada combined; the entire Boer population, of both sexes and all ages, of the two South African republics, which resisted the whole power of the British Empire for over two years.

It might be added that the present area of Manchuria, for the conquest of which Japan and Russia have contended with such a terrible loss of life, is not much greater than that of the smallest of the United States.

The Mayor of New York will have the gratitude of a large number of workmen, and the approval of all good citizens, for the stand he has taken against unnecessary Sunday labor. In the past, all of the men employed in the street-cleaning department of the metropolis have been required to work all day Sunday during the winter months and at least half the day in other seasons. Mayor McClellan has put an end to this long-continued abuse. In a letter to the commissioner of street-cleaning he directs that hereafter no work is to be exacted of the men on Sunday.

> The city government should respect the prevailing religious sentiment which disapproves, except in case of necessity or of mercy, of such work on Sunday; and a just solicitude for the employees dictates that, where possible, the day should be free to them for religious observance and for rest.

Mayor McClellan is doing his utmost, with intelligence, honesty and trained skill, to improve the government of New York. It is to be hoped that his farsighted and capable administration may be emulated in all our large cities. The example of New York city counts for much, and a general cessation of unnecessary labor on Sunday is likely to result from the recent action of the metropolitan mayor.

Well-to-do Catholics whose almsgiving bears an inconsiderable ratio to their income may read with profit this extract from a letter recently received, at the Apostolic Mission House, from a young woman: "I send you herewith $10. I wish it were a larger sum; but it takes me just one week to earn $10, and present-day life makes many strenuous demands on that small income." We can conceive of some social economist's condemning such generosity as palpably extravagant, and expatiating on the prudence that should characterize one's giving even to the best of causes; but we should not wonder if Providence proves a trusty banker to the young woman in question, and we echo the *Missionary's* prayer—"God bless her!"

Notable New Books.

Apologetica: Elementary Apologetics for Pulpit and Pew. By the Rev. P. A. Halpin. Joseph F. Wagner.

The opening sentence of the author's preface gives us the keynote to his work: "The chapters contained in these pages are an attempt to suggest a method of presenting the basic facts of Christianity in the light of reason alone." We are in sympathy with this method. If we can not demonstrate and explain any given mystery as we would demonstrate and explain a problem in mathematics, we can always show by reason that the mystery in question does not involve a contradiction. Thus, for example, we do not predicate of the Blessed Trinity: Three persons are one person. This would be contrary to reason. We do say: Three persons have one and the same divine nature; there are three persons in one God.

After stating a few preliminary notions on faith and reason, Father Halpin proceeds to the refutation of such tenets as: There is no God, no Divine Providence, no hereafter, no eternal punishment; there are no mysteries, Christ was a mere man. The author is careful to state in his preface that his treatment of these subjects is not detailed. His aim is rather to suggest than to exhaust proofs that might be adduced for any or all of the topics he has treated. He makes little claim to originality. Still, we find such clever amplifications as: "Faith is a chart well mapped out and marking unmistakably the points of danger on the ocean of life. It describes the port whence man sails; it directs, in all kinds of weather, his journey toward the haven of his destiny....It elevates us above nature; it supernaturalizes us. It is the assimilation of our nature with the divine nature. It is the dawning of the beatific vision....It is certainty in doubt, a haven in the storm. It is the way, the truth, and the life."

The thinking mind will find no small amount of intellectual food in this book.

Religion and Art, and Other Essays. By the Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria. A. C. McClurg & Co.

The titles of the "other essays" are: The Development of Educational Ideas in the Nineteenth Century; the Meaning and Worth of Education; the Physician's Calling and Education; Social Questions. It need not be said that both ability and eloquence distinguish everything that comes from Bishop Spalding. But the qualities which outstand in our impression of these essays are their fine optimism and admirable common-sense. The Bishop is a stern censor, a hater of all that is low and false; but he is always clear-headed, and it is toward correction and improvement that he tends. He never points out an evil or sounds a warning without suggesting a remedy and showing how the threatened danger may be averted. The character of these essays renders them difficult to review adequately within a short space. We can not do better than to show by quotation that dispassionate common-sense—rare quality—is the leading value of the book. In the essay on Social Questions are these words:

> "Let them compete," says Emerson; "and success to the strongest, the wisest, and the best!" Not so. The strongest, the wisest, and the best, if they are to have success, must find it, not in competing with one another, but in co-operating to lift those who are not strong or wise or good to a higher plane of living, where it shall be possible for them to work with joy and to know that this is God's world. They who have knowledge and power must use them not for selfish or sensual ends, or they shall become unfeeling and animal, and shall be hated and scorned. Looking on their ways and deeds, the people will grow to think knowledge the cunning of devils, and power but a means of oppression. Never has a nation faced such a task as that which is given us to perform; and unless we have a higher, a diviner faith than industrialism inspires, all our triumphs must end in defeat and failure. It is easy to be optimistic, as it is easy to denounce lawlessness; but optimism, if we consider but this world, is a shallow creed; and the dishonest declaim in vain against criminals who are not worse than themselves.

"To a life of virtue, freedom, and progress," says the Bishop, "the Church is as indispensable as the State."

> Shall we in our schools set aside days to commemorate some mediocre patriot, poet, or orator, and make it an offence there to do homage to Him who has given His name to our civilization; who has illumined morality with an unexampled splendor; who has inspired a sympathy and love for man which has transformed the life of the race; who has made childhood sacred and raised woman to a throne whereon the noblest must forever do her reverence; in whom greatness of thought was wedded to greatness of soul in the supreme degree; who in Himself, more than in the doctrines He teaches, is truth and goodness and beauty?

There are stirring messages to teachers in the essay on the Meaning and Worth of Education. We give the concluding one:

> If the school is to be full of life and joy, the teacher must have life and joy in himself. If his pupils are to make progress, he must not cease to improve in knowledge and sympathy. If they are to thirst for learning, he must continue to learn. If they are to be made capable of feeling the thrill of awe, are to learn reverence, obedience, gentleness and purity, these virtues must inspire the words and deeds of those whose superior wisdom and insight have secured for them the title and office of educators. Not politics, not finance, not machinery, not commerce, but education, in the large and deep sense of the word, is the first and highest concern of a free people; and the truest patriots are not party leaders, nor captains of industry, nor inventors, but teachers,—the men and women who live and labor to make them

selves and all who are brought under their influence wiser, holier, and happier. This is the noblest work. This is honor, worth, and blessedness.

Many other passages equally penetrating and luminous might be quoted. There is wisdom in every page of this volume, which is sure to be widely welcomed and read with keen attention by Bishop Spalding's admirers. We hope it may procure many new readers for his other books, all of which have the notable merit of being thoughtful and stimulating.

Studies in Religion and Literature. By William Samuel Lilly. Chapman and Hall; B. Herder.

The present work has many an interesting page, and contains no small amount of well-presented information for the average reader. The epigrammatic tendency in Mr. Lilly's style, however, often lends an air of authority to sentences that were otherwise commonplace, and to statements that are questionable. The chapters on Tennyson, Balzac, Lamennais, and Cardinal Wiseman are well worth reading; but we are best pleased with the discussion on the life and writings of Walter Savage Landor, whom Mr. Lilly (with Carlyle) calls the "Grand Old Pagan." Landor, of course, was a unique character, a "star apart," and we clutch at the least of his serious assertions; as, for example: "A rib of Shakespeare would have made a Milton; the same portion of Milton, all the poets born ever since."

The chapter on Wiseman concludes with a rapid estimate of the personal character and writings of Cardinal Manning. Mr. Lilly ventures to state that he is probably the only man living who has read every line Manning ever wrote. More's the pity, then, that Mr. Lilly should have compromised his better judgment by the following sentence: "I can not call to mind a single page of his [Manning's] likely to live as literature."

"Studies in Religion and Literature" is creditably edited, and provided with a good index.

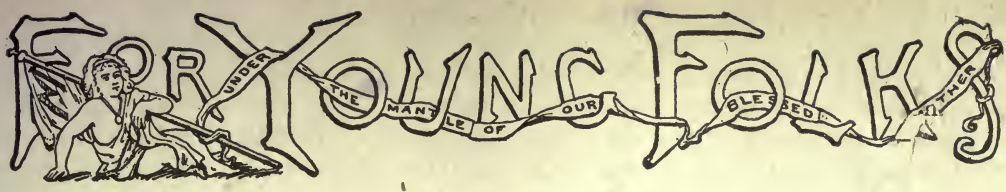
Views of Dante. By E. L. Rivard, C. S. V. Benziger Brothers.

The present work is intended to qualify the literary beginner for the study of Dante, by illuminating certain phases of the poet's mind that the unprepared reader always finds mystifying, and by bringing into strong relief three or four cardinal features of the Divine Comedy. "He who leads us to know and love a genuine book, one in which the spirit of a high and brave man breathes, does us a service beyond the power of thankfulness," writes Bishop Spalding in the precious introduction which he contributes to this volume; and the words express the whole purpose of Dr. Rivard. He has some very special qualifications. He is a trained theologian, and therefore fit to interpret the poet of whom Cardinal Manning said that he was St. Thomas set to music. He has spirituality, without which no student will go far into Dante. He has the insight and the sincere enthusiasm necessary for an instructor of youth. He is familiar with some of the best commentators, and—a much better thing—he has saturated his mind with the great poem.

Father Sheehan's dictum that a young Catholic's studies should be largely restricted to such world-poets as Dante and Shakespeare represents an ideal rather than a practical hope; yet the students of our Catholic colleges and academies may fairly be expected to win some knowledge and love of the world's greatest Catholic poet. Probably Shakespeare was a Catholic, but certainly Dante was; and the great epic ought to be at least as familiar to our collegians as the great dramas are supposed to be. As a matter of fact, it is not so, nor ever will be so until Dante is accorded more recognition by our colleges and reading circles. One of the best features of the present volume is the chapter entitled "Suggestions for Study," with accompanying outlines. The method laid down therein has proved successful in the author's own experience and seems well suited to the class-room. We are confident that Dr. Rivard's luminous and thought-laden essays will be as acceptable to older students as their fervent spirit and personal style render them inspiring for younger ones.

Julia. By Katharine Tynan. A. C. McClurg & Co.

The charm of this story lies in the local color. The plot is a good one. Catholic readers will not be pleased, however, with one of the heroine's experiences. A priest of Father O'Driscoll's good sense would not be likely to allow a young girl to go to a convent without testing her vocation, nor would a prudent superior clothe her in the religious habit. Of all the *dramatis personæ*, the "Reverend Mother" is least attractive; in fact, she is irritating at times. Her deportment on two occasions is not what would be expected of a lady, least of all of a nun. There is something like prejudice against nuns and convents, which crops out in several places. "He would not lose her within the prison of a convent" (page 12). "Foolish French books, which were the Misses O'Kavanagh's convent school prizes" (page 37). The characters of Sir Murty and Mr. and Mrs. O'Kavanagh are vividly drawn. Julia, who lends her name to the story, is of the misunderstood sisterhood; she is somewhat morbid, but always interesting and wholly unselfish. Altogether, it is a pleasant and entertaining tale,—perhaps the best the author has given us; but we doubt whether it will be as popular in this country as in England, where it has been among the most successful books of the season.



My Boarders.

BY NEALE MANN.

EVERY day from our veranda
For the past two months and more,
I've been feeding hungry vagrants—
Spry young beggars by the score.

Well they know when it is mealtime;
And as soon as I appear,
Swift they gather from all quarters,
Eager for the welcome cheer.

Most of them are still quite timid,
And their distance keep, full shy,
Waiting till I've set their table
Ere they venture drawing nigh.

But if e'er I fail to set it,
And appear with empty hand,
You should hear the awful scolding
Of that saucy little band.

So I daily feed my boarders,—
Just a slice of bread or two;
For my hobo-friends are sparrows,
And I like them,—wouldn't you?

Una's Pet.

BY NORA O'MAHONY.

VERY lonely and sad little Una O'Driscoll felt. It was the middle of summer, and holiday time, to which the children had been looking forward all the year. But last week Aunt Mary had come over from London on a short visit to the old home; and only yesterday she had gone away, taking Una's sister Eileen, who was her goddaughter, away with her.

Una had no other sisters or brothers, and so for the rest of the holidays she would be alone; and not even the thought of the lovely doll and the beautiful white silk frock which Aunt Mary had brought her sufficed to console her for Eileen's absence. Now there would be no fun for her in the meadows or the cornfields, where very soon the ripe corn would be reaping; for it was a lonely thing for a little girl to be all by herself, when mother was busy in the kitchen or dairy, and father engaged at work with his horses and men.

Una had never been left alone like this before, and it came very strange to her. So when she had done some messages for mother, and gathered in all the eggs for her, and watered her flowerpots, she sat down on the doorsteps and wondered what she would do with herself next. Then a bright thought struck her: she would go down to the Horseshoe Meadow and gather some watercresses, and have them ready for her father's tea by the time he came in from the fields.

Above the hedge which divided the Horseshoe Meadow from another field stood a row of crab-apple trees which, in May, were covered with lovely pink blossoms. In the autumn the tiny crab-apples—so hard and shiny, and with such brilliant tints of scarlet and yellow, that one might easily think they were painted,—used to fall down from the branches; and some of them would be carried off in the little stream which ran beneath. But a great many more would get caught in the ivy banks or in the clumps of watercress which grew thickly along the water's edge; and every autumn Una and Eileen used to bring a basket and gather as many of the apples as they could carry and bring them home to mother, who made crab-apple jelly of them.

To-day the apples were not nearly ripe yet, but the watercress was there; so Una s d cautiously down the banks of the stream, and, standing on a large stone so that she should not wet her shoes, she soon filled her basket with the nice, fresh young leaves.

She had left the stream behind her now, and was fast making her way homeward, walking close to the hedge bank which bordered the upper part of the field. But just as she neared the gate by which she had entered, she heard a great, terrified squealing, as of some little animal in distress. In a moment she found that the sound came from a rabbit burrow in the bank beside her; and looking into the burrow, which was almost on a level with her face, she saw a young rabbit struggling for dear life to get out of it. The burrow was narrow and newly-made, so that she could not see beyond the rabbit's head and shoulders. In a moment Una dropped her basket and put her hand into the burrow to draw poor Bunny out. But that was by no means so easy a task as it appeared; for as she tried to pull it out, something else was dragging it back, so that for a moment or two it seemed like a tug of war, and as if poor Bunny would be the sufferer. But at last she succeeded in drawing it out; and as she did so a great brown weasel, with a long snout and fiery eyes, quickly darted back into the hole.

With a cry of pity, Una hugged the frightened little creature in her arms; but it was so terrified just now that it did not know the difference between an enemy and a friend, and only scratched poor Una's hands and arms in return for her kindness. After a while it got quieter, and Una took up her basket and carried Bunny home to the farm, securely fastened up in her pinafore; and as she walked along she felt a very proud little girl indeed to have caught a real live rabbit so easily.

Her father and mother were very pleased with her new treasure, and delighted with her account of how she had saved the rabbit's life. Una had no rabbit hutch, unfortunately; her father promised that he would make her one some time, when he was less busy; but that, Una knew from experience, might be a very long time indeed. So, as she did not like to part with her rabbit, she kept it for the present in a nice little round hamper, which had a lid that could be securely fastened, so that Pussie could not get at it.

But Bunny spent little of its time in the hamper. It got to know Una very well, as every day she brought it offerings of carrots and cabbage, and bunches of dandelion and nice young clover leaves for its dinner. I suppose, too, it remembered that Una was the little girl who had saved it from the weasel; for it became very fond of sitting in her lap, and would climb up on her shoulder and sit there. And bye and bye it learned to climb on the table, and would run up on her father's shoulder, too; and once it even went so far as to climb up on her father's head as he was reading the paper, which father did not like at all.

It used also to hop up and down stairs after Una, and would follow her about everywhere. One day she took it out in the fields, into a meadow of aftergrass; and she sat down and let it eat the fresh young clover leaves that were growing all about them. Bunny seemed to enjoy this very much; but bye and bye, when it had satisfied its hunger, it ran off a little bit from her; and in another moment poor Una saw her pet racing away from her, jumping, jumping as fast as it could over the long grass, till she could see only the white tip of its tail as it reached the hedge at the other side of the field.

She sat spellbound, thinking it was gone from her forever. But as it reached the hedge, the little rogue turned and sat

up erect and looked back toward her; and in another moment it came racing and jumping back as fast as its little legs could carry it, never stopping till it crept into her lap,—back in the welcome shelter of her pinafore once more.

After that Una became, if possible, twice as fond of it, because, as she said, if it were "a mean and ungrateful rabbit" it need never have come back to her at all. But, as it was, she had to love it very dearly; and every day it became a greater companion for her, so that sometimes she quite forgot to be lonely or even to long for her sister's return.

Every evening Una used to gather a fine bundle of dandelions and clover leaves for her pet. And the last thing before going to bed she would fasten it safely in the little hamper, putting its supper in beside it; then lock it up, hamper and all, in the little cupboard under the stairs.

This was all necessary, because Una had a Pussie that was wild, and very fond of eating birds and field-mice; and though she seemed very quiet and would not touch the rabbit while Una was with it, Una often thought, from the wicked look in her eye, that she would be glad to make a meal on it if no one were looking.

So Bunny had to be locked up securely each night. And every morning, when Una came down to look at her pet, it would have every scrap of dandelion and clover leaves eaten up, and be quite ready for a fine breakfast of carrots and cabbage; so that really it kept the little girl busy.

At last the holidays came to an end, and Eileen returned from London. Una thought the time would never come till she could show her pet to her sister, and tell her all about its funny little ways.

But when Eileen did come back, Una felt quite disappointed in her. She did not seem to be the same Eileen at all, but had grown into quite a fine lady, with beautiful frocks which her godmother had given her—for Aunt Mary was wealthy and had no children of her own, and loved to pet Eileen and dress her up like a doll,—and beautiful shoes and stockings, and fawn kid gloves, and a pink silk parasol, and all sorts of lovely things which were not to be seen in any of the shops that Una knew. So that poor Una felt very shabby and commonplace in her little pink cotton dress and white pinafore and rough country shoes.

Worst of all, Eileen did not seem to take the least interest in little Bunny, and never wanted to play with it or even to feed it.

"Isn't it a darling, Eileen?" Una asked her, in delight over its clever little ways, the first day that Eileen came home.

But Eileen only looked at the rabbit, and gave a contemptuous sniff.

"What a nasty, messy little thing!" she said superciliously, in a high, affected voice.

And Una sat dumb with amazement, trying hard to keep back tears of mortification, whilst Eileen admired her pretty curls in the glass, and fingered affectionately the necklace of beads which had been another present from Aunt Mary. Clearly, this was not the same Eileen who had gone away.

Bye and bye, when the time came for them to return to school, Una did not quite know what to do with dear Bunny. It would be so lonely,—poor little thing!—left all day in the hamper by itself. And if she left it out, was Pussie to be trusted? So for the first few days she carried it, hidden inside her coat, to the schoolhouse, much to Eileen's disgust. She would pop it into her desk when the teacher was not looking; and she used to bring some dandelions in her pocket, so that it, too, could have its lunch as well as the rest of them.

But this could not last for very long. The teacher soon noticed the little buzz of excitement about Una's end of the bench, and wanted to know why it was that Una and the other children were so fond of peeping into a certain desk. Una had to tell the truth; and, to her surprise, Miss Wilson was not a bit angry with her; indeed, she seemed quite pleased and interested in Bunny. But she told Una, very kindly, that she could not allow her to bring it to the school any more, as it was against the rules; so after that Una had to leave her pet at home in its basket all day.

All this time Bunny was growing big and fat and strong; and when Una came home in the evening, and went to release it from its prison, it would be so glad to see her that it almost made the basket, as well as itself, dance with joy.

One evening when Una was putting it up for the night she felt very tired and sleepy, because she had been running about all day. She was standing at the kitchen table, tying the hamper with cord, when she found that the cord was not long enough; so she went into the parlor and got a strong piece of twine from mother, returned and tied the basket up and put it securely in the closet under the stairs. Then she kissed her father and mother, and went off to bed, without waiting for Eileen, as she was so sleepy.

But she was only beginning to go asleep when she heard Eileen calling her.

"Una, Una, get up and come down!" she was saying. "Your precious rabbit is running about the kitchen still."

Una started up in surprise. Why, the little rogue must have escaped from the hamper while she went to look for that piece of twine; and she supposed it was hiding under the table, laughing at her all the time, while she fastened the empty hamper—empty save for the carrots she had put in—so securely! But Una for this one night felt very lazy, and did not want to come downstairs again. So she asked Eileen to catch Bunny for her, and fasten it up for this once, which Eileen promised to do.

But in the morning, when Una came downstairs and went to release her pet, what did she find? The closet door wide open, and that dreadful cat inside, clawing and tearing at the little hamper with all her might! Una was barely in time to save her poor pet; for already the cat had torn a hole in the hamper, and was putting in a cruel, tigerish claw to catch the rabbit, which was cowering and shivering inside, and trying to keep as far as possible from those terrible claws.

With a cry of horror, Una drove the cat away, and carried Bunny to a place of safety. When she released it she found it was bleeding a little where its ear had been scratched. It was only a slight scratch, but how thankful it made Una feel to think she had come down in time to save her pet from total destruction! In another ten minutes it would probably have been no more, and Una shuddered as she thought what an awful fate Bunny's might have been. Had she saved it from the weasel only to deliver it up to an equally vicious enemy? She blamed herself greatly for her carelessness and laziness, and knew now the worth of the advice which mother often gave her: "Never ask any one else to do your work so long as you are able to do it yourself."

After that, somehow, Una never had an easy mind about her pet. Often she would wake up in the night and get terrified, fearing the cat might have got at it again; and sometimes she was only waiting for the first glimpse of daylight to steal softly down and see if it were still safe.

She felt the same way when she went to school,—fearing that something terrible might happen before she got home; and even if nothing very

terrible should occur, Una began to feel really sorry for the poor little thing, fastened up in its prison all day, whilst other happier rabbits were at play in the green fields and ditches.

And at last she made up her mind to make a great sacrifice. She would bring Bunny out into the woods, somewhere where there were plenty of other rabbits and no weasels, and let it go free. She would be dreadfully, dreadfully lonely, and even the thought of it made her cry; but she knew it was the best thing to do. For, after all, Bunny wasn't like little children or big people, who made their homes in houses; and she often felt it must be really lonely for the woods and the other Bunnies, only it was too kind and affectionate a little thing to let her see it.

So one day Una got up much earlier than usual, that she might have a good long time with her pet before saying good-bye to it. That morning she gave it a specially nice breakfast of young lettuce leaves and wood-sorrel, and a nice saucer of milk, and kept it in her lap all the time she was eating her own breakfast. When she was dressed and ready to go to school, she took Bunny for the last time into her arms and hid it safe and warm inside her heavy coat. Then, instead of taking the straight road to the schoolhouse, she climbed over the wall into Belgard Demesne, crossed the moat by a little hand-bridge, and never stopped till she came to the great rabbit burrow under the row of elms.

As she approached she saw dozens of little Bunnies scudding away from her, and burying themselves in the deep burrows that lay everywhere about. Well, Bunny would not be lonely, at any rate, she told herself, with a little sob; and there need be no fear of its ever trying to get back to her, because it could not find its way across the moat; or even if it did, the high wall would stop it. She wondered if it would want to come back. But if it did, goodness knows what awful fate might overtake it. It would be pretty safe here, she knew.

So presently she gave it one tearful little hug, and then put it down under a great clump of dandelions; and as it began to nibble at their leaves, she turned and ran back the way she came, not daring to look behind her lest she should find it following her. The tears were rolling down her cheeks; but as she looked back from the top of the Demesne wall, she saw no sign of Bunny; somehow she felt half disappointed, half glad.

Not for many weeks did she care to go back—or dare to, rather,—fearing she might be tempted to bring Bunny home again, if she saw it. But by the time that spring came around, she felt more heroic. She grew very fond of walking in the woods of Belgard, where she used to find beautiful primroses and wild orchids; and sometimes she would see the rabbits browsing along the banks, and scurrying off with themselves the moment they heard her footfall, however soft she tried to make it.

There was one rabbit, bigger and bolder than the others, that always had a group of baby Bunnies about it; and sometimes it would hop toward Una in a friendly way, as if it knew her, and did not fear her. She could never be quite sure that it was her own Bunny that she had loved so much; for whenever she tried to get near it, the little rabbits ran off with themselves, and the mother followed them.

But Una liked to think that this was her own Bunny, and that these were Bunny's children; and she felt happy and glad, because she thought that Bunny was more at home in the dear green woods than it could ever have been fastened up in a hamper, no matter how kind and good a little girl could be to it. And so she felt the sacrifice had not been made in vain.

The Little People of a Famous Village.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

Once in ten years, when the famous Passion Play is enacted at Oberammergau, we hear much of the simple-hearted and pious peasant folk who take part in the great drama; but no one until recently has cared to tell us of the children who, in their turn, are to assume the characters of Christus, the Blessed Mary, and the rest. Oberammergau, as perhaps all our young readers do not know, is a village in the Bavarian highlands. In gratitude for the stopping of a plague in 1633, the villagers have, every ten years since then, represented the Passion of our Saviour.

The little people of the quaint village are like no others; sweet and even frolicsome, but grave beyond their years, and polite beyond all telling. So much is this courtesy insisted upon that there is actually a rule among the town ordinances which requires every child to shake hands with his teacher, the mayor and the priest whenever he meets one of them. As the village is so small and these dignitaries so active, you may imagine that the gracious toddlers have plenty of employment in this direction.

Another thing that the Oberammergau child is taught is the tender care of dumb animals. This is carried to such an extreme that the cow, like the dog, is often treated as belonging to the household, and is given a comfortable shelter under the rooftree. When one of the family has a birthday or a name-day, the children celebrate it by putting a wreath of flowers on the cow's horns and letting her head a little procession.

The birds have a pleasant life of it in the town of the Passion Play. Each family has its own bird-house, where the little creatures are fed and sheltered in winter. And such a thing as stealing an egg or killing a bird is unknown.

A traveller tells us that no child kills a spider, for the reason that one sort has a cross on its head that was given it because a spider tried to gnaw the ropes which tied our Saviour to the Cross. They have a bird, too, called the crossbill. This bird, they say, tried to pull out the nails of the Cross with its bill; and ever since then its head has been red like the Precious Blood, and its bill marked like the spider.

Education is compulsory; and, as each child is looking forward to enacting some part, however small, in the great Play, the soul has as much care as the mind. Two days in the week the parish priest teaches the little ones; noticing with a careful eye, no doubt, which girl has the face of a possible Mary, or which boy shows promise of having a voice suitable for one of the Disciples.

Sometimes the children play at acting the Passion Play, and they do it in the most reverent manner; being taught from babyhood that to have part in the spectacle which draws the pious and good from every part of the world is a very great privilege, and one way of honoring God.

The small folk have, as a rule, much artistic talent. The girls all draw well, and the lads take naturally to wood-carving. On the whole, the children of Oberammergau are the most charming children in the world,—as sweet and pure as the wild flowers they love, and setting an example of kindness and piety which "grown-ups" would do well to imitate.

In a Drug-Store.

Druggist (*to little girl customer*): "Did you say pills?"

Little girl: "Yes, sir, please."

Druggist: "Antibilious?"

Little girl: "No, sir; but uncle is."

—*Harper's Weekly.*

With Authors and Publishers.

—"A Diplomatist's Wife in Japan," by Mrs. Hugh Fraser, has been published in a popular edition. It should secure many new readers.

—A French journal professes to have extracted from an afternoon contemporary this editorial note:

We were the first to announce, on the 5th inst., the news of the battle of X——. We are now the first to inform our readers that the report is absolutely devoid of foundation.

—"Dark before Dawn," a drama in two acts, by Mr. James J. D'Arcy, is a contribution to the not too lengthy list of plays for male characters only. A vivid presentation of a bit of Southern life in the days of the Civil War, it will be found interesting and stageable. Published by THE AVE MARIA.

—To the ever-lengthening list of books relating to St. Francis of Assisi and his companions, must be added "The Homes of the First Franciscans in Umbria, the borders of Tuscany, and the Northern Marches," by Beryl D. De Selincourt, just published by J. M. Dent & Co., whose catalogue already includes the daintiest edition of the "Fioretti" and several other Franciscan books.

—"Educational Results of Parochial Schools" is a handy and valuable booklet issued by the Chicago Catholic Truth Society. The author, the Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy, is well qualified to discuss all phases of the school question; and his vigorous exposition of the problems to be solved in connection therewith can not but impress all, Catholic or non-Catholic, who reflect upon his readable pages.

—In a review of the newly-published "Life and Letters of R. S. Hawker" an English critic remarks: "The bitterness of the newspaper controversy which raged over the reception of the dying vicar into the Church of Rome has been well-nigh forgotten." But it is remembered, at least by some, that the Cornish poet had contemplated the step for years before it was taken.

—From the Suggestion Publishing Company, Chicago, we have received a pamphlet of some six-score pages, "The Deluge and Its Cause," by Isaac Newton Vail. As long ago as 1874, Professor Vail published a little volume maintaining the earth's annular system—that is, the theory that "a vast cloud-canopy of primitive earth-vapors, such as now envelop the planets Jupiter and Saturn, lingered as a revolving deluge-source in the skies of antediluvian man"; and this present work is merely the elaboration of that former one. Without pronouncing on the philosophic or scientific value of the booklet, we can give testimony as to its novelty and interest. It is so far in harmony with the company that publish it that it certainly merits the epithet suggestive.

—The late Father Spillman, S. J., besides writing numerous works of fiction, some of which have been translated into English, was editor for several years of the *Katholische Missionen.* He was a native of Switzerland.

—"India and the Apostle St. Thomas" is the title of a new book by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Medlycott, soon to be issued by a London publisher. His Lordship was formerly in charge of the Syro-Malabar Vicariate of Trichur, and for many years has been collecting material for this work. It vindicates the authenticity of the traditions concerning the Indian apostolate of St. Thomas.

—An interesting sketch of a famous old English monastery is "Buckfast Abbey," by Olive Katherine Parr. Founded in the tenth century, and exposed to multifarious vicissitudes before and since the Reformation, the Abbey has again come into possession of the Benedictine monks and bids fair to attain to much of its early celebrity. The pamphlet that outlines its history is a reprint from the *Catholic Fireside.* It includes the words and music of a hymn to Our Lady of Buckfast.

—We have more than once said a good word of the Educational Briefs issued from time to time by the superintendent of parish schools in Philadelphia. No. 10 of these pamphlets, which has just reached us, deserves all the commendation bestowed upon its predecessors. It is a reprint of "The Social State of Catholic Countries no Prejudice to the Sanctity of the Church," by Cardinal Newman. In view of the immature judgments which American travellers not infrequently pronounce upon Catholic lands through which they flit like migratory swallows, this pamphlet is of permanent interest and merits wide reading.

—We regret to notice the death of Mr. Manly Tello, of Cleveland, Ohio, for many years editor of the *Catholic Universe.* He was an able journalist and did much to establish the reputation which our contemporary enjoys as one of the leading religious newspapers in the United States. After severing his connection with the *Universe* he practised law, the profession for which he qualified himself in early manhood. During the Civil War he served in the Confederate army, and won fame at the South for his ardent patriotism and daring bravery. The president of the Confederacy, of whom he

always spoke with the greatest admiration, was among his personal friends. To the end, as was characteristic of him, Mr. Tello remained an enthusiastic Southerner. It was his unyielding sectionalism, we believe, that led to his retirement from journalism. He outlived, however, nearly all of his political enemies, many of whom must have secretly admired his chivalrous manner. A man of noble character, kindly, generous, deeply religious, and utterly free from the airs which sometimes spoil the professional man, Mr. Tello's death will be sincerely regretted by friends and admirers in every part of the United States. *R. I. P.*

—The most sensible comment that we have noticed on the results of Miss Helen Gould's prize-essay contest appears in the New York *Sun*. Common-sense on all subjects is the chief attraction of the metropolitan luminary:

Whatever the object of Miss Helen Gould's sporting offer of prizes for the best essays on "The Origin of the Bible Approved by the Roman Catholic Church and that of the American Revised Version," it certainly seems as though an excessive price had been paid for the three prize-winners which are published with the title "Roman Catholic and Protestant Bibles Compared" (Bible Teachers' Training School, New York), edited by Melancthon Williams Jacobus, D. D. The chief discovery seems to be that the Catholic Scriptures include some books which are regarded as apocryphal by Protestants, a fact which might have been ascertained without awarding $1000 prizes. The essays are mainly bibliographical; the one that took first prize is marked by a bigotry which fully explains the refusal of Catholics to serve on the committee of award, and justifies Catholics in their general abstention from the competition.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Apologetica: Elementary Apologetics for Pulpit and Pew." Rev. P. A. Halpin. 85 cts.

"Religion and Art, and Other Essays." Rev. J. L. Spalding. $1.

"Views of Dante." E. L. Rivard, C. S. V. $1.25.

"Julia." Katharine Tynan. $1.50.

"Studies in Religion and Literature." William Samuel Lilly. $3.25.

"A Manual of Mystical Theology." Rev. Arthur Devine, C. P. $2.50, net.

"St. Peter Fourier." L. Pingaud. $1, net.

"California and Its Missions." Two volumes. Bryan J. Clinch. $5, net.

"Religion and the Higher Life." William Rainey Harper. $1.10.

"The Strategy of Great Railroads." Frank H. Spearman. $1.50, net.

"The Waters of Lethe." Lida L. Coghlan. $1.25.

"A Spoiled Priest and Other Stories." Rev. P. A. Sheehan, D. D. $1.25, net.

"In the Morning of Life." Herbert Lucas, S. J. $1, net.

"Last Letters of Aubrey Beardsley." Rev. John Gray. $1.60.

"Ceremonial for Altar Boys." Rev. Matthew Britt, O. S. B. 35 cts.

"Socialism." Victor Cathrein, S. J. — Victor Gettelmann, S. J. $1.50.

"Progress in Prayer." R. P. Caussade, S. J. 75 cts., net.

"Letters of Blessed John of Avila." $1.10.

"Cardome: A Romance of Kentucky." Anna C. Minogue. $1.25.

"Brother and Sister." Jean Charruau, S. J. $1.25, net.

"Vera Sapientia." Thomas à Kempis. 75 cts.

"Principles of Sacred Eloquence." Rev. John Conway, O. P. 50 cts.

"The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass." Rev. Dr. Nicholas Gihr. $4.

"The First Days of Jesus." 15 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. James Hamilton, of the archdiocese of Philadelphia; Rev. James Kiely and Rev. J. A. Smith, archdiocese of New York; Rev. John McQuade, diocese of Monterey; and Rev. L. L. Levett, diocese of Shrewsbury.

Sister M. Teresa, of the Sisters of Notre Dame; Sister M. Sebastian and Sister M. Victor, Sisters of Charity; and Sister M. Amadeus, Sisters of St. Joseph.

Dr. John Garland, of Syracuse, N. Y.; Mrs. Elizabeth Brainard, Boston, Mass.; Gen. Charles Tracy, Albany, N. Y.; Mr. Manly Tello, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. P. J. Healy, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Mary Berteling, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mrs. E. J. Riordan, Butte, Mont.; Mr. Thomas Tighe, Co. Sligo, Ireland; Dr. D. F. Smith, Plymouth, Pa.; Mr. James White, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary Murphy and Mr. M. J. O'Brien, Roxbury, Mass.; Mr. Jacob Miller, Allegheny, Pa.; and Mrs. H. Orschel, Pittsburg, Pa.

Requiescant in pace!

MAGDALEN AT THE FEET OF CHRIST.
(Lorenzo di Credi.)

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LX. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 22, 1905. NO. 16.

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Eastertide.

BY EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY.

GATHER lilies, fair and fragrant,
At the blessed Eastertide;
Let their incense rise to heaven,
Offered to the Crucified!
For we know that Christ has risen
From the grave wherein He lay;
Let our hearts be all-exulting
On this holy Easter Day!

See!—the earth has waked from slumber!
Birds are singing everywhere;
New life leaps from hill and hollow;
One great, universal prayer
Rises to the sky above us,—
Prayer of praise to One in Three:
Christ has conquered death and risen,—
Conquered death for you and me!

Of Joy in the Lord's Resurrection.*

GREAT, indeed, is the spiritual joy which the most solemn Paschal Feast administers to us. We must rejoice, therefore, in it,—not according to the flesh nor according to the vanity of the world, but according to God: in the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth. Now more abundant grace is to be sought, and sincerer purity to be observed. Now, in the zeal of a new conversation, the mind is to be transported to heavenly desire. For the Lord with good reason hath made this day to us most solemn and most holy, that so we may rejoice in it above all festivals of the year.

Let all, let each now say: Hail, thou brightest of days, which hath shone upon us after the black night of hell! For our Lord Himself, Jesus Christ, the King of Glory, and Prince of the kings of the earth, hath risen to-day from death; and upon all the faithful throughout the world, who believe on Him, He hath conferred the hope of eternal life. Since by His Resurrection with the flesh, which He took of the Virgin Mary, and offered for us on the Cross, the handwriting of our condemnation was blotted out; and the way to eternity is opened to us, through the conquest of death. Open thy mouth, therefore, O devout soul, and sing with elevated voice in union with the whole Catholic Church, and in true joyfulness of heart: "This is the day which the Lord hath made. Let us be glad and rejoice therein. Alleluia!"

O truly sweet and notable verse, which is so joyfully sung, so frequently repeated in the Canonical Hours, and with its proper chant excites devotion, and reassembles the scattered, drawing them most eagerly to the love of Christ! Do thou, therefore, not only listen to the melody which sounds sweetly to the outward ears, but attend to the meaning of the holy words which is hidden within; and through the sweetness of the chant mount up to the inward devotion of thy mind, that

* A homily of Thomas à Kempis. Translated from the Latin by F. O.

thou lose not the profit of the exercise through attention to the clearness of the voice, when thou art commanded in the Holy Spirit to sing to God, and to be jubilant in thy heart to the Lord alone. Blessed is he who is occupied in these good things, and applies his whole intention to the joys of the internal festival; that so, through the festivals of time, he may tend toward eternal glory, according to the words of the Apostle: "Therefore, if you be risen with Christ, seek the things that are above,...not the things that are on the earth." (Coloss., iii, 1, 2.)

I know not what is sung more joyful and festive in the whole year than what occurs in the celebration of these Paschal days. For the voice and song of all repeatedly chant forth, Alleluia; and Alleluia is the end of everything. In which practice is represented to us, in a figure, what shall be our employment in the eternal life; when, rescued from present sorrows, and translated to celestial rest, we shall praise God with His holy angels, filled for eternity with our Sovereign Good. Worthily, therefore, and adoringly do heaven and earth, with all their fulness, rejoice in the Resurrection of Christ, and are commanded to praise God, by whom has been conferred upon us such a precious abundance of spiritual benefits, the earnest of yet greater and higher, which shall be rendered in the end.

Behold, now the elements, which were fast locked in the frost of winter, gradually dissolve and assume a form of vernal joyousness, suited to the coming festivity. For the earth, long barren and uncultivated, openly displays the fruitfulness of her hidden virtue, and yields the joyful herb. The trees and shrubs put forth their sweetest flowers; and are adorned with verdant leaves, as it were with a new vesture. The birds of heaven, now that the mournful frost is swept away, are sweetly jubilant; and, flying through the fields and groves, rejoice in concert at the return of the cloudless sky and luxuriant crops. The sun and moon, and the stars of the firmament, shed their light more brilliantly. Truly, there is no creature to be seen which does not, with its renovated life, joyfully salute Christ at His Rising.

Since, therefore, there is so much of gladness in the elements, how great ought to be the exultation of angels and men, who are set above the other creatures of the world! Verily, this is the day which the Lord hath made, even as He most evidently shows us by the Scriptures, by types, by prophets, by angels, by apostles, and doctors, testifying together and preaching His Resurrection. And where all things unite in harmony, and the highest as well as the lowest affirm the same, no longer ought any motive of doubt to remain in the heart; for the Almighty God is able to do most abundantly above all that we can understand, and to bring forth new effects out of that which is not.

Christ, therefore, being now glorified in the flesh, and the whole world reanimated, do thou also, O mortal man! glorify God, and be renewed in the spirit of thy mind. Ever render thanks to thy Redeemer for His boundless gifts, distributed to thee and all the faithful. Lift on high the eyes of thine heart; look on the road along which Jesus has gone before, the saving Health of thy countenance; follow Him with the steps of love, even to the entrance of heaven. For thou hast before thee the Mirror of all sanctity, and the Light of celestial life. Walk securely after Jesus, the bountiful Dispenser of eternal blessedness, the Ruler of heaven and earth. None is holier than He, none purer, none more illustrious, none richer, none mightier. "All power," saith He, "is given to Me in heaven and in earth." (St. Matt., xxviii, 18.)

Therefore let thy faith stand firmly in

Jesus Christ; let thy hope flourish, thy charity dance for joy. Acquit yourselves like men, and be strong; fight against the flesh, against the world, against the devil and his angels, fearing the assault of no adverse power. For the Lion of the tribe of Judah hath conquered, whose anger none can resist; none shall be able to escape His hands; for all things are put under His feet. Now Heaven rejoices; Earth claps her hands; Satan mourns; Death flies, and shall no longer have dominion over Christ. Under such a King, therefore, it is safe to war; under such a Shepherd it is pleasant to stand, to be fed and disciplined, to be subjected and ruled; for He lacks nothing, and abounds in all good things.

Do thou, therefore, also imitate the King of kings, thy Lord God, rising from death; that for the rest thou mayst walk in newness of a better life, trampling on vices, forgetting the evils that are past; not returning to thy wonted trifling, but raising thyself with greater fervor to celestial desires. For Christ, having vanquished death, returned not to hell; but, having visited His intimate friends on the earth, ascended joyfully to heaven, liberating and exalting the form of a servant above the angelic powers; teaching to ascend, by the steps of humility and the service of a due subjection, to the glory of eternal happiness.

If thou desire, therefore, to receive heavenly comfort, and to rejoice forever with the angelic spirits, flee carnal pleasure, which is the parent of death. Seek the spiritual refection of the soul, which Christ has prepared for all who approach the table of His precious Body, more sweet than all corporal banquets. For unless the old man with his deeds be wholly put off, celestial sweetness can not enter. And unless the flesh be subject to the spirit, and all earthly care be postponed, the promised Paraclete will not come, nor shalt thou be inwardly refreshed by the eating of the Paschal Lamb. That our interior, therefore, may be full of spiritual joy, all malice and wickedness ought to be removed from the heart; that, like new-born babes, we may walk in newness of life, washed with tears and clad in white robes. Let our behavior accordingly be humble and matured; our eyes stable, and our affections pure; our voices ready; our ears intent upon the divine words; and all our senses well fenced on every side....

Let Christ crucified never depart from the mind; let Christ rising again meet thee everywhere. And though He be not yet seen with the eyes, He is secretly affected by frequent cries; and till He shall reveal Himself to thee in thy prayers, depart not from His Sepulchre. Let inquiry be made of the holy angels, who always enjoy His clear vision, that they may tell us where the Lord is; or pray for us that He would vouchsafe to appear to us in our sadness, and comfort with His most sweet grace the hearts of all mourners.

Would, Lord Jesus, that Thou mightest vouchsafe to inflame my heart to seek Thee with Mary at break of day; and to strengthen me in faith, who by breathing on Thy Apostles didst give them the Holy Ghost! Open to me the meaning of the Scriptures; and, according to Thy promise, lead me into all truth; who art above all God blessed forever. Amen.

When all the world—the Christian world, at least,—was Catholic, Lent was of course universally observed. As a result, there was a superabundance of meat on the market by the time the six weeks of abstinence were completed, and that article of food was correspondingly cheap. In oldtime Catholic England the phrase "at Easter price" was equivalent to "at a great discount," "very cheap."

Hope's Light.

AN EASTER STORY.

BY GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS.

IT was a poor figure of a woman half crouching, half kneeling, her face buried in her hands, the shawl fallen away from her shoulders, the black wisps of her hair blown astray over neck and ear. She was crying piteously,—sobbing to herself in the abandon of utter loneliness and a wretchedness bitterly conscious that it will neither be surprised nor overheard. The night—the last night of Holy Week—had been dark, but was beginning to lighten to seaward as with faint premonitions of dawn. The benign stars watched still, grown wan, but patient like faithful eyes soon to be relieved of a vigil of love. Their fire mirrored its scattered brilliance in the water. A damp, wreathy fog from the lagoon moistened the pavement.

Where the woman knelt was a pilaster of antique stone, spongy and many-tinted from age and weather; above it, indistinct, a shrine, and the iron-wrought curve of a swinging lantern with its faint yellow blot of light. She had not been crying when she saw the lamp. The water of the canal was green and deep at that point; she, who knew the great rivers of the plains, could tell as much, as she leaned upon the bridge yesterday when the idea first came to her. Yesterday she had not seen the shrine. To-day she crept to it, weary, and, for any sin she had done, profoundly penitent: it would be better for her to say a prayer before she died. She was nineteen and had tasted all bitterness. The plunge would be dread and cold,—a thing of horror; but it was the only way. She must drown the pain,—that intolerable pain of the soul turned back upon itself and gnawing its own substance.

God, she said, who died on the Cross yesterday, would understand. God knew she had only followed where she was bidden, because she loved. She had seen it was wrong even before he left her. When he went, she turned home and they would not take her. It was that thought maddened her. She had been so sure of mercy from her own. They refused her admittance. She could hear the voices saying, behind the shut door, she was no blood of theirs: she had disgraced them. Her father! She disbelieved it still, though her ears had heard it. Her sisters, with whom she had worked and played!

She turned back to Venice. Miles it was from her green country home; but she walked it, footsore and blistered. He was there. He would surely pity her when he knew she had been repulsed. For days and nights she hunted him, exhausted, penniless, hungry, well-nigh insane with that terrific pain that her own people had disowned her. If she could find him and tell him that, he would surely warm to her again, open his heart, come back to her. She saw him at last. A woman was with him. They sipped their ice-drinks listening to the band. And she waited: a new pain more agonizingly subtle, more fiercely cruel, shooting its poison along every nerve. As he passed, she reached out her arms from the shadow, calling his name. He laughed, showed his teeth laughing, and bent to the woman at his side.

In the girl's mind the heavens and earth had rolled together in convulsion, after which all was blank. Life was over; she had nothing more to do in this world. Nobody wanted her, nobody cared for her; there was no place for her. And what should she do to-day, to-morrow? Where could she go? She had tasted no food: if she would eat, she must beg. And to-night, like last night, must be spent upon the street.

She was leaning over the bridge,—a lone place whence you could see the sea. It was a short cut and a simple way. Perhaps he would be sorry when he saw in the morning's sheet what he had driven her to. But what she was most glad of, bitterly, was that she would be beyond ken of his thoughts of her.

Pedestrians kept crossing and recrossing the bridge at intervals, and now and again a gondola shot beneath the arch. For this reason she waited. And by degrees Venice slept in the blue and gold of her nocturn skies and water,—bloom of color and delicate traceries wiped out until the day.

She could not distinguish the image shadowed inside its niche. More guessed than seen, was the outline of a woman's figure. Dimly remembered in mind was the outline of a thought, cloudy and undefined, of a power whose woman's name was Mercy. It was mere idle recollection: piecing of memories. It did not touch her. She was too numb in soul, too chilled for distinct grasping. Yet there were words graven upon the front of the pilaster, and she stooped mechanically to see what thing was said.

The letters were large, bitten here and there by Time's obliterating tooth; but in the faint glow of lamp and star-brightness she helped the reading with her finger-tips. "*Re-fu-gi-um,—Refugium!*" she murmured wonderingly to herself. The Italian habit of Latin prayer had made the word and the sense familiar: a shelter, a covert, a retreat, a strength of holy refuge. She did not need to bend over the next word. She touched it with her hand and the mind had it already: "*Pec-ca-to-rum,*" she spelt. She knew the two well enough; they were said in the church every day. And they were like enough to her own tongue for the full meaning to pass to her.

She tried to see the countenance of this Woman who had pity,—of this Woman who disdained not sinners,—of this Woman who breathes hope. Shadows denied it, but the lamp which had summoned her blinked softly in its yellow radiance. It seemed more than a mere flame casting its fitful lambency on the dark of canal and footway: it had that tender, tremulous softness of star and hearth-fire, of beacon-beam and sanctuary, that suggests and invites and consoles. This is the Virgin Mary's lamp, which stirs the heart in all the lonely, desolate places of the world where its light is kindled.

The knowledge swept over the forsaken girl in a flood of unremembered sweetness; it met the pain in her soul,—the ceaseless, hopeless pain, that was bitterness of life, bitterness of death, dread of God, hate of men, fatigue untellable; met it and clashed with it, breaking over her in storm. A sob burst from her, which she vainly strove to force back upon her agony; another followed, and another,—a hurricane. She sank to her knees and the tears ran fast between her fingers, over the poor stuff of her gown. It was a sad figure of a woman crouching before the carven pilaster at the edge of the canal. The earth was hushed and still with the great silence that precedes morning. The air was sharp with the presage of coming dawn.

Noiseless, the iron prow of the gondola stole alongside; the oar had not plashed as it cut through the quiet water. It was the sound of a body leaping ashore that startled the woman. The gondolier came to the shrine swiftly and frankly, looked into the lantern, humming, turned and saw her. She had endeavored to rise, and sank back.

"What's the matter? Are you sick?"

"You frightened me."

"Oh, if that's all! Get up and go home, girl! This is no place for you at night."

She struggled to her feet, intending to slink away into the deeper darkness. In a flash he had seen her white face and the weakness that made her totter.

"What! — shaking? Get into the gondola, lass! I' take you home."

Her silence refused it.

"You needn't be afraid: I won't hurt you."

"Please go away!" she gasped.

"Catch me! I'm going to take you in the boat wherever you live. Where is it?"

She shrank back, pressing against the pedestal as for protection. She was afraid of all men,—a dread born of yesterday's agony; and this one had come floating out of the mist mysteriously, heaven only knew whence and whither bound.

"What are you doing here, anyway?" he asked afresh.

In self-defence, sullenly, she answered: "Nothing."

"If you are doing nothing, then all the more reason for you to go home. I don't want to be interfering in other people's business, but a girl shouldn't be alone out here at night. Take my advice and get yourself off the *riva* before harm comes to you."

"Where do you want me to go," she moaned, "when I have no place to go to?"

He drew a step nearer.

"No place to sleep in, do you mean?"

"No place to sleep or anything else."

"Get into my gondola."

"What for?"

"Till I have thought of something. I'm going to the Campo d'Erbe now. I've got to get there early. You will be safer with me than here. On the way we can think."

Resistless, she moved to the water's edge. Why—why had he come? Five minutes more and all would have been well over. What business had he to order her and dictate? Though, at length, what did that or anything else matter? She was so exhausted she scarcely even cared any more whether she could carry out her plan.

The man helped her with rude kindness to her seat, then stepped back. She could not well see what he was doing, but he washed something in the canal, replaced it on the ledge before the niche, and there stole to her a faint fragrance of flowers.

"It must be four o'clock," he said as they pushed off.

The girl sat motionless and vouchsafed no answer.

"There's a bit of awning you can wrap in and go to sleep — if you want to."

"I've got my shawl."

The gondolier bent to the long sweep of the blade and gave her an interval of silence. Presently, seeing she sat upright and would not slumber, he asked her name.

"Annunziata. What's yours?"

"Zan Cadoro, at your service,—Veneziano. You are not Venetian?"

"No." And she added more humbly, because he had been so frank: "I come from Pian di Brenta." Then she folded up like an anemone, for it seemed to her she had spoken much.

"Have you seen San Marco yet?"

"For a few minutes yesterday."

"And beautiful, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Did you see the flocks of pigeons on the piazza?"

"There are pigeons everywhere in Venice. They are happy: they can fly."

"Yes, but still they stay here. Why were you crying on the *riva* just now?"

She recoiled within herself and silence.

"Why?" he repeated. It was gently asked, but the voice was one of those which wherever you meet you have to answer.

"I—I was going to throw myself in the water."

"Ah!" The pity and the tenderness

made him stop rowing. "Somebody has hurt you."

"How do you know? I am tired of life; I will not live any more. And you can't prevent me."

"It would be a great sin," he moralized, with his eyes upon the flowing water; "and foolish; for to-morrow may have some undreamed happiness in store. We don't know to-morrow. God only knows it and we should wait."

"You are good," she blurted, "and I am not. That makes things different."

It made him smile a little.

"How am I good?"

"You were bringing flowers to the Madonna just now."

"Oh! that? The other fellows and I — the gondoliers — look after the lamp: it's our own. And when we chance on flowers, as I did last night, we bring them. If I had not happened along, you would have been crying on the *riva* still, wouldn't you? And now—"

"Now what?"

"Now we'll have to think of some way of sending you home to your mother."

"She's dead."

"Then your father."

"He won't have me. When I went they kept the door shut and would not even answer me. It was then I came back."

"To drown yourself?"

"No: there was something else."

The man bore rather hard on the oar. Daylight was coming. For the first time he looked at her, seeing clearly that she was beautiful. He turned away in pain; then felt she was watching him with those big dark eyes intent as black stars under the dusky hair.

"I came back because Simon delle Varche pretended once he loved me,—and I loved him. Everybody in Venice knows Simon delle Varche, don't they? He laughed in my face yesterday on the piazza. That's all there is to tell."

"You're honest," said the gondolier, with his face averted; then raised his hand, motioning to where, along the rim of day, a thread of fire ran, spreading upward: "Look!" he said. "It is morning,—Easter morning!"

Quite unexpectedly, the girl began to weep.

"Don't, please!" he entreated.

She tried bravely to stop, but for a while the rain-storm overwhelmed her.

"You're tired out," he said, quietly and kindly. "Never mind. As soon as I get the cargo shipped we'll go home to my mother, and she will look after you until you get in shape again and rested. Meanwhile it's a heavenly sunrise. See the *felucca* yonder! How proud she is with her new sail to the light! When the water is fair like this at dawn, it's a good sign."

No more was spoken until he landed at the Campo, bought his fruit and vegetables, and tumbled the load of green stuff into the gondola. Lastly he came back, empty-handed save for a rose he tossed her.

"There's an Easter present for you out of the sunrise and wet with dew."

She held it in her hands a moment, thought suspended; and for the first time he saw her smile.

When they reached the little white house on the *calle*, she implored him to land her somewhere else—anywhere, so long as not at his mother's door. But to that he brought her.

"Will you," she gasped at the very step, "tell her what I said to you?"

"No, never!"

"Not that I ran away from home and was going to drown myself?"

"No."

"Not even that you found me in the middle of the night by the shrine where you keep the lamp burning?"

"Perhaps—some day."

"Mother," he said at the threshold,

"here is a stranger girl who has no friends in town and has lost her way."

The woman simply threw back the door.

"She is welcome!"

Silently they entered, a little more awkward than outside in the sparkling morning; a little more conscious, it would seem, of each other's thoughts. It was the mother who spoke.

"Bestir yourself, Zanni. Some kindling and a bit of hurry. The poor thing will want her breakfast. None yet? Welladay, and out so early! We'll have coffee in a minute. From Pian di Brenta, did you say, *fijola?* I never travelled so far. If she's looking for work, she might begin by staying right here; eh, Zanni? It would be a holy hand to me."

"As you say, mother."

"She's not your girl?"

"My girl! You know well I haven't got one. I found her on the quay an hour ago, and never saw her in my life before."

Then the hot blood whipped over him, brow and neck; and the girl stood, scarlet in face, twisting her hands and trembling.

When they dared to look up, strangely, with many meanings, eyes and eyes met.

A Beggar.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

THESE empty hands can nothing bring
To place before the Risen King.
The robins and the bluebirds come
With happy songs, but I am dumb.
The lily lifts its waxen rim,
But I have nought to offer Him.
The rich man brings his store of gold
And jewels rare and manifold;
While, like a beggar in the street,
I kneel before His blessed feet.
But, oh, I love Him! So He may
Forgive my poverty to-day.

Young Mr. Bretherton.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XIV.—(Continued.)

LEFT alone together, Leonora and Bretherton turned and walked the short distance toward Rose Cottage, in a somewhat constrained silence. At last the young man said:

"What have you done to Aylward, Miss Chandler? He seems awfully out of sorts these days."

Leonora found a pretext for leaving unanswered an embarrassing question in the appearance of Smith Jackson's black spaniel, which rushed forth upon her with unequivocal signs of joy. The girl responded to his kindly greeting by stooping to pat his woolly head.

"That animal is one of your numerous satellites," commented Bretherton, abandoning all question of Lord Aylward for the moment. Perhaps he divined that the topic was not an agreeable one. "I must say he is a very lively and enterprising satellite,—a sort of nothing-venture, nothing-gain individual."

"He has the most beautiful silky hair," replied Leonora, running her fingers through the dog's black curls; "and such honest, kindly eyes! I think he would have a nice voice, too, if he could speak."

"Does his bark impress you in that way?" inquired young Mr. Bretherton, not a little amused.

"Yes: it has a pleasant, wholesome sound, with nothing querulous or snarling."

As if to give a flat contradiction to her words, the dog uttered a fierce growl, displaying every tooth in his head. His whole aspect changed, and he showed a strong disposition to spring at a man who just then came

up behind Jim Bretherton, from the direction of the mill.

"Down, old fellow,—down, down!" said Leonora, putting her hand soothingly upon the dog's head.

The spaniel, trembling violently, stood still; while Eben Knox, raising his hat and fixing his cavernous eyes upon the girl's face, said sneeringly:

"You're a great tamer of brute beasts, Miss Leonora; but you'll get bitten some day, if you run into danger. And as for that puppy there, let him take care!"

Though the last words were apparently addressed to the dog, Eben Knox kept his eyes, while he spoke, fixed full upon Jim Bretherton.

"Let him take care!" he repeated slowly and deliberately,—"let him take care!"

While the manager addressed Miss Chandler, Bretherton felt once more a hot wave of anger rise within him; and the dog was evidently animated by a like sentiment, indulging in surreptitious growls. Jim, unhappily, could not growl. The high street of Millbrook would be no place wherein to show antipathy, especially when in the company of a lady. Therefore, having frigidly and very slightly raised his hat in acknowledgment of Eben Knox's salute, he stood by, regarding him coldly and steadily.

That power of self-control so essential an article of Jim Bretherton's code had never been attained by Eben Knox. He passed on, pursued by the dog, which, escaping from Leonora's control, made vicious snaps at the manager's heels. The latter, turning suddenly, bestowed upon the animal a furious kick, which sent it back whimpering to Leonora's protection. The girl flushed indignantly, and Jim Bretherton controlled his tongue by an effort.

Eben Knox walked rapidly on, without turning his head.

After a moment the young girl softly apostrophized the dog.

"You see, you were very bad yourself," she murmured. "You had no right to show your likes and dislikes in public. If you had been a good dog, you wouldn't have got kicked."

The spaniel wagged his tail, as if he understood; but, nevertheless, sent fierce, angry barks after the retreating manager.

Neither Jim Bretherton nor Leonora spoke to each other until Eben Knox had completely disappeared from view. Then it was the former who broke silence, and upon a subject altogether remote from the late unpleasantness.

"I suppose you are hard at work over those tableaux?"

"Yes," said Leonora; "I am doing what I can."

"I know you are counted upon for the ornamental department," declared Bretherton. "Your name figures very extensively there."

"The choice is rather limited," she answered; "but I am quite willing to help in any way, ornamentally or otherwise. I am very anxious for the entertainment to succeed. I have been down at the Hospital all the morning with Sister Mary Agnes."

"I think it is sure of success," Jim responded, confidently. "Millbrook will turn out to a man, and Boston will send a contingent."

They had reached Rose Cottage by this time, but lingered a few moments at the gate.

"I suppose *you* are very busy about the coming election," Leonora observed. "As I came along this morning I saw your name figuring in all sorts of places: 'For Congress, young Mr. Bretherton,' 'The People's Candidate,' 'The People's Idol,' and so forth."

"Well, yes, I am pretty thoroughly placarded," said Bretherton, laughing and coloring. "Even in the darkness of night I see my name shining out of

transparencies. I wish all that sort of thing could be done away with, and a man be elected simply because the people want him. And very shortly I shall have to go speechifying about the country, telling the electors my views, which they ought to have known before I got the nomination."

"I think your election is pretty sure," Leonora said,—"not that I know much about politics. Millbrook is bound to support a Bretherton, as Aunt Tabitha would say."

"You don't seem to attach much weight to my personal qualifications," Jim answered, slightly irritated by her tone; "and, unluckily, Millbrook is not the whole thing, you know."

"Well, in any case, I hope you will be elected," she declared. "I am far too loyal a resident of Millbrook, and too near a relative of Aunt Tabitha, not to desire the exaltation of a Bretherton."

"Thanks for your good wishes!" he said, turning away impatiently, and raising his hat. "The Brethertons are very much indebted to you."

When the young couple had left her confectionery shop that morning, Miss Spencer had looked after them from the window, mentally commenting upon their appearance in her brisk, cheerful fashion:

"A fine young pair they are, and a splendid husband young Mr. Bretherton would make for any one. Not that he ain't got a temper, if it was roused. I saw that by the glance of his eye awhile ago there, when something riled him. I wonder what it was?"

She ruminated upon this point for an instant, and then pursued her train of reflection:

"Lenora Chandler is a born beauty, and a mighty nice girl, too. She knows a thing or two; she ain't no fool. Still, as matters stand in these parts, she'd be no sort of match for a Bretherton of the Manor."

XV.—A Refusal and Its Consequences.

The preparations for the coming event were meanwhile being pushed forward with the greatest possible energy, and all the available talent in the neighborhood was being brought into requisition. The exclusive circle upon the Thorneycroft Road was stirred to its depths, and invitations to take part in the various tableaux were eagerly sought by the younger of its members. This was especially the case since the name of Jim Bretherton and that of his friend, Lord Aylward, had been put upon the programme.

It was only at the urgent solicitation of the gentle Sister Superior that the Governor's son had consented to take any part in the performance. She had represented to him that the name of young Mr. Bretherton upon the programme would be a powerful inducement to outsiders to take part in, or to buy tickets for, the entertainment. He had suffered himself to be persuaded, telling the Sister that she overrated his importance, and she would have to wait until he got into Congress before he could do anything for her.

Lord Aylward, on the other hand, had from the first thrown himself into the project with enthusiasm; the more so that he believed it would bring him into frequent communication with Leonora Chandler.

A leading feature of the entertainment was "The Marriage Festival," a series of tableaux wherein the costumes were to be of the Louis Treize period, to fit some ancient tapestries which had been on the walls of Bretherton Manor for generations. As the festival included the dancing of a *pavane*, or minuet, this representation had been placed almost exclusively under control of the Thorneycroft circle, who might be presumed to execute successfully that dance's intricate evolutions. A

metropolitan artist, who had come specially from Boston to superintend all details of the entertainment, had unhesitatingly chosen Miss Chandler, who was likewise the choice of the Sisters, for the leading part in "The Marriage Festival." This decision was taken despite the heart-burnings and scarcely veiled dissatisfaction of the Thorneycroft belles.

It was at the suggestion of young Mr. Bretherton that Lord Aylward was chosen to support the other leading rôle.

"It will be a new edition of Beauty and the Beast, old fellow," Bretherton announced, cheerfully; "but, if you don't mind contrasts, I've booked you for the part."

"Thanks ever so much, Jimmy!" cried his Lordship, gratified at his friend's consideration, and looking forward to the delightful informality of the rehearsals, and the opportunities which they would afford of companionship with Miss Tabitha's niece.

During the initial days of preparation, therefore, he was all eagerness, discussing the details of his costume as though it were a matter of life and death; attending every meeting with an energy and determination which occasioned much jesting on the part of young Mr. Bretherton. The arrows of his friend's wit fell quite harmlessly upon Lord Aylward, who lived, for the time being, in a sort of Fool's Paradise. He was determined to make a formal proposal of marriage to Leonora as soon as possible, so that, upon the auspicious occasion of the tableaux, he might be in the blissful condition of the girl's accepted lover.

It was with this project in mind that he had invited her to go for a second drive in Jim Bretherton's dogcart. The first had passed off uneventfully enough; for under Leonora's ordinary friendliness of manner there had been a sufficient amount of reserve to warn even this ardent suitor from a premature declaration.

With the object of securing Leonora's consent to a second drive, which would give him the opportunity of urging his suit and obtaining, as he hoped, a favorable answer to his demand, he made his way to Rose Cottage at a time when he was aware, from personal observation, that Miss Tabitha had gone forth. The niece was, however, at home, and employed amidst a variety of stuffs in preparation for the tableaux. The rainbow colors of these varied materials invested the girl with an odd charm, the blending hues bringing out her color in a striking and effective manner. Her dainty fingers, working in and out among the gold and silver threads, gave her somehow the appearance of a beautiful enchantress weaving a web of fate. Aylward felt something of all this, but the honest gentleman was neither imaginative nor eloquent. He only blurted out:

"I say, Miss Chandler, you look very charming with all that stuff about you,—don't you know?"

"It's a borrowed charm," responded Leonora; "and I'm really untidy, with my hair wild and my fingers all dyed two or three colors."

Lord Aylward found no more to say; he was very poor in the matter of protestations. So he only went on, with a nervous laugh:

"I hope we shall get in our paces well together upon the evening of the tableaux. It will be such good training for later on."

"Why, are we going to give a continuous performance?" inquired Leonora, with a twinkle in her eye.

Lord Aylward laughed uproariously at the jest; explaining, however, when he had recovered his gravity:

"No, I don't exactly mean that, of course; but I wanted to say—don't you know—"

He rose, intending to draw a few

paces nearer, and to plunge into that declaration for the making of which he had intended to suggest a drive. But his unwary foot caught in a web of tarlatan upon which Leonora was working, and he fell forward in an undignified sprawl upon the ground. This, of course, put an end to any idea of love-making. Though Aylward's perceptions were not of the most acute, he realized that the moment would be a singularly unpropitious one for anything in the nature of a sentiment.

The girl laughed lightly, but not ill-naturedly, as she cried:

"You will have to be careful to keep your footing upon that momentous evening, my Lord Marquis de Beauregard!"

Lord Aylward, arising, and laughing heartily at his own discomfiture, aimed, however, a barbed arrow at the girl's annoying composure.

"I shall have to do credit—don't you know?—to the marchioness that is to be."

He made this remark in so pointed a fashion that it was impossible for Leonora to misunderstand his meaning. It was her turn to be at least momentarily disconcerted. The color deepened swiftly in the delicate rose of her cheek, and she bent an instant more closely over her sewing.

"We shall both have to do credit to our parts," she said, rallying at last; "for you know it is a responsibility, especially when it comes to the minuet."

Perhaps even then Lord Aylward would have taken his courage in hand and have led the conversation to the desired point, had not Miss Tabitha appeared, in street costume, her withered cheeks quite blooming from the exercise. She greeted the visitor constrainedly. She felt that she had failed in the duty of hospitality in his regard, and had deliberately closed the door of Rose Cottage against one who had been introduced there by a Bretherton. This lent to her manner a peculiar embarrassment, a blending of formality and constraint which sat somewhat ludicrously upon her habitual geniality.

Lord Aylward was cordiality itself. He was quite unconscious that she had either intended or committed any offence against him in the matter of hospitality, and was intent much more upon Leonora's demeanor toward him than upon that of her aunt.

Before taking his departure, he asked and obtained permission to drive Miss Chandler once more in young Mr. Bretherton's dogcart. It had been the niece who, warned by some subtle instinct, held back this time in accepting the invitation; whereas the elder lady, in the excess of her contrition and desire of atonement, literally forced Leonora to give a reluctant assent, and to appoint the following afternoon for the proposed expedition.

It was a lovely afternoon, clear and cool, with hints of autumn in the foliage, and in the mist which overhung distant Mount Holyoke. Leonora long remembered the calm beauty of the day, and the peaceful, sunshiny appearance of the Millbrook streets, with the familiar faces beaming friendly recognition upon the two as they drove by. The girl was in high spirits, feeling as if she were, in some fashion, escaping from the dreary bondage in which Eben Knox had been seeming recently to hold them.

Lord Aylward, on the other hand, was unwontedly serious and preoccupied, even his laugh sounding forced and unnatural. He was bracing himself for that great plunge which, as it drew nearer, seemed to increase in difficulty. Leonora gave him no sort of encouragement, and, to all appearance, was entirely unconscious of the object he had in view. She talked, in her natural, easy fashion, upon all sorts of subjects,

keeping well away from any topic which might give the desired opportunity.

Aylward had, however, a sufficient share of the dogged tenacity of purpose which distinguishes his countrymen, and was not easily diverted from his object. He took, moreover, a very natural complacency in the thought of the immense advantages which he had to offer to a girl, and upon which he counted much more, it must be admitted, than upon his own powers of attraction. In the world to which he belonged, these last were of very secondary importance indeed; and, though he appreciated Leonora to a very marked extent, he scarcely supposed her to be unmoved by these extrinsic advantages.

Yet when it came to the real point of offering himself to this girl, who was both penniless and obscure, he was conscious of a far greater diffidence than he would have felt in making such a declaration to any woman of his own set. He suddenly realized that this American was to him an unknown quantity. She might be dazzled by the brilliant prospect of becoming a prospective marchioness, or she might not. But, in any case, she was very lovely and very desirable; and he, being much in love, was suddenly made aware of his own deficiencies on the score of personal attractions. It was brought home to him with overwhelming force that he was but a man prosecuting his suit to a woman in every way his superior. All the inequality was on his side, and he could have marched more boldly into the cannon's mouth than toward that proposal.

When Leonora returned from the drive, she did not say a word to her aunt of what had occurred. She never dreamed of repeating those stammering, halting sentences of young Mr. Bretherton's friend, which had been only half a surprise to her, after all. She felt depressed and saddened, however, as though the end had come to something which had been very pleasant. There was to be a rehearsal that evening, and she felt a nervous dread at thought of meeting Lord Aylward, and of going through the various mimic scenes in his company. She was weary and dispirited, and haunted, even as her aunt had been, by the dark shadow of Eben Knox. She was beginning already to believe that she had done wrong, and that, possibly, she had been mistaken in her own sentiments.

Aylward's interest in the tableaux also suffered a sudden collapse. When he and his friend strolled out after dinner to smoke a cigar together, Jim was amazed to hear him say:

"I shall not go to the rehearsal to-night."

"Not go to the rehearsal!" cried the other, aghast.

"No; and the fact of the matter is, old fellow, you will have to get me out of that whole affair."

"Get you out of the whole affair?" repeated Jim. "Why, what's up? I thought you were very keen about it." He added, after a moment's reflection: "What will Miss Chandler think?"

"Oh, she will understand all right!" Lord Aylward answered hastily. "She will see that I can't go on with the thing. It won't do to be thrown into her society, and put her and myself in such a devilish awkward position."

Jim Bretherton gave his friend a strange look. He himself had been rather out of sorts for weeks past, as many had remarked. He had been paler and thinner than upon his arrival in Millbrook.

"The fact is," blurted out Lord Aylward, "she has refused me,—an unconditional, out-and-out refusal. I might have known, if I hadn't been such an ass, that I wasn't the sort of chap to please her fancy."

He stopped and turned away, fingering his still unlit cigar nervously.

Bretherton was so astounded that he found nothing more pertinent to say than the forcible ejaculation:

"By Jove!"

"It serves me right," declared Lord Aylward, frankly. "I was so cocksure, I thought all women were ready to sell themselves for money and title."

Jim Bretherton felt his thoughts going round in an uncomfortable whirl. A sense of gladness and relief, of which he was ashamed, struggled with his real regret for his friend's disappointment. He was sincerely attached to the manly and simple-hearted young Britisher, who was his college chum as well as his kinsman; and, under the circumstances, he found it difficult to find any suitable form of speech. The conventional expressions of condolence which rose to his lips died unuttered.

It must be owned that he was, moreover, astounded at the girl's rejection of such an offer; and he asked himself what could be her motive. It must be a powerful one, indeed, to induce her to forego the advantages which Lord Aylward had to offer, and to refuse a man in himself so desirable as the prospective Marquis. The rumors which he had vaguely heard about Eben Knox recurred to his mind, only to be summarily dismissed.

Young Mr. Bretherton, with all his advantages, was far from being inordinately conceited; but he could not help remembering, as in a flash of intuition, Leonora's manner upon the evening of the accident, and the look in her beautiful, starry eyes as they met his own. He felt a sudden leap of the heart as he remembered that he was now free, if he so desired, to play on his own account the perilous game which his friend had so unexpectedly lost. The interest and fascination of that game were increased tenfold. One thing at least was certain: Leonora Chandler would marry no man for the wealth or social position which he could confer upon her.

As he paced to and fro under the stars, beside his silent friend, who had at last lit a cigar and was smoking vigorously, that little scene in the garden of Rose Cottage kept recurring curiously to his mind. He seemed to see the sunflowers standing in formal rows, and the beds of the garden arranged in prim order, and the pinks sending forth aromatic odors; while a pretty, imperious child imposed her will upon a not too yielding boy. He remembered the childish ambitions of Miss Tabitha's niece—ambitions which she had now, somehow, foregone,—and the look with which she had solemnly assured him that she would have him for her secretary.

Lord Aylward presently broke the silence to remind his friend that it must be time for the rehearsal. Bretherton, blowing his cigar-point into a tiny flame, consulted his watch, and saw that it was indeed time.

"I suppose I had better go?" he said, interrogating his friend's face by a glance.

"Oh, decidedly!" cried Lord Aylward. "And get me out of the affair as best you can. You, or somebody else, must take my place,—don't you know?"

He turned away abruptly, as if the thought had been too much for him; and Jim felt a quick throb of sympathy, which there was no possible means of expressing. He remembered how jubilantly happy, how extremely interested in the prospective entertainment, Aylward had been only a day or two before.

The young Master of the Manor, still under the influence of conflicting feelings, walked down toward the school-house, where the rehearsals were usually held. He found everyone else assembled there, and directed his steps at once toward Leonora Chandler. He made Lord Aylward's excuses with the best

grace possible. They were received by the assemblage at large with a chorus of regret and surprise.

Miss Tabitha's niece, who was profoundly grateful to be relieved from the awkwardness of an unpleasant situation, made no comment whatever upon the intelligence which young Mr. Bretherton conveyed. Nor was it possible to read in the expression of her face anything of what she felt. There was no apparent change in the relations of Leonora and the young man, who conversed as lightly and indifferently as possible upon the occurrences of the evening. But, unconsciously, Jim Bretherton's manner showed a shade more of directly personal interest, and a freedom from the restraint and aloofness by which it had been marked of late. It was a very slight and almost imperceptible change, and yet it had the curious effect of dispelling Leonora's doubt and depression. She found herself inexplicably buoyant and light-hearted.

As she leaned upon the window-sill that night at Rose Cottage, she pondered deeply upon all that had occurred. Her gaze wandered upward into the wide heaven, so darkly blue, networked with myriad stars, illumined to the northward by resplendent streaks of the Aurora Borealis. She looked downward into the garden, whence the flowers had vanished like those Arcadian days of childhood when she had played and quarrelled with the boy from the Manor. She, too, felt an added interest in the new crisis of affairs, and in the development of the drama which was now so warmly palpitating about Rose Cottage. She was late with her prayers that night, because of those long, long thoughts of youth, which were agitating her mind and disturbing its usual equilibrium.

As she still lingered, despite the chill of the evening, wrapped in a large, soft shawl, she suddenly perceived a figure creeping in at the gate and moving up the path. With an intense feeling of repulsion, she recognized Eben Knox. She shut the window with resolute hand, pulling down the blind, and betaking herself to the farthest corner of the room, as an involuntary protest against the man's presence in the precincts of Rose Cottage.

Presently she knelt down upon the priedieu before the statue of the Blessed Virgin. A light burned there and a cluster of autumn flowers sent up their luxuriant beauty to the Queen Immaculate. Leonora strove to raise her thoughts heavenward, while without, like an ugly bat, some evil portent of the night, the indefatigable manager of the mill was keeping watch beneath her casement. Leonora put up a fervent prayer to be delivered from him.

As she rose from her knees, and brushed out her hair, she contrasted this sinister suitor, who had managed in some way to secure her aunt's favor, not so much with Jim Bretherton as with Lord Aylward. The latter had accepted his dismissal in a generous and high-minded manner, which had excited her admiration and won her lasting regard. He had seemed most anxious to spare her further annoyance, apologizing, as it were, for the unpleasantness of which he had been the cause in making her an offer.

(To be continued.)

No good is ever done to society by the pictorial representation of its diseases. All healthy and helpful literature sets simple bars between right and wrong; assumes the possibility in men and women of having healthy minds in healthy bodies, and loses no time in the diagnosis of fever or dyspepsia in either; least of all in the particular kind of fever which signifies the ungoverned excess of any appetite or passion.

—*Ruskin.*

A King of Pre-Christian Ireland.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

MANY of the kings who ruled in Ireland prior to the coming of Saint Patrick, in the year 432, were renowned for courage and wisdom, and some were famed for both. The monarch Dathi, celebrated in song and story, was killed by a flash of lightning at the foot of the Alps, with his conquering soldiers around him. The poet Davis tells how this Irish King fell:

> Forth from the thundercloud
> Leaps out a foe as proud;
> Sudden the monarch bowed,—
> On rush the vanguard;
> Wildly the King they raise,
> Struck by the lightning's blaze,—
> Ghastly his dying gaze,
> Clutching his standard!

Dathi's predecessor was Niall of the Nine Hostages, from whom Saint Columba was descended. He, too, was accustomed to pay warlike visits to other lands. He carried off immense plunder from Wales, till compelled to retreat through an encounter with the Romans. It was during the period of Niall's sovereignty that the future Apostle of Ireland was taken prisoner, and sold as a slave to Milcho, whose sheep he tended for six years on the bleak slope of the Antrim mountains.

King Niall was assassinated during one of his predatory excursions into Gaul; and it was during the reign of his successor that Saint Patrick returned to Ireland to establish the true Faith.

It would appear that there were Christians in the land long before the date of Patrick's coming. In 431 the reigning Pontiff, Celestine, sent Saint Palladius "to the Scots believing in Christ," to be their first bishop. In all probability the Irish Christians were not few when a bishop was sent them. Palladius, however, was expelled from Ireland, on his landing by some local chief, and died shortly afterward in Scotland.

But earlier far than this, in the first half of the third century, a King named Cormac MacArt reigned in Ireland, and it is asserted by some writers that he was a Christian. At that period there was much commercial intercourse between Ireland and other parts of Europe, and it is quite probable that the King may have learned something of the true Faith. He was much beloved by his people, and his reign is looked upon by historians as the brightest period in the history of pagan Ireland. He established three large colleges in the island, — one for the study of military science, one for the study of history and literature, and the third for jurisprudence. He collected and remodelled the laws; and the code which he published remained, till the Anglo-Norman invasion, in full force among the people.

Under his direction, the "Psalter of Tara" was compiled. These annals contained ample details regarding the laws, as well as the boundaries of provinces and various districts. They also contained the records of passing events, and the names of contemporary foreign rulers. In his last years he wrote a book, "Precepts for Kings," and this is yet in existence.

The story of his marriage to Ethnea, the foster-child of a Leinster farmer, is not uninteresting. The Leinster grazier kept open house for all strangers; and so lavish was his hospitality that it was a common thing for the gentry to come with their families and servants and remain at his house as guests for long periods. When leaving, too, they were free to take with them a drove of cattle or sheep, or whatever else they fancied. Such extravagant hospitality naturally could not last, and at length Brooa Buckee was obliged to leave

his farm, and retire to a small cottage in Meath.

One day Cormac the King became separated from the party with whom he was out hunting; and as he rode through a lonely wood he espied a young girl milking a cow. She had two vessels,—one for the first and poorer milk, one for the richer. These two vessels she carried into a little cottage, whence she came forth with a reaping-hook. With the hook she cut a quantity of rushes, which she divided in two lots,—the softer and greener ones apart from those that were hard and withered. The King kept watch; and when the work of reaping was done, the girl brought out two pails from the cottage to a spring near it. With a ladle she filled one pail from the centre of the spring, and then, with less care, filled the second.

Cormac came forth from his place of concealment to ask the reason for her actions; and the girl explained that she was the foster-child of the Leinster grazier, and that she tried to keep the best of everything for Brooa Buckee, to whom she owed so much. The King was charmed by the maid's wisdom and goodness as well as by her beauty, and he soon after made her his wife.

Cormac's public and private life was happy and prosperous. He lost an eye by accident; and as no king with personal blemish could reign in Ireland, he retired to a cottage on the banks of the Boyne, in the year 266; while his son Carberry, of the Liffey, ascended the throne. It was during the latter part of Cormac's life that he compiled his instructions for kings. He died in or about the year 277. The great warrior and leader of the Fianna of Erin—a sort of militia,—Finn MacCumhail, who is still famed in Ireland, was married to Cormac's daughter. They were the parents of Ossian, the poet.

When Cormac's time came to die, he gave orders that he should not be interred at Brugh-na-Boyne, where the pagan kings of Ireland lay; as he was, it is piously believed, a Christian. Dr. Ferguson tells:

"Crom Cruach and his sub-gods twelve,"
Said Cormac, "are but craven treene;
The axe that made them, haft or helve,
Had worthier of our worship been."

The King goes on to say:

"Spread not the beds of Brugh for me,
When restless deathbed's use is done;
But bury me at Ross-na-ree,
And face me to the rising sun.

"For all the kings who lie in Brugh
Put trust in gods of wood and stone;
And 'twas at Ross that first I knew
One Unseen, who is God alone."

But when Cormac lay dead, his people decided he should be buried among his royal predecessors in the pagan burial ground, despite "his ravings" of the religion that came from the East. They bore the corpse with all the usual funeral pomp to the banks of the Boyne, and the bearers stepped into its waters with their burden; and as they did so the great river rose in "blackening squalls."

And now they slide and now they swim,
And now amid the blackening squall,
Gray locks afloat with clutchings grim,
They plunge around the floating pall.

The raging torrent bore coffin and King far away, to the consternation of Druids and nobles alike. Next day the shepherds of Ross found a coffin lying on the river bank, and they quietly laid the dead monarch to rest in the place he had chosen, there to await the resurrection of mankind.

As there is no true devotion to Christ's sacred Humanity which is not mindful of His Divinity, so there is no adequate love of the Son, which disjoins Him from His Mother, and lays her aside as a mere instrument, whom God chose as He might choose an inanimate thing, without regard to its sanctity or moral fitness.—*Faber.*

Benediction in a Famous Cathedral.

BY NORA RYEMAN.

HOW sombre and majestic looks the grand old cathedral, in the long, grey street of the Gunmakers' Quarter, just facing the Bishop's House! Amidst the restless sea of humanity, it stands like a lighthouse, serene and unmoved, worn by the years, fretted by time, grimed by the smoke of numberless factory chimneys. It is the temple built by Pugin the Elder in honor of St. Chad, the Saxon-Mercian Bishop; it is the mother cathedral of Mid-England, raised soon after the coming of the "Second Spring."

It stands, as did those poems in stone, the great churches of mediæval Europe, amidst the noise and traffic of the street; bidding the men in the market-place remember to lay up treasure in heaven, where neither rust nor moth doth corrupt; bidding the weary and the heavy-laden enter in, find Jesus and rest.

Carts full of metal with which to make the brazen mouths of war go daily rumbling by; street-hawkers, gunmakers, school-children with dog-eared lesson books, soldiers in khaki and scarlet, pass and repass on their way to and from the network of surrounding streets.

It is snowing, although the daffodils have come,—snowing heavily, probably for the last time this season. The lamps shine dimly through the falling flakes; the statue of the Immaculate, over the cathedral door, is wearing a robe of white; on the street falls a solemn quietness. The gates stand open: it is the hour for Benediction.

Let us pass through the doors and enter in. We will kneel close by the Benignant Mother, crowned, with St. Joseph's golden lilies around her; and let the eloquent stones speak to us as they did to Bede.

This mother church has many daughter churches that have gathered round her in the course of years; yet the hearts of all the faithful always turn to the dear old mother in the smoky street. This statue of Our Lady was the first image of the Blessed Mother exposed for public veneration in England since the great Despoiling; and this alone would make it venerable and worthy of singular honor.

Before the shrine kneels a man in a rough suit, whose work-worn hands are fervently clasped together. He bends his head and prays. From the depths of his soul come the words: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for *him;* for he was taken suddenly!" I recognize the petitioner. It is poor Chris, the fish-hawker, whose only son, a soldier, lies sleeping in the desert dust. O man, be of good cheer! The Mother of Jesus is Queen of Purgatory. The boy who sleeps in distant Egypt was devoted to her; she will not forsake him in the shade; the merciful eyes will regard him in the anteroom of heaven.

In the nave stands the black oak pulpit (a gift of the Earl of Shrewsbury), from the Church of St. Gertrude in Louvain; and the antique preaching place finds a voice,—tells of the men who have stood in it: of Wiseman, Newman, Ullathorne; of Dominicans, Franciscans, Benedictines, Jesuits, Passionists; of countless soldiers of Christ who have preached Him crucified.

Some of these same preachers will never again speak from the ebon preaching place. The eloquent voices are silenced; they have crossed the range, climbed the Delectable Mountains. Newman rests at green Rednal; Ullathorne, near the white-robed Sisters of Stone, where his image all cunningly carven, in archiepiscopal attire, meets your eye on the Gospel side of his church.

'He for whom you toiled, O Father, both in and out of season, giveth His beloved sleep!' There was much feeding of the flock of Peter, many journeyings after strayed sheep, much care for hurt lambs; so the shepherd was glad when the good Master-Shepherd carried him safely home. Let us trust that he looks down on us from Nazareth on high; even, it may be, sees his beloved cathedral in the glory of its renovation.

How fresh and bright and beautiful is this temple, which has been quite recently restored! Still, it is only the good old mother in a new dress, which she sadly needed. The well-known images are there. Jesus shows us His Sacred Heart; St. Chad, with his crook, looks down on a twentieth-century flock; the glorious rood screen is still there; so also is the present Bishop, the learned and zealous father in God, whose Silver Jubilee has just been celebrated; for whom the little lambs of his flock offered prayers, even as their elders offered other gifts. And here I should like to add that the exiled religious, driven from France by the Combes persecution, have found a kindly and helpful friend in this good shepherd of the sheep. Peace be with him, as the Arabs say.

If the world may be compared to a vast hospital, surely a Catholic cathedral may be compared to a spiritual sanitarium—a place of healing for the maimed, the halt, the wounded. Down its long aisles Science must walk hand in hand with holy Faith; Reason must fix the eye of the spirit on things unseen; Philosophy sit a disciple at the feet of Christ. In such sanctuaries as this man sees the littleness of the earth and of himself. Things transitory become lilliputian; and things eternal, magnificent.

Rachel weeping for her children does not ask about atoms. The white lips part to cry: "Who will give me back the child I bore and fondled?" Then a Mother who stood by a Crucifix points to the Man on the Cross and replies: "My Son, and I who bore Him, will plead for thy child and thee." Blessed throughout all ages be the Church which bids us to pray for our dead, which unites us to them by the threefold cord of prayer, work, Masses!

The prodigal who has wasted his substance and desires to live a clean and wholesome life, wants no quotations from Haeckel as to the mystery of life, of matter. Rather does he desire to lave in the waters of repentance; to come as a little child to Jesus, Mary, and Joseph; to put off the old man and put on the new.

Facing the altar kneel several Sisters in the white cornettes of St. Vincent de Paul. They live in the long, grey street; and those city sparrows, the street Arabs, as well as slum dwellers, respect and love the good nuns. Happy women, to have found both a sphere of labor and sanctification at one and the same time!

Of yet other things do these old stones speak. They tell of the pilgrims who came on pilgrimage to this mother church of St. Chad: of the poor little Irishwoman who could not afford a tram fare, and so walked miles to attend Benediction here; of the friend of the monks of Charnwood, who did good by stealth, to whom this sanctuary was in truth a sweet and pleasant place, and who one March morning lay asleep with a St. Joseph's lily on his pulseless breast, and a cathedral Father asking pity for him from on High; of the Knight of St. Gregory, the Captain of Industry, who worshiped here, and who, when the great art works were closed, used to visit the widow and fatherless in dim, miserable streets, and, regardless of their belief, relieve their wants with true Christian charity; of the woman who, in dire tribulation, was comforted of God as she knelt before the little crucifix near the door.

Rich is this beautiful House of God in painted windows fairly dight, in rare carving, in statuary and in flowers. But it is also rich in priceless memories, historic ones, which will be the heritage of the Catholics of Christendom in ages still unborn; and in unknown, unwritten ones also, of souls whose stories are known to God only, to whom the House of Chad, in Bath Street, Birmingham, has verily been the Place of Benediction.

Paschal-Time Carols.

WE hear a great deal of Christmas carols, but there is one country of the earth where quite as much attention is paid to singing of these joyous songs at the blessed Eastertide.

In the beautiful, mountainous country of the Tyrol, the true Faith glows still with the devotion of the Middle Ages; and its votaries still keep many beautiful customs with charming simplicity. They are hardy and brave, these Tyrolese mountaineers; and they are devoutly religious. You scarce can pass a mountain shrine, perched high upon the hillside, above it the wild and impenetrable waste of Alps, with snowy glaciers, icebound peaks, without seeing the figure of some pious peasant kneeling there to pray.

All over the green and fertile valleys the *Ave Maria* calls the faithful to morning prayer; as, when the sun's last rays are gilding green valley and snowy mountain-top to rosy red, it rings the Church's good-night to her faithful children.

To these good souls the Easter time is a season of as great rejoicing as is the Yule. If at Christmas Christ was born for the salvation of men, Easter is the season of His Resurrection—"the tangible proof of revelation,"—and they honor it equally.

Over every sunlit valley travel bands of musicians (for which the happy peasants of the Tyrol are especially fitted); and at each door they pause, with guitar and zither accompanying their musical voices in the Easter hymns of the Church. The peasants gather around them and join in the glad chorus of these carols, and the scene is most picturesque.

Very quaint and pretty are the costumes of the people,—the men in short trowsers, velvet coats, huge hats with feathers or wreaths upon them; the women in short skirts of homespun, full white waist, velvet bodices, and spotless aprons.

Eggs, gaily colored and sometimes made of sugar, are distributed by the housewives; and often a glass of the country's simple wine is given to the musicians.

Thus is Easter observed in a Catholic country, where the people consider the presence among them of a policeman, or gendarme, an insult; since crimes are almost unknown in the Tyrol, and all dwell together in amity and good-will. M. F. N. R.

To Find the Date of Easter.

SCIENCE was sufficiently advanced in the sixteenth century for Pope Gregory the Thirteenth to undertake a reform of the Calendar. The Equinox had to be restored to the 21st of March, as the Council of Nicæa had prescribed. The Pope effected this by publishing a Bull, dated February 24, 1581, in which he ordered that ten days of the following year—namely, from the 4th to the 15th of October—should be suppressed. He thus restored the work of Julius Cæsar, who had in his day turned his attention to the rectification of the Year. Easter was the great object of the reform—or, as it is called, the New Style—achieved by Gregory the Thirteenth.

According to this new style, Easter is the Sunday following that 14th day of the Calendar moon which falls upon, or next after, the 21st day of March. This statement, however, does not probably help most people much in determining on just what day of the month Easter, in any given year, is to fall. Astronomers and mathematicians have calculated the dates of the great Christian festival for centuries to come; and some readers will find it interesting to work out for themselves the date of Easter for any year in the present century by applying what is known as Gauss's rule.

To find the date of Easter, then, for any given year from 1900 to 1999: first, let x stand for 24, and y for 5. Secondly, calculate the five numbers a, b, c, d, e, by the following rules, where N stands for the number of the year:

a is the remainder after dividing N by 19.
b is the remainder after dividing N by 4.
c is the remainder after dividing N by 7.
d is the remainder after dividing $19a+x$ by 30.
e is the remainder after dividing $2b+4c+6d+y$ by 7.

Thirdly, $d+e+22$ will be the day of March, or $d+e-9$ the day of April, on which Easter falls; except that when this rule gives April 26, the true day is April 19; and when the rule gives April 25, if $d=28$ and a is greater than 10, then the true date is April 18.

For example, in this present year N is 1905. Dividing 1905 by 19, the remainder is 5, or a. Dividing it by 4, the remainder is 1, or b. Dividing it by 7, the remainder is 1, or c. Then d is equal to the remainder after dividing 19 times 5, or 95, plus x, or 24,—that is, 119, by 30; or d equals 29. So, too, e equals the remainder after dividing twice 1, plus four times 1, plus six times 29, plus 5, or 185, by 7; that is, e equals 3. Applying the third section of the rule, $d+e-9$, or $29+3-9$ gives 23, the day of April on which this year Easter falls.

Notes and Remarks.

The honors paid to a statue of Venus, attributed to Praxiteles, in the New York Art Museum, would seem to indicate a recrudescence of paganism. Visitors who probably regard Catholics as idolaters and frown upon devotion to the Blessed Virgin see nothing out of the way in placing flowers at the feet of the goddess of unholy love. Doubtless the beauty of the statue appeals to artists, but the generality of people can have no real appreciation of it. To assert that it is an educational influence for young people is worse than nonsense. True education, according to Ruskin, must inspire the love of purity. "The entire object of true education," he says, "is to make people not merely *do* the right things, but enjoy the right things; not merely industrious, but to love industry; not merely learned, but to love knowledge; not merely pure, but to love purity; not merely just, but to hunger and thirst after justice."

Eastertide is a period of joy,—a season when the consistent Christian not only experiences in his own person the gladness consequent upon the triumph of his Risen Saviour, but seeks to communicate a like blitheness of spirit to friends and acquaintances. Scarcely less than the Christmas season is it a time for peace and good-will, and for the various little offices or practices which are the outward expression of these sentiments. Easter gifts have never, probably, been so common as Christmas boxes; but the custom of making them has been, throughout the centuries of the Christian era, by no means unusual, nor should it be allowed to die out.

A specific gift within the reach of almost everybody in these days, and one very likely to cause the recipient

far more pleasure than it costs the donor trouble, is a friendly letter. The possibilities of kindness involved in the practice of letter-writing are all too generally ignored. Who has not, at least occasionally, discovered that a few bright, chatty pages from a distant friend is a more effective remedy for drooping spirits, sickness of heart, or weariness of brain than all the formulas in the physician's prescription book? Who has not sometimes been spurred to renewed energy, confirmed in good and noble purposes, or stimulated to the performance of arduous duty, by two or three dozen lines of intelligent approval from a sympathetic well-wisher? Genial letters are fruitful sources of comfort and consolation and encouragement; of lively satisfaction, sensible pleasure, and ofttimes of genuine delight to those who receive them: and the present is an appropriate season for sending such epistles to absent relatives and friends.

The address on "The Indian Problem" recently delivered in Brooklyn by the Hon. Charles J. Bonaparte, and reprinted in the current *Messenger*, will well repay careful reading. It is an admirably succinct and forceful presentation of a question that ought to interest every self-respecting American citizen. With exceptional facilities for forming his judgment upon the merits of the case, Mr. Bonaparte does not hesitate to condemn the treatment to which the Red Men have been subjected in this country, nor does he hesitate to justify the past and present action of the Church in dealing with the Indians. On this point, we quote a paragraph that should cause some super-emotional non-Catholic publicists to sit up and think:

> The labors of her hierarchy and clergy, of her Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions; of her Marquette League, worthily represented here this evening; of the many zealous laymen who have given so freely of their time and thought and money for the Indian's welfare; yet more, the pious liberality of Mother Katherine and the self-sacrifice of all those Catholic missionaries of both sexes who have taught and healed and cared for the Indians,—all these things may have been seen by some with "jealous eye malign"; but no one will say—or say, at least, with any honest belief in the truth of what he says—that she has ever sought to deprive her rivals of a "square deal," or ever sacrificed the enlightenment and happiness of the Indian to sectarian prejudice and envy.

The comparative unconcern of eminent Catholics with regard to those scientific achievements which apparently threaten the stability of this or that dogma of the Church is often a mystery to those outside the Fold, and possibly, at times, to a timorous few even among ourselves. The viewpoint of the educated Catholic as to such matters may be gathered from this extract from Newman's famous lecture on "Christianity and Scientific Investigation":

> He who believes Revelation with that absolute faith which is the prerogative of a Catholic, is not the nervous creature who startles at every sudden sound, and is fluttered by every strange and novel appearance which meets his eyes. He has no sort of apprehension—he laughs at the idea—that anything can be discovered by any other scientific method which can contradict any one of the dogmas of his religion. . . . He is sure, and nothing shall make him doubt, that, if anything seems to be proved by astronomer or geologist or chronologist or antiquarian or ethnologist, in contradiction to the dogmas of faith, that point will eventually turn out, first, *not* to be proved; or, secondly, not *contradictory;* or, thirdly, not contradictory to anything *really revealed*, but to something which has been confused with revelation. And if, at the moment, it appears to be contradictory, then he is content to wait, knowing that error is like other delinquents: give it rope enough, and it will be found to have a strong suicidal propensity.

These are sad days for the London (England) *Daily News*, and for the English Nonconformists, of whom it is the accredited organ. When Combes began his nefarious work of expelling the Congregations from France, the

London journal commented on his action with smug complacency. Now, however, it is worrying over the results—or one of the results—of that very expulsion. Too many of the expatriated French religious have found a home and a welcome in God-fearing Protestant England! "In 1800," says the *News*, "there were only twenty-one convents in England. In 1902 there were ninety distinct Congregations of women; and now the list, 'swollen by the French invasion,' shows that the number of convents is over six hundred. At the lowest estimate, there are probably as many as ten thousand nuns in England. In addition to this there are no less than three hundred and three monastic establishments for men!"

Disinterested observers of this phenomenon will scarcely view it as the dire disaster which the *News* evidently considers it. We venture the prediction that when, within the next quarter of a century, a French government truly representative of the people invites the exiled religious to return to their native land and take up again their oldtime works of charity and beneficence, sensible Englishmen will deplore their departure from British soil as sincerely as the Nonconformist organ now bewails their entrance upon it. The *News* needs to be told, in the words of an English Protestant poet:

> The clouds you so much dread
> Are big with mercy, and will break
> In blessings on your head.

Now we have the Seattle idea, and it isn't a bad one. Judge Carroll, of that flourishing Western city, has filed with its comptroller a proposition for an exclusive license, calling for the control of the retail liquor traffic by a syndicate, under municipal direction. It is said that the legal phases of the matter present no difficulties, and that leading lawyers and business men regard the proposition as eminently practical. Judge Carroll is reported to have said, after an interview with the mayor of Seattle: "My whole desire is to eliminate, as far as possible, the criminal and evil elements of the saloon business. Unheard of? No, sir. In Holland, in Switzerland, and in New Zealand, the municipalities farm out to the highest responsible bidder the retail liquor privileges. If the city gives this franchise to myself and associates, I will guarantee within ten years to build a city hall, a city hospital, and to pay $5,000,000 in cash into the city treasury at the end of that time."

There will be time enough between now and next July to discuss the proposal in all its bearings. Should it be favorably entertained by the city council of Seattle, the idea can hardly fail of general adoption.

We have often remarked that if the faithful of civilized countries could be made to realize the needs of foreign missions, and to understand what brave lives many of the missionaries lead, there would be no lack of funds for the support of the work of the Propagation of the Faith. The wonders accomplished by priests and Sisters are the astonishment of travellers; praise of their self-sacrifice is heard on all sides; but of the details of their work and of the circumstances of their lives Catholics in general seem to know next to nothing. The patience of our foreign missionaries with the seeming indifference of the faithful in favored lands is something remarkable in itself. Complaints are never heard, though appeals for help are frequent and urgent. Many missions in remote places are entirely dependent upon alms from Europe and America.

A letter received last week from a bishop in West Africa makes mention, quite incidentally, of a danger to which our missionaries are exposed in many parts of the world,—a peril little

thought of by us and as little dreaded by them. "A leopard is still prowling around the house. Last night he secured one of our dogs in the boys' kitchen. Some months ago another leopard—perhaps it was the same one—took a ram, which a chief had given me, from the very door of the hut where a Father and myself where sleeping." The bishop concludes his letter, as so many other missionaries have been doing of late, with an appeal to American Catholics: "May the good God increase the number of our helpers, all the more necessary now that poor France is unable to do much for us!"

"Were we at liberty," says a foreign exchange, "to publish the inside information which we possess concerning this subject [a point in dispute with a contemporary], our readers would at once understand the strength of the position which we have taken." We are not concerned with the particular matter in controversy between the foreign editors, but we quote the foregoing as a specimen of a very common and utterly worthless style of argument employed by editors, legislators, public speakers, and private disputants. There is a legal maxim, the quoting of which is a sufficient answer to any statement of the kind cited above: *De non apparentibus, et de non existentibus, eadem est ratio,*—"What is not forthcoming must be treated as if it did not exist." The "inside information" alleged to be possessed by the exchange from which we have quoted avails nothing as an argument, unless it be produced. And so of the supposititious court decisions referred to by the lawyer who is being worsted in a legal encounter; or the "certain decrees," altogether indefinite, of the Sacred Congregation, appealed to by one who is cornered in a discussion about ceremonies or rubrics,—if not producible, they are, for all argumentative purposes, nonexistent; are just as inconclusive as the "If you only knew what I do!" of the small boy who affects mystery to impress his companions with a sense of his superiority.

The reiteration of calumnies against the Church in connection with the Penitentes of New Mexico induced the Rev. Father Hainault, of the diocese of Syracuse, to investigate the history of those strange fanatics, of whom travellers, and especially sectarian preachers, tell such wondrous tales—the annual crucifixion of a Penitent on Good Friday, etc. The following information was furnished by the superior of the Jesuit mission at Las Vegas, New Mexico:

> It is unhappily true that there exists in our midst a class of fanatics calling themselves Penitents, and practising, especially during Holy Week, such acts as are described in the clipping you have sent me, except the hanging of one of them on a cross and leaving him to die. The Church has done all in her power to suppress them. Archbishop Salpointe went even so far as to excommunicate some of their lodges, or *moradas*, but to no purpose. They are stubborn, and would sooner leave the Church than the brotherhood. And no wonder, since they are abetted in their resistance to ecclesiastical authority by crafty politicians, who need their votes on election days, and so exert themselves to keep them together by every possible way. But the Penitents are no more the people of New Mexico than the lynchers of some Southern States are the people of Kentucky, Tennessee or Texas. They form a despicable minority, a mere fraction of the population.

The Penitentes are sometimes referred to by ignorant non-Catholic writers as "a religious Order of the Roman Catholic Church existing in Mexico and elsewhere." It will be seen that the sect is Catholic in the sense that Christian Scientists are scientific.

The New York *Sun* reproduces from the *Gaulois* the following dispatch from one of its representatives, who says

that he had the honor of being received by Queen Alexandra, of England, on board the royal yacht at Marseilles, on the 6th inst. Her Majesty declined to touch upon political matters, but spoke freely on social questions, saying:

Queens must do all in their power to prepare their children for the exalted positions which they will be called upon to occupy. It should be their task, however difficult it may seem, to comfort the afflicted and unhappy. That is the best and sweetest part they can play; and for myself I have no wish to play any other.

In the troublous times in which we are living it is impossible not to be affected by the dissatisfaction of the masses, which is in many ways natural enough. Believe me, if the social problem ever can be solved, it will be by reason of the goodness of women—by mutual love and a common reverence for the right, for justice and charity. Your talk, as men, is of war; but we women speak always of peace,—peace in every nation, peace between all nations.

I was educated in the school of a king who was before all things just; and I have tried, like him, always to preach love and charity. I have always mistrusted warlike preparations, of which nations seem never to tire. Some day this accumulated material of soldiers and guns will burst into flames in a frightful war, that will throw humanity into mourning on earth and grieve our universal Father in heaven.

Writing from the Marquesas Islands, a group in the South Pacific that was made a French protectorate in 1842, Father Delmas says: "I have been asked a hundred times about the price of horses in our islands. Well, here is the answer. When I went to France I confided my mission to a young Father recently arrived in the islands, and left him three horses. One of them was pretty mettlesome; the second, ordinary; and the third, a very good one, for which I had paid ten dollars. After a number of falls, and not a few incidental bruises, my substitute had no further use for the fiery steed; he didn't like the second one; and so he gave the third (the good one) considerable travelling to do,—so much, in fact, that the animal dropped him on the road one fine day and made off. Then the Father sent for the chief, and, showing him two packages of tea, said: 'You see? Two packages of tea for you,—*but* you must find me a good horse.' The chief proceeded to the chase. Tea is a luxury in the Marquesas. That very night a splendid horse was brought to the missionary. So there you are: the price of a horse in the islands is anywhere between ten dollars and two pounds of tea."

Wild horses are quite numerous in the archipelago. Any one who wishes to do so, may take one. A good beast that has been tamed, however, becomes the property of the tamer, and sells at from four to twelve dollars. Let it be said, incidentally, that the introduction of horses upon the Marquesas was the work of Bishop Dordillon.

The late Padre Bertelli was no less distinguished for sacerdotal virtues than for scientific attainments. A writer in the *Rassegna Nazionale* quoted by the London *Tablet* describes the zeal and charity with which he devoted himself to the duties of his religious vocation, with which his secular studies were never allowed to interfere. Gentleness and charity in speech were among his most marked characteristics; and even the acrimony of scientific polemics never drew from him a harsh or biting word. The death of this eminent priest is mourned by all classes in Italy.

The true inwardness of undenominationalism in education is shown by a remark of the late Dr. Moberly of Oxford, a collection of whose stray papers on theological subjects lately appeared in England. He warns the State that undenominationalism is as much a sect as any of the others, and that it "can not without frantic unwisdom invent a new denomination of its own, under whatever specious title, and identify itself with that."

Easter Flowers.

BY S. M. R.

THROUGHOUT all Passiontide the earth
Was as a silent tomb,
But at the Resurrection thrill
With flowers 'twas abloom.

And when Christ went to Galilee
That first great Easter Day,
A thousand flowers sprang to deck
The Risen Saviour's way.

Around His transpierced feet there bloomed
White lilies, dazzling fair,
With crimson roses as a sign
Of wounds that still were there.

Oh, may my heart send forth to-day
Sweet flowers, white and red,
To honor Him, our King, who rose
Triumphant from the dead!

Little Agatha.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

I.

LITTLE by little the last traces of winter had disappeared. Spring had come once again to cheer the earth, and melt with its warm breath the ice and snow which had lain so long on the summit of the mountain. Balmy breezes were stirring among the pines which clothed its rugged sides, and sheltered a lonely farm-house which stood on the verge of the forest, surrounded by meadows. A Sabbath stillness rested upon the face of Nature; not a single wanderer trod the steep footpath which led down the mountain to a village that spread itself in the valley below. No living creature appeared to be stirring in the farm or the surrounding fields.

Yet in front of the house a solitary figure might be perceived—that of its owner, Hoffmann by name,—who was seated on a bench in the sun, puffing away at his pipe. He was a hard-featured, sinister-looking, surly old man. In the course of years his heart had become as unimpressionable as his weather-beaten features. The Easter bells were ringing a joyous peal from the tower of the village church; their sound reached his ears, but awoke no echo within his breast. Stories by no means to his credit were current in the village. It was said that he had acquired the farm-house and adjacent lands unjustly: having, at his father's death, defrauded his brothers of their share in the patrimony, in consequence of which they had left the country, angry and discontented.

What men wrongly obtain
Will prove no true gain,

was a proverb frequently to be heard on the lips of the villagers. And they regarded it as a judgment from Heaven when, a little later, Hoffmann's stables and outbuildings were burned to the ground, together with the hayricks and wheat-stacks belonging to him. At a subsequent period the cattle disease broke out among his cows, and he lost one after another. Finally, his only son left home, nothing ever being heard of him, so that it was generally supposed he had come to an untimely end in some distant country.

Misfortune had not improved the old man. On the contrary, as the years went by he became more passionate, cynical, and bitter. In his youth he had been too fond of spirituous liquor; in his old age he became a confirmed

drunkard. In former years he had read a great deal,—far more, in fact, than he could understand. He had imbibed antichristian ideas, and had finally become a freethinker, scoffing at priests and entirely giving up his religious duties. Since the day when his youngest child was baptized he had never entered the village church. Thus he lived on, shunned by the simple inhabitants of the village, avoided by his neighbors, alone in the solitary farm-house with his wife and little daughter.

This child, whose name was Agatha, was the only source of happiness yet remaining to him,—a ray of sunshine in the gloomy house. As if Nature wished to place the most striking contrasts side by side, the beautiful, graceful little girl, with her bright blue eyes and golden locks, was the very opposite of her swarthy-complexioned, heavy-featured father. She was as universally beloved as he was detested; no one ever said an unkind word to the sweet child.

Agatha witnessed the almost daily ill-usage her mother had to endure at her father's hands; and a bitter drop was thus early infused into her cup of life, which served to check all the merriment natural to her. She was on this account all the more beloved by those who were acquainted with the source of her sorrow. Her mother was a truly good and pious woman, and a model wife and mother. She bore with patient resignation the unkindness of her husband, no word of complaint ever being permitted to escape her lips.

One morning, as the venerable priest of the village was returning from a walk in the forest, he saw little Agatha kneeling before one of those wayside shrines which are frequently met with in Switzerland and the mountainous districts of Germany. When the good priest asked the child what she was doing, she colored, and, casting down her eyes timidly, replied:

"I am praying for father, that he may leave off beating mother, and go to church again, and go to heaven when he dies."

The clergyman was deeply touched by Agatha's simple faith.

"God will surely hear your prayer, my dear child," he rejoined; and, after giving her a picture of Our Lady of Dolors which he took out of his Breviary, he went on his way with a heavy heart.

Little did he think how soon his words would be proved true.

II.

Some months later Hoffmann set out one evening on his return home. He had been attending the autumn fair, which was held in the village annually, and had drunk more than was his wont. His wife and little daughter walked to meet him as far as the bridge which spanned the mountain stream. They feared lest some misfortune might happen to him, as they knew only too well that he would not be sober.

But their thoughtful kindness had an opposite effect to that which might have been expected. Excited by the liberal potations he had imbibed, he overwhelmed his wife with abuse; and when at length he raised his heavy, gnarled stick in order to strike the poor woman a violent blow, Agatha wrung her hands in despair, imploring mercy, and threw herself between her inhuman father and her long-suffering mother. She received the blow intended for the latter; and, stunned by its force, she rolled down the steep bank toward the stream which flowed swiftly into the valley below.

"O my God, she will be drowned! You have killed her!" shrieked the horrified mother, hastening as fast as her trembling limbs would bear her to the rescue of her darling.

The sight of the mischief he had wrought suddenly sobered her wretched husband. He rushed after his wife, but

was only just in time to rescue the child, who was already half in the water. The fall had broken her ankle-bone; the gash which the blow from the heavy stick had inflicted on her head was deep and wide; blood streamed from the wound, while her moans and sobs were pitiful to hear.

Filled with shame, Hoffmann climbed the bank, carrying in his arms the victim of his cruelty. His wife followed, weeping bitterly.

The farm-house was soon reached, and Agatha was put to bed. The poor child was destined never again to leave that couch of pain. In the first place, the fractured bone was slow in healing, as was also the cut in her forehead; for the village doctor was no skilful surgeon. Later on serious internal injuries were discovered; and the result was that the sufferer fell into a decline, and it became evident that the sweet mountain flower was gradually fading away.

Winter had passed, and spring had come once more to cheer the earth. Easter bells were ringing a joyous peal; and when the sound reached the sick-room, the patient little invalid seemed to revive, like a candle which flickers brightly for a moment before it goes out forever.

"Mother," she said, "it is only a week to Low Sunday. It makes me so happy to think of it."

"It is a pity that you can not make your First Communion with the other children. You will have to wait until next year, darling," answered her mother.

"I shall not be here in a year's time," Agatha said gently. "I have asked Our Lord to take me away to heaven, and to make father leave off drinking. I think my prayer will be heard, and I wish to make my First Communion before I die."

The mother's eyes filled with tears.

"You must not, shall not die, my sweet one!" she exclaimed in a broken voice. "Are you not happy here with your mother?"

"Oh, yes! But I would rather go to heaven. And when I stand before the throne of God, I shall be able to pray better for father. Father Verres, who has come up here every day to instruct me, says that I know all that is necessary; and he has promised to bring our dear Lord to me on Low Sunday. It is Easterday now, is it not, dear mother? How glad I am to think I have only a week longer to wait! When I have received Our Lord I shall be willing and glad to die."

Thus the sick child went on talking half to herself, while the grief-stricken mother sat by the open window, telling her beads, and wiping away the silent tears which stole down her cheeks as she gazed at the village churchyard in the valley below, where she knew that another grave would have to be opened only too soon.

(Conclusion next week.)

The Queen of Carmel's Loving Hand.

BY A. C.

Attached to the Catholic college in the town of Beirut, a seaport of Syria, is a printing press, which constitutes a most important factor in the propagation of the Faith in the East, since from it numerous books and periodicals in different Oriental languages are issued. The career of Brother Elias, for many years the intelligent and energetic manager of that printing establishment, who recently passed to his reward, is one of no slight interest. Although the son of Mohammedan parents, brought up in the creed of Islam, taught as a child to pray to Allah and reverence the Prophet, he may yet be called a chosen and favored child of Mary.

He was born on the Feast of the

Assumption, in the year 1840,—his birthplace being a small town on the coast of Palestine, at the foot of Mount Carmel. His father was an honest and industrious man, in the employ of the monks of the Monastery of Mount Carmel. His mother, although a strict Mohammedan, had, strange to say, a certain devotion to our Blessed Lady, and might frequently be seen, with her little son in her arms, gazing reverently at the miraculous image in the church. The child received the name of Elias, in memory of the great prophet whose wondrous life and still more wondrous departure out of this world, will ever be handed down to posterity in connection with Mount Carmel and its vicinity.

When old enough, the boy also was taken into the service of the monastery. He showed such skill in various employments that the monks declared no better workman could be found anywhere. He, like his good mother, cherished a devotion to Our Lady of Mount Carmel; and on her feasts he was always present in the church, to which pilgrimages were frequently made by those who would entreat some favor, either spiritual or temporal.

One day, as Elias happened to pass before the altar on which the image of Our Lady stands, he seemed to hear her call him and bid him come to her. This could have been no freak of fancy; for he felt himself drawn so irresistibly to the Mother of Mercy, and the Divine Child in her arms, that he fell on his knees before her shrine and fervently implored to be enlightened, that he might find the way of truth.

About that time an Italian painter was employed to decorate the church, and Elias was appointed to wait upon and assist him. Eager as he was to learn, and quick at acquiring knowledge, he soon mastered the secrets of the decorative art, and learned to manipulate the brush; and when the painter was unexpectedly obliged to leave without completing his task, his youthful apprentice finished it, to the entire satisfaction of the monks.

One day, when he was at work on a high scaffolding, some persons entered the church; and, turning to see who they were, he lost his footing and was precipitated onto the floor below. To the astonishment of the horror-stricken spectators of his fall, he instantly rose up, not having sustained the slightest injury. He said afterward that at the moment there appeared to him a venerable old man who held him in his protecting arms. It was doubtless no other than the Prophet Elias, his patron, the Saint of Carmel.

In 1856 an ex-army surgeon who had served in the campaigns of Napoleon I. came on a visit to the Carmelite Monastery. Elias had to wait on him. He was so pleased with the intelligent, amiable young man that he asked him to go with him to Beirut. Elias accepted the offer, both for himself and his brother Joseph. In Beirut they were instructed in the Christian Faith and received baptism. In consequence of this step, they incurred the hatred of their former coreligionists, who, regarding them as renegades, subjected them to a cruel persecution, to escape which they fled from one town to another until they reached Gaza, where the Jesuit Fathers afforded them shelter. After a time the two brothers felt called to enter the Society of Jesus, and were sent to the novitiate at Avignon. Later, Brother Elias returned to Syria, where, in the capacity of builder, he rendered good service to the monks.

But it was not until after the college at Beirut had been founded and Father Monnot, S. J., had formed the design of placing the printing press attached to it on a par with those of Europe, that Brother Elias' talents came into full play, and he found the position he was destined to fill. He was the right hand of the enterprising missionary in

carrying out his project, and bringing the object of it to a high degree of excellence and efficiency.

In 1873 Brother Elias was, by his own request, sent to Paris in order to perfect his knowledge of the art by taking a place in the National Printing Office. Dressed in his religious habit and wearing the Oriental turban, he presented himself to the director; and, after explaining to him the object of his coming, asked to be taken amongst the number of the workmen without payment for his services. The director was much pleased with the zealous lay-brother and willingly acceded to his request. Those who visited the office were surprised to see amongst the workmen one whose turban, as well as his features, proclaimed his Eastern birth. He soon gained the good-will of all with whom he was associated, and speedily acquired the knowledge he desired. On hearing of a new departure in the way of printing made in England, he repaired to London, and obtained an introduction to the particular firm, in virtue of which he was taken on to the staff of printers, and thus learned all about the improved method.

Such good use did Brother Elias make of his opportunities that at the end of a year spent in Europe he could return to Beirut and undertake the management of the Oriental University Press. For the space of thirty years he devoted his talents and faculties to this work, and it is owing to his untiring exertions that the Beirut printing press is without an equal in the East. The principal publication to which Brother Elias applied his best powers, on the production of which he set his heart, was a magnificent edition of the Holy Scriptures in Arabic, the type of which was universally acknowledged to surpass any ever seen in that language. He trained a large staff of able workmen, capable of carrying on the work after his death.

From this brief sketch of Brother Elias' life it will be seen how one born and brought up in the creed of Islam was led out of the darkness and rigidity of Mohammedanism into the kingdom of grace, the light and liberty of the Church of Christ, by the loving hand of Mary, who graciously accepted and richly rewarded the humble and sincere veneration of a poor Mohammedan woman of Kaifa.

Queen of Carmel, pray for us!

Biddenden Cakes.

In the old parish of Biddenden, in England, there is a very curious custom observed every Easter Sunday. It is a custom which has come down from an earlier century.

At the afternoon service in the cathedral, cakes are distributed to all persons attending the service; and a loaf of three and a half pounds, with a pound and a half of cheese, is given to each parishioner present.

The source of this charity is the income from twenty acres of land, called the "Bread and Cheese Land," left by the owners for this purpose. Upon the cakes are the figures of two women; and the people believe that the originals of the figures were twin sisters who lived together, unmarried, until their death, and left their property in this quaint charity.

The Easter Sun.

That the sun dances on Easter Sunday morning in honor of Our Lord's Resurrection, was once the firm conviction of young people in many parts of the world. To get up early on Easter morning "to see the sun dance," was as important an annual function as to arise betimes on Christmas morning to find out what Santa Claus had put in the household stockings.

With Authors and Publishers.

—The Priests' Total Abstinence League of America has published, in pamphlet form, *Apologia pro Foedere Abstinentiæ*, contributed to the *American Ecclesiastical Review* (March, 1904), by the Rev. Edward McSweeny, D. D.

—The best critic of children's stories is the average child. Every tale in "The Wagner Story Book" was read to many children before it was printed; and one of the tales, it is said, was entirely rewritten to satisfy the correction of a critic of eight.

—Mary Arden, Shakespeare's mother; Joan, his sister; Anne Hathaway, his wife; Susannah and Judith, his daughters; and Elizabeth Hall, his granddaughter, are the personages discussed in "The Women of Shakespeare's Family," a new book, written by Mrs. Mary Rose, and published by Mr. John Lane.

—So far the Empress Eugenie, whose life has certainly been well supplied with romantic interest, has escaped filling the office of lay figure for the enterprising novelist. Her time, however, has come. She is the central figure in "The Flower of Destiny," a romance, by William Dana Orcutt, just published by Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co.

—"The Biographical Edition" of Robert Louis Stevenson's works takes its name from the fact that to each volume is prefixed an account, by Mrs. Stevenson, of the circumstances under which her husband wrote the book, with incidental details and anecdotes that can not but prove interesting to the large circle of Stevenson's admirers.

—Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co., of Chicago, have just brought out, in two handsome volumes, a work that will appeal particularly to the cultured and artistic classes. It is "Theodore Thomas: A Musical Autobiography." The appropriateness of the epithet "musical" in the title is seen particularly in the second volume, made up almost entirely of programs, and a series of short essays by Mr. Thomas on program-making, encores, and cognate subjects.

—A substantial booklet of 180 pages, in stiff paper cover, and bearing the title "A Calendar of Scottish Saints," comes to us from the Abbey Press, Fort Augustus, Scotland. The author, Dom Michael Barrett, O. S. B., states in the preface that "Scottish," in the title, refers not so much to the nationality of those mentioned as to the field in which they labored or the localities in which traces of their cultus are to be found. As a result, a goodly number of these Scotch saints turn out to be Irish. The Calendar, which appeared originally in the columns of the London *Catholic Times*, is an excellent little work, many of the brief sketches being of absorbing interest.

—We have received "Irish Songs and Recitations," compiled by John Regan. The booklet would please us better if some of the selections which it contains had been omitted. Geo. W. Gibbons & Sons, publishers.

—The *Athenæum* announces that a central library for the blind has been opened at Hamburg. The volumes will be placed at the disposal of the blind in all parts of Germany, and no fee is to be charged. The library contains books on all subjects—devotional works, general literature, science, history, etc.—and includes works in English, Greek, Latin, French, etc.

—The late Jules Verne set an example for literary aspirants which ought not to be lost. His painstaking was as remarkable as his industry. He published over a hundred volumes, none of which went out of his hands until after they had been revised and recast several times. One of his best and most popular stories was written as many as six times before he was satisfied with it.

—The Swahilis of East Africa, though only half civilized, are able, it would seem, to cope with the intricacies of the German language. In his recently published work on "The East Africa Protectorate," Sir Charles Eliot relates that some spot in the interior was christened Wilhelmshöhe, and a discourse made to the assembled natives on the august significance of the imperial name. When subsequently asked if they could remember what the place was called, they promptly replied: "Yes: Whisky-soda."

—"Night Thoughts for the Sick and Desolate" met with such favor that the Catholic Truth Society, London, has issued a second series. These thoughts should indeed prove a help to souls that feel the burden of life pressing sorely upon them. From the same Society we have received a little book of devotional conferences, entitled "Another Handful of Myrrh," full of comfort and incentive; also two of Father Procter's helpful booklets—"The Perpetual Rosary" and "The Living Rosary."

—The Catholic Music Publishing Co., Boston, is to be commended for the high class of its publications. On its new list of sacred music are Masses, arranged for four voices, by Brosig, Kretschmer, Schweitzer and Maes, all conforming

LIBRARY

to the spirit of the Church as regards the avoidance of the florid, the ornate. Fischer & Brothers, also music publishers, call attention to Biedermann's *Missa in Honorem B. M. Virginis*, for unison chorus. They have published, too, "The Magic Ring," an operetta for young folk; words in German and in English.

—The "Standard Series" of text-books bears the imprint of Ginn & Co. In a late number of this series, which is attractively bound, we have "Selected Essays of Charles Lamb"; and in editing it, the student's share of research work has not been taken from him by over-connotation. For younger scholars the same publishers have issued number three of Nature Readers, including useful lore of earth and sky. Fifth in the "Wood Folk Series" (same publishers) is "Little Brother of the Bear," and other animal studies, by W. J. Long. Text and illustration are of the best.

—In a general introduction to the "Gateway Series" of classics, Mr. Henry Van Dyke expressed the hope that the work of the editors would be marked by simplicity, thoroughness, shortness and clearness. The hope seems to be realized in the two latest additions to the series—Macaulay's Essay on Addison and Burke's Speech on Conciliation. The American Book Co. also publish a new series of Rolfe's well-known Shakespeare for school use, "Romeo and Juliet" being fifth on the list thus far issued. From the same firm comes Carter's "Nature Study with Common Things," which is one of the best books of its kind we have seen.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Apologetica: Elementary Apologetics for Pulpit and Pew." Rev. P. A. Halpin. 85 cts.

"Religion and Art, and Other Essays." Rev. J. L. Spalding. $1.

"Views of Dante." E. L. Rivard, C. S. V. $1.25.

"Julia." Katharine Tynan. $1.50.

"Studies in Religion and Literature." William Samuel Lilly. $3.25.

"St. Peter Fourier." L. Pingaud. $1, net.

"A Manual of Mystical Theology. Rev. Arthur Devine, C. P. $2.50, net.

"California and Its Missions." Two volumes. Bryan J. Clinch. $5, net.

"Religion and the Higher Life." William Rainey Harper. $1.10.

"The Strategy of Great Railroads." Frank H. Spearman. $1.50, net.

"A Spoiled Priest and Other Stories." Rev. P. A. Sheehan, D. D. $1.25, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Austin Bohn, of the diocese of Boise; Very Rev. Edward Canon Watson, diocese of Portsmouth; Rev. Anthony Baumstark, archdiocese of Cincinnati; Rev. H. F. Kinnerny, diocese of Providence; Rev. P. D. Stone, diocese of Springfield; Rev. P. F. McNulty, diocese of Harrisburg; Rev. William Sumner and Rev. Leopold Van Gorp, S. J.

Sister John Joseph and Sister Martini, of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mr. S. A. Aurentz, of Fort Wayne, Ind.; Mr. Leo Green, Stone City, Iowa; Miss Katherine McDonough, Schenectady, N.Y.; Mr. John Conklin, New Haven, Conn.; Col. Henry Schlick, Rochester, N. Y.; Mr. William Lamson and Mrs. Anna Hendricks, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. W. J. Ahern, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. Thomas Moran, Sistersville, W. Va.; Mr. Charles Mittenbuhler, Plymouth, Ohio; Mrs. Louise Breautigam, Asbury Park, N. J.; Mr. George Raab, Toledo, Ohio; Mrs. Bridget Carlin, Parkersburg, W. Va.; Mr. James Gorman, St. Joseph, Mo.; Mr. Henry Bederman, Canton, Ohio; Mrs. James Geary, Helmville, Mont.; Miss Mary Munce, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. William Schwarz, St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. Nicholas Meyer, Belleville, Ill.; Mrs. Mary Dyer and Mr. W. J. McDermott, S. Boston, Mass.; also Miss T. C. Crofton, New London, Conn.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the leper priest of Mandalay:

Mrs. M. B., $2; Friend, Baltimore, $1; Client of St. Joseph, $5; B. and M. G., $1; South Orange, $10; K. M., $20; E. S. D., $1; A. E. O'K., $10; T. A. R., $6.

For three poor missionaries:

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THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LX. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 29, 1905. NO. 17.

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The Soul's Easter.

MY soul was dead in sin, and knew
The horror of the grave;
My friends with eyes unseeing passed,
Nor stretched a hand to save.
But through the universal chill
There fell one sunlit ray:
'Twas hope, and 'neath its kindling warmth
I dared once more to pray.

I felt the Blood of Christ pour forth
As on dark Calvary's day;
The darkness denser grew, and, lo!
The stone was rolled away.
'Twas Easter Day o'er all the world,
For Christ the Lord was risen,—
'Twas Easter, for my shriven soul
Through Christ had fled its prison.

* * *

Our Lady's Abbey of Glastonbury.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

NINETEEN hundred years have passed away since, in the centre of what is now called Somersetshire, the standard of the Gospel was first planted in the island of Britain. The Celtic people, then denizens of its vast forests, were wrapped in heathen darkness; their only form of religion, the blood-stained worship taught by the Druids, whose god would appear to have been identical with Baal, the sun-god. It was amongst this ignorant and superstitious race that devout men, successors of the first followers of Him who had so recently died upon the Cross outside the walls of far-off Jerusalem, came, at the risk of their lives, to tell the wonderful story of the Incarnation, and to teach the religion of that One True God, Maker of heaven and earth, whose only Son endured pain and suffering and poverty, and died the most cruel and ignominious of deaths, in order that mankind might not perish, but have eternal life.

There are traditions of even earlier preachings in Britain; and it is possible that when, after the descent of the Holy Ghost, the Apostles went forth to fulfil their Divine Master's command and teach all nations, some of them may have reached this island. Indeed, Simeon Metaphrastes relates, in his "Comment. de Petro et Paulo," that the former Apostle preached in Britain A. D. 37; whilst St. Paul and St. Simon Zelotes are said to have visited it as missionaries. But upon these traditions, obscured now by the long lapse of ages, it is needless to dwell here; neither is it necessary to refer—save in passing—to the controversy concerning the introduction of Christianity into England by St. Joseph of Arimathea, who is believed by some authorities to have landed, with a few companions, in Somersetshire, near Bridgewater Bay, and journeyed to the court of Aviragus, the heathen king or prince of that district.

"The Bollandists and Tillemont," we are told, "have proved that St. Joseph of Arimathea was never at Glastonbury"; but, be this as it may,

there remains the fact, sufficiently demonstrated by primitive traditions and by existing charters, that "at Glastonbury, before the Saxon invasion, there had been a church dedicated to Our Lady." This little oratory, built of wreathed twigs, or wattles, from the marsh, was undoubtedly the most ancient sanctuary dedicated to Christ's Blessed Mother in England; indeed, we know that up to the twelfth century "Our Lady's Abbey of Glastonbury took precedency of all the others."

The river Brue, in its winding course through Somersetshire, forms, in one part, a peninsula—or, more correctly, an island,—separated from the mainland, in early British times, by marshes and watercourses. This spot was called Innis Withrin—the Glassy Island; or, more probably, Glast Island, as *glast*, or woad (the herb used by the Britons for staining their bodies), grew there in great abundance. Another story is that the name had its origin in the clear blue color of the water,—dyed, probably, by the *glast* through which it flowed. This island was afterward also called the Isle of Avalon, owing to the number and luxuriance of the apple trees which flourished there; and the Romans, adopting the title, styled it *Insula Avalonia*. The Saxons called it Glasstingabyrig, which in later times has been modified into Glastonbury.

William of Malmesbury, writing in the twelfth century of this holy and venerable spot, and following the old records, supposes the small chapel to have been completed "in the thirty-first year from the Passion of our Divine Redeemer, and the fifteenth after the Assumption of the ever-glorious Virgin.... Poor indeed it was in appearance," he goes on to say; "but it was richly adorned with divine benedictions; and as it was the first church which had ever been built in this land, so did the Son of God distinguish it, as of greater dignity than the rest, by directing that it should be dedicated in honor of the Virgin Mother."

The tradition concerning St. Joseph of Arimathea says that the pagan Prince Aviragus gave him twelve hides of land whereon to settle with his companions; and it is interesting in this connection to note that the name of "Twelve Hides" is still preserved in that of the hundred which comprehends what was once the monastic home estate.

After a toilsome journey through well-nigh pathless forests and gloomy swamps did those holy men of old come at length "to the island valley of Avilion," where—

There falls not hail nor rain nor any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea.

Footsore and weary, they ascended a low hill to look upon their territory; and this hill was named henceforward Weary-all Hill. Here it was that St. Joseph of Arimathea is supposed to have begged his companions to join him in prayer for God's blessing on their undertakings; and here, striking his staff into the earth—the staff which had been his support all the way from Palestine,—tradition tells us that it sprang into life and became the far-famed "winter thorn which blossomed at Christmas, mindful of Our Lord." There was also at Glastonbury, say the legends, another wonderful tree—a walnut,—which came into leaf on the feast of St. Barnabas; "and thousands resorted thither on that day to witness the miracle."

In the small church, built of "wattled osiers," those early Christian missionaries—whether St. Joseph and his companions, or other zealous servants of God it matters not—began, remarks a modern historian, "that series of services... which were continued almost without intermission for fifteen hundred years." From this unostentatious origin, the Monastery of Glastonbury—

the fountain of British Christianity—gradually increased in wealth and grew in importance, until its buildings covered nearly sixty acres of ground. In the year 177, we learn from William of Malmesbury, the old wattled church having fallen into decay, it was replaced by one of stone.

The "great Sapphire of Glastonbury," which was given by St. David, and placed by him in the chapel he had built and dedicated to Our Lady, seems to have been subsequently hidden, for security's sake, and its existence practically forgotten. It was, however, eventually discovered by Abbot Henry Swansey, "who had it magnificently set in gold and silver, surrounded by precious stones."

In 542, twelve years after the building of this chapel by St. David, that holy bishop's nephew, the great and good King Arthur, whose renowned name will ever be associated with Glastonbury, finding himself mortally wounded after the battle of Camlais, or Camlau, desired to be immediately conveyed by sea to the fair "island valley," in order that, under the protection of Our Lady, and surrounded by the holy brethren of Avalon, he might remain in meditation and in prayer until his soul passed happily "to where beyond these voices there is peace." His body, as well as that of his Queen, Guinivere, was ultimately removed inside the church, and deposited in a black marble tomb, upon which, in 1189, Henry de Swansey, the then abbot, caused an inscription to be cut. This inscription was seen by Leland.

Glastonbury doubtless suffered much during the repeated invasions of the Saxon pagans, who would have had no respect for Christian monasteries; but the monks held bravely on, and when the invaders had established themselves in England, "made converts from that people." In 630 Paulinus, formerly the Apostle of Northumbria, caused the church to be roofed with lead, at his own expense. Some years later (708), Ine, the pious King of the West Saxons, rebuilt the monastery and the old abbey church in magnificent style; giving at the same time a charter of privileges, "which he reverently laid upon the altar." Besides other lavish benefactions, he made a grant of a large extent of territory to the Brethren.

"Kings and queens, not only of Wessex," we are told, "but of other kingdoms of the heptarchy," and the highest in the land, whether churchmen or nobles, "thought themselves happy in increasing the revenues of this venerable house, and eagerly sought to be buried there, so that they might await the day of doom under the protection of our Blessed Lady."

In the ninth century the monastery, having been ravaged and destroyed by the Danes, lay in ruins till the reign of Edmund, brother and successor to Æthelstane. This Edmund, a good man, and a benefactor to the Church in many places, "exalted the Monastery of Glastonbury, through his singular affection toward it, with great estates and honours; and granted it in 944 a charter, which was written in letters of gold in the Book of the Gospels which he presented to the same church, elegantly adorned."

It was reserved for St. Dunstan, one of the greatest names connected with the monastery, to bring the abbey entirely under the Benedictine Rule. Himself a native of the little hamlet of Glastonbury—his father, Heorstan, being a man of wealth, and brother of the bishops of Wells and Winchester,—he stands out prominently as the first in the line of ecclesiastical statesmen who counted among them Lanfranc, St. Thomas of Canterbury, and Wolsey. But he is, perhaps, even more remarkable for his own vivid personality, which appeals to us so forcibly after

the lapse of ages. "His nature was sunny, versatile, artistic; full of strong affections, and capable of inspiring others with affections as strong. Quick-witted, of tenacious memory, a ready and fluent speaker, gay and genial in address, he was at the same time an indefatigable worker, busy at books, at building, at handicraft."

The wandering scholars of Ireland had left their books in the Monastery of Glastonbury, as they had left them along the Rhine and the Danube; and Dunstan plunged heart and soul into the study of sacred and profane letters. His name rapidly became famous; for he was, we are told, "learned in Greek and Latin, and notably knowing in all the liberal sciences. He was, besides, a skilled musician, carrying his harp in hand on journey or visit; a wonderful encourager of monks and nuns serving God in holiness, and *himself very observant of the monastic life.*"

Not to speak of his "Concord of Rules," he was also the author of numerous works long held in high esteem. King Edmund, by whom he had been appointed Abbot of Glastonbury, desired him to procure from France a plan on the model of the Benedictine houses abroad, and caused the church and monastic buildings to be erected in a style of greater splendor than before.

The next principal benefactor to this most venerable shrine of Our Lady was Edgar, surnamed the Peaceable,—that devout King who, when granting his great charter of Privilege, laid his own *lituus* (staff, or sceptre), "beautifully formed of ivory, and adorned with gold, upon the altar of the Holy Mother of God; and by that donation confirmed to her and her monks, to be possessed forever. Soon after he caused this sceptre to be cut in two in his presence, commanding one portion of it to be kept on the spot for a testimony of the aforesaid donation."*

* See William of Malmesbury.

After the death of St. Dunstan, which took place at Canterbury, no event of importance, excepting the visit of King Canute, occurred at Glastonbury for a century and a half. At the Conquest, however, King William, considering the abbot too powerful and influential a man to leave behind, carried him off, with several other suspected nobles, on a visit to Normandy.

In the middle of the twelfth century we learn that the lord abbot, Henry de Blois, stood out conspicuously on account of the magnificent buildings he erected; and though these were, unfortunately, almost immediately laid waste by a destructive fire, Henry II., who at that time held the abbey in his hands, took instant and energetic means for its restoration; even sending thither one of his own chamberlains, Robert Fitz-Stephen, to superintend the work. He confirmed, moreover, all the privileges granted by his predecessors; and the new church and monastery built by him, "with many notable subsequent additions, repairs, and modifications, formed the enormous group of buildings," as they existed at the time of the dissolution by Henry VIII. These evidences of devotion shown by the Catholic kings of England to the famous shrine at Glastonbury are sufficient proof of the profound veneration in which was held the great Mother of God, "Our Ladye St. Marye."

We are told that "at Glastonbury there was a most fair image of the Blessed Mother of God which, in course of time, Abbot Chinnock, A. D. 1374–1420, clad very becomingly in gold and silver, and adorned with precious stones." In this image, like that at Thetford, and others in different places both in England and abroad, many relics were placed; and the image itself, together with the relics, was solemnly carried in the processions which were made on the great feasts of the year.*

* See John. Glaston.

Under the prudent and able rule of the last abbot, Richard Whiting, of pious memory, discipline was strictly maintained; the duties of fasting and prayer, preaching to the people, instructing the ignorant, and almsgiving to the poor, were scrupulously exercised. Even the King's messengers, anxious as they were to make out a case against it, were compelled to own that the house was "strict kept"; and the subsequent execution of its holy abbot, "perpetrated under the sanction of a mock trial, the very formalities of which stamped the proceedings with a deeper and darker shade of atrocity," was nothing less than a foul murder. "His tragical end," says Beattie, "leaves a stigma upon the national tribunal of that day, which no argument can extenuate or efface."

The abbot of a monastery so ancient and noteworthy as Glastonbury was naturally a person of considerable importance. He sat in Parliament as a spiritual baron, and his apartments in the abbey "resembled a royal court, where sons of nobles were sent to learn the accomplishments of life." He frequently entertained as many as five hundred guests at his table at a time, in order to maintain "the godly character and also the dignity and hospitality of the house"; whilst every Wednesday and Friday he distributed "alms and food to *all the poor who applied at the gate.*" When he went abroad to Parliament, synods, and so forth, he was accompanied by a retinue of one hundred persons, many of whom were of high birth. The abbey also became, we are told, "a nursery of scholars and learned men"; it had a noble library, and "connected with it, a scriptorium, where skilful penmen were constantly employed" in the transcription of patristic writings, chronicles of past and current history, books on science, and lives of the saints.

It would be quite impossible, within the limits of one short article, to give any adequate description of the numerous buildings belonging to this magnificent abbey, or to paint in words its marvellous architectural beauty,—a beauty enhanced by the charming scenery amongst which it stood; but, in conclusion, some brief mention must be made of a few quaint and curious relics still happily extant.

Amongst these is a book with wooden leaves covered with vellum, containing a history of St. Joseph and the foundation of the abbey. It is described by Stukely as "the famous Glastonbury Abbey Book—or rather screen, for it is big enough,—with an account of all the saints buried in that place"; and it is now at Naworth, in Cumberland.

A remarkable automaton clock, constructed by a monk named Peter Lightfoot (1322), shows the solar motion and the phases of the moon. The hours and quarters are struck by knights with battle-axes; and whilst the hours are striking, the knights engage in a tilting match, riding backward and forward as long as the striking lasts. This singular example of mechanical genius is now in Wells Cathedral. There may also be seen in the palace at Wells, the abbot's chair. It is extremely ancient, and was used by him when dining in the refectory with the monks. It has three legs—one behind, and two in front,—"of spelled work, with revolving rings round the spells."

A monk's chair, stiff and upright, having a carved inscription running round the back, is still in existence. This, too, is in the palace at Wells; also "a very beautiful saker tankard, of the capacity of two quarts, with pegs inside marking half-pints." Full-length figures of the Twelve Apostles stand in relief round it,—all with books in their hands, excepting St. Peter with the Keys, St. John with a chalice, and Judas Iscariot clutching the money-bag.

On the lid is a carved representation of the Crucifixion; and it is otherwise ornamented with reliefs of grapes, flowers, and serpents. It is now in the possession of Lord Arundel of Wardour.

These relics, with a few picturesque, ivy-clad ruins, are all that now remain of that once famous seat of piety and learning,—that venerable shrine to which such countless pilgrimages were made, known to our Catholic forefathers as Our Lady's Abbey of Glastonbury.

Young Mr. Bretherton.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XVI.—Millbrook's Demonstration.

DURING this time of preparation for the charitable entertainment, young Mr. Bretherton's mother had been inwardly annoyed at the prominence given to Leonora Chandler, and particularly at the coupling of her name with that of Lord Aylward. Her annoyance was succeeded by something like dismay when her son confidentially informed her that their guest intended offering himself in marriage to Miss Tabitha's penniless niece.

Mrs. Bretherton, who was a woman of fine and elevated character, narrowed to some extent by a life mainly spent in seclusion, was conservative to the extreme in social matters. Kindly, tolerant, and courteous toward her humbler neighbors in the ordinary current of daily affairs, she was full of the prejudices of caste when it came to a question of intimate association, to say nothing of marriage.

She had not a doubt that if Lord Aylward proposed to Leonora, the girl would accept him, and blaze forth, the comet of a season, in the brilliant circle to which she would then belong. Mrs. Bretherton was aware that such an alliance would be extremely distasteful to the young man's family in England; and it vexed her to think that he had been "led into such an entanglement" while visiting at the Manor. She could remember Leonora only as a child coming with her aunt, by special invitation, to spend a day with them, and had not seen her at all since she had grown to maturity. Hence she was impatient of charms which she felt sure must be overrated, while distrustful of the beauty so enthusiastically praised. She found it very hard now to be just in her estimate of the girl who had stormed the citadel of Millbrook's most exclusive circle, to carry off so notable a prize.

Nor did her friendship for Miss Tabitha reconcile her in the least to the impending misfortune. The spinster ranked as a species of dependent, linked to the Bretherton family by the fact that her father had served one of them as secretary. Therefore, though the mistress of Rose Cottage had, herself, admittance into the sacred precincts, it by no means followed that Leonora might also enter with the profane feet of her youth and beauty.

There was nothing, however, to be done. Mrs. Bretherton could not well remonstrate with Lord Aylward, who, so far as his private affairs were concerned, wrapped himself up in a cloak of reserve and reticence. Nor would speaking be of any avail. If he had suffered himself to be captivated by the charms of this new Delilah—why, this pillar of the British Constitution would have to come down.

While, therefore, Mrs. Bretherton did not relish occupying a front seat at an entertainment in her own ballroom where Lord Aylward would, as it were, declare his infatuation to the whole of Millbrook, the good lady was not without a spice of curiosity to see the young enchantress. She was conscious, too, of a sense of relief that Leonora had not woven her spells in another direction.

The Governor himself was inclined to pooh-pooh the whole matter. Perhaps he did not seriously believe that Lord Aylward meant to choose a penniless bride. And, in any case, he was gifted with a broader insight, a more kindly, genial nature, which raised him above the pettiness of cliques, and enabled him to appreciate the power of Leonora's charm and uncommon beauty. For, unlike his wife, he had both seen and conversed with the girl, and was quite prepared to endorse the popular estimate of her attractions.

Owing to circumstances, the tableaux were postponed for a week; and in the meantime young Mr. Bretherton received that nomination to Congress for which his friends had been working. Millbrook, consequently, prepared for a demonstration. In the short time succeeding his return, Jim Bretherton had made himself universally popular, with a popularity which no Bretherton, not even excepting his father, had ever equalled. He had shown an interest in the petty affairs of the place; he had fought and won on its athletic battlefields; had made himself familiar with public needs and requirements; and had gone about, unobtrusively observant, studying Millbrook in all its bearings. This had been the work of his apparently unoccupied leisure. Moreover, his genial courtesy and innate kindliness of disposition had won friends; while an inherent strength of character, a flawless honesty, and the fixed principle which sprang from deep religious conviction, inspired general respect.

The news of his nomination had been received with joy; and Millbrook showed its appreciation of the event by organizing an extensive illumination, the decoration of all places of business, and even a procession. The ingenuity of Tommy Briggs was allowed full play upon this occasion; and Reuben Jackson outrivalled him in the plenitude of Chinese lanterns, flags and bunting which adorned the department store. Miss Spencer's brightest confectionery, grouped artistically in the window, was made still brighter by the admixture of colored streamers, piles of mottoes, red and green lanterns, and the inscription upon a transparency: "Young Mr. Bretherton forever!"

Good Mr. Venn the butcher, being, by reason of his infirmity, of a somewhat saturnine and unsociable nature, had no special desire to take part in the public rejoicings. He was carried along, however, by the current of events, and could not well have his shop dark when all other business places were alight. Moreover, his lack of enthusiasm was more than supplemented by the extravagant cordiality of his assistant.

The young Teuton had taken every opportunity, on the sporting field or wherever else was possible, of improving that acquaintance with young Mr. Bretherton which had begun on the memorable morning of Miss Tabitha's altercation with Mr. Venn. He had called upon his few fellow-Germans in Millbrook, arousing their interest in the young gentleman of the Manor, who would so soon be in a position to profit by their votes. As the time of the celebration drew near, undisturbed by the sarcastic commendations of his employer, the butcher's assistant had fairly revelled in evergreens, paper roses, and certain other decorations, which were marked by a national, and therefore individual, character. He had a special transparency, amongst two or three others, conveying greetings in German to "*der junge Herr!*"

Jesse Craft went about superintending the proceedings, while arranging for a modest decoration at his own "diggings." Seated upon a barrel in Smith Jackson's store, he voiced the sentiment of the community in his own terse language:

"He's the sort of candidate this country wants and can't most always

get. He's straight right through, and his election's bound to be worked on straight lines. It don't really matter to him one red cent whether he gets the job or not. He don't want to make money out of politics, and his father's son ain't got nothin' to gain in the way of honors."

Miss Tabitha followed the example of her neighbors in illuminating Rose Cottage with innumerable lights. She kept Mary Jane busy in constantly adding new ones to the display in the upper windows. A large flag cast its shadow over the porch, where young Mr. Bretherton had so often played in childhood; while a collection of smaller ones ornamented the sunflower stalks, and transformed the gate into a veritable archway.

Now, it was one of the penalties of greatness, as Jim Bretherton ruefully observed, that he had to drive through the town in an open barouche, to the music of the brass band. He was supported by his father, the ex-Governor, who was pale with pride in his son, and an emotion, savoring somewhat of sadness, in recalling his own political triumphs. The mayor of the town and one of the aldermen occupied the other seats in the equipage. The vehicle was followed by one or two others, containing local notabilities or members of the committee of management. Lord Aylward had taken up a position at Smith Jackson's, where he could contribute a lusty cheer to the deafening chorus which was constantly taken up throughout the town, and the echoes of which were borne to Rose Cottage.

Miss Tabitha's traditional loyalty to the Brethertons came bravely to the surface, as did her affection for the latest representative of the race, obscured though it had been of late by the dark shadow of Eben Knox. The poor soul, arrayed in her best taffeta gown, and wrapped in a fur mantle which had been the gift of old Madam Bretherton, was standing on the steps, clasping and unclasping her hands in agitation.

Leonora, very pale and still, was out at the gate. She had thrown a fleecy wrap over her gown of soft white stuff. Her only ornament was a single dark red rose fastened to her bodice. While the girl stood and waited, she was transported, carried out of herself by a vicarious sort of triumph, as if it were she who was receiving the homage of the townspeople. Her eyes shone like stars, and a slight scarlet flush glowed in either cheek, lending an almost unearthly character to her beauty. A thrill of intense excitement passed through her at the approach of the barouche, wherein she saw, erect, eager, conspicuous by that distinction which would have made him noticeable anywhere, young Mr. Bretherton.

The young man's eyes, darkened by excitement, but glowing with a fine enthusiasm, fixed themselves an instant upon Leonora. The girl leaned slightly forward with parted, smiling lips, and, taking the rose from her gown, tossed it toward the hero of the hour. He caught it, raised it to his lips, and immediately afterward concealed it from sight, so that those in the vehicle were quite unconscious of the incident.

In another moment Jim Bretherton was smiling at the wild hurrah from Jesse Craft, as that veteran executed a veritable war whoop, and called upon all who heard to join in "Three times three for young Mr. Bretherton!" The cheer was given enthusiastically by a motley group collected close at hand; and the carriage passed on into the blaze of light from the shops, beginning at Smith Jackson's emporium and continuing down the thoroughfare.

Jesse Craft, carried away by the exhilaration of the moment, hobbled over to the gate, where Leonora was still standing, and whispered:

"Mebbe you're goin' to marry the Britisher or mebbe you're goin' to marry some one else, but it's my belief the Governor's son sets more store by that rose you gave him than by his nomination to Congress."

The young girl started and flushed, her face almost instantaneously turning pale again.

"My rose," she said, with a slight haughtiness, "was for the people's candidate,—for Millbrook's choice."

"My belief is 'twas for your own candidate," said the old man, with the audacity of his years; chuckling to himself as he quickly hobbled away: "'Twas for your own candidate,—Miss Leonora's choice."

The girl drew back hastily, flushing indignantly; but there was no one to see the color that had rushed swiftly to her face. The darkness, intensified by the illuminating lights farther on, shut her in with her own thoughts. The night wind, rustling in the treetops and making harmonies of its own, softly stirred her hair. She went up to join her aunt upon the porch, with a vague feeling that she would not further expose herself to remark.

The aunt, excited, jubilant, began to dilate upon the past glories of the Brethertons, and forgot for the moment the perpetual menace of Eben Knox. Leonora, however, stood silently beside her, hearing the dull echo of the band and of the cheering that was going on at remote points. Her thoughts were in a whirl; she could scarcely collect them; but she was conscious of a sense of injury and of anger against Jesse Craft. Why had he dared to arrive at those conclusions from premises so slender? Her cheeks burned at the very idea of such preference being imputed to her.

She lay half awake long after she had retired, disturbed and agitated, pondering deeply over the occurrence. As she lay thus between waking and dreaming, and just as her thoughts were becoming confused by an overpowering drowsiness, she was aroused by the sound of a step outside the gate. It was the step of a man, and seemed to pause; while distinctly came upon the air another sound—that of melodious whistling.

Leonora immediately recognized the melody. It was the same that had been played at the rehearsals. It was to be the orchestral accompaniment to "The Marriage Festival,"—a strain of music, tender, melancholy, the favorite of a long dead sovereign. It carried with it the suggestion of a vanished time, of a courtly atmosphere, a society all grace and elegance. Recalling a world that had been, it appealed to the imagination, with its profound sadness and deep poetry.

Leonora, raising herself upon her elbow, listened until the whistling, which had been at first quite loud and distinct, and the step which had paused at the gate, died away together in the distance. She knew, by a sort of intuition, who it was that whistled; and she also recognized the air of "Amaryllis," which some association of ideas had recalled, in the height of all his triumph, to the mind of young Mr. Bretherton. Obeying an unaccountable impulse, Leonora turned her face downward upon the pillow and wept long and bitterly.

(To be continued.)

At the coronation of Charles I. the royal robes were of white satin, though previous sovereigns had been attired in purple; but Charles, being crowned on the Feast of the Purification, elected to wear white in honor of the feast-day. This he did, notwithstanding a prophecy of disasters that would attend the coming of a "White King" to the throne of England.—*Hulme*, "*Symbolism in Christian Art.*"

No More.

BY THE REV. MICHAEL EARLS, S. J.

IT was the lonely gloom of night;
My heart was numb with pain,
My weary eyes could find no light
Across the tempest main,
And thunder crashed its ghastly fright
Till hope was madly slain.

I called the Master; where was He
All through that bitter hour?
O was His silence mocking me
Within the Pilot tower?
Why did that Voice of majesty
Deny its peaceful power?

And I had sought some creature then,
To grasp its mortal care;
O fool! I thought with fickle men
My loneliness to share.
But, lo! I called on Christ again,
And peace was everywhere.

He stood, and looked through loving tears
Beside the morning shore.
"O little faith, O foolish fears!"
This mild rebuke He bore;
"O come, and show through all the years
So little faith no more!"

Barney Broder's Big Family.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SCENES AND SKETCHES IN AN IRISH PARISH; OR, PRIEST AND PEOPLE IN DOON."

BARNEY BRODER, of Keeloge, a townland at the back of the Mountain, adjoining the "big bog of Gurteen," had a farm of twelve acres of inferior land, and a family of thirteen children. The oldest of them, at the time to which I refer, was about seventeen; and the youngest, a baby in the cradle. Including his wife and his aged mother, there were in all sixteen to be supported on his small and highly rented farm of moory, inhospitable soil. It was no wonder, consequently, that Barney was a poor man, or that he was prematurely grizzled and old-looking — aye, and stiff-limbed and stooped also,—from the effects of hard and incessant toil. In truth, although he bore it bravely, the responsibility placed upon his shoulders of finding bread for so many mouths was a heavy and a galling burden. In the careworn, anxious-looking and jaded man of only forty-five it would be difficult to recognize the gay, rollicking Barney Broder who, less than twenty years ago, "with flashes of merriment set the table on a roar" at his own wedding dinner.

I retain to this day a very vivid recollection of a "station" held in his house during the Paschal Time of my first year's ministry in Killanure. It was a pleasant April morning, and I arrived at the place rather early. Had I adverted to the herculean task that devolved on Mrs. Broder, my motherly hostess, of "putting a face on the house," as she would say, I certainly should not have come so soon. I should have given her a half hour's grace, at any rate, to help to make the human hive presentable. Her duties that morning were multifarious, and the time for getting through them very limited. Here was her programme, in brief.

She had to wake up the swarm of children, and provide the more clamorously hungry among them with buttered griddlecakes, to blunt, for the time being at least, the sharp edge of their ever-keen appetites; then to milk the cows, and put the rooms in shipshape condition—no easy task—to meet the critical eyes of the neighbors. Just imagine a small house alive with thoughtless, meddlesome, mischievous children, revelling in disorder and topsy-turvydom, and you will have some idea of the situation, and of the tidying-up work that Mrs. Broder had to undertake that morning. Notwithstanding all the cleaning, scrubbing, brightening and arranging of many previous days, the busy, fingering, soiling hands of so many irresponsible

innocents had partially brought chaos back again, and left many things in the state of chronic disorder that at other times, broadly speaking, was the normal and well-nigh unavoidable, condition of the House of Broder. At least half a dozen of the younger children were as yet helpless, scarcely knowing their right hand from their left; and these had to be washed, dressed, and made "fit to be seen" at the station that morning.

Mrs. Broder and her elder girls were engaged in the small bedroom in such nursery duties when I arrived, as I concluded from the confused sounds that issued from it. Judging by the hubbub of talking, laughing, crying, expostulating and reproving that arose, the family *mise en scène* in there must have been an animated one. On my entry into the kitchen, a batch of the little ones escaped out of this dressing-room to have a look at me. They were in *deshabille*, as their toilet had not yet been quite completed. A cherub-faced toddler of perhaps three appeared with one foot stockinged and the other bare; another had only one boot on; and a third drew near and smiled at me with his face well lathered with soap. I could overhear some one from inside softly and insinuatingly coaxing the audacious truants to return; but, as I evidently proved to be an attraction, they refused until deftly captured by the elder girls, who unceremoniously thrust them back into the room, where the din now rose into "confusion worse confounded."

After a short time, however, as soon as they had been "licked into shape," the children swarmed out like bees from a hive; and presently the whole crowd were around me, looking on with curious interest and wide-eyed and open-mouthed astonishment, as I converted the table into a temporary altar for the station Mass. I noticed that most of them wore garments that had the stiff, starchy and immaculate appearance that betokens newness. Indeed, the younger ones made no secret of the fact, as any one could see from their manner of fingering them; and some of them proudly displayed "bib" or pinafore or tiny shoes to the neighbors, who gave them the kindly Irish wish, "Well you may wear!"

At first the little ones seemed somewhat afraid of me; but a pat on the head and a kindly word soon set them at their ease. Indeed, one of them—the erstwhile little lady of the unstockinged foot—ventured timidly to peep into the vestment box; while another—the hero of the lathered face—went so far as to seize my bell and ring it, to the consternation of the older ones, who hovered in the background, thunder-struck at so daring a liberty.

"Give me that bell," I said, "like a good little boy."

"Not," he answered, "unless you give me white money."

I laughingly offered him a penny in exchange for the bell; but he stoutly refused to give it up, saying he wanted "white money." It struck me that he meant silver instead of copper; and I gave him a sixpence, which he took with a very polite "Thank you!" at the same time returning the bell.

The murmurs and expressions of horrified astonishment from the older children that punctuated this dialogue brought Mrs. Broder on the scene. She explained that this precocious youngster had been staying with his aunt, who kept a shop in the town of F., and that he had only lately returned to the paternal home, "old-fashioned and bold and hopelessly spoiled." I could see, however, that I had advanced by leaps and bounds in gaining the good-will of my shy little friends by this amusing episode. I evidently scored over it splendidly.

A pretty tableau came under my notice as I proceeded to vest for Mass.

Taken in connection with the place and the occasion, I thought it was a singularly beautiful and delightful picture. Seated in a rudely-shaped baby chair, in the chimney-corner, on the Epistle side of my improvised altar, was the youngest but one of the Broder family, shepherded by his two little sisters, who knelt on either side of the chair. He seemed to hold whispered confidences with them,—now with one, now with the other; the two chubby faces, cheek by cheek, appearing alternately, and regarding me with awe and wonder, as I became transformed into God's white-robed minister.

But this was only one feature of the picture. Barney and Mrs. Broder and the oldest girl enclosed with their arms a little one each, about whose discretion, if left at complete liberty, doubts might well be entertained. Indeed, if proof were wanting of the wisdom of this evidence of parental foresight, it was supplied at the end of Mass, when one of the liberated innocents swooped on my "altar-bread box" and my wine bottle, to the utter dismay of everyone. To complete the tableau referred to, the older children were kneeling, with hands joined, behind their parents; the second oldest girl, Bride, remaining near the hearth, in order to set the kettle boiling for the priest's breakfast in due time toward the end of Mass. And, somewhere near, I could hear the gentle rocking of the baby's cradle, and the faint, drowsy murmur of its occupant as he sang himself to sleep, lulled by the soft whisperings of prayer—or, maybe, by the symphonies of angelic choirs.

Might we not think, with all reverence, that the Divine Guest who came from heaven that morning at my call to honor by His presence that humble farm-house, felt a kindly reminiscent feeling in seeing Himself surrounded by this crowd of innocent little children? Surely it must have reminded Him of a scene long ago, when He embraced and blessed the little ones whom their mothers brought to Him that He might lay His wonder-working hands upon them. And the cohorts of bright spirits who accompanied the God-Man in His descent to that poor dwelling must have been stirred by feelings of kinship, as they brushed with their wings their fellow-angels of the earth, kneeling there with faces bright and radiant with the sunshine of guileless hearts. Yes, Barney Broder's thirteen children, as yet unspotted from this world, were meet company to mingle with the Seraphim and Cherubim that thronged his kitchen that April morn, bowed down in adoring rapture before Him who "dwelleth in light inaccessible," and whose name is the Name Ineffable—Jehovah.

"How many children have you?" I asked of Mrs. Broder at breakfast.

"The baker's dozen, your reverence," she replied: "eight girls and five boys; and hard enough we're gettin' it to support such a '*scriod* o' childre.'"

"What's your name?" I asked a pretty little girl of about five, who had a red ribbon tied round her arm.

"Mary," she replied; "and the ribbon is to show that I'm not Noreen."

Mrs. Broder laughingly explained this enigmatical saying by telling me that Noreen and Mary were twins, so very much alike that even she, their mother, was unable to distinguish them except by tying a green ribbon on the arm of one and a red ribbon on that of the other.

As they stood before me side by side, perfect images of each other in every respect, they formed, I think, the prettiest picture I ever looked on. Like most Irish country-children, they were very shy and demure in the presence of strangers; but, as it seemed to me, this only enhanced their attractiveness, as, with heads coquettishly sideways, they fingered their new pina-

fores, and stole timid, sidelong glances at me,—just sufficient to reveal the clear depths of their beautiful eyes of heavenly blue. Their parents, I could see, were very proud of these pretty twins, as well they might be; and, poor and all as they were, they doubtless would not part with them for the wealth of the Indies.

At my request, Mrs. Broder brought the whole family before me, after the station breakfast; and, in their holiday attire, a splendid group they formed. They were a fine, good-looking lot of children; the strong family resemblance being most remarkable all along the line, from Annie, the oldest, down to the youngest scion.

I noticed that their mother's eyes lit up with pride and pleasure as she gazed on her darlings. And her hard-working, plodding husband, whose laborious duty of breadwinner left him but little time for sentimental reflections, was evidently moved by the spectacle of the rosy-cheeked, sunny-eyed group of boys and girls who called him by the endearing name of "Father." A tear of unalloyed joy glistened in his eye as he surveyed them proudly; and I doubt not but at that moment he felt himself sufficiently rewarded for the toil and hardships and privations he underwent for them during all their years of utter helplessness. He found consolation, too, in the thought that the older ones were now able to help him, and thus lighten his burden to an extent.

When I asked them, after breakfast, how they intended to provide for the future of all these children, they replied they did not know.

"I suppose," said Barney, "that when they grow up, some of them, anyhow, must leave the country for foreign parts; although God knows it would break my heart to see even one of them goin' from me, the creatures, big and all as the family is. But it's a moral impossibility for any one to make more than the poorest sort of a livin' out of this farm of cutaway bog. I'm slavin' and draggin' here night, noon, and mornin', in hail, rain and sunshine, these thirty years, and I never could have more than a decent coat to my back and enough to eat,—if we had even that same. But, your reverence, so long as God leaves me the health, and keeps the mother and childre from sickness and danger, I'm satisfied and happy. God is good; and, with His help and your reverence's, maybe some little situation will turn up for the two oldest girls there, so that they won't have to go to America."

And a tear glistened in his eye at the thought, and presently rolled down his worn, weather-beaten cheek, across which he drew the sleeve of his rough frieze coat in a manner so naïvely pathetic that his brave wife's eyes grew moist at the sight.

I promised to do all I could to secure some situation for the oldest girls,—handsome, healthy, intelligent, presentable girls, who would be almost sure to get employment if they lived in a city. But here in this rural parish, situated at "the back of Godspeed," as the Killanure people used to say, there were no industries of any kind to provide work for the deft hands that were only itching for it. Indeed, for a farmer's daughter, the possible openings practically resolved themselves into these: an apprentice to dressmaking or millinery in some of the larger towns around, or to the grocery and general business—a nice euphemism for a barmaid,—or domestic service. As for a farmer's son, he had the choice left to him of becoming a policeman or a "grocer's curate." Without much exaggeration, such was the situation in the Mountain Parish, where all were small farmers, unable to afford a higher education to their children.

Here, as elsewhere in Ireland, a small farmer's daughter would not think of

becoming a servant in the house of a local strong farmer or shopkeeper. She might, indeed, think of domestic service, if she got a situation in a "gentleman's place," provided it was far away from her home. Her people could then sustain their respectability in the eyes of the neighbors by circulating the pleasing fiction that their Mary was a "lady's maid" or a "nursery governess," instead of a common "servant-girl."

In season and out of season I inveighed against this ridiculous Irish pride, saying that these same girls, when they emigrated, would be glad to get the post of scullery maid or servant-of-all-work in a cellar kitchen in New York or elsewhere,—in the service, perhaps of some upstart money-bags, not so decently reared as herself. But it was of no avail.

"You know," they would say, "we have a bit of a spirit; and sure if the neighbors saw one of the girls goin' out to her service, wouldn't they say we were beggared and bruck entirely? So there's the way it *is*, your reverence: people like to keep up their respect and decency in the eyes of the country, howsomever it goes with them."

Ever since I came to this parish I was sore perplexed over the problem of how to induce the people to stay at home. It was always confronting me. There was a houseful here, and another there, of splendid boys and girls just growing into manhood or womanhood, all clinging to the old home-nest in the fond, Micawber-like hope of "something turning up." On the little farm there was only a living for the oldest, and a poor one at that; so the others, portionless except for the strength and health with which God had blessed them, generally resolved the difficulty of how to live at home by deserting it. An obliging aunt or uncle abroad sent the "passage-ticket" to one, who in course of time took out another, and that one yet another, till the whole family, in many cases, were dumped down on a foreign shore; some to succeed, some to fail, some to go to an early grave under the hard conditions of life there; and perhaps other some to meet a fate far worse than death,—a fate compared with which the poverty, hunger and rags of an Irish hovel would be very heaven.

Hence, I invariably advised the young people of the parish rather than emigrate, to accept any kind of a situation at home, even the not very enviable position of a farmer's "servant-boy" or "servant-girl." No doubt a shilling a day and his diet as a farm-laborer is not a very tempting inducement to a young man to live at home. And the prospect of a pound a quarter and her chances—which were nil—was not exactly a tempting bait to dangle before the eyes of a young girl who dreamed of twenty dollars a month in the house of an American millionaire, and the chance of a cast-off fifty-guinea dress of her mistress. But, as I used to tell them, if the wages were small in Ireland, there were compensating advantages. At home in "holy Ireland" there was an atmosphere of faith and piety; a climate "soft as a mother's smile"; the deep, strong love of the kindly old folks; the consoling sight of familiar faces; and the strangely sweet charm and the weird witchery of childhood's home. All these are things that wealth in a foreign land could never buy.

I can not refrain from recounting a little episode that occurred as I was about to leave after the station. It at once surprised and delighted me. Acting, evidently, on previous instructions, the children crowded round to shake hands with me on my departure from the house. First came the two oldest girls, for whom I had promised to procure situations, if it lay in my power. (And, in passing, I may mention that I succeeded in this later on; and thus I was, probably, the providential

means of keeping them at home in Ireland.) Timidly and nervously, they thanked me for my kindness in a few scarce audible words, while their gentle blue eyes looked volumes of unspoken gratitude. After them came the younger ones, apparently in the order of seniority, each with outstretched hand. Those with "good sinse," to use Mrs. Broder's classification, advanced shyly, awkwardly, but reverently, scarcely daring to look at me; those with "a little sinse" hung their heads bashfully, or turned them aside coquettishly, while they mouthed maybe a left little finger, or chewed the corner of a bib; and those without "a stim of sinse" looked me boldly in the face in wide-eyed astonishment, while mechanically giving me their little hands,—now clean and white, and soft as velvet, though a moment ago they were very much buttered and sugared and soiled.

Even the baby took a part in this farewell ceremony,—carried hither by old "Granny Broder" to shake hands "wud the priest." As I held his little limp, fat fist he smiled bewitchingly, and showed his two rudimentary teeth; while his tiny, naked, rose-pink feet betrayed by their rapid movement the keen delight he apparently derived from his customary amusement of kicking phantom footballs, according to the manner of babies when in high glee.

I must say that I lingered long on the threshold of that house to feast my eyes again and again on that circle of bright and happy child-faces; while dreamy reminiscent associations crowded back on me of another and somewhat similar home circle that I love to dwell on. Ah, me! I could echo the poet's wish, *con amore:*

> Oh, for one hour of youthful joy!
> Give me back my twentieth spring.
> I'd rather laugh a bright-haired boy
> Than reign a grey-beard king.

Yes, Barney Broder's "baker's dozen" was a pleasant sight that bright April morning; and often since then has this scene revisited me in dreams. It is vividly before me now. The old "granny" is dandling the gleesome, crowing infant, while "the twins" feign to catch his little twinkling feet. Number twelve, a mere tyro as yet in the art of walking, is pacing the floor pitapat in her new shoes. Number eleven, a more experienced pedestrian, runs about "tippytoe." Those a few rungs higher up are diving into bread and butter with intense delight,—for baker's white bread is an unwonted luxury in the house. And the silvery laughter of the older girls when the baby tried to carry my hand to his mouth filled the house with melody; in fact, the ludicrous incident set the whole household laughing, long and merrily,—baby, "granny," and all. I think I hear that ringing, hearty laughter now, coming back across the years like the haunting strains of half-forgotten music.

The Children's Apostle.

BY R. F. O'CONNOR.

WHEN the eighteenth century was drawing to its close—the century which witnessed the French Revolution,—on the 20th of February, 1799, in the village of Liesle, in the canton of Quingey, about fifteen miles from Besançon, was born Ferdinand Jeantier, who in after years, as Father Jeantier, of the Society of Jesus, came to be known far and wide as the Apostle of Children. The dark shadow of the Red Terror still brooded over France. His father had charge of the property of the Legna family during the emigration, when so many of the French *noblesse*, such as were fortunate enough to escape from the guillotine, found a refuge in other lands.

Without drifting away from religion,

his father did not yet practise all its duties. But his mother was a model Christian mother; and his grandfather, a man of deep piety. The passing away of this good old man—who died as he had lived, holily,—and the coincident conversion of the father, who became a very fervent Catholic, brought an additional benediction on the household.

He dates from 1812 the beginning of a new life,—"a more spiritual and purer life, which, in withdrawing me from the world, brought me nearer to the good God." At that time there lived at Besançon, in the house of Madame de Chevroz (his sister), Father Varin, who had lately been Superior-General of the Fathers of the Faith. By order of the Duke of Otranto, he had had to leave Paris within twenty-four hours; and, pending better days, was continuing, in various ways, the work of winning souls to Christ and procuring apostles. Being one day with the Legnas, a family allied to his, he met Ferdinand Jeantier, whose candor and simplicity impressed him; and, discerning in him the gift of God, spoke to him of vocation, the priesthood, the apostolate. It was another spiritual conquest. Ferdinand was first captivated, then captured. The more effectively to second her saintly brother's wishes, Madame de Chevroz adopted the boy, who served Father Varin's daily Mass, accompanied him on his journeys, and began to serve a kind of apprenticeship to the sacerdotal life.

The next year brought him in contact with another saintly person. Toward the close of 1813, when Madame Barat came to seek light and guidance from Father Varin, he was the happy witness of the edifying life of the future foundress of the Sisterhood of the Sacred Heart. These memories were never effaced from his mind or heart; and, to perpetuate them in some sort, he placed over his desk the photograph of Madame Barat close to the portrait of Father Varin.

Meanwhile great events took place. The First Empire fell, and the exiled Fathers of the Faith could return to Paris and solicit admission into the Society of Jesus. Father Varin, on July 19, 1814, was admitted into the Jesuit novitiate; and, being no longer in a position to concern himself so actively with his protégé, confided him to the affectionate charity of Madame de Chevroz, and later on got him into the Little Seminary of Saint Acheul, then under the direction of the Jesuits.

About June, 1817, Ferdinand was stricken with a wasting illness, which seemed to be bringing him to death's door. Despite the care and remedies of the Brother Infirmarian, all hope of preserving his health was given up. Alongside him was another invalid, whose condition did not cause serious anxiety—Eugene de Bonnault d'Houet, whose mother, the future foundress of the Faithful Companions, came to watch by his bedside, and was equally concerned for Ferdinand Jeantier, who received the last Sacraments with angelic piety.

He had cherished a secret desire, known only to God, of becoming a Jesuit. He took Madame d'Houet into his confidence; and she told him that if he made a vow to enter the Society he would be cured. He did so, with the consent of the superiors; and an improvement almost immediately took place. Madame d'Houet, glad to have contributed to the restoration to health of the future Jesuit, took him along with her son, during their vacation, to the old Manor of Parassy, near Bourges, in which Father Varin had taken refuge during the Hundred Days.

On February 5, 1820, the feast of the Jesuit Martyrs of Japan, he, along with Father Varin and many other Fathers, recited the prayer, which he was often to repeat, and in which he begged the grace of martyrdom; and in May, 1822, when they celebrated at Saint Acheul

the feast of the Apparition of Saint Michael, he was admitted a member of the Congregation of the Holy Angels. Henceforward his devotion to the holy angels, which was the most marked feature of his apostolate among young collegians, into whom he breathed his own devotional spirit, increased more and more year by year; and at the close of his life the angels themselves seemed to recognize it in a marvellous manner by a very singular favor.

It was under the protection of Saint Michael that, on September 29, 1822, he entered the Jesuit novitiate at Montrouge. The celebrated Father de Ravignan, who then filled the office of admonitor, sent him to the residence of the Fathers in Paris, to help the brothers-coadjutor; and a few years later the Provincial, Father Renault, took him to Loyola. After pronouncing the vows, he returned to Saint Acheul; but the famous Ordonnances of 1828 led to the closing of the Petit Séminaire, and he had to think of pitching his tent in a foreign land.

At the Jesuit college of Fribourg, in Switzerland, he was to resume that apostolate among young students which became his life work; and to receive ordination at the hands of Mgr. Pierre Tobie Yenni, Bishop of Lausanne and Geneva. In 1832 he was summoned to the college of the Passage, near Saint Sebastian, where he had charge of the Congregation of the Holy Angels. And here the record of an incident, which Father Jeantier always regarded as marvellous, naturally finds a place in the story of his life.

During the first night he spent in Loyola he had a dream, in which he seemed to see coming out of one of the gorges of the mountain flocks of sheep of dazzling whiteness, which passed and repassed before his eyes in interminable files. Not far from them joyfully galloped, without stopping for a moment, a cavalier whose features resembled those of Saint Ignatius, and who, turning toward him, continually repeated: "Take good care of my little sheep: *pasce agnos meos!*" Quite moved on awaking, he fancied he recognized in this dream an indication of the will of God in his regard; and, looking on these sheep as a symbol and image of the children or youths whom Saint Ignatius would confide to his care, resolved henceforth, if the superiors did not assign him to the Foreign Missions, to consecrate his whole life to this humble and touching apostolate.

Father Jeantier went to Saint Acheul to make, under the direction of Father Fouillot, the exercises of that third year of probation which Father de Ravignan calls "the masterpiece of Saint Ignatius." There, from October, 1834, to August, 1835, he pursued with renewed ardor the study of his perfection, begging more earnestly than ever the grace of martrydom; and from thence he returned to Fribourg, the principal scene of his work, to prepare for the Church and the world, generations of apostles and valiant Christians.

The last years at Fribourg were overshadowed by the ever-menacing and soon triumphant Revolution, bent on securing at any cost the defeat of the Sonderbund. The Federal Army marched on Fribourg, which capitulated almost without striking a blow, on November 14, 1847. At the request of the French ambassador and consuls, the college students had been disbanded and sent to Berne, but twenty-six still remained. At the first cannonade Mgr. Marilley offered them hospitality at the Bishop's House; and for three days and three nights these poor lads remained shut up in the Synod Hall, hearing under the palace windows cries of "Death to the Jesuits! Death to the aristocrats! Death to the members of the Government!"

Father Jeantier was commissioned to take charge of the students, and

get them out of Fribourg as soon as possible. But the longer their sojourn, the more dangerous it became, and the more impracticable seemed their escape. Threats became louder and more violent; and in the middle of the third night Father Jeantier got up and went to find the Bishop, who was keeping watch, kneeling, with tears in his eyes, commending to God his flock and all to whom his charity had given a refuge.

"Do you hear those cries, my Lord?" he inquired.

"Yes," answered the Bishop. "They are frightful."

"And what fate awaits our children, my Lord? Would it be impossible to get them out, and rid ourselves of such a terrible responsibility? If your Lordship could still do something!"

And in his generous solicitude, Mgr. Marilley, forgetful of the danger he ran, at once addressed the chief officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Duplessis. An hour afterward safe-conducts were at the Bishop's House, two carriages were lent by his Lordship, and two Catholic soldiers sent to accompany the students to a certain distance from the city.

At nightfall they reached Neufchâtel, where good Father Jeantier blessed the children after they retired to rest, commended them to their angel guardians, and set himself to think how he was to organize their departure next day. But great was his embarrassment. He had to pay the hotel expenses, as well as the hire of the three diligences which were to take them in three different directions; and, on account of the gravity of the events which were taking place, the bank notes he presented were refused; the creditors would take only gold or silver. At ten o'clock at night he scoured the city, going from one money-changer to another, only to meet a uniform refusal.

Worn out with fatigue, disheartened and in a state of fever, he turned to the holy angels with a prayer for protection and succor; and, without undressing, flung himself on his bed. Sleep was impossible. At four o'clock in the morning a servant knocked at his door and told him that a gentleman, who was in a hurry to see him, was waiting in an anteroom. On entering, he saw near the fireplace, enveloped in a large overcoat, a traveller whom he first supposed to be some sick person in need of his ministry. But he soon recognized his friend, the Count de Boutourlinn.

"What a pleasure!" he exclaimed. "You're going to be my Providence."

"No doubt. I claim to be," he replied; "and it's on that account I am here."

And he related that on the previous day, at Geneva where he was, immediately after Holy Communion, he heard an interior voice say to him: "Go this instant to Neufchâtel to help Father Jeantier."

"Despite my state of health and my occupations, here I am," he added. "What is it you want?"

Deeply moved by such goodness and so visible a protection, Father Jeantier explained the delicate situation in which he found himself; and he received, in exchange for the notes, the necessary money. That was not all. Count de Boutourlinn himself saw after the thousand and one preparations for the journey, and did not leave Neufchâtel until he had seen all the dear exiles seated in the carriages. After a journey marked by more or less dramatic incidents, Father Jeantier finally reached his destination, Cologne, and restored the last pupils of Fribourg to their families.

Lyons, Turin, Nice and Brussels next claimed his attention. There he applied himself with indefatigable zeal to revive and perpetuate the traditions of the Fribourg college and spread devotion to the holy angels. His stay in Turin was of short duration. The *fêtes* with which Piedmont was celebrating the

concession of the Statuto only preluded a revolution which led to the expulsion of the religious Orders; and for the fourth time Father Jeantier, casting the dust of its inhospitable soil from his feet, found himself constrained to leave it. Political passions were so over-excited that it was impossible for him to appear in the streets of Nice in ecclesiastical garb. For seven years—from October, 1848, to August, 1855—Brussels was benefited no less by his modesty than his charity, until, to the universal regret of Fathers and pupils, he was recalled to France.

From Paris, where he remained some time, he went—or rather was sent; for, like a true soldier, he was ready at a moment's notice to obey marching orders,—first to Laval and then to Vannes, leaving behind him unfading memories of his presence and influence. "Above all what made me bless Providence in him," said Mgr. Leseleuc, Bishop of Autun, "was his marvellous aptitude in preparing and distributing to the souls of our children the nurture suited to their age and delicacy; that unceasing devotedness which gained him access to all hearts." This tribute accords with that paid to him by all the rectors who, during the twenty-two years he passed there, succeeded each other at the Vannes college, and who vied in praising his devotedness, simplicity, candor, kindliness, and tact.

Devotion to the Sacred Heart and to the holy angels, and the work of the Holy Childhood, the rescue and salvation of poor abandoned Chinese children, were the special objects of his zealous solicitude,—objects in which he interested not only the children, upon whom he lavished more than paternal affection, but mothers of families and religious communities.

Another sphere of action in which his tender and sympathetic charity found scope for its exercise was in visiting the sick in their garrets and on their poor pallets. In later years when he passed along the streets with tottering steps, the people were sometimes overheard saying: "There goes one who has worn his legs out in mounting up to the garrets of the poor and in running to sick beds."

All his efforts for fifty years were mainly directed toward preserving innocence and instilling piety in the hearts of children in the different colleges he blessed by his zeal; and the chief means he employed was the Congregation of the Holy Angels, which a rescript of Pius VII. had erected at Saint Acheul; which Pope Leo XII. allowed to be transferred to Fribourg, after confirming it in its privileges and enriching it with numerous indulgences; and which Gregory XVI. on May 18, 1841, erected into an archconfraternity.

The prelude to every meeting between teacher and pupil was mutually to salute each other's guardian angel. He believed he was chiefly indebted for the fruits of his apostolate to the Crown of the Holy Angels, a chaplet composed of a cross or medal and seventeen beads, on which were recited certain prayers in which the invocation of the holy angels had due prominence. Vocations, developed and matured in this confraternity, were among its ripest and best fruits. The thought that so many bishops, priests, and religious came from Fribourg—and the list is very long—was to him a source of continual consolation. What he had accomplished in Switzerland he also realized in Spain, Belgium and France; and among the three hundred priests given to the secular or regular clergy by the college of Vannes, founded after the law of 1850, many, under God, attributed to Father Jeantier the glory of their priesthood.

Love was the source from which he derived his knowledge of human character and how to mould it. In

him the schoolmaster and disciplinarian did not predominate over the priest. "Avoid," he said to a brother Jesuit, "saying to a pupil, 'They'll never make anything of you!' The devil would talk like that. But rather give an incentive of faith, of friendship: 'To fail in your promises in such a month, after such a great feast, on the eve of new graces which God was preparing for you!' Or: 'I expected better. I thought I might rely upon you. I like still to hope,' and so forth. Then the child does not think he is altogether lost, and it often needs nothing more to set him right." "Oh," he said to another, "if you knew what evil is caused when one does not cause oneself to be loved!"

Love is reciprocal in its action. He loved the children, and the children loved him. The most intimate relations united them, not only during school days but afterward. Along with unchanging affection, they gave him their fullest confidence, as the numerous letters which passed between them abundantly testify. His apostolate extended beyond the precincts of the college; and old students, cast into the midst of the world's pleasures or business, never forgot him or lost touch with him. Tokens of gratitude reached him every day from every part of the world. A colonel of Chasseurs d'Afrique once wrote to him from Constantine: "You have been to me not only a father, but an excellent mother, full of affection and tenderness. . . . It was you who taught me to love God; it is to you I owe it that I am a Christian."

A missionary Bishop * in China, called to Europe by the needs of his mission, wrote: "I shall again see my good little Father Jeantier, to whom I owe so much. I shall tell him about the trials and success of our mission. I shall learn from him to be faithful to the last to my holy vocation. . . . But tell me what did you think when you learned from the papers that I was returning to Europe and that I had been consecrated bishop by the Sovereign Pontiff? Did you really believe that it was the little child in Fribourg who loved so much, during recreation, to bound on the shoulders of dear Father Jeantier? My God, it was indeed an occasion for saying: *O altitudo, quam incomprehensibilia sunt judicia ejus et investigabiles viæ ejus!*"

To Mr. I. R. Rockcliff, who invited him to Liverpool, the Bishop wrote: "I invite you to come to Vannes, to the College of Saint Francis Xavier, which is another Fribourg, to see the white hairs of Father Jeantier, your most devoted friend. You would hear from his lips real marvels about the holy angels."

Sometimes they would ask him the secret of increasing devotion to the holy angels; and, seizing his pen with pious ardor, he would tell in a simple and open manner, the delicate attentions with which his angelic protectors had environed him: how he had been preserved from an inevitable fall in the midst of the Swiss glaciers, or how he had found objects he had lost; and it was always with the liveliest gratitude.

Two years before his death, the late Cardinal Mermillod unexpectedly came to Saint Francis Xavier's College. While the exiled Bishop was addressing the pupils, he recognized Father Jeantier and hastened to say: "I see again here one of those venerated Fathers we had at our side when we were at Fribourg,—the very one who showed us our angel guardian leading us to heaven." The reiterated applause which greeted these words moved Father Jeantier to tears. The august visitor embraced him and pressed him to his heart.

On the 8th of May, 1878, when the Congregation of the Holy Angels was

* Mgr. Guillemin, Bishop of Cybistra, Prefect Apostolic of Quang-tong.

celebrating the patronal feast of Saint Michael, Father Jeantier heard and responded to "the one clear call" which summoned him to the company of the holy angels he loved so much, and caused to be loved by so many. It seemed to the community that his death on such a day was the consecration of his whole life, and that the angels could not better reward his lifelong devotion than by introducing him into heaven on the feast of the Apparition of Saint Michael on Monte Gargano.

He passed away when the rector, in reciting the prayer for the departing soul, *Proficiscere anima Christiana*, came to the words, *In nomine angelorum et archangelorum;* which inspired the bystanders with such increased faith and confidence as to remove from death all "sadness of farewell," and to subtract from grief all its bitterness. One of the Fathers at Vannes, in announcing his demise wrote thus: "The Father of the Angels has just died. There is now in heaven an angel the more among the angels."

His obsequies are said to have more resembled a triumph than a funeral ceremony. His remains rest in the cemetery, not far from those of Father Lelen, his former confessor at Saint Acheul, and master in devotion to the holy angels. Moved by a sentiment of gratitude, several families of Vannes erected a granite tomb to perpetuate his memory, the following epitaph thereon faithfully reproducing his titles to public veneration:

D. O. M.
IN SPEM RESURRECTIONIS
HIC JACET
R. P. FERDINANDUS JEANTIER, S. J.
NATUS DIE 20 FEBRUARII, ANNO 1799
VENETIIS ARMORICORUM, DIE 8 MAII, ANNO 1878,
DECESSIT.
HOMO SIMPLEX ET RECTUS AC TIMENS DEUM,
SACRATISSIMO CORDI JESU IN PRIMIS ADDICTUS,
ANGELIS VIXIT DEVOTISSIMUS,
HOMINIBUS VIXIT CARISSIMUS,
DEO VIVET BEATISSIMUS,
R. I. P.

A Striking Contrast.

FEW things in the religious world are more striking than the charitable reticence of Catholic papers and Catholic priests regarding scandals among Protestants, and the eagerness with which a large number of sectarian journals and a great many sectarian ministers receive and spread any evil report, however monstrous, that may come to their knowledge against Catholics and their religion. How very rarely one sees in a reputable Catholic newspaper any reference to scandalous conduct on the part of Protestant preachers! But let a priest prove unfaithful to his trust in any way and publish an attack on the Church, the first to spread the scandal and to applaud and encourage the renegade are sectarian papers and preachers. Instances to illustrate this contrast are of constant occurrence. Only last week a gentleman told us of seeing copies of a recently-published anti-Catholic book—an infamous production by a suspended priest—piled high in the basement windows of a Protestant church in one of our large cities. The minister in charge is the purveyor of the sewage.

Some time ago an ex-member of an Anglican sisterhood in one of the British colonies published sensational charges against her former associates and coreligionists, and her diatribes were echoed on all sides; but we are happy to say that not a single Catholic paper in Australasia took the slightest notice of either diatribes or diatribist. More recently, several correspondents of the London *Monitor and New Era* directed its attention to grave scandals in connection with ministers of Protestant denominations—especially to a horrible case in India. The editor's answer is what might have been expected:

LIBRARY

We take no pleasure in these occurrences.... Our correspondents will, therefore, understand that cases of this kind are not in our line. When clergymen of any of the non-Catholic denominations give scandal, we do not wish to hear of it or to expose them. It is only giving an opportunity to the enemies of all religion to blaspheme, and that is something we would gladly avoid.

Far different is it with non-Catholic journalists and clergymen. Our sad experience of many years is that most of the calumnies against the Church, and most of the evil reports regarding Catholics, may be traced to some sectarian paper or preacher as the propagator if not the originator. It would be a painful surprise to most of our readers if they could see the sectarian periodicals which sometimes come under our notice, and read the statements and accusations which they contain,—statements which it is hard to believe writer or editor did not know to be false; accusations which have been a thousand times disproved.

On the other hand, Catholics are apt to have an exaggerated idea of the harm done by professedly anti-Catholic literature, especially the productions of ex-priests. When these unfortunate men incur suspension, there is an end to the greatest evil in their power to do. They can still give scandal, of course; but it is of another kind, and very often nullification goes with it. The fact of their being under the ban is an edification in itself. It is a consoling reflection that not all non-Catholics, by any means, have the wish to believe evil of the Church. Many who read anti-Catholic books do so with open minds, and numerous conversions result from such reading.

It is charity to pray for apostates; it is zeal to counteract as much as possible the harm they may do; but it is folly to suppose that the progress of the Church could be arrested by any amount of anti-Catholic literature or any number of renegades.

Notes and Remarks.

A piece of advice which philosophers are fond of proffering to ordinary men and women is: Don't take yourselves too seriously. With fully as much reason, perhaps, may the Christian moralist advise: Don't take yourselves too flippantly. While it is quite true, on the one hand, that a good many people entertain an exaggerated opinion of themselves, it is equally true, on the other, that a still larger number attach altogether too little importance to the example they personally set in the community of which they are members. Individual example is a more potent agency for good or evil than the unreflecting are apt to consider it; and no person is so insignificant that his principles and actions, his conversation and conduct, do not sway toward right or wrong, toward a higher or lower standard of life, some few at least of his fellowmen. "Even the weakest natures exercise some influence on those about them. The approximation of feeling, thought, and habit is constant; the action of example is unceasing."

A point to meditate upon, in connection with this subject, is that we are all eventually to be judged, not merely as to the evil which we have done, but also as to the good which we have failed to do. Not to give a positively bad example is well enough, so far as it goes; but it clearly falls short of one's whole duty. In our day and country, the influence exerted by the individual Catholic should be something more than simply innocuous: it ought to be positively, not to say aggressively, beneficent. And there is little danger of our taking ourselves, and our responsibility along this line, with undue seriousness.

Discussing the advisability of French Catholics taking an active, enlightened,

aggressive, and united part in the politics of their country, M. J. Vendeuvre writes in the *Annales Catholiques:* "We are told not to mix up in politics, not to form a political group, not to organize a Catholic party; it is not expedient. And why? In the first place, because of the famous text: 'My kingdom is not of this world.' Now, the Catholic of course knows perfectly well that this life is only a preparation for the life to come; that he should not put his hope in the present but should think of the future, and so acquit himself of his life work as to merit heaven. But does this mean that Christ condemned all society, that He preached socialism and nihilism? No; He desires simply that in rendering to Cæsar that which is Cæsar's, we fail not to render to God that which is His. Every century has seen individuals who, fortifying themselves with this text, killed others to send them to heaven, threw themselves down precipices, burned themselves alive, plunged daggers into their hearts—because Christ said, 'My kingdom is not of this world.' Read the history of the Catharists and Circumcellions, and you will see to what extremes may be carried exaggerated insistence upon a Scriptural text."

A serious fault in Mr. Samuel Dill's new book, "Roman Society from Nero to Marcus Aurelius"—a work of genuine importance,—is pointed out by a reviewer in the *Athenæum*, who says:

It is evident that he has read widely and well, and that he has been careful both in his opinions and in the expression of them. We feel, however, that he has been more than just to paganism, and that the best explanation of the moral elevation we find in many characters during the period under discussion has not been hinted at by him—namely, the influence of Christianity. We find no reference here to the Christians of Cæsar's household, mentioned by St. Paul in the Epistle to the Philippians; or to Flavius Clemens and Domitilla, the cousins of the Emperor Domitian,—to mention two examples that occur readily to the mind. The author seems to consider that, because Christianity is hardly mentioned by the original authorities of his period, it was therefore a negligible force. But the reason for this is surely that in the earliest days of the Church Christianity was simply leaven, working in the whole lump of society, but without its later hierarchy to attract the attention of the literary pagan.

Mr. Dill's work is divided into four books, dealing respectively with private life, public life, philosophy and religion during the period of which it treats.

It is exceedingly gratifying to us to learn that, as a result of something said in these columns a few years ago about the neglect of immigrants from Italy, certain zealous layfolk in one of our large cities undertook the foundation of two missions for poor Italians, one of which has since become an important centre of Catholic life. It began with a Sunday-school, which was taught in a dilapidated and deserted building,—one room sufficing for all the children that could be mustered. Now the mission has a substantial church of brick and stone, with a seating capacity of nine hundred, served by two Italian priests; a parochial residence, club-room, etc. The Sunday-school, which in due time was placed in charge of Italian Sisters, is attended at present by several hundred children. The Saturday sewing-school for girls has an attendance of three hundred. There is a Mothers' Club, which provides suitable entertainment for working boys and girls. All kinds of settlement work is done at the mission,—visiting the sick, obtaining employment for the idle, etc. A volunteer officer in the Juvenile Court looks after the interests of the Italian children of the district and co-operates with the "Child-Saving Conference." The other mission, which is situated in a less populous quarter of the city, has also succeeded beyond all expectations.

The spirit in which this admirable

work was undertaken and has been prosecuted is revealed by the fact that no names have ever been mentioned in connection with it. The aim was to render a little needed service to religion in honor of the Blessed Virgin. One of the first benefactors of these missions was a worthy layman who lately passed to his reward,—a Catholic gentleman who loved to do good in secret. No wonder that work carried on in such a spirit should have been wondrously blessed.

The dedication last month of the beautiful cathedral of Christchurch, New Zealand, which Bishop Grimes has labored so long and so arduously to complete, was the occasion of great rejoicing at the Antipodes, and attracted a large and distinguished assembly from various parts of New Zealand and Australia. Congratulations, including a letter from the Holy Father, came from the four quarters of the world. Some idea of the massive proportions of this church may be gained from the architect's statement that 26,500 tons of material were employed in its construction. It covers a space of 210 by 106 feet. The style of architecture is Roman Renaissance. "A glorious temple, solid, consistent, harmonious in all its parts," was the description given by the Archbishop of Melbourne of this magnificent edifice, upon the front of which is carved its noble title, "The tabernacle of God with man."

In connection with the Life of Father Laboucarie, mentioned elsewhere in this issue, *Les Missions Catholiques* gives an interesting extract from a letter sent by a Protestant minister to the journal of the Evangelical Missions of Paris. Writing from Ambohibeloma on September 8, 1900, the minister said: "The absence of religious strife is due to the presence of a Jesuit Father,—such a one as I have not hitherto encountered in my journeyings through Madagascar. I rejoice in having made his acquaintance. This priest has spent twenty-nine years in Madagascar, twenty-five of them at Ambohibeloma. I found him seriously ill, stretched out on a rude cot. But what a sweet and peaceful expression illumined his countenance! He is so happy at reaching the end of his career. His life has been what God willed it to be...."

Father Laboucarie died some months later. As a specimen of Christian charity, rising above all considerations of denominational jealousy, this Calvinist clergyman's tribute to a Catholic missionary is noteworthy. We commend it to the attention of sundry Baptist and Methodist missionaries from this country, who have apparently taken with them to foreign climes all the prejudices imbibed at home.

Discussing French affairs in a paper read recently in Sodality Hall, St. Louis, Mr. Louis Fusz, of that city, had this to say of the abominable conduct of the French government, and the condonation thereof by the press outside of France:

> Nuns and monks, old and young, hale or infirm, were driven out of their homes,—into exile, if they had the means to go; or, bereft of that, left to starve, unless taken in by relatives or charitable persons. This literally occurred to a poor nun last year, found dead on the road from hunger and exposure. Their property was "sequestrated,"—polite word for stealing. This in the twentieth century, an age which boasts of its enlightenment, of its humanity!
>
> And it is to be noted that the press of foreign countries, notably of England and of the United States, barely makes a cursory mention of these enormities.... We see no flaring headlines, no condemnation of these atrocities.... The accounts are generally gathered from the French daily papers, or through the telegraphic agencies, both of which are largely controlled by Jews; or, again, a number of newspapers of different cities club together, appoint a correspondent whom they pay roundly; the selection is again generally an enemy of the Church—probably a member of the secret sect of Masonry,—sometimes even a

member of the "Bloc"; and he writes to suit the views he represents, to justify the acts of the government, to tone down excesses, to excuse them, to ridicule Catholics whilst he altogether ignores events so degrading that, if fully exposed, they would bring a cry of execration from every right-minded person.

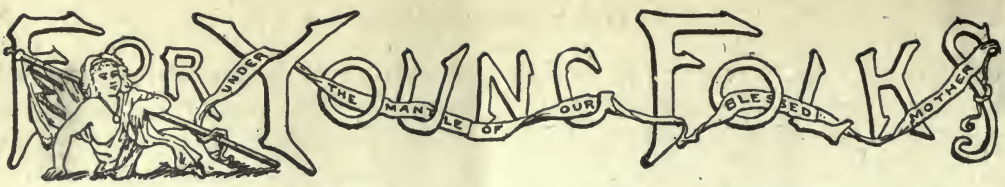
The reports read at the annual meeting of the International Catholic Truth Society in New York last month were listened to with keen attention by all present, and much gratification was expressed at the results of the year's work. These reports should have interest for the Catholic public generally. Few persons, we think, have any idea of the vast amount of good done by this admirable organization. The dissemination of Catholic literature is only one of its many objects. For instance, scholarly members of the Society have effected the revision of numerous text-books and works of reference containing misstatements of Catholic doctrine and calumnies against the Church. And this revision of books found in all large libraries, and used in schools and colleges throughout the country, is not limited to the correction of errors: much legitimate matter reflecting deserved credit upon the Church has been inserted. It is pleasant to be assured that "many of the objectionable comments and data found in text-books, etc., proceed not from a wanton, studied desire to misrepresent the Church, but are rather the result of the writer's limited reading along Catholic lines. When the correct statement has been courteously presented to such gentlemen by scholars in the International Catholic Truth Society, it has in almost every case been gratefully received."

A contributor to the *Correspondant*—one whom our Lyons contemporary, *Les Missions Catholiques*, calls "an eminent personality,"—has been writing of French influence in Indo-China. Incidentally, he describes French character in terms that would probably excite fierce indignation were they used by a foreigner. "We willingly believe ourselves," frankly acknowledges this writer, "amiable, sociable, and seductive. This is partly true. Our alert and jovial *bonhomie* will often succeed where Anglo-Saxon stiffness and German pedantry will fail. But we are light, superficial, devoted to systems, and too easily inclined to believe that outside of our laws and our manners and customs there is no salvation."

Unqualified praise is due to the Knights of Columbus of Pittsburg. To their action the Juvenile Court of that city owes the appointment, as detention officer, of a Catholic young lady, Miss Alice Carter, who devotes her time and attention to the delinquent Catholic youths brought before the court. Miss Carter sees to it that, in the disposal of these young people, their faith will not be imperilled, but that they be placed in environments where both faith and morals will be safeguarded. To enable her to accomplish this thoroughly estimable purpose, the Pittsburg Knights pay Miss Carter's salary and expenses. The example is one that may well be followed in many places throughout the country.

It is just a score of years since some hundreds of friends, a whole country, or the world at large, as the case may have been, mourned the death of King Alfonzo of Spain, Cardinals McCabe and McCloskey, Generals Grant and McClellan, Chinese Gordon and El Mahdi, Victor Hugo, Helen Hunt Jackson, Vice-President Hendricks, and Sir Moses Montefiore. All were conspicuous figures in different parts of the world during their lifetime, but to how many of them may we truthfully apply John Boyle O'Reilly's line,

Great men grow greater with the lapse of time?



Johnny-Jump-Ups.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

JOHNNY-JUMP-UPS wet with dew,
Shrinking shyly out of view;
Peeping through the waving grass,
Scenting all the winds that pass,
Beck'ning to each lad and lass,—
Merry rogues in blue!

Maples flushing; birds a-wing;
Lilting, warbling,—how they sing!
Fleecy clouds veil azure skies,
Tender as a baby's eyes;
Blue meets blue in swift surprise,
Welcoming the Spring!

Mistigris: The Story of a Cat.*

BY LEON FRAPIE.

EVERYONE knew of an old lady living in the country that had for companion a cat named Mistigris. The house they occupied was white with a red roof; five stone steps, bordered with an iron railing, led up to the entrance.

The garden in front of the house was surrounded by a white wall so low that one could look over it. It was full of sunlight, because the pear trees, plum trees, and cherry trees were but little higher than the wall. Just in front of the house was a majestic chestnut tree, which cast a grateful shade. The fruit trees stood in two rows, and between them were vases of flowers. The whole resembled a gala place, where bees, birds, and butterflies were ever on the wing.

Every day, after breakfast, the old lady came out to sit in a wicker-chair at the foot of the steps, to embroider. From time to time she would look up into the chestnut tree, whose leaves rustled softly in the light breezes.

Mistigris, who never left his mistress, took up his station on the lower step. Sitting there motionless, his tail curled around his paws, he watched the bees and butterflies flitting about among the flowers. Yellow spots glinted in his eyes as he lazily blinked and listened to the various sounds around him. When a fly came near him, he moved his head ever so slightly. Occasionally he glanced at his mistress out of the corners of his yellow eyes; and when he saw that things were as they should be, he licked his paws, curled up in a ball, and went to sleep.

One day as the old lady was sitting in her accustomed place at the foot of the steps, she heard cries of distress; and, looking up, she saw two little tomtits circling excitedly around the chestnut tree, while Mistigris was crouching on a branch close to a nest of young birds.

Much alarmed, she called the cat; but it was of no use. She then took up some pebbles and threw them at him; still he refused to come down. Even while she was looking, he pounced upon the nest and in a twinkling the little birds were devoured. He then came slowly down from the tree, trying to look innocent and appear as if nothing had happened. Like a cowardly criminal, he crept softly along, stretching out first one paw, then another. As soon as he was on the ground, his mistress began to scold him.

"What a bad cat!" she said. "You have just had your breakfast; and

* Translated for THE AVE MARIA, by H. Twitchell.

even if you were hungry, you should not have eaten those little birds."

Mistigris only half turned his head, pretending not to hear. Besides, he had been taught to catch mice, and why not birds, too?

The following morning the two came out as usual to sit in the shade, Mistigris walking lazily along to his place on the lower step. As soon as he appeared a piercing cry came from the tree. The mother tomtit recognized the slayer of her children, as she sat by her empty nest. She kept up her shrill notes, seeming to say:

"Give me back my little ones! Give me back my little ones!"

She kept up her plaint unceasingly, until all the air around was penetrated with her grief, like the chill of a mist. The other birds of the garden remained mute. The leaves forgot to rustle, the flowers hung their heads, and the butterflies hid themselves. All Nature seemed to be sharing the little mother's sorrow.

Cats are not supposed to understand the language of birds, but Mistigris knew what the mourning meant. He was uneasy and did not know where to look. He tried to interest himself in other things. He watched the flies chasing about. He winked his eyes, as if the golden dust blinded him; and seemed to be counting the flowers, blooming a distance away.

But the tomtit was ever present, there on the bough just above him, looking directly at him, and opening and shutting her little beak as she chirped and moaned:

"Give me back my little ones! Give me back my little ones!"

In spite of himself, Mistigris every now and then turned his whiskered nose up toward the branches; then, as if ashamed, he bent his head and appeared to be sniffing at the stone step on which he lay.

The tomtit continued to mourn. Her notes were so shrill and piercing that Mistigris grew very nervous. Chills ran down his back, and his bristling hair looked like grass blown by the wind. He opened his mouth to mew, but no sound came forth. He tried to turn away, but he could not: a fascination held both eye and ear. After a time the situation became so intolerable that he succeeded in uttering a plaintive sound, looking at his mistress as if to say to her:

"Take pity on me, I beg of you, and make that bird keep still!"

But the old lady, herself much affected by the mother's mourning, answered sternly:

"No, no, Mistigris! You ate up her little ones!"

The cat was now utterly discouraged. He could not even repeat his first faint mew. He fell to trembling violently, from real fear this time. And, in truth, he had reason to be afraid. Another bird, the father, appeared on the scene, and the mother's note immediately changed from sorrow to anger. She seemed to be urging her mate to action.

"Go!—go!" she chirped fiercely.

The father bird did not need much urging. He began circling about, above Mistigris, returning to the tree after every round.

The cat was afraid to move. He tried not to see the angry bird; but, despite his efforts, his eyes followed the wild flight.

The bird kept on circling, perching each time on a lower branch than before. Finally he was on the very lowest, then on the iron railing, then on the top step.

Mistigris bent his head, hardly daring to breathe. Suddenly the irate little father darted down and perched on the cat's head, between his ears. Then he began to peck vigorously at his nose, as if to say:

"Take that! and that! murderer of little innocents!"

When he had appeased his wrath, he

flew up to join his mate, who had been watching the performance.

Silence reigned in the garden. All Nature—the leaves, flies, flowers, and butterflies—seemed to be in sympathy with the outraged parents. Much cast down, and feeling that everything was against him, Mistigris crept into the house and hid himself in a dark corner. Every day for a month the birds greeted his appearance with sharp cries; and whenever the cat saw the father bird begin to circle about, perching on a lower branch each time, he would run quickly into the house. Finally he would not venture outside if he even saw the birds in the tree.

But mourning does not last forever, and the little tomtits soon had a new nest and a new family. They ceased their outcry when Mistigris appeared; and one day the cat seemed to feel that he was forgiven. After that he came out as usual. The mother bird complained no more; instead, she sat on her nest, her head just showing above it; and she and Mistigris watched each other for hours, without fear on either side.

From time to time the father would appear, bearing something in his beak. Then the mother would rise, and Mistigris could see some little heads stretched up for the food. At such moments he would look away—so as to avoid temptation, perhaps. Whatever the reason, he would usually either walk away entirely or rise and change his position, lying down with his back toward the chestnut tree. His appetite for young birds seemed to have entirely disappeared, and the nestlings this time were safe.

THE judge wears his ermine for a symbol, because it is said that this animal is so pure and cleanly that it knows at once when the least spot is on its fur, and will almost perish rather than have itself soiled.

Little Agatha.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

III.

Low Sunday dawned at last. Nature was arrayed in her freshest, brightest garb. The church bells rang out merrily; and down the mountain path came rosy-cheeked children, accompanied by their rejoicing relatives. But none of those who, clothed in white, were hastening to the house of God desired so ardently to receive the Celestial Guest as did the patient little invalid stretched upon her bed of pain.

For weeks she had rejoiced to think of this day. Her soul, purified by suffering, was filled with longing for the gracious visit of the Heavenly Bridegroom. Dressed in white, a veil on her head, her small, thin hands crossed upon her breast, the sick child remained motionless, absorbed in silent prayer. When the church bell gave notice that the Consecration was about to take place, she crossed herself and repeated with indescribable fervor the words:

> Jesu, the very thought of Thee
> With sweetness fills my breast;
> But sweeter far Thy face to see,
> And in Thy presence rest!

Ere long her emaciated countenance was lighted up with joy. Her mother, who had been looking out of the window, exclaimed:

"Agatha, they are coming!"

Up the mountain path the priest advanced, carrying the Blessed Sacrament. Before him walked four acolytes, with bell and candles; behind him came the children of the First Communion class. He entered the house; the girls, who had been Agatha's playmates, knelt around her bed, and recited the Prayers for Communion.

The sufferer lay upon her bed, upon which fresh, snow-white linen had been spread; her wasted hands were clasped in prayer; her long, golden hair fell

over her shoulders, forming a frame to her sweet, delicate face. Her eyes, blue as a mountain lake, had a grave, serious expression, as if they could already see beyond the limits of time and space, and gaze upon another and a better world.

On the window-sill spring flowers were blossoming; the air was soft and mild. It seemed as if in the lowly chamber a mysterious sound might be heard, like the rustle of angels' wings; otherwise a solemn silence prevailed.

The priest, holding on high the Sacred Host, approached the bedside and administered the Bread of Life to the sick girl, while the children sang a verse of one of their sacramental hymns. Agatha received Our Lord with angelic devotion; then she sank back upon her pillows and closed her eyes, that by excluding earthly objects, she might fix her gaze more intently on her Divine Guest, and by the light of faith adore Him whom she was soon to behold in unveiled glory.

The priest had given the final benediction, and the children were chanting in subdued tones the words,

> Sweet Sacrament, we Thee adore!
> Oh, make us love Thee more and more!

when suddenly a cry was heard—a loud, bitter cry,—coming from the open window. The children, startled and alarmed, ceased their singing; the door was flung wide open, and an untidy, disreputable-looking man stumbled into the room. Putting aside the little girls who were kneeling on the floor, he made his way to the bed, where, throwing himself on his knees, he seized the sick child's hands and bathed them with his tears. It was Agatha's unhappy father.

The priest quietly made a sign to the children to withdraw; and with him they descended the mountain path, while the old farmer still knelt by the bedside, weeping.

Presently the child opened her eyes. "Father," she said in a faint voice, "do not cry. I have prayed for you. I made your conversion my intention: our good priest told me that what we ask at our First Communion is always granted. I shall soon be with Our Lord in heaven. Then I shall pray still more for you."

"You must not die, Agatha,—you must not die!"

The child shook her fair head, with a melancholy smile.

"Do not cry, father. It is better so. God has heard my prayer and accepted my sacrifice. When I stand before His throne, I will not cease to pray that you may again live happily with my dear mother. You will be kind to her in future, will you not?"

The miserable man, tortured by the reproaches of his conscience, tried in vain to speak. Convulsive sobs shook his whole frame; something rose in his throat and prevented him from uttering a single word. But in his heart he registered a solemn vow, that from that day forth he would begin a new and better life, and become an altered man. Thus, almost before she had done speaking, the prayer of the innocent child was answered.

No mortal ear heard her father's solemn promise; but the angel whose duty it is to watch the deeds of men inscribed that promise in characters of gold on the pages of the Book of Life, and bore the tears of the repentant sinner to the throne of God, who is both merciful and just.

Stillness prevailed in the little room, broken only by the whispered prayers of the weeping mother, and the audible sobs of the unhappy father. Agatha had again become absorbed in silent prayer. But the angels in heaven rejoiced and held high festival,—one of those festivals in regard to which Our Lord has said: "There shall be joy in heaven upon one sinner that doth penance, more than upon ninety and nine just, who need not penance."

A few hours later Agatha passed calmly away, without a struggle or a sigh. The moon rose over the summit of the mountain, and its pale rays lighted up the chamber of death, where lay the little white corpse, while the pure soul of the child had already winged its flight to a better world.

Three days after a modest funeral procession wended its way to the village churchyard. Only a few persons followed the little coffin, which was borne upon the shoulders of four men. Upon it there rested a single wreath of white flowers. Behind it walked the grief-stricken mother, with her husband at her side. His appearance excited universal compassion, so broken did he look; and one could see that had he encountered his bitterest enemy, no feeling of resentment would have entered his breast. He did not join in the prayers; but he wept so bitterly that the tears literally chased one another down his rugged cheeks.

When his darling was laid in the grave, and the clods of earth rattled upon the lid of the coffin, it seemed to him that with every clod a piece of ice broke away from his heart. When all was over, and the tender-hearted old priest said a few kindly words to him, and sought to direct his glance to heaven where his dear child now dwelt in endless felicity, the wild, despairing grief which he had felt for the last three days gave place to quiet sorrow. And as he walked home in silence, with his wife, a strange calm stole over him. He did not know how it happened, but he felt that after a long night of darkness light had at length dawned in his soul, and that the petitions of his innocent child had been heard before the throne of God.

When he came to the wayside chapel, of which mention has already been made, he knelt down at the feet of the Mother of Dolors and prayed long and earnestly. On the following Saturday he repaired to the village, and spent a considerable time in the sacristy with the venerable priest. And when, late in the evening, he once more climbed the mountain path in the moonlight, his rosary in his hand, his Angel Guardian, who, unseen, walked beside him, must certainly have rejoiced; for Hoffmann had made a good confession and cleansed his soul in the Blood of the Lamb.

On Sunday he approached the Table of the Lord with such humility and devotion that he edified the whole congregation. After Mass the peasants put their heads together and said:

"Only fancy, old Hoffmann has been to his duty for the first time in twelve years, at least! No doubt his child in heaven has obtained this grace for him. God rest her soul, sweet little Agatha!"

(The End.)

Without Wax.

When you write to your friend and sign yourself "Yours sincerely," you say, literally, "Yours without wax." Here is the story about this strange twisting of words.

A famous sculptor was just putting the finishing touches to the face of a statue which was to go to the Academy the next day, when he accidentally chipped a bit off the end of the marble nose. Quick as thought he carefully and cunningly made a tip of wax for the mutilated organ, trusting that the accident would never be detected. But there happened to be a sharp-eyed man on the committee, and the sculptor lost the prize for which he had striven.

Ever afterward it was a common saying, "We wish the sculpture to be *sine cera*," or "without wax"; and by degrees the term became applied to living men as well as to those made of marble, and now means simply "one who is all he pretends to be."

With Authors and Publishers.

—Edward Dalziel, the famous engraver, is dead at the age of eighty-eight. His name is associated with some of the finest bits of wood engraving ever seen in book illustrations.

—The latest Mission Tract issued by the Catholic Truth Society of Chicago is "The Real Presence," a clear and succinct presentation, by the Rev. Thomas E. Sherman, S. J., of the central fact of Catholic worship.

—Another volume from the pen of the Rev. Alex. McDonald, D. D., is being brought out by the Christian Press Association Publishing Co. Its title is "The Sacrifice of the Mass: An Historical and Doctrinal Inquiry into the Nature of the Eucharistic Sacrifice"; and it will appear within a few days.

—A work for which there has always been a real need is *L'Afrique Chrétienne*, by Dom H. Leclercq, in two volumes. An adequate history of the brilliant, if short-lived, African Church, including the work of Tertullian, Cyprian and Augustine, it will probably soon secure the honor of being translated into English.

—A biography (French) of unusual interest is "An Apostle of Madagascar: Rev. Louis Laboucarie, S. J.," by the Rev. Paul Camboué. The valiant missionary whose life-story is here narrated concentrated all his activities during a quarter of a century on the evangelization of one specific portion of the great island; and the usual result of concentrated effort followed: he was splendidly successful.

—Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard is engaged upon a history of the California Missions, which will be issued in handsome form, with numerous illustrations, by Mr. A. M. Robertson, of San Francisco. No one is so well qualified for this needed work as Mr. Stoddard, and we rejoice to know that he has found leisure to undertake it. We are already indebted to him for a charming volume dealing with old days in California—"In the Footprints of the Padres."

—There must be another side to the story that in a recently-published compilation of literary selections intended for use in Catholic schools and colleges, present-day Catholic writers are conspicuously absent, 'owing to the policy of some of our publishers in refusing permission to make use of copyrighted matter.' We feel sure that the request was made in a wrong way, or that there was reluctance or refusal on the part of the petitioner to comply with conditions on which the proprietors had a right to insist. Catholic publishers have rights, and they are often violated through the ignorance, carelessness or unscrupulousness of authors, editors and compilers. We know of editors of religious papers who never give credit for anything they reproduce in their columns, if it can possibly be avoided.

—A glance through the monthly bulletins of American publishers shows a notable increase, as compared with the books of a decade ago, in the number of outdoor volumes. "Nature-books" are now almost as common as novels; and, for the most part, are incomparably better reading.

—A particularly timely volume, one in which the note of actuality is especially prominent, is *Le Plan Maçonnique* (The Masonic Plan), by M. Michel Le François, just published in Paris. The influence of Freemasonry in French life, private and public, is treated in masterly fashion; and every statement is backed by abundant documentary evidence of its utter truth.

—The New York *Sun* is authority for the statement that the best known of the literary agents—the gentlemen who act as middlemen between authors and publishers—warns his clients that in future he will not undertake to sell verse. It appears that the supply of verse is largely in excess of the demand, and possibly the agent dreads an unusually heavy avalanche of "spring poetry."

—*Out West* is exasperated at the literary crime of somebody in the Post Office Department at Washington who, a few years ago, "ran together all the two-word place names in California that he dared." El Cajon and El Rio, for instance, became Elcajon and Elrio, quite as wretched a mutilation as would be the same treatment of their English translations, Thebox, Theriver. Our picturesque California contemporary cites several other atrocities of this sort "to show how lonely as a bullfrog on the wind-swept shores of Lake Superior the mentality of that particular clerk would be if turned loose inside the shell of a mustard seed."

—The International Language Series, published by Ginn & Co., and including all the books recommended by the "Committee of Twelve," forms quite a library. The latest additions are: Freytag's *Die Journalisten* and Ernst's *Flachsman als Erzieher*, comedies of two district schools of German dramatic writing; also Zschokke's *Der Zerbrochene Krug*, and Storm's *In St. Jürgen*, simple and interesting stories. For French reading classes, the series presents two of About's

short stories — *La Mère de la Marquise* and *La Fille du Chanoine*, both entertaining and free from objectionable features.

—The Australian Catholic Truth Society, whose central wholesale agent is Mr. W. F. Linehan, of Melbourne, has issued the following penny pamphlets: "Priests and People of Ireland. A Vindication," by His Eminence Cardinal Moran; "Rise and Progress of the Church in Australia," by the Most Rev. Archbishop of Melbourne; "Mary Immaculate and Democracy," by the Most Rev. Archbishop Keane; "Radium," by Monsignor Molloy; "The Drunkard," by Archbishop Ullathorne; "The Lamp of the Sanctuary," by Cardinal Wiseman; "The Church and Temperance," by the Very Rev. F. C. Hays; "Modern Astronomy," by Arthur Wadsworth; "Gordon, the Australian Poet," by the Rev. J. J. Malone; "Kendall, the Australian Poet," also by the Rev. J. J. Malone; and "Christmas Crib, and a Sprig of Holly." These pamphlets might be more attractively published, and certain of them have already been issued by other Truth Societies. There ought to be some understanding between the directors, so as to avoid useless expense, and to co-operate in the dissemination of any particularly useful publication.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Apologetica: Elementary Apologetics for Pulpit and Pew." Rev. P. A. Halpin. 85 cts.

"Religion and Art, and Other Essays." Rev. J. L. Spalding. $1.

"Views of Dante." E. L. Rivard, C. S. V. $1.25.

"Julia." Katharine Tynan. $1.50.

"Studies in Religion and Literature." William Samuel Lilly. $3.25.

"St. Peter Fourier." L. Pingaud. $1, net.

"A Manual of Mystical Theology. Rev. Arthur Devine, C. P. $2.50, net.

"California and Its Missions." Two volumes. Bryan J. Clinch. $5, net.

"Religion and the Higher Life." William Rainey Harper. $1.10.

"The Strategy of Great Railroads." Frank H. Spearman. $1.50, net.

"A Spoiled Priest and Other Stories." Rev. P. A. Sheehan, D. D. $1.25, net.

"Principles of Sacred Eloquence." Rev. John Conway, O. P. 50 cts.

"The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass." Rev. Dr. Nicholas Gihr. $4.

"The First Days of Jesus." 15 cts.

"The Waters of Lethe." Lida L. Coghlan. $1.25.

"In the Morning of Life." Herbert Lucas, S. J. $1, net.

"Last Letters of Aubrey Beardsley." Rev. John Gray. $1.60.

"Ceremonial for Altar Boys." Rev. Matthew Britt, O. S. B. 35 cts.

"Socialism." Victor Cathrein, S. J. — Victor Gettelmann, S. J. $1.50.

"Progress in Prayer." R. P. Caussade, S. J. 75 cts., net.

"Letters of Blessed John of Avila." $1.10.

"Cardome: A Romance of Kentucky." Anna C. Minogue. $1.25.

"Brother and Sister." Jean Charruau, S. J. $1.25, net.

"Vera Sapientia." Thomas à Kempis. 75 cts.

"Rosa Mystica." Kenelm Digby Best. $6.

"Pastoral Medicine." A. E. Sanford, M. D. $1.50.

"Teacher's Handbook to the Catechism." Rev. A. Urban. $4.50.

"The Life of St. Teresa." $2.20.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. John Hermeling, of the diocese of Sioux Falls; Rev. Henry Lynch, diocese of Hartford; and Rev. John Nagle, S. J.

Brother Albert, of the Order of the Sacred Heart.

Sister M. Zoe (Bassett), of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister M. Loretto, Sisters of Mercy; and Sister M. Paula, Order of the Visitation.

Mr. John Clark, of London, Ont., Canada; Mr. William Picklum, Davenport, Iowa; Mr. Edward Du Bois and Mr. M. J. McNamee, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. J. A. Cronin, S. Boston, Mass.; Mrs. James Bigane, Cincinnati, Ohio; Miss Hannah Gillespie, Xenia, Ohio; Mrs. Mary Dundon and Mrs. M. G. Crowley, Charlestown, Mass.; Mr. James Lee, Lorain, Ohio; Mrs. Mary Albright, Mrs. B. A. La Valle, and Mrs. Ellen Cummings, Parkersburg, W. Va.; Mr. M. R. Guinane, Norwich, N. Y.; Mrs. Abbie Warren, Lima, Ohio; Mrs. Ann McKeown, Derrynoose, Ireland; and Mr. John Schmitt, Philadelphia, Pa.

Requiescant in pace!

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COMPOSITE MADONNA.
(Joseph Gray Kitchell.)

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A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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From the Hills.

BY SEUMAS MACMANUS.

THE pleasant paths your feet had blessed
Beneath our changing sky
The flower-swept brae, the flame-struck moor
You left, nor gave good-bye—

The little linnet's plaintive pipe,
The throstle's cheery call
That charmed your soul through days of bliss
In glens of Donegal.

Forsook the fond hills of your heart
Where love's bright bow found birth;
And one you left who loved you, love,
Above all things of earth.

But now your linnet always lilts,
Your mavis ever trills
Where you uplift a radiant face
Amid eternal hills.

Through mazes of unending bliss
Down glens of joy you glide—
Would God your hand were held in mine
And I walked by your side!

Our Lady of Graces.

BY JOHN B. CULLEN.

PILGRIMAGE-PLACES in Ireland were once, as we know, famous and almost without number throughout the land. Many of the scenes of these ancient and venerated shrines, where saintly memories and traditions are lovingly preserved, are still centres of penitential devotion. Crowds visit them from year to year,—some through religious fervor, others from curiosity or for the purposes of history. Not a few of those once hallowed sanctuaries are, however, left lonely and forsaken; whilst others, owing to the changes of changeful Time, are quite forgotten.

One of these shrines of holy Ireland, which during the Middle Ages attracted numberless pilgrims, and whose fame penetrated far beyond the Green Isle, was that of Our Lady of Graces, in the ancient Geraldine town of Youghal, County Cork. The picturesqueness of the place, and the antiquarian remains and historical associations attached to it, together with the attractions of the River Blackwater, have in latter times made it a favorite trysting ground in the summer season for tourists and seaside visitors.

Beyond all else, Youghal is peculiarly rich in its religious memorials. The old collegiate church of Saint Mary, founded in 1464 by Thomas, Earl of Desmond, though no longer in Catholic hands, has in latter days been beautifully restored. The site of the first Franciscan convent—founded in Ireland early in the thirteenth century by Maurice Fitzgerald, Lord of Offaley,—is now covered by the modern buildings of the convent of the Presentation Nuns, famous for its inimitable Irish lace. In the northern part of the old town are the fragments of the Dominican Priory, of whose bygone church the eastern gable, with its traceried window, alone remains. This, too, owed its foundation to another of the noble Geraldines,

styled Thomas Fitzmaurice Fitzgerald; for he was son of the munificent patron of the first Irish Franciscans, who was laid to rest, clothed in the habit of the Order, within the convent whose walls his piety had raised.

The Dominican Priory of Youghal dates from 1268. It was originally dedicated under the title of the Holy Cross; but, owing to the after-fame of the miraculous Madonna preserved there—which for long attracted pilgrims to its shrine, and to the petitions at which marvellous graces and favors were vouchsafed, through the intercession of the Mother of God,—the older title gradually gave place to that of Our Lady of Graces.

The history attached to the shrine of Youghal forcibly recalls the beautiful legend associated with the church of Notre Dame de Boulogne, France,—the story of a statue of Our Lady's being miraculously wafted over the seas to the shores adjacent to the city, now crowned by its far-famed shrine.

One day, about five hundred years ago, some poor fishermen were straying listlessly along the beach, where the tide-waves of the Atlantic rolled on the sands, adjacent to the ancient Irish seaport. As their eyes wandered over the expanse of the blue waters of the ocean, the attention of one of them was attracted by a dark object, apparently a spar or piece of floating wreckage, which was being borne along by the incoming tide. Curiosity was at once excited, with all that eager excitement peculiar to those whose daily lives are bound up with the toils and chances of the sea. As they watched and watched the mysterious object, with searching gaze, the hopes of the fishermen were gladdened; for the heaving waves were quickly bearing on toward the beach what was now discerned to be a huge beam of timber. Soon the rising waters cast their burden on the sands.

The sea-gift was welcomed by the fishing crew, who deemed themselves lucky in securing a valuable spoil; for, we learn, timber of any kind was then particularly scarce in the district. Appliances were quickly procured to insure the safety of the prize; but, to their astonishment, when the stalwart seamen tried to remove it, they found all their efforts powerless to stir, much less to lift, the piece of wood. Finding the strength of arms unavailing, a pair of horses were attached, but with no more success.

Soon the report of the curious *find* spread through the town, and those who hurried down to see it, were no less astonished than the poor fishermen at the difficulty of removing what the waves had lightly cast upon the shore. The number of horses was now increased, till at last ten strong animals were requisitioned—yet all in vain! Meanwhile the tide had ebbed and flowed again; and when at last the lapping waves reached the beam, it moved, and gently, as if attracted by some mysterious cause, floated on the surf in a northward direction, till it approached more closely the precincts of the Priory. Here it touched the sands again, and rested steadily till the tide receded.

The wondering crowd had now increased to witness what was naturally deemed a most unaccountable phenomenon. The Fathers of Saint Dominic's were summoned to the scene. They, seeing all efforts to remove the beam fruitless, concluded that some preternatural agency was at work. Just then, as if intuitively inspired, two of the religious, coming forward, tried to lift the piece of timber, when, to the astonishment of the bystanders, they found no difficulty in raising it on their shoulders and bearing it to the entrance of the church. Here it lay for some time, no doubt an object of strange curiosity, owing to the circumstances that attended its advent to the place.

One night, it is told, a heavy downpour of rain came on, after which the water lodged in a cavity that marked the upturned side of the beam. This attracted no unusual attention; and the fact that the water did not soak away or evaporate was attributed to the hardness or some other peculiar properties of the timber. At length a poor blind man, who was in the habit of frequenting the church, one morning chanced to dip his fingers in the little pool, as he groped his way; and, as was his custom, or perhaps thinking the water might be blessed, he touched his eyes with his moistened fingers—when suddenly his long dimmed sight was restored!

Simultaneously with this occurrence, the Prior of the convent had a vision, in which it was revealed to him that within the trunk of timber was inclosed an image of the "Virgin of Great Power." No time was lost, needless to tell, in solving the mystery; and on opening the spot where the healing water lay, the heaven-sent image was revealed. We can easily realize the reverential joy that filled the hearts of all at sight of the wonderful favor bestowed on oldtime Youghal and its citizens. With hymns of praise and thanksgiving, the precious gift was carried to the church, and round the sacred precincts, and then placed on the votive altar, where it long continued to be visited as a source of numberless miracles and heavenly favors.

Amid wonders the sacred treasure came, and amid wonders it remained. To its shrine for almost two centuries came the maimed and the blind, the dumb and the paralyzed, the sorrow-stricken and the afflicted. Each fresh wonder and newly-granted favor brought ever-increasing crowds of trusting pilgrims, to pour out their petitions at the feet of Our Lady of Graces. The fame of the miraculous image spread far beyond the encircling seas of Ireland. From remote countries of Europe numberless votaries flocked, perchance in fulfilment of a sacred vow, or to seek some longed-for favor at the Irish shrine of Heaven's Queen.

Notwithstanding the ruin that befell the monasteries of Ireland at the period of the so-called Reformation, it would seem that the divine ministrations continued to be exercised in the old Priory of Youghal, and pilgrims continued to visit its shrine till an advanced part of Elizabeth's reign. It was only in the year 1586, when a great portion of the confiscated estates of the Earl of Desmond, together with the town of Youghal, was granted to Sir Walter Raleigh, that the friars were forced to abandon their convent, and their church was given over to desecration and wanton destruction.

From first to last during the three centuries of its existence, the representatives of its founder, the faithful Geraldines, had never ceased to lavish their fondest care and protection on the venerated sanctuary, whose traditions were bound up with the fortunes and vicissitudes of their race. When the fatal moment came and the friary was doomed to fall, it was to the heroism of a daughter of the same noble house that the safety of the relic of Our Lady of Graces was due. This was the daughter of the sixteenth Earl of Desmond, by whom the sacred image was afterward enshrined in a silver reliquary, and in which it is preserved to the present day. When the church was seized by order of Raleigh, as Mayor of Youghal, and Desmond's men were hard pressed in defending it, it is told how this lady secured the precious treasure, and, flying across the River Blackwater, carried it to a place of security.

Manifestations of Heaven's displeasure were plainly visible in the sacrilegious scenes that followed. One of the English soldiers who mounted the walls of the church to begin the work of fanatic

vandalism, fell dead from the summit of the building! Three others who had forced their way into the interior of the sacred edifice, for the purpose of pulling down the Holy Rood that stood aloft under the chancel arch, met with no less tragic an end.

But, alas! the hand of the ruthless despoiler was not stayed. The Priory of Our Lady of Graces was wholly broken down. The sacred edifice was pillaged of the votive offerings and treasures with which grateful hearts and generous hands had adorned its shrine. Of all its former beauty few traces were suffered to remain. Some broken arches, the shattered remnants of the traceried windows, and a mass of roofless walls, alone survived to tell the tale of havoc and desolation that had befallen the hallowed spot.

The subsequent history of the Dominicans of Youghal is a counterpart of that of their brethren in other parts of Ireland during the Penal Days. Some members of the disbanded community remained secretly in the neighborhood of their old home, thanks to the fidelity of the faithful people among whom they had ministered. Others were forced to taste the bitterness of exile and die in foreign lands. As time went on, the succession was nominally kept up, and appointments made to the old Priory in the hopes of better times. Occasionally a Dominican Father or two took up residence in the town,—secretly of course, and at the risk of incurring the dire penalties of the laws rigorously in force against the members of religious Orders.

In 1698 some of the religious were resident in Youghal, and had in their possession the miraculous image of Our Lady of Graces. In May of that year an act was passed commanding all the members of monastic Orders to leave Ireland and never to return, under pain of death. As there was no possibility of evading the force of this enactment, the custodians of the Madonna placed it, for safe-keeping, in the hands of Sir John Hore, of Shandon Castle, County Cork. In 1756 it was once again in Youghal, when a period of respite and freedom of religious worship had dawned for Catholics. A small community of Dominicans, consisting of the prior, Father Thomas O'Kelly, and two priests, then existed in the town. After a lapse of years, as circumstances put an end to the hopes so fondly cherished of re-establishing the Priory of Youghal, the Dominicans abandoned the scene so dear to their Order from its hallowed associations.

Having passed from the faithful care of one custodian to that of another, the venerated image of the Madonna of Youghal reached its present resting-place—the church of the Dominican Fathers, Pope's Quay, Cork. Here, on a beautiful altar it is once more exposed, as of old, for the veneration of the faithful. In our day frequent instances are recorded of cures and graces being piously attributed to prayers offered through the intercession of Our Lady of Graces before the altar on which her sacred image now rests. The olden silver reliquary within which the figure was, as we have told, enshrined by the Lady Geraldine, is now inclosed within a costly casket of silver-gilt renaissance work, the votive offering of a devout client for a miraculous favor received.

The figure of the Madonna is of carved ivory, bespeaking Italian workmanship of the early fifteenth century. Our Lady is represented in a sitting attitude, crowned, and having the Divine Child clasped by the left arm. In her right hand she holds a dove. The original silver case in which it is set is opened by folding doors, and bears the inscription:

ORATE PRO ANIMA
ONORIÆ,
FILIÆ DE JACOBI DE GERALDINIS,
QUÆ ME FIREI FECIT.
ANNO DOMINI 1617.

In the old town of Youghal, the scene of the once famous pilgrimage, the veneration of Our Lady of Graces is not yet forgotten. On the 8th of September, 1901, a beautiful stained window representing the miraculous image was solemnly unveiled in the parochial church. The memories of the glorious past are still kept vivid in the hearts of the people, who in joy and sorrow are wont to turn, in prayers of gratitude or supplication, to her who was long ago the dearest patroness of their forefathers.

Young Mr. Bretherton.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XVII.—Killing the Trout.

ON the following afternoon Lord Aylward walked down the high street of Millbrook,—keeping at some distance, however, from Rose Cottage, which he could not bear just then to approach. He was meditating moodily upon Leonora Chandler's unqualified rejection of his suit. The reasons which she had given recurred to him very forcibly, as he walked there in the brilliant sunshine, streaming through autumn-tinted foliage. The sweet tones of her voice were in his ears; and he seemed to see her again, with that expression upon her face, half wistful, half appealing, but wholly captivating.

"Don't you see," she had explained, "that I should be but an exotic in your London drawing-rooms, pining, perhaps, for home? Did you ever read that little German ballad of the pine tree which, transplanted to the tropics, longed for its home in the Northland, until it faded away and died? I should be just such another."

Leonora had pursued that line of argument, despite his own endeavors to turn her thoughts therefrom.

"Even if my ambition were gratified," she had replied, "I should weary of it all. It is not in my nature to be long satisfied with externals; and after you had sacrificed so much for me, you would find me in the long run disappointing."

Lord Aylward, pondering upon this view of the subject, now, after several nights' reflection, was more convinced than ever that, as he had told Leonora, he would willingly take all chances. Her deepest charm to him lay in the elusive character of her beauty,—a remoteness which suggested hidden depths of feeling and attractions which were not for every comer and did not immediately strike the eye.

As the young man strolled along, thinking thus, and stirring the autumn leaves absent-mindedly with his cane, there occurred an interruption which threw a strong light upon the subject of his meditations, and led him to regard matters after a totally different fashion.

Now, the torch-bearer in this instance, the dispenser of light, was no other than Miss Tabitha's neighbor, the keen-witted and loquacious Jesse Craft. It is certain that his approach, heralded by a cheerful greeting, in his most stentorian tones, of "Good-day to you, Lord Aylward!" was none too welcome to the Englishman. The latter was in that mood when one's thoughts are the best company. Perhaps, too, some inward prescience warned him that the unkempt and dingy philosopher was about to dispel his last remaining illusions with regard to Miss Chandler. He constrained himself, however, to return Jesse Craft's salutation with his usual geniality:

"Good-day, Mr. Craft,—though it isn't a very *good* day for any one. It looks bright enough, but there's a beastly east wind blowing."

"So there is, and you know the old saw says: 'Wind in the east is good for neither man nor beast,'" replied

the sage of Millbrook. "Sometimes, too," he continued, "it fits in right well with a human critter's turn of mind. That makes me think, Lord Aylward, that you ain't somehow lookin' jest as chipper as you used to look."

"Oh, I'm all right!" the younger man answered hastily.

"Well," said Jesse Craft, slowly, "I'm powerful glad to hear it."

"Thanks!" rejoined Lord Aylward. "I'm awfully obliged, I'm sure."

After that the conversation would have lapsed, in so far as the younger man was concerned. He returned to his pastime of poking the fallen leaves, or he stared straight ahead, with a countenance that to an ordinary observer was quite impassible. Jesse Craft, however, was something more than a common observer: he could read the signs on a human countenance as well as another, and he had a settled purpose in intruding that afternoon upon Lord Aylward's solitary walk. He had come to a definite conclusion upon a certain subject; and, as he liked the young Englishman, he was resolved to put him out of misery. He revolved the idea in his own mind, mentally cogitating after his own quaint fashion:

"If I was to see a trout squirmin' on a hook, why, I calculate I'd lose no time in killin' it. So I guess I'll do likewise by this young gent. Not that I'd hurt a hair of his head willingly, but jest for his own good."

He began, therefore, to speak upon a topic which was very near Lord Aylward's heart in those days; and proceeded forthwith to kill his trout.

"Well, what did you think of that there celebration for your friend, the Governor's son?" asked Jesse Craft.

"It was first-rate,—it was immense!" responded Lord Aylward, trying to rouse himself to enthusiasm.

"And look here!" continued Jesse. "There was one feature of that celebration that I reckon you didn't see, nor mebbe anybody but myself."

Lord Aylward long remembered the appearance of the old man as he said these words. He came to a standstill and laid an impressive hand upon the Englishman's shoulder. The two were at some distance up the road, past the milldam; though they could hear the rushing of the waters there. It seemed to blend with Jesse Craft's speech.

Lord Aylward inquired, carelessly enough, what was this special feature of the celebration; but there was a gleam of curiosity in his eyes, for the other's manner was impressive.

"When the procession was passing by Miss Tabithy's gate," went on the narrator, "mebbe you remarked, and mebbe you didn't, that Miss Lenora was out there."

Aylward's face became animated.

"Yes, I saw Miss Chandler," he assented. "She wore a white dress of some sort."

"Yes, she wore a white dress, and a red rose stuck near her throat. Well, she waited till the Governor's son come along, and she jest fixed one look on him, and she fired that rose straight!"

Lord Aylward turned very pale, as if he had received a shock; and he said quietly:

"That was a feature of the celebration which I most certainly did *not* see. Probably it was not meant for prying eyes."

Jesse Craft took no notice of the implied rebuke, but pursued the subject with an ever-growing earnestness:

"The Governor's son, he caught the rose, too, all right; and—" The speaker paused just an instant, as if nerving himself for the final blow. "And it's my belief," he went on, "that the young man set more store by that rose than he did by his nomination to the United States Congress."

Lord Aylward said no word, made no sign. Nowhere, perchance, does blood tell more than in that supremely thoroughbred quality of self-control.

"So I sez to Miss Lenora: 'That rose was meant for your own candidate, Miss Lenora's choice.'—'Oh,' sez she, quite pert-like, 'it was meant for the people's candidate, for Millbrook's choice!' But I knew better."

The old man paused, and stood leaning on his stick, gazing straight in front of him, and not at Lord Aylward, upon whose face was a look which Jesse Craft would not have cared to see. The noise of the water flowing over the milldam, and the dull whir of Eben Knox's machinery, alone broke the stillness, till at last Miss Tabitha's loquacious neighbor began again.

"I reckon," he said slowly, "that you'll see this business in about the same light that I do. You'll make out mighty quick what that bit of play-actin' meant."

Lord Aylward nodded mechanically, feeling that at least so much was expected of him.

"Now, why do I tell you this?" Jesse Craft resumed. "Why in tarnation do I meddle with what don't consarn me any more than it does the mill-wheel down yonder? Why do I yell out all I know, like a clucking hen? Why, sir, it's jest for this reason. I know when I see him a man that's got grit and can take a straight blow when he gets it. I know, too, when I see a man that's set his heart upon a woman. The sex is most as uncertain as the elements, and a wise man don't go far to set too much store by any of them. When the misfortune do happen, howsomever, it's best to know the truth."

"I would have preferred knowing it sooner, that's all," said Lord Aylward, in the same quiet tone. "But I thank you all the same for the information."

He did not utter another word upon the subject; and Jesse Craft mentally declared, with involuntary admiration, that he was game, every inch of him. In parting, Lord Aylward wrung the old man's hand with an effusiveness which he rarely showed. There was an unspoken sympathy between the two, for all the inequalities of time and place and fortune. Somewhere far back in Jesse Craft's experience was a chapter which enabled him to enter into sympathy with this man, to whom, moreover, he was akin in a rugged, sterling honesty peculiar to them both.

"He's the right sort," said Jesse Craft to himself, standing and looking after the young Englishman as he strode off into the distance. "But so is the other, or I'm a noodle. It's a tarnation pity when two such men set their hearts upon the same woman. Womenfolk is pesky things for to meddle with. Lenora, she's bound to have the best of men lookin' after her; though she has got the other sort on her hands, too. That critter down by the mill-pond, he's a waitin' on her also. I wish she was well rid of that viper. I seen him prowlin' about Miss Tabithy's grounds like some pestiferous night-hawk. I was achin' to pelt him out of that there garden with a handful of rocks I'd picked up. Jerusalem, but I'd have seen him scoot, if once I'd let fly! But for the peace of the neighborhood and for Lenora's sake 'twouldn't do nohow." Jesse Craft knitted his brows into a deep scowl, and gazed gloomily at the red brick walls of the mill in the distance. "If it weren't for that," he repeated, "I'd have let fly."

Lord Aylward, meantime, reached the Manor by a route which he had purposely made circuitous, and by means of which he passed and saw with unseeing eye many of the Thorneycroft villas lying in the splendor of the setting sun. In a few instances there were some of the occupants of these ultra-exclusive residences playing tennis or otherwise disporting themselves upon the lawn. Once or twice voices called out to the solitary pedestrian, who roused himself from his abstraction sufficiently to take off his hat or to

return the passing salutation. He did not stop, however, to enter into conversation, but made his way to the Manor in time to dress for dinner.

During the whole of that evening he gave no sign of anything unusual in his bearing or conversation. None could have guessed by his outward aspect that, following upon Leonora's refusal, he had received a new wound at the hands of Jesse Craft. Indeed, it was only quite late at night, when he and Jim Bretherton were having their nocturnal cigar in the smoking-room, that he finally referred to the subject.

"Jimmy," he said suddenly, "I have been thinking over that matter of which I spoke to you—of Miss Chandler's reasons for her unqualified refusal of my proposal." He spoke with a constraint which showed that the subject was painful to him. "She gave a lot of reasons—don't you know?—by way of letting me down easy. Only one of them had anything in it, and that was the question of religion."

Jim nodded, as if he understood.

"Yes, that would have had weight with her," he said gravely. "A good Catholic doesn't want to marry an outsider."

"I can't understand, of course, how that could possibly make any difference," declared Lord Aylward. "But with you Catholics lots of things seem to matter. I remember at Oxford how much stricter you were in your views than the other fellows."

"I suppose our religion does keep us in order. But to return to Miss Chandler, it seems very probable that the difference of religion may have been the real motive of her refusal."

Jim Bretherton, as he spoke thus, was conscious of a curious sinking of the heart. *That*, then, and not any fancied preference for another, was the cause of her rejection of Lord Aylward! It had not occurred to him before; but, knowing Leonora as he did, he felt sure that she would be likely to follow the dictates of conscience.

"I have no doubt," said Lord Aylward, slowly, "that the difference of creed would make an immense difference to such a girl as Miss Chandler. But I do not honestly believe it was her only motive in this case."

He did not at once explain his meaning, but sat smoking in a silence which his companion made no attempt to break.

"The fact is, Jimmy," the smoker exclaimed at last, "it's best to be honest and aboveboard; and I may as well tell you that I had a few moments' conversation with the old chap who lives next door to Rose Cottage, and it threw a flash-light upon the subject,—by Jove it did!"

Jim Bretherton waited expectantly and somewhat breathlessly. He scarcely knew what he was about to hear.

"I shouldn't have referred to the matter," Lord Aylward, continued, "only that it is better we should understand each other once for all." He looked very intently at the cigar which he held between his fingers as he went on, with his slow, deliberate enunciation: "The old fellow described to me a little episode of your triumphal procession the other night. It took place at the gate of Rose Cottage. No doubt you understand the allusion, and I do not seek in any way to force your confidence. But Miss Tabitha's neighbor drew from that occurrence certain deductions, which appear to me forcible enough to supply another motive for Miss Chandler's decision."

He rose as he spoke and stood in his favorite attitude, with an arm resting upon the mantelpiece. Jim Bretherton, who had changed color perceptibly during the foregoing address, also rose, and stood directly facing his friend, at the opposite side of the hearth.

"The incident to which you refer," he said very quietly, "was the result

of momentary excitement, and of no importance whatever. The whole town was in some way or another expressing jubilation."

"My dear fellow, I can't argue the matter!" cried Lord Aylward. "It may be quite as you say, and I may be altogether wrong in putting a special construction upon a purely spontaneous act. The very circumstance that it was spontaneous, however, serves to confirm my theory."

It was a crucial moment in the lives of both men,—the turning-point in their long years of friendship. The air seemed vibrant with a powerful emotion. Jim Bretherton found himself, it must be owned, in a singular and delicate position. Until very recently, Lord Aylward had stood in the minds of both as a probably successful suitor for the hand of Leonora Chandler. It had seemed a foregone conclusion that if he offered himself he would be accepted. Suddenly the parts were reversed; and Jim Bretherton, who had scarcely acknowledged to himself the warmth of his regard for his early playmate, nor so much as thought of appearing a claimant for her favor, was now, by the irony of circumstances, apparently the successful rival of his closest friend.

"It seems hardly fair to attach any meaning to so impulsive an action," continued Lord Aylward; "but, considering the sort of girl we are discussing, I can not help coming to the same conclusion as our friend Craft. Miss Chandler does not lightly show marks of favor even to a successful politician."

"She showed this particular mark of her favor to an old friend," Jim Bretherton responded gravely.

"That is quite possible," Lord Aylward assented; "and, perhaps, we may as well pass over that part of the subject. Miss Tabitha's neighbor, however, by his own peculiar process of reasoning, reached another conclusion."

"May I ask its nature?" Jim Bretherton inquired somewhat stiffly.

Lord Aylward stared hard at the tiny spark upon the end of his cigar, while he answered:

"Old Craft's exact words were that, in his opinion, the Governor's son set more store by that rose than by his nomination to Congress."

Then followed another of those pauses which are more significant than speech. Bretherton strove to find fitting words in which to express his thoughts:

"If the incident were to be interpreted as you and Jesse Craft seem to imagine," he declared, "there is no room for doubt that I should be—immensely flattered."

He felt, as did Lord Aylward also, that this was a tame conclusion. Both were feeling so deeply that any form of words must have sounded commonplace. Still, for a moment, the young Englishman wondered if Jesse Craft could have been mistaken, and if there were nothing more than friendship between the Governor's son and Miss Tabitha's niece. His own perceptions were not of the keenest, and Jim's face was well under control.

There rose up before Aylward the image of the young girl, with her uncommon, haunting beauty, and that indefinable charm rarer than any mere comeliness. It seemed hard to renounce all possibility of winning her, and yet it was suddenly borne in upon him that he was not the man to attract Leonora. If, on the other hand, matters stood as Jesse Craft had surmised, Jim Bretherton had shown a rare generosity in standing aside and allowing his friend a fair field. It was incumbent upon him to reciprocate.

"Jimmy," he said presently, "I ought to apologize for thrusting myself into your affairs; but I want you to understand that it's all up with me as regards Miss Chandler. She has given me a most unqualified refusal, without any hope that she might reconsider her decision. It was my confounded

presumption—don't you know?—that led me to make her an offer. She never gave me the slightest encouragement." He stopped for a moment, shaking the ashes from his cigar into the fire, and bracing himself for what he had to say. "And look here, Jimmy, you have acted like a brick! You left me a clear field,—worse luck that I couldn't win. There was never any chance of winning against you, but you may feel assured that I did not know you were in the running." He choked a little, and muttered something about the smoke, as he strove to blurt out his conclusion. "If things are as Jesse Craft supposes, why, dear old chap, I hope you will go straight ahead and be happy."

Lord Aylward was certainly not handsome, and his figure might be only too truthfully described as ungainly. Yet there was at that moment a dignity in his carriage and a look upon his face which were better than mere beauty. They told of manliness and resolution,—of a generosity of character which enabled him to rise above his personal feelings and to do justice to others.

It was fortunate in that crisis that the comrades knew and respected the sterling qualities which both possessed in an unusual degree. Jim Bretherton had, of course, the advantage given to an enlightened and consistent Catholic, in the fixity of principle and enduring strength which proceed from religious conviction. Indeed, he had materially aided his chum in living up to his own standards during perilous years.

The mutual regard between these two men was very deep and sincere; their friendship was of many years' standing; yet there in the firelight they joined hands in such a clasp as had never before united them. Warm and cordial, it told of trust unimpaired, of respect undiminished, and of affection unabated by the fiercest of all tests—the love of woman.

(To be continued.)

Memories of Maytime.

By Denis Aloysius McCarthy.

THERE are memories that linger howsoever men may change,—
Howsoever fortune lures us into places new and strange,
Howsoever on our hearts the hand of sorrow may be laid,
There are bright and blessed pictures of the past that never fade.
Many a happy dream of boyhood in remembrance still remains,
Many a picture of the past my saddened spirit still retains;
But the sweetest, best reminder of the joys I used to know
Is the memory of Maytime in old Ireland long ago!

Ah, the memory of Maytime! Ah, the sky so softly blue!
Ah, the scented apple-blossoms in the orchard wet with dew!
Ah, the mist upon the river, and the haze upon the hill!
Ah, the vagrant-hearted laddie vainly striving to be still!
Ah, the call so clear, so luring, of the cuckoo in the glen!
Ah, to follow him, the herald of the summer time, again!
Ah, to leave the years behind us with the burdens that we know,
For our youth and all its sweetness in the Maytime long ago!

Let the city's trade and traffic roll before me as they will,
I can see the hawthorn shake its snow-white blossoms on the rill;
Let the city's noise and bustle roar around me as they may,
I can hear the linnets singing in a woodland far away;
Let the city's smoke enshroud me, I can pierce its deepest gloom,
I can see a mountain purpled with the heather all in bloom,
I can see the children hieing to a place where flowers grow,—
Ah, those flow'rs for Mary's altar in the Maytime long ago!

THE noblest men are moulded out of their own faults.—*Anon.*

A "Valiant Woman" of Mexico.

BY HAROLD DIJON.

I.—The Child.

WHEN the famous *Mayflower* arrived at Plymouth Rock in 1620, the University of Mexico was nearly a century old, and the printing presses of that country had been issuing thousands of works in numerous editions for a hundred years. And when mendacious little Puritans were swearing away the lives of harmless old women, when the hunting of witches, "Papists," Baptists, and Quakers, together with the exterminating of the native race, was the prime business of the Massachusetts Colony, then, in the erstwhile empire of the Montezumas, Brother Andrew of St. Michael was erecting his "marvels of architecture"; Siguenza was making his antiquarian researches, his prolific pen pouring forth volume after volume of prose and poetry; the multifarious genius of Juana Inez de la Cruz was astounding two worlds; and little Indian boys were crying the *Flying Mercury*, the first newspaper published in our western half of the globe.

In the one land were narrow-mindedness and a blighting superstition; in the other, the torch of Faith had kindled a fire of genius that no succession of bad governments has ever contrived to extinguish. Two centuries elapsed before Massachusetts produced anything that can be called a literature. Mexico's first publishing house was established in 1536; her Augustan Age was the seventeenth century; and even that had been preceded by a period which gave the world Alarcon, who ranks with the world's greatest dramatists.

In 1651, at San Miguel de Napantla, a town within a day's easy ride of the city of Mexico, was born Juana, daughter to the Count and Countess Ortega,—the Count a cadet of the famous house of Mendoza. It was not thought that the child would live, and on the day of her birth she was baptized. From then on she grew stronger; when she was two years old, Dr. Arturo Sandoval pronounced her "a lusty child, whose command of language is the astonishment of all." And he goes on to say quaintly: "Her nurse declares her to be taught by her Guardian Angel, and it is not denied a Christian to believe this."*

There is an abundance of testimony in Spanish, German and French that Juana could read, write and cipher at the age of three; and when five years old she could keep accounts. The fame of her mathematical knowledge reached the court of Philip IV. of Spain; and Don Alonso Muxica, perpetual Recorder of the city of Salamanca, wrote what is esteemed to be a fine specimen of the Spanish sonnet on the child's early accomplishments. "What," he says, "for all is but the break of morn, in her was the middle of the day."

It was at this early age also that Juana gave manifestation of what was to become the master-passion of her life—love for the poor and suffering. Provided with a private purse of her own, in reward for her proficiency in arithmetic, it was noted that Juana, who was most exact and thrifty in the management of affairs committed to her care, was herself invariably penniless. Her father looked into the matter and discovered that she not only distributed all her pocket-money among a little army of pensioners, but that even the sweetmeats and toys given her found their way to the hands of her little friends among the poor,—her chosen ones being the children of the poorest of the Indians. Far from finding fault with Juana's generosity, the

* Quoted by Melanie Rivière.

Count encouraged it by ordering that an increased allotment be made to her purse.

Juana's father held an official post at the Mexican viceregal court, and in 1567 the family moved to the palace he had caused to be built for them in the city of Mexico. It was now that Juana, had she not been the extraordinary character she was, would have had her head turned by the adulation she received. Such fulsome flattery she endeavored to shun, finally showing by her manner that it was revolting to her. On seeing this, and by command of her father, "her imprudent friends ceased to importune her with what was in every way distasteful to her."*

Private tutors were engaged for Juana; and her biographers state that at the age of eight, and after only twenty lessons, she was proficient in Latin. It was at this time also that she gave evidence of poetical gifts that were to make her one of the immortals of Spanish literature.

Spain has always been renowned for her devotion to the Holy Sacrament of the Altar; and among the effects of this devotion are the *Autos Sacramentales* of Lope and Calderon,—grand and mystical dramas written to enliven the faith of their auditors. These great masterpieces were usually performed about the time of Corpus Christi.

Now, Mexico was scarcely behind her mother country in devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, and in 1568 she was making special efforts to have that year's celebration of Corpus Christi eclipse all the solemnities that had heretofore taken place in the viceroyalty. Not only were *autos* of the masters to be performed: Mexican writers were called on to contribute their talent to God's honor and glory.

Juana heard this talked of and commented on, and she seriously set to work to compose an *auto*,—not with an idea that it would be performed, but, as she relates, because something impelled her to write. The result of her labor was the embryo of the incomparable "Divine Narcissus," which she composed many years after.

Her mother, who appears to have been a woman of some erudition and taste, read Juana's manuscript; and, well as she knew her daughter's genius, was amazed at such work in a child of eight. She took the dramatic poem to her husband. After reading, the Count bade Juana make a fair copy of the manuscript; and, without informing her of his intention, sent the drama anonymously to the committee appointed to pass judgment on the productions submitted for the festival honors. The work was accepted with honorable commendations, and was one of three dramas selected to be performed before the viceroy and his court.

Of all this Juana was kept in ignorance till she witnessed the performance of her drama in the miniature theatre of the viceroy. Muñoz relates that when she heard her verses repeated in public, she turned pale and grasped her mother's hand. "She had defects of character," he comments, "but no man or woman was ever freer from vanity than she."

It was after this that an ill-advised attempt was made to induce the Count to postpone Juana's studies to the cultivation of her poetical genius. "She implored her father to be allowed to continue her studies," is the dubious statement made by Rivadeneira. Juana had a will of her own, which we shall see manifested more than once. It is the present writer's opinion that it was manifested on this occasion. At any rate, her studies were continued; and to them was added that of Greek, which she mastered when she was twelve years old. This well-ascertained

* Rivadeneira.

fact is much exulted over by Juana's Spanish biographers.

In appearance Juana was a perfect type of a pure Spaniard, which, far from being brunette, is the palest blonde,—fair of skin, "limpid blue eyes," and a "magnificent head of hair of a yellow color." One morning, when she was twelve years old, Juana appeared before her astonished parents with her "golden locks" shorn close to her head. Her naturally incensed mother demanded to know why she had cut off her hair. Juana replied, in good faith, that she had determined not to allow it to grow till she had acquired the knowledge she proposed to herself; seeing no reason why a head should be covered with hair that was destitute of knowledge, its best ornament.

Having made this declaration, sufficiently alarming to a mother who took pride in her daughter's beauty, Juana went on to insist, still in good faith, that she be permitted to don boy's clothes and attend the university. She acknowledged that her tutors were men of talent, who had done much for her; but she realized that in a university which had mothered an Alarcon and other lights, her progress in learning would be more rapid, and of a solidity she felt it lacked. There could be but one answer to such a request: an absolute and unqualified refusal,—a refusal the reasons for which the poor little girl was incapable of understanding. She was crushed by it, and so completely that when her mother commanded that she let nature have its way with her hair, she made no demur.

Juana did not remain crushed. She applied herself in the succeeding three years with renewed vigor to her studies, increasing their number by taking lessons in music and painting, in which fine arts, as we shall see, she became something more than a novice.

It might be supposed that one so passionately addicted to books as was this remarkable child would have cared little for the amusements of children. In fact, Schack conceived that she was of a melancholy cast of mind; and, from an expression he lets slip, Bouterwek appears to have had the same impression of Juana. Nothing could be further from the truth. She was not a prig; and those who knew her intimately concur with Margaret de Cordova in saying she was "gay-hearted, the life of the sports of her companions, in whose company she delighted."

The Spanish authorities of her life speak in admiration of her horsemanship and of her grace in the minuet. Mention is made, too, of her deft needle, particularly in the embroidering of a "tunic for the little Child Jesus in the chapel of the Hospital of the Love of God."* In short, she was not available material for a comedy akin to that famous one of Molière's on the bluestocking.

Neither was Juana neglectful of the duties of religion. She desired learning, that by it she might glorify God. This will be exemplified when we come to her literary work. Her favorite book was a volume of the Gospels, and the parable nearest her heart was the one of the "Talents." Her most exquisite prose essay is perhaps that in which this parable is discussed. Her cousin, who was wife to the Spanish Ambassador at St. James, sent her as a name-day gift a volume of the writings of St. Gertrude; and particular devotion to that saint was dear to Juana all her life long.

Transcendent, however, as were the virtues and genius of the child, poor human nature takes comfort in remembering that Juana had a quick temper—under control—and a strong will of her own.

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* Hervas.

(To be continued.)

The Legend of a Tomb.

I.

IT is scarcely possible to have visited Vienne, in Dauphiny, without having seen, near one of the gates, the ancient monument called by the Viennois "L'Aiguille." In its structure it recalls certain tombs along the Appian Way, and has altogether the effect of a Roman monument.

Vienne, or Vigenna, was formerly the Athens of the Gaul of the Cæsars. It boasted of arenas, a pretorium, a theatre, an Arch of Triumph, a temple of Augustus and Livy, a fine bridge, baths, and aqueducts. It was a very important city, which had harbored more than one distinguished ruler. Under Claudius, the prefect of the Gauls resided here; and here the maritime prefect reviewed his flotilla. Letters and arts were cultivated to an extraordinary degree; a miniature court gathered about the representative princes who here resided; it was a favorite resort of rhetoricians, poets, and brilliant men of every kind.

To-day Vigenna, or ancient Vienne, is a dead city; the men and things of old are forgotten; and L'Aiguille, that sombre and mysterious monument erected more than nineteen hundred years ago, casts its melancholy shadow on the dust and desolation which surrounds it, still preserving inviolate the secret of the ashes it was built to commemorate. On the pedestal is inscribed no name. History guards it silently; but Tradition, here as elsewhere, is still alert and living. She lays her fingers on her lips when the passer-by glances incuriously at the tall monument. But should an interested traveller ask the question, "Who lies here?" she removes them, and replies with becoming gravity: "This is the tomb of Pilate!"

It is Tradition also that tells us how, after the crucifixion of our Lord Jesus Christ, Pilate was sent to this city of the Gauls, beyond the Alps, from which he was never to return. He had done violence to his conscience in order to please the Jewish King; but that dignitary, realizing how distasteful Pilate had become even to those of the people whom he had sought to propitiate by his vacillating judgments, banished him from his sight, and forgot him. Such was the reward of Pilate's duplicity. Later he was sent to Gaul.

One day in the year 39, under the second Consulate of Caius Cæsar Caligula Augustus, and that of L. Apronius Cæsianus, there was some talk, in the house of Pilate, of a company of Jews, men and women, who had just disembarked at Marseilles. From there they had dispersed through the valley of the Rhone, preaching a new religion, and performing, it was said, wonders that had hitherto been believed to be only within the powers of Oriental magicians. One of the women, named Martha, astonished everybody by the beauty of her exhortations and the marvels of her so-called magic art. Wherever she went, she was followed by a crowd, applauding and marvelling,—unable to tear themselves away from her.

Pilate was greatly displeased at the news of these occurrences.

"What do those beggars want here?" he cried. "There is not a corner of the empire into which this accursed people have not penetrated. Jews! Jews! Jews!—always Jews! Ah, it has been well said that they are a race unlike any other in the world!"

Claudia did not reply. Drawing her hand from that of her husband, where she had placed it at the beginning of the interview, she allowed her gaze to wander thoughtfully about the garden.

"What is it, Claudia?" inquired Pilate, abnormally sensitive, and irritated to the last degree by all he

had lost and suffered. "Do you not agree with me? Why do you turn away your head? Can it be that you have a feeling of pity in your heart for those miserable creatures? You were always very weak where they were concerned,—these Jews."

"It is true, my lord; and if it be a weakness, you must pardon it. But I can not rejoice when I see the innocent punished."

"The innocent!—the innocent! Of what are you speaking? When did I ever punish the innocent? You know, Claudia, that I have never been cruel."

"No, it can not be said that you are by nature cruel, my husband. Oh, if you had been—if you were not so anxious to—to—"

"Cease, Claudia!—cease! Can it be possible that you are thinking of that protégé of yours,—of that Jew, that Galilean, that seducer of the people, for whose life you begged me as I sat on the tribunal of justice in my own hall? And can you to-day still accuse me of having crucified him? It is you who are cruel, Claudia!"

"My husband, do not reproach me. I do not judge you, but you must remember—"

"And I do remember!"

With these words, Pilate rose and began to walk rapidly up and down the terrace overlooking the lake, where they were seated.

"That innocent man, Claudia, as you called him in the message you sent me that day to the Pretorium; that innocent man whose fate you took, and still take, so much to heart,—what have I in common with him or his punishment? You well know that I had no desire to put him to death, and that at first I refused to have anything to do with him. When the Jews brought him before me, denouncing him as a malefactor, I answered them that they had their own laws by which to judge and punish him, if found worthy of punishment. They replied that they would not be permitted to do so, which was true. Then it became necessary for me to question him. I endeavored to be kind. When they began to mock and ridicule his pretensions to royalty—pretensions of a poor workingman, a carpenter,—I could not take them seriously, and I declared to them that it did not at all concern me. I was not a Jew, to meddle in their quarrels. As to him—that absurd monarch!—I began to interrogate him on his kingdom. As soon as he replied to me that his kingdom was not of this world, I saw that he was nothing but a dreamer, and I had the courage to declare that I found no cause of condemnation in him. Is it not so, Claudia,—is it not so?"

"It is true that you thus publicly expressed your belief in his innocence, my lord. You have always tried to be just."

"What more could I have done? I presented this man of the people to the people. His behavior was truly extraordinary. I pressed him to justify himself, but he did not answer. Why did he not do so? It seemed that he preferred to die. Could I have saved him against himself? I then thought of an expedient. They had said that he was of Galilee: I sent him to Herod as his proper judge. Herod ridiculed him, and doubtless me also; he sent him back to me. A fatality seemed to pursue me. One resource was left. I proposed to release him on the occasion of the Pasch, as is the custom among the Jews. But those vile insensates preferred—I do not know what sort of vagabond—a man arrested for sedition, taken with arms in his hands. They surrounded the Galilean like birds of prey, crying, 'Crucify him! Crucify him!'"

"Yes, I heard it,—the voice of that people, cruel, yet emotional and childish, which so often before you reproved and silenced."

Pilate glanced sharply at his wife, stung by the unconscious reproach in her tone.

"That is true," he rejoined quickly. "But on this occasion I felt that I was neither master of the crowd nor of myself. It was absolutely necessary to satisfy them in some fashion. You well know, Claudia, that I gave way step by step,—that I receded in good order. Not wishing to take upon my shoulders the death of this poor unfortunate, I ordered him to be scourged and—".

"But why, my lord, if he had done no wrong?"

"Claudia, you are only a woman. You can never understand the necessity of expediency."

"I fear I can not."

"Let me proceed. I wish to convince you that I could not have done otherwise. Hoping that the sight of their victim, bloody, trembling, pallid, almost dying, would appease them, after the flagellation I presented him to them, saying: 'Behold the man!' Nothing could touch them; therefore I thought to appeal to their sense of the ridiculous, believing they might thus be led to let him go. I had him clothed in the purple of derision, a crown of thorns upon his brow, a mock sceptre in his hand. 'Behold your king!' I said to them. But it had no effect, save that of further exasperating them. 'Crucify him! Crucify him!' they cried more vehemently than before. 'What! crucify your king?' I asked in irony. But they did not laugh or appreciate my humor. No: they replied: 'In the name of the law, he must die.'"

"The law, my lord! Who but yourself would have given way to them? And why did you permit such a ruffianly multitude to frighten you?"

"To frighten me! Those are hard words. Claudia, I felt myself driven to extremities. What especially affected me was the persistency with which some of them reiterated: 'We have no king but Cæsar.' In those oft-repeated words I read a threat: it was as though they wished me to understand that, if I permitted Jesus to go free, I was not a friend of Cæsar. What could I do? Should I have compassed my own downfall for the pleasure of saving this man of Nazareth? And, after all, you can not say that I did not do my duty."

"As you saw it, my lord,—yes."

"As I saw it! But what other way was there?"

"You have always taken them too seriously,—those Jews. The performance of your duty in that case availed you naught."

"True, but that I could not have known. They are a treacherous race. I can not bear the sound of the word *Jew*. Since the day that I caused to be affixed to the cross of that poor unfortunate, 'Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews,' they have hated me, calumniated me, and—in as far as they were able, through the small influence they possess and the underhand methods with which they are so familiar,—they have hounded and persecuted me. But, my Claudia, you are trembling, you are pale! What is the matter?"

"My lord, it is the recollection of that dreadful day. It has never left my memory."

"Come, let us go in. I do not wish you to suffer. You are all I now possess in this world."

II.

That night, when Pilate lifted the heavy curtain which divided his wife's boudoir from his own study, he found her sitting with her face buried in her hands.

"Are you ill, Claudia?" he tenderly inquired.

She shook her head.

"Still dwelling on the episode of to-day, perhaps?" he asked, taking a seat beside her.

"It has disturbed me,—yes."

"Ah! That is because you can not divest your too conscientious soul of the idea that I was unjust to the Nazarene. Is it not so?"

"Perhaps—perhaps, my lord."

"What would you have done in my place? Do you think it would have been proper for me to do anything to endanger loyalty to the Emperor?"

"No, my lord. But if there could have been some other way! In Jesus of Nazareth I saw no impostor, but a wonderful prophet,—one to love and admire."

"A prophet? Well, he was certainly more than an ordinary man. He had unusual eloquence, dignity, even kingliness,—yes, I will admit it. Claudia, he affected me very strangely at times. His glance penetrated my very soul. He called himself a king, and he had all the air of royalty,—a demeanor which would have surely subjugated me, had I permitted myself to remain under the sway of that piercing gaze. I never saw a criminal who looked as he did. He said that he had come from above, and it seemed true when he proclaimed it. Though I smiled at his pretensions, something gripped my heart all the while. When I spoke of my power, he alluded to his own. He told me I had none over him save that which was granted me from on high. It angered me; yet I feared—something, I know not what. I had no alternative but to do what I did. His very pretensions branded him either as a lunatic or a criminal."

"I believe he was a true prophet, my lord."

"A prophet! What have we to do with prophets,—you and I? We are not Jews: we do not believe in them. At least I do not; perhaps you, with your dreams and visions, may be impressed by such things. At that very time you were greatly disturbed by a dream, a vision, you had the previous night. Was it not so? Does my memory serve me?"

"Ah, my lord, that dream,—I shall never forget it!"

"What was it, my Claudia? Do you remember it? If so, tell it to me."

"Well, my lord," she began, "in the same hour when that man, Jesus of Nazareth, stood before you, clothed in mock purple, bleeding, agonizing, pale, humiliated, scorned, the sport and derision of the populace, mine eyes beheld him—I do not know how—on heights celestial, full of glory and majesty. It seemed to me that on his hands and feet he bore the marks of cruel wounds, but that these wounds emitted rays of light and beauty. His face shone like the sun, his robe was white as snow. He was enveloped and surrounded by a cloud of spirits that reflected light from their every movement, in the midst of harmonies the most heavenly that human ear had ever heard. Beneath him swayed a crowd of people so numerous that the grandest triumphs of Rome had never equalled it. And as they looked up at him, this grand army of worshipers proclaimed him the King of heaven and earth, the Lord of ages. And I saw the hosts pass before him, one by one,—all the hosts of the past, all those of the future; and from our own time, a different series, marked on the forehead by a sign—a cross. Numerous as the sands of the sea, they defiled in front of him,—men, women, and children. There were soldiers, philosophers, emperors, slaves, kings and queens, virgins, widows, mothers, priests, magistrates, peasants, artisans; all languages, all ages, all conditions. They came from the North and the South, the West and the Orient; from distant islands and countries yet unknown. And still they came, until mine eyes grew weary and I could hardly see."

"And then, my Claudia,—and then? What was the end?"

"You and I were there, my lord, looking at this vast array of peoples of every age and clime, when suddenly this Sovereign of the World turned his gaze upon you, and I thought he said to you: 'Thou art he who didst ask if I were king. Say, Pilate, am I king?' And his eyes flashed lightning. At the same instant that immense concourse of people fell upon their knees and intoned a hymn which began thus, '*Credo!*'—repeating the word at the end of every strophe of the lengthy canticle. They proclaimed aloud to this glorious Sovereign that he was God, Light of light, and true God of true God. They blessed and thanked him for having descended from heaven to become man for the salvation of men. Then the tone of the chant became solemn and sad as with one voice they chanted, 'He was crucified under Pontius Pilate!' Pontius Pilate, my lord!—your name, condemned to execration in heaven and on earth, by all who were living then, are living now, or shall live as long as time shall last. In an agony of shame and terror, I awoke from my dream, thankful that it was only a dream, yet fearful that it might be more. It was then that I sent the message to your tribunal."

Pilate turned away his face. For a moment there was silence; then, looking sternly at his wife, he burst forth:

"It is folly, superstition, the fears of a woman! I shall not even think of it again. Come, Claudia, put it out of your memory, as I shall do from mine, this instant. Come. You are cold, you are trembling. Go to your couch: you need repose."

Claudia did not reply. Lifting his hands in hers, she kissed them, while tears fell from her burning eyes. In another moment Pilate had left her,—she was alone.

III.

The day after these occurrences, not far from the palace the populace were gathered, absorbed in a spectacle which had attracted their attention. A young man had been drowned in the river. His corpse had been laid on the bank, and his father and mother were rending the air with their lamentations.

This young man was well known and liked in the city. It was said that, having been anxious to see some of the wonders that were being performed by a Jewess who had lately arrived there, he had been careless in his haste, and his boat had been overturned, thus causing him to lose his life.

Pilate and his wife were walking in the garden which overlooked the lake. Hearing the unusual cries and lamentations, they passed through the gateway and joined the multitude. A little apart stood a woman attired in the costume of the Hebrews.

"Restore him to life!" shouted many voices.

"Give him back to us!" pleaded the mother.

"You tell us that your God is above all others,—the only God," added the father. "Prove it to us. Shall it be said of such a God that he can not do as much as Proserpine when she restored Adonis to life?"

"Do not blaspheme," answered the woman. "The false gods of whom you speak have nothing to do with mine. They do not exist, they never existed. They are but fictions and fancies. The God whom I announce to you is the Resurrection and the Life. I saw him, with my own eyes, at Bethany, restore my brother to life after he had been dead four days."

Pilate and Claudia, much interested, advanced nearer.

"Who is your God?" cried some one in the crowd.

"Jesus is my God," replied the woman, reverently bowing her head. "His name

is Jesus, and at the sound of it every knee should bow, on earth, in heaven, and in the darkness of hell."

"Come, let us go in," whispered Claudia to her husband.

"No," he replied. "Let us learn what this woman has to say. Let us see the end of it. The audacity of these Jews is marvellous. Long ago, in Jerusalem, I heard some talk of that death and restoration to life in Bethany. People made a great ado about it. It was all well enough—that sorcery—there, where the people were carried away by the Nazarene; but here—let us see what the woman will do, or pretend to do."

Then Martha stood forth, and, first making the Sign of the Cross, she began as follows:

"You ask me of my God, and I will tell you. It is he of whom you have heard as Jesus of Nazareth. He came down from heaven to save mankind, to fulfil the prophecies. He was the Messias, though rejected by many, as was predicted in the Scriptures. He went through the world doing good,—giving sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, speech to the dumb; making the lame walk, and restoring the dead to life."

"And what reward did they appoint him for the wonders he had done?" inquired the voice of a woman from the midst of the concourse.

"Jealous and ungrateful, they delivered him into the hands of Pontius Pilate, at that time governor of Judea. Though having publicly acknowledged him to be innocent, this unjust governor gave him into the hands of his enemies to be crucified. He died upon the cross, but arose from the tomb, as he had predicted, after three days. After having appeared at various times to his disciples during a period of forty days, he was taken up to heaven in full sight of them all. Persecuted by those Jews who still call him an impostor, his followers have scattered through all the kingdoms of the earth, to make known his Gospel and establish his Church."

A murmur went through the crowd.

"Restore this young man to life and we will believe!" exclaimed a powerful voice.

"Yes, yes, we shall believe!" echoed many others.

Martha took the hand of the weeping mother.

"Hearken, O people!" she cried. "If, in the name of Jesus, I command the dead youth to arise and live, and he shall obey, will you believe that Jesus, the Christ, is the God of heaven and earth, who came into the world to save you and all mankind?"

"We will all believe and adore!" answered the multitude.

The Jewess lifted her eyes to heaven.

"O Master!" she prayed,—"O Master! who didst deign to be our friend on earth, I remember that the day when I followed thee weeping to the tomb of my brother, thou didst say to me, 'I am the Resurrection and the Life. He that believeth in me, although he be dead, shall live.' To which I replied: 'Yea, Lord, I have believed that thou art Christ, the Son of the Living God, who art come into this world.' And then thou didst lift up thy voice and pray to thy Father, and didst command my brother to arise and come forth; and he arose and came forth, living, from his sepulchre, swathed in the garments of the grave. O Jesus, once more bid the dead arise and walk, and be thy name glorified forever!"

A profound silence succeeded this entreaty. Then, still holding the hand of the trembling mother, Martha leaned forward and lifted that of the dead son, crying in a firm and confident voice:

"In the name of Jesus of Nazareth, arise!"

And the young man, as though waking from a sound sleep, stood upon his feet, and threw himself into the arms of his parents.

"Jesus is God!" cried the multitude "Jesus is God! We believe and adore!" And immediately the reunited family threw themselves at the feet of Martha, proclaiming the glory of the Lord.

Claudia could not contain herself. Making her way forward, she pressed the hands of the miracle-worker, murmuring the name of Jesus, while tears flowed from her eyes.

But when, a few moments later, she sought to rejoin her husband, he had disappeared. Already those on the edge of the crowd were hurrying to the border of the lake into which he had been seen to throw himself and at once disappear. For days and nights they sought him, some say vainly, others that the body was finally recovered and buried on the spot where "Pilate's monument" still stands.

Tradition says that, after the first days of her widowhood were passed, Claudia returned with Martha of Bethany to Avignon, where she enrolled herself among the company of holy women who, renouncing the world, labored in the first years of the Christian Church for their own salvation and that of their brethren.

The Patriot-Bishop of Croatia.

BY BEN HURST.

BY the death of Bishop Strossmayer the Church has lost an ardent apostle, literature and art a munificent patron, and the House of Hapsburg a precious factor in the balancing of internal politics. The great authority which he wielded over his compatriots was judiciously employed to further religious ideals and affirm their own national aspirations. His ardor did not cool with age: he remained to the last an advocate of the reunion of the Slav races, and did not despair of the reconciliation of the Churches. Although his hopes were not realized with regard to the Serbs, he lived to see the fusion of Slovenes and Croats, and the adherence of many other Slav elements in the Austrian Empire to the banner of concord which he had raised.

Bishop Strossmayer was the open foe of the violent methods employed by the Hungarians to "Magyarize" the fair provinces of his Croatian fatherland. By his sturdy defence of his people's rights to their own tongue, and to the observance of their distinctive national customs, he drew upon himself the hatred of the Magyars; but he never relaxed his efforts, and all Europe looked on with interest and admiration while the patriot-prelate fought for his flock.

His strenuous nature often caused him trouble; and this was the greatest bar to the elevation to the cardinalate which seemed so justly his due. His combative methods of attacking the evils of the age sometimes aroused uneasiness at the Vatican; but it was well known that each of the three Pontiffs, Pius IX., Leo XIII., and Pius X., had a soft corner in his heart for this *enfant terrible* of the Church.

His scathing denouncement of the Civil Marriage Act, passed by the Hungarian Parliament, discredited that iniquitous measure to such an extent that Jews and Protestants alike turned upon him with rage. "This is no priest and no apostle!" they cried. "This is a furious fanatic, a danger to the very Church he represents!" Rome, however, thought differently, and he retained his high office to the last. The Semitic press of Vienna has been forced to register the fact that he died as he had lived—a true son of St. Peter.

Not even the Irish Bishops, so noted for devotion to their country's cause, can claim to have attained what it pleased Providence to accord to Bishop Strossmayer. If his wider hopes with regard to the reunion of the Eastern

and Western Churches were doomed to unfulfilment, his work in behalf of the national development of Croatia has been crowned with success. The Croatia of to-day—with its modern schools, its splendid churches; its University, due to the munificent generosity of the Bishop himself; its Academy, adorned with his private collection of masterpieces; its hospitals and libraries,—is the outcome of the persevering toil of this wonderful man, this prince of bishops.

As a politician, he is, of course, open to criticism (which he never took pains to avoid); but as a patron of learning, he has won universal admiration. More than two million dollars have been expended by this Christian educator of youth on scholastic and artistic foundations in his native land. "Science," he was wont to say, "instead of being opposed to Religion, is one of her most useful props." He was for a long period of his life in friendly correspondence with Gladstone, who deemed it a privilege to interchange thought with the renowned Bishop of Jakov.

No dispassionate judge of Bishop Strossmayer's stormy career, from his elevation to the episcopate, in his thirty-fourth year, to its close, shortly after the celebration of his ninetieth anniversary, can doubt that it was productive of beneficial and lasting results. In upholding the banner of the Croat nation he upheld that of Slav Catholicity. Firmly convinced that the race was destined to a great future, he counted on the leaven of the Polish, Bohemian and Croat element to absorb the Russian, Bulgarian, and Serb.

While a nation in tears bewails the loss of its greatest benefactor, truly the Father of his Country, every Catholic heart throughout the world will join in the prayer: God rest the soul of the great Croatian prelate!

LIKE steel, a man is of little account when he loses his temper.—*Anon.*

A Timely Topic.

THE globe-trotter has been caustically defined as "a person who goes abroad to complete an education never begun at home." As a matter of fact, however, the average globe-trotter has no educational object in view: his aim is simply to see sights and to have what he calls a "good time." Foreign travel, as a rule, is of no intellectual advantage to persons who lack refinement, or whose early education has been wholly neglected. The tribe classed as globe-trotters are proof of this. They are a vulgar lot generally, though they may be rolling in wealth; and it often happens that the principal effect of their raids into foreign countries is to render them still more insufferable on their return home. The only objection there could be to the mania for foreign travel is that so many who are afflicted with it grossly misrepresent the countries from which they hail; and it is a deplorable fact that, of all foreign travellers, the American is most apt to dishonor his native land and to make himself the laughing-stock of other nationalities. The average American is dreaded by his modest, self-respecting fellow-citizen when touring Europe.

We are glad, therefore, that, before the opening of the season of travel, public attention has been called to the spirit of lawlessness and ill-breeding so often manifested by American tourists. "Decent and well-behaved as they are at home," writes a correspondent of the New York *Sun*, "a majority of them are the reverse abroad; and, increasing as they are in numbers, they need the chastening hand of publicity to curb them, and teach them that the same rules of conduct and decent and modest bearing should be theirs in a twofold degree when in Europe." It is a mystery why it should be so, but the yelling, jostling, gesticulating mob who crowd

outgoing steamers seem not to belong to the same race as the tourist throngs at our great railway stations, the manner and bearing of the latter are so different. The spirit of lawlessness that, the moment their feet touch the decks, takes possession of so many American citizens who go abroad is, unfortunately, kept up during their absence. The correspondent from whom we have just quoted relates that—

At the funeral of the Emperor William a few years ago, a couple of American women, who could not get tickets for the services at the church, took a coach, and, using the card of our Minister to Germany, which they had wheedled from him on some pretenco or other wormed themselves into the edifice under false pretences. Then one of them wrote to the papers and boasted of how they had deceived the officers and ushers, describing at length their mean trickery, and intimating that it was only American spirit and energy that could succeed in such things.

Another correspondent has this to say on the subject,—one to which it is to be hoped every influential paper in the United States will give some attention:

There are too many Americans who think that because they are strangers in a strange land they can wear any old thing for any length of time; forgetting—temporarily, let us hope—that cleanliness is next to godliness, and thinking that because "nobody knows us" they can act like a lot of fools. . . . There is just one safe rule of conduct for travel, whether in Europe or America, and that is: Find out what constitutes a gentleman or a lady, follow the rule, and there will never be any doubt as to whether one is doing the correct thing or not, and "sojourners in foreign lands" or stay-at-homes in our own fair land will not, dare not, criticise.

The class of persons who require such a rule are somewhat hopeless. A new book of Don'ts for Travellers, with "Don't be an Indian" as the first injunction, is evidently a crying need. Let not the question of the correct thing for travellers be ignored.

It will be found that they are the weakest-minded and the hardest-hearted men that most love change.—*Ruskin.*

Notes and Remarks.

For the overwhelming majority of true Catholics, the advent of Our Lady's Month is a source of heartfelt rejoicing. In much the same spirit as that which animates affectionate children celebrating with ardor the birthday or other joyous anniversary of a beloved parent, fervent clients of the Blessed Virgin delight to testify throughout the pleasant Maytime their devotion to their Heavenly Mother, their gratitude for countless favors received at her hands, their perfect confidence in her continued protection. Attendance at the evening exercises which in most parishes will signalize Mary's special month can scarcely fail to be of salutary benefit to even the least methodical of her children; but the May devotions will be most prolific of blessings to those who set about performing them with a well-ordered purpose, with definite, specific ends in view. Merely to kneel at Our Lady's shrine, to join in the hymns that proclaim her glories, to listen to the eulogies pronounced on her prerogatives, and to ask through her intercession in general terms for the grace and strength we daily need,—merely this much is no doubt excellent. Far better, however, will it be to particularize at the beginning of the month just what favors we wish our Blessed Mother to procure for us; just what vice or fault we need her assistance in overcoming; just what virtue proper to our state in life it behooves us with her powerful help to acquire; just what enterprise we are especially desirous, in subservience of course to God's will, of having her bring to a prosperous issue.

Most of us need no arguments to convince us of Mary's power to aid us, or of her love and consequent willingness to exercise that power; but what many of us *do* need is a turning

from vague, generic, almost abstract appeals to practical, concrete, individual petitions for this or that exhibition of her power and mercy. We are but ill-instructed and lukewarm clients of Our Lady if we have not the fullest confidence, at the opening of her beautiful month, that she will procure for us, before its close, any favor, in the order of our salvation, that we shall ask of her with faith and love and perseverance.

The Philippine census, which has just been published, will be a revelation to many people. The population of the Islands is placed at 7,636,000, and less than one-eighth is classed as uncivilized. It is shown that a large portion of the people—"much larger than in the United States, or in almost any other country,"—are engaged in gainful occupations; in fact, pauperism is almost unknown among the Filipinos. "The number of criminals in confinement December 31, 1902, in the Philippines was less than 8 in each 10,000 of the population. In the United States in 1890 there were about 13 in each 10,000 of the inhabitants." Another statement of the report is also noteworthy—viz., that in the majority of the provinces crime is said to be decreasing. Can this be asserted of the United States?

A news item in one of the Chicago dailies last week told of an employee of a certain hotel in the city who, acting on the advice of a priest, made restitution of a large amount of silverware which he had pilfered from his employers. The item concluded with the statement, which some readers must have found amusing: "He will be examined by the city physician as to his sanity."

M. Veuillot, editor of the Parisian *Univers*, says that, while Pius X. weeps with Catholic France, he still has confidence in that country's future; and this fact, adds the editor, should inspire French Catholics with courage. "To obey the Pope," concludes the *Univers*,—"that is the resolution we should take; but we must promise to obey him with all the promptitude and fidelity of a ship's crew, who in the height of the storm, confiding in the prudence and firmness of their captain, think only of hearing his orders and executing them forthwith." Excellent advice. If Catholic France follows it, separation of Church and State in the Mason-ruled republic will eventually prove as beneficial to the former as disastrous to the latter.

We were right in supposing that Lady Cornelia Wimborne would have something to say in answer to Mr. Congreve Jackson, the ardent Ritualist who undertook to combat certain views which her ladyship had set forth in an article dealing with Rome and the Reformation. Her only difficulty, she says, is to select from the innumerable fallacies of Mr. Jackson's paper those which are most glaring and most deceptive, or, without making her rejoinder too lengthy, to cull from the immense wealth of evidence such quotations as will best demolish the case of her opponent. Then she proceeds to say things and to quote things from leading Anglican theologians.

We confess to being afraid of ladies who use arguments or throw stones. One can never be quite sure of the drift of the arguments or the direction of the stones. To be frank, we haven't read Lady Wimborne's article all through, though it has been a long time on our table. Our interest was confined to what she might have to say regarding her opponent's contention that "the Mass is neither abolished nor condemned in the Church of England Prayer-Book." Her ladyship proves,

evidently to her entire satisfaction, that the Mass, as the Church of All Lands defines it, was abolished at the Reformation; and she leaves it to Mr. Jackson and his friends to reconcile their views with those of the Church of England. Her ladyship is a Protestant of Protestants, and members of her branch of the Establishment will read her article with fullest approval. The Neo-Anglicans, as she calls them, will not like it a bit.

Friends of the Irish Parliamentary Party—and that, we take it, means at least nine-tenths of the world at large—will be pleased to hear of Mr. John Redmond's gratifying audience with the Holy Father. The "People's Pope," it need not be said, is in hearty sympathy with the centuried struggle of Irishmen to secure the fullest possible measure of political liberty, and the religious development, especially along the lines of Catholic education, that is intimately connected therewith. Leo XIII. told Archbishop Bruchési, of Montreal, a few years ago, that the Irish are the most Catholic people in the world; and in the presence of another Canadian prelate, Mgr. Cameron of Antigonish, Pius X. the other day gave to the leader of the Irish Party his portrait, with this autographic inscription:

> To our beloved son, J. Redmond, leader of the Irish Party in the House of Commons, with the wish that he, together with his equally beloved colleagues, using all legal and pacific means, may win that liberty which makes for the welfare of the Catholic Church and the whole country, we impart our Apostolic Benediction with particular affection.

Three-fourths of the people who read at all, read novels more or less habitually. A great many persons read practically nothing else, the fiction shelves being the only part of the library that possesses for them any attraction whatever. This being the case, the question of a given novel's worth or worthlessness is a matter of interest to most of us; and to parents charged with the responsibility of supervising their children's reading, a matter of very genuine importance. The following paragraph, contributed some years ago to *Harper's Magazine* by W. D. Howells, himself among the most notable of American novelists, deals, then, with a perennially timely subject:

> If a novel flatters the passions, and exalts them above the principles, it is poisonous; it may not kill, but it will certainly injure; and this test will alone exclude an entire class of fiction, of which eminent examples will occur to all. Then the whole spawn of so-called unmoral romances, which imagine a world where the sins of sense are unvisited by the penalties following, swift or slow, but inexorably sure, in the real world, are deadly poison: these do kill. The novels that merely tickle our prejudices and lull our judgment, or that coddle our sensibilities, or pamper our gross appetite for the marvellous, are not so fatal; but they are innutritious, and clog the soul with unwholesome vapors of all kinds. No doubt they, too, help to weaken the mental fibre, and make their readers indifferent to plodding perseverance and plain industry, and to matter-of-fact poverty and commonplace distress.

It is no exaggeration to say that ten out of twelve present-day novels had far better be left unread; and even the safe two in a dozen should be read merely as a relaxation from serious mental work, not as the sole employment of the leisure we have for reading.

Here is another incident in the life of a foreign missionary. The narrator is Father Cotta, C. M., who writes from Fort-Dauphin, in the southern part of Madagascar: "On the 3d of December, while I was celebrating Mass, a little after the Consecration, armed natives infested our enclosure, and the chief loudly summoned me to come forth. Notwithstanding the thousand protestations of fidelity they had made to me, the pagans of my district had resolved to rid me of life. Hastily consuming the sacred species, I recom-

mended myself to Our Lord. In the meantime the assailants were posted a few rods away, hidden by a hedge, and there awaited the signal. Without giving them time to deliberate, but calling to Pierre, my server, and Etienne, my cook, I threw myself into the river, and thence gained the neighboring forest, in which we wandered about, lost, all day. We slept on the ground until eleven o'clock, when the rain routed us out, and we looked for our road until morning. Three days afterward we reached Fort-Dauphin."

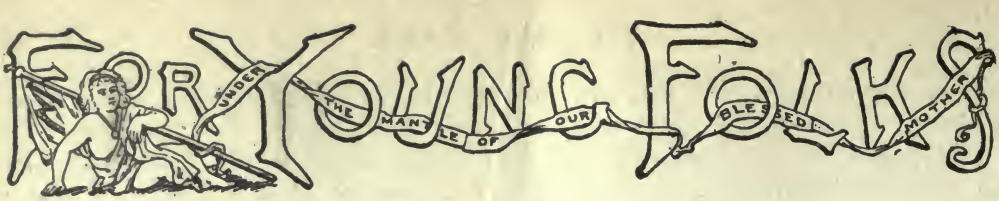
Father Cotta found the population of the Fort taking refuge in a blockhouse, built three centuries ago by Flacourt, and still solid. The civilians had armed themselves and awaited with courage the assaults of the revolted Malagasy. Seventeen days after his arrival, a troop of Sengalese reached the Fort, and the safety of the Europeans was assured. Meanwhile the mission buildings had been pillaged and then burned to the ground. The Lazarists of South Madagascar have an arduous task ahead of them for the next few years.

Whatever may be thought of the religious feeling, or the lack of it, on the part of the great mass of the people of France, it must be admitted that those of them who are practical Catholics at all are very good ones. Of late, as is well known, several organizations have been doing excellent work in the matter of arousing the electorate to a sense of its duty at the polls. The crusade that is being carried on by the Catholic press, the league of Frenchwomen, and especially the widespread association known as "Popular Liberal Action," must eventually result in the return to the Chamber of Deputies of a Catholic majority. In the meantime, however, there is another crusade of which these thoroughgoing French Catholics do well not to lose sight—that of prayer.

There is to be a Men's Pilgrimage to Lourdes this month, and there is reason to think it will be very largely attended. Says the circular letter announcing it: "In the critical period which we are traversing, the first duty of Catholics is to solicit a more special intervention of divine mercy. The fervent prayers of the Men's Pilgrimage at Lourdes should ascend to heaven in increasing volume, and procure for the Church that union and courage which will guarantee the future.... We shall go to Lourdes to ask the assistance of our Immaculate Mother in supplying the urgent needs of Christian France, and to reanimate our zeal in a retreat at the feet of Our Lord."

This is an eminently sane and thoroughly Christian proceeding. Prayer alone is insufficient; exterior activity without thought of Divine Providence will prove futile; but the combination of prayer and work—of doing all that human prudence suggests and supplementing these efforts by fervent petitions to Almighty God,—this, we take it, will effect the salvation of Catholic Frenchmen and their ill-governed country.

Discussing the advisability of our country's assigning some one else to be its representative in a South American republic, the New York *Sun* says: "One thing is certain. If Minister Bowen was ever useful to this country in Venezuela, his term of usefulness has reached the stage where it is punctuated with a round, black, emphatic and unmistakable full stop." The *Sun* clearly thinks that the evidence of Mr. Bowen's present unfitness for the position he holds is, in the phrase of Oliver Wendell Holmes, "completely waterproof, airtight, incombustible and unassailable." And we opine that the New York journal is right.



A May Hymn to Our Lady.

(Air: "On this Day, O Beautiful Mother!")

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

(*Chorus.*)

BLOSSOMS fair we bring to thee, Mother,—
Blooms upon thine altar we lay;
Queen of our souls, we promise none other
Ever shall reign there through life's May.

I.

Blossoms sparkling with the dew,
Garlands bright of varied hue,
Fragrant buds and clustered spray,
Cull we for the Queen of May.

II.

Other flowers, Mother dear,
Thou canst see with vision clear:
Blossoms set for thee apart
In the garden of our heart.

III.

Truth and candor, meekness fair,
Ope their dainty petals there;
While in matchless purity
Reigns the lily, love of thee.

IV.

Grant, dear Mother, that each bloom
Shall our lives and acts perfume,
Growing lovelier each day
Till the dawn of endless May.

The Little Hungarians.

BY MRS. MARY E. MANNIX.

I.

TWO children—a boy and a girl—were sitting on the stone step of a shabby house in the outskirts of a large manufacturing city. A very shabby house indeed it was, but distinguished from its still more squalid neighbors in that it stood on a little eminence which looked down on the flat stretch of ground beneath it, and was so luxuriantly covered with vines that only the windows, and here and there a patch of gray unpainted wood, were to be seen. The dooryard, too, had been fenced off from the rest of the débris-strewn lot, posts planted, and wire stretched around the enclosure. And here again the long trailing creepers of the Mexican morning-glory, growing in wild profusion, had made a thick, beautiful hedge worthy to enclose a far more pretentious garden.

The entire plot could not have been more than fifty feet square, and the house stood exactly in the middle of it. In front many gaily blooming flowers grew on either side of the narrow walk; in the rear there were no paths, except those made by the frequent passage of human feet through the carefully weeded vegetable garden.

The boy and girl who were sitting on the doorstep, talking to each other in low tones, were brother and sister. From within came the soft tones of a violin, played slowly as if by a feeble hand.

"Father is better to-day," said the little girl, looking inquiringly at her brother, who was four years older.

"Yes, a little," replied the boy. "He has not touched his violin for several days until now."

"I think he will soon be well; don't you, Louis?" she said, with the same inquiring look at her brother's face.

"I don't know,—I really can't tell. Sometimes I am afraid," he answered evasively, without returning the glance.

"It is that old doctor!" the child continued, in a petulant tone. "Just because we could not pay him any longer, he was mad and told you that papa was going to die."

"No, no, Rose!" rejoined the boy.

"You mustn't say that. The doctor was very good, but you know how father is. He insisted on paying him every time he came, and the doctor knew we were poor. He would have come for nothing, but that would have hurt father's feelings. So one day he told me there was no use in coming,—only to give him the cough syrup. I believe Doctor Gans. He is a good man."

"Perhaps he is,—yes, I believe he is," said Rose, repentantly. "But I don't like him very much when he says papa can not get well. He has had that cough for ever so long."

"Yes, Rose; but it is growing much worse every day."

Both children sighed, and for a short time neither spoke.

"We have not very much money left; have we, Louis?" asked Rose.

"Only two dollars," replied Louis,—"only two dollars."

"Does papa know it?"

"Of course he knows it, and that is what makes me feel so bad. It worries him so."

"If the people who owed him would pay, it would be all right," said Rose.

"It would help some,—yes, if people would pay."

"But why don't they?"

"They can not. The breaking of the banks has done a great deal of harm. If it had not been for that, and the loss of the church money, papa could have kept his place as organist till now. But I am afraid he would have had to give it up very soon. You see, he is not able to give any more lessons on the violin."

"Yes, that is true. But, Louis, I don't understand *at all* what they mean by the banks breaking. I went to the post-office yesterday, and both of the banks were still there—one at each corner,—nothing broken about them."

The boy laughed softly.

"You are a little goose, Rosie!" he said. "I never saw such a little goose as you are." Then, drawing her a little closer to him, as befitted a great boy of twelve toward his little eight-year-old sister, he explained to her as well as he could the mysteries of bank failures and financial panics. To be sure, he did not know much about them himself; but he had at least an idea of what occurred and what was involved when such catastrophes took place.

"How much money did papa have in the Gresham Bank?" asked Rose, when he had finished.

"Six hundred dollars."

"And will he never get any of it back?"

"Some, perhaps,—not all."

"I wish he could have it now," said the little girl.

"So do I; but it will be a long time—maybe a year or two—before he can get it."

"That is too bad!"

The violin had ceased playing, and a faint voice was heard calling from inside the house.

The children arose and went in.

"Do not close the door," said a voice from the sofa, where a man in a gray dressing-gown was lying, a violin on the floor beside him.

"Don't you think it is a little warm, papa?" asked the boy.

"No: I am cold, and I feel very weak," was the reply. "Will you get me a drop of wine, Louis?"

The boy hastened to the kitchen, while Rose got a blanket from the closet and laid it over her father. When Louis took the bottle of wine from the kitchen cupboard, he shook it, glancing at the same time through the light at its contents.

"There can not be more than a glassful left," he thought. "And it is the only thing that does him good. What shall we do when it is gone?"

When he returned to the other room, with a little in a small liquor glass, his father was feeling better. He drank the

wine eagerly, however, and smacked his lips, saying:

"There is nothing like good old port for making the blood warm in one's veins. But when it is gone, Louis,—when it is gone?"

He was smiling, though a look of pain and care saddened his eyes. The future seemed very dark to the dying musician. For himself he cared nothing; but the thought of the two children he was about to leave helpless and penniless at times almost overcame him. Yet his trust in God was great, and his faith strong. He had endured many sorrows and privations, and had learned to look for nothing else,—to be surprised at any rare stroke of good fortune which might come his way.

The children now busied themselves about the evening meal, which was very light, consisting only of bread and tea. While Louis was setting the table, Rose made a piece of toast for her father.

Presently some one knocked softly at the door, and a woman thrust her head slightly inside, together with a toil-worn hand in which she held a beautiful white egg.

"Here, Louis my boy," she said, in a rich Irish accent. "'Tis a bit of an egg I found in the barn just now. The boys overlooked it this noon, and I thought maybe the Professor would relish it for his tea."

"Thank you, Mrs. Mullen!" exclaimed the boy, taking it from her. "Father will be very glad to have it, I'm sure. His appetite is not good, but he always likes an egg."

"There's a deal of nourishment in a new-laid egg," said Mrs. Mullen. "And how is he to-day?"

"Come in, come in, Mrs. Mullen!" called the musician from the open door of the room where he had been lying. "My mouth is watering for that egg already; but I hope you do not need it for your own tea."

"No, indeed, sir. Young Dan'l found the nests, and he brings in a supply every day. They're laying fine,—those hens of ours. They're a good breed."

"Won't you come in and have a cup of tea with us, please?" asked the Professor.

"Is it I? No, thank you! I never take but one cup, and that with the boys, of course, when they come home after their work. More than one cup keeps me wakeful. But I'm obliged to you all the same, sir; and glad to see you looking so well. Good-night to you all!"

Nodding and smiling, the kind-hearted woman returned to her own house. A few minutes later she sat down to a solitary meal of crackers and tea, which she hurriedly disposed of, so that when her boys came home they might not miss the egg they had insisted she should eat for her supper instead of adding it to the half dozen they had carried to their usual purchaser, Miss Abby Maize, who paid an extra price for eggs on the certainty of their being fresh.

She was setting the table for them when they came in,—"young Dan'l" (so called to distinguish him from his uncle on the next street) bringing with him a strong odor of fish and a brown paper parcel.

"Mother," said the boy, "here's a treat. Jim Rye gave me three Scotch herrings. He just opened a keg as we were passing. I minded the store for him about an hour Sunday morning, you know."

"I've had my tea, dear," replied his mother. "But—" she looked a little wistfully at the herrings as she took down the skillet to broil them.

"You've had your tea!" exclaimed both boys at once. "Well, you must have been very hungry, mother, this evening."

"I was, but I'm nothing loath to eat a bite of herring with the two of

you, now that it's here. Wash your hands and faces, and I'll be ready as soon as you are."

The boys looked at each other, and whispered together as they passed outside to the bench where stood the wash-basin and towels. Presently Peter began to examine the covered bucket where his mother usually deposited the choicest garbage, which she used for chicken feed.

"What are you doing, Peter?" she inquired, curiously.

"Looking for eggshells," he replied. "But I don't see any."

"What eggshells?" she asked, a faint blush mantling her cheeks.

"Those eggshells that ought to be left from your tea, mother. They're not here. We expected as much. I know where they are. I bet you a nickel I'd find them on the Professor's plate, if I went over there this minute. We saw them at the table as we passed. Dan'l and I know you, mother,—we do!"

"Shame on you, boys, to be spying about like that on your mammy!" laughingly rejoined the guilty woman, as she placed the smoking herrings on the table. "And what if I *did* take that poor little egg to the sick man, boys? Wasn't it my own? It's not long he'll be wanting fresh eggs or anything else. He's going fast."

"That's all right!" said young Dan'l. "'Twas a good deed mother, but Pete and I just wanted to let you know we were up to your tricks. We knew you were going to do that very thing."

So, laughing and chatting the three sat down to their frugal meal, as happy and as poor a family as could be found in the neighborhood. Between them, the boys earned no more than twenty-five dollars a month; but they had good health, and faith in Providence, and were content.

Until two years previous—since the time her husband had died, during the infancy of the children,—Mrs. Mullen had supported them by washing and house-cleaning. When young Dan'l was ten and Peter twelve, both having made their First Communion, the widow fell from a stepladder, injuring herself so badly that everything in the shape of hard work was forbidden her for the future.

But the boys bravely took up the burden their mother was forced to lay down, glad and eager to help her who had toiled and labored for them when they were unable to help themselves. We shall become better acquainted with them during the course of our story.

(To be continued.)

Early Golf.

Quaint old Pepys, in his "Diary," tells of the game of "Pelemele" which was played in England in 1660, and which seems to have been a game similar to golf, but more courtly.

King Charles II. had made a fine promenade in London, now called "Pall, Mall," for the playing of this game, whose name is taken from the Italian *palla*—a ball; and *maglio*—a mallet. The object of the game is to drive a ball, by hitting it with a long-handled mallet, through a ring at the end of a straight alley. The victor was the man who could accomplish this in the fewest number of strokes.

It was a very fashionable game at the English court; and the King himself seems to have been an excellent player, judging from some lines of the poet Waller:

Here a well-polished mall gives us the joy
To see our Prince his matchless force employ;
His manly posture and his graceful mien,
Vigour and youth in all his motions seen.
No sooner has he touched the flying ball,
But 'tis already more than half the mall;
And such a fury from his arm has got,
As from a smoking culverin 'twere shot.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Messrs. Chatto & Windus' list of forthcoming books includes "The Life of Charles Dickens as Revealed in His Writings," by Percy Fitzgerald, F. S. A.

—"Through Suffering to Happiness," by the Rev. V. Van Tright, S. J., will prove a source of comfort to many sorrowing hearts. It consists of fourteen short meditations on the Stations of the Cross. A more idiomatic translation would be an improvement on this version of the original. B. Herder, publisher.

—"Church History and Church Government," by the Rev. Harold Castle, C. SS. R., is among the recent publications of the English Catholic Truth Society. The usefulness of this excellent pamphlet —it abounds in good thoughts and strong arguments—is impaired by the language, which is anything but the King's English.

—Mgr. Le Roy, Bishop of Alinda, and formerly Vicar-Apostolic of Gabon (French Congo), is the author of a very notable and interesting volume just brought out by the Librairie Mame, at Tours. It deals with the Pygmies, discussing with much erudition and literary charm their physical, intellectual, religious, social and moral characteristics.

—An "old subscriber"—and attentive reader, he might have added—of the *Athenæum* calls its attention to an amusing mistake in a recent issue of our learned contemporary. In a notice of "The Book of the Rose" the *late* Rev. A. Foster-Melliar was described as one of the greatest *living* authorities on roses. "Alas! he died some three or four months ago, and is a sad loss to the rose world in general."

—The author of "The Second Nocturne of St. Patrick" asks space in these columns to say: "In writing my little tale I had only the wish to get others to love and respect a certain type of priest, and the simple sweetness and faith of the old mothers from whom they derive." We have only to express surprise that Mr. Harper should have given effect to his wish as he did, and that "many of the faithful were not hurt but delighted" by his performance. Our own opinion of it remains unchanged, but need not now be reiterated.

—We are pleased to see a new edition of "Skeleton Sermons" for the Sundays and Holydays in the year, by the Rev. John B. Bagshawe, D. D. This is an ideal sermon book. It offers but little opportunity for pulpit plagiarism. Suggestions are given, and their development is left to the preacher. In each sketch there are an introduction, three points, and a conclusion. Numerous well-chosen quotations from the Scriptures constitute one of the best features of the work. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., publishers.

—From the composer and publisher, Prof. J. Singenberger, St. Francis, Wisconsin, we have received his complete Vespers in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary (15th edition); the four antiphons, *Alma Redemptoris Mater*, *Ave*, *Regina Cœlorum*, *Regina Cœli* and *Salve Regina*, arranged for two or three parts; "Hymns in Honor of the Sacred Heart," and Litany of the Sacred Heart. These musical compositions are heartily commended to those in charge of choirs. For Our Lady's Month, the Rev. Patrick Walsh, Louisville, Kentucky, offers a beautiful May hymn entitled "Alone Immaculate."

—"Reflections from the Mirror of a Mystic," translated from the Works of John Rüsbröck by Earle Baillie, is a welcome contribution to the ascetic literature of our language. Rüsbröck, surnamed the Admirable, was a saintly Belgian priest. Denis the Carthusian called him the "Divine Doctor." These reflections are not the result of clever reasoning: they are rather the outpouring of a soul in special communion with the Holy Spirit. The author has a happy way of illustrating his considerations by comparisons taken from nature. The volume is neatly published by Thomas Baker.

—The Blessed Virgin has ever been the inspiration of Christian art; and the world's fairest paintings and songs have been in her honor, and have clustered around shrines erected to her name. To collect the legends and songs of the ages with Mary as subject was evidently a labor of love to Mr. W. J. Walsh, the compiler of "The Apparitions and Shrines of Heaven's Bright Queen"; and a beautiful spirit of chivalrous devotion to Our Lady is manifest throughout the four volumes. Monsignor Bernard O'Reilly contributes to the work a pious introduction, which gives the *raison d'être* of the volumes. The publishers, the T. J. Carey Co., are to be congratulated on producing so handsome an edition; but some method in the work of compilation would have added to the literary quality of the publication. One notices, too, many minor faults which detract from the tone of the work. As the authors are not cited with a view to chronology, why append 1832 and 1839 respectively to the signatures of Sir Edwin Arnold and the Hon. John Hay? Why attribute an article to "Cardinal H. Newman"? Mrs. Meynell, in both table of contents and body of book, volume fourth, is quoted as Mrs. Alice M. Eynell. Worse than this, in some cases the names of authors

are suppressed, and credit is not given to the periodicals from which selections are made.

—The death, at the age of seventy-six, of Joseph Jefferson, robs the American stage of its most distinguished comedian. As an actor who recognized the truth that legitimate art needs none of the meretricious aids of vulgarity and constructive immorality, Mr. Jefferson deserved well of the theatre-going public; and his memory will long survive in the hearts of those who, any time within the past four decades, have seen his famous personation of Rip Van Winkle. His "Autobiography," published fifteen years ago, is an interesting account of both his own career and the times in which he lived.

—There will be very genuine and widespread regret for the death of the distinguished Canadian journalist, J. P. Tardivel. His paper, *La Vérité*, has long been a vigorous exponent of Catholic truth, and an uncompromising defender of the rights of the Church. Absolutely non-partisan in politics, its censure as well as its praise has been impartially administered to both Liberals and Conservatives whenever the occasion called for reproof or approval. Mr. Tardivel was an Ultramontane of fixed convictions, looked upon by some as an idealizing visionary, but sincerely respected by all as a thoroughgoing and exemplary Catholic gentleman. *R. I. P.*

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Reflections from the Mirror of a Mystic." John Rüsbröck. 75 cts., net.

"Apologetica: Elementary Apologetics for Pulpit and Pew." Rev. P. A. Halpin. 85 cts.

"Religion and Art, and Other Essays." Rev. J. L. Spalding. $1.

"Views of Dante." E. L. Rivard, C. S. V. $1.25.

"Studies in Religion and Literature." William Samuel Lilly. $3.25.

"A Manual of Mystical Theology. Rev. Arthur Devine, C. P. $2.50, net.

"Religion and the Higher Life." William Rainey Harper. $1.10.

"Julia." Katharine Tynan. $1.50.

"California and Its Missions." Two volumes. Bryan J. Clinch. $5, net.

"A Spoiled Priest and Other Stories." Rev. P. A. Sheehan, D. D. $1.25, net.

"The Strategy of Great Railroads." Frank H. Spearman. $1.50, net.

"The First Days of Jesus." 15 cts.

"The Waters of Lethe." Lida L. Coghlan. $1.25.

"In the Morning of Life." Herbert Lucas, S. J. $1, net.

"Last Letters of Aubrey Beardsley." Rev. John Gray. $1.60.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. William Faerber and Rev. Myles Tobyn, of the archdiocese of St. Louis; Rev. Ignatius Sagerer, diocese of Columbus; Rev. William Madden, archdiocese of San Francisco; Rev. Samuel Mitchell, diocese of Trenton; and Rev. J. Forget Despatis, O. M. I.

Sister Ignatius (Power), O. S. D.; and Sister M. Loyola (McMahon), Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. Samuel Nicholl, of London, England; Mr. R. H. Robinson, Charlestown, Mass.; Mrs. Alice Loftus and Mr. John Devine, Carbondale, Pa.; Eugenia Bacon, Tiffin, Ohio; Mr. Michael Hartnett, E. Dedham, Mass.; Miss Mary Cook, Newport, Ky.; Miss Anna O'Brien, Cambridgeport, Mass.; Mr. W. H. Davis, Ottawa, Canada; Mrs. Catherine Quinn, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Dr. C. P. Aimar, Charleston, S. C.; Mrs. Isabella Gill, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. B. E. Nallin, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. Louis Grant, Los Angeles, Cal.; Mr. John Rohan, St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. Michael Plunkett, Mr. Richard Walsh, and Mr. John Tobin, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Florence Brown, New York, N. Y.; Mr. John Agnew, Patterson, N. J.; Mr. Daniel Deegan, Minersville, Pa.; and Mr. Frank Randel, Cleveland, Ohio.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

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The Sisters of Charity, Ning-Po., China:
F. H., $10; F. H., $60.50.

LITANY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

By HIPPOLITE VATIN.

SOPRANO.

Ky - - ri - e, e - le - i - son, Chris - - te, e - le - i - son,

TENOR.

Sanc - - - ta Ma - ri - - - a, Sanc - ta De - i Ge - ni - trix,

BASS.

Sanc - - - ta Ma - ri - - - a, Sanc - ta De - i Ge - ni - trix,

ORGAN.

Ky - ri - e, e - le - - i - son, Ky - ri - - e, e - le - i - son.

Sanc - ta Vir - go vir - gi - num, O - ra pro ..... no - - bis.

Sanc - ta Vir - go vir - gi - num, O - ra pro ..... no - - bis.

No. 2.

Chris - te, au - di nos, Chris - - - te, ex - au - di nos.

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN
HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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The Music of the Shadows.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

THE wavings of the lindens grace-notes make
Upon the sunlit lawn; the rustling sheaves
Of tasselled branches part, and twinkling leaves
Write the sweet prelude: "Love's awake, awake!"
The great white oaks a second fugue uptake,
Weaving a slower measure: "Love believes
That Life is Love or dies." The willow grieves
Its shadow cadence on the reeded lake.

Love is the motive of the symphony
That Nature, using shadows, weaves all day
And in the moonlight when the day is done.
The theme is always Love; and they who see
And read this theme divine forever say,
Singing at heart: "God's shadow is the Sun."

Some Canadian Shrines.

The CITY of Montreal has been, ever since its earliest days, emphatically termed the City of Mary. It was so named by its pious founders, the Sieur de Maisonneuve, who had bound himself by vow to the service of Mary, and was surnamed the "First Knight of the Queen of Angels"; and by the saintly Marguerite Bourgeoys, who established a community in the Blessed Virgin's honor. The city has throughout its history consistently maintained that initial character. Its great Church of Notre Dame extends its ægis over the waters of the St. Lawrence, and is almost the first sight that catches the eye of the traveller who nears the Metropolis of the North. It fronts likewise upon one of the chief commercial squares, and serves to remind the community at large that Mary is still presiding over the city's destinies.

In the early mornings of May, when the shaded streets of Montreal are fragrant with the delicate perfume of the budding trees, or white with their blossoms, when Nature has put on a bridal robe and clothed the ancient metropolis with vernal charms, then the place is fairly alive with pilgrimages. Priests and ecclesiastical students wearing their cassocks, nuns of various communities, gay and frolicsome college boys, school-girls, pious confraternities—now of men, including wealthy commercial magnates and humble artisans; now of women of every class,—all are proceeding toward one or another of the Blessed Virgin's shrines.

There are many shrines of Our Lady
In different lands and climes,
Where I can remember kneeling
In old and beloved times.

And these shrines, as the poetess proceeds to point out, embrace throughout the universe almost every variety, from those immemorially consecrated by the veneration of the nations in some stately cathedral, to those which are the place of resort for the poor and lowly in some village church. The Catholic land of Lower Canada, and especially Villemarie, abounds in these sacred spots, which the faith and

piety of generations have hallowed. In many amongst them—

> the step is worn with kneeling
> And the shrine with kisses and tears.

Such is pre-eminently the case in the Bonsecours, or the Chapel of Our Lady of Good Help. This venerable sanctuary has of late years been renewed, its interior redecorated; and some there are who regret the time-worn walls, the dim, religious coloring of other days. There still stands unchanged, however, the figure of the Queen, radiant in her immortal benignity, showering down her favors upon her clients. Votive offerings of many kinds tell of answered prayers, and innumerable lamps and tapers burn there, as silent supplications, all day long.

Thither in the early morning flock the pilgrimages, one succeeding the other, singing their hymns, hearing Mass and receiving Holy Communion. Without the very door of the chapel is the busy market-place, whence it takes its name of "Bonsecours." It is a picturesque scene, full of life and activity. The vendors of the various wares steal away occasionally to breathe a moment's quiet in the little temple which has been theirs from time immemorial. Just below are the wharves, the St. Lawrence, river of Cartiér; the wooded shores beyond, with the Belœil Mountains in the dim distance.

It may be mentioned incidentally that on one of these distant summits was once a little shrine of Mary, since destroyed by fire; and a cross, visible to the whole country round, and known, from the name of the mountain, as the Cross of St. Hilaire. It was planted there by the holy Bishop Forbin-Janson, who came from Nancy, in France, and preached a series of missions throughout the villages of French Canada; planting everywhere, as a fitting memorial of his mission, a colossal cross. He was also one of the founders of the Association of the Holy Childhood.

To return, however, to the busy wharves. There they lie, just outside the church of Our Lady; and there great ships come in every spring, when the river is freed from "the grip of the frost." Over them all and the important interests which they represent, seems to dominate the figure of Our Lady of Good Help, crowned with stars of electric light, which shine out on the evenings of feasts. The statue is upon the apex of the edifice, facing the river, its hands outstretched in benediction. Over the portal of the sanctuary is the venerable inscription that was placed there by the very pioneers of the colony:

> Si l'amour de Marie dans ton cœur est gravé,
> N'oublie pas de lui dire un *Ave*.

The lines may be roughly translated: "If the love of Mary is in thy heart, do not forget in passing to salute her with an *Ave*." A touching message, indeed, from voices long silent, and from hearts that overflowed with the love of Mary, as did those long dead colonists who built the church. This was the first stone edifice on the island of Montreal; and, as is recorded by early chroniclers, Sister Marguerite Bourgeoys, foundress of the Congregation of Notre Dame, carried thither with her own hands (as workmen were so scarce in those days) many of the stones for its construction.

A modern shrine which likewise attracts many pilgrims is that of Lourdes,—a charming little edifice hidden away almost in the shadow of the large Church of St. James, which itself has a lovely statue and shrine of Our Lady of the Rosary, with two Dominican saints kneeling at her feet. Lourdes is, however, on a very busy thoroughfare—St. Catherine, near St. Denis Street,—and throngs of busy people daily pass its doors. It is used almost exclusively as a chapel of confraternities, and is tended with pious

care by the Daughters of Wisdom, a religious community whose members imitate Mary in the Cenacle.

The walls and ceilings of the edifice are richly frescoed, these pictures being in themselves worthy of careful study. They are the work of an eminent French-Canadian artist, M. Bonrassa, the same who, in a fall from a high scaffolding, being miraculously saved from death through the intercession of Mary Immaculate, painted the chapel of the Nazareth Blind Asylum, as a votive offering, and therein showed some of his most effective work.

Lourdes gives therefore the impression of being a sumptuous mass of color; and, by the care of the artist, the statue is so placed as to catch the light, which forms a glory upon the familiar representation of Our Lady of the Grotto, with white robe, blue girdle, and rosary. In the crypt below is an exact representation of the Grotto of Lourdes, and one may obtain there water which is brought from the far-famed Grotto of Massabielle. In the May mornings, and, in fact, all day during the Month of Mary, the shrine of Lourdes is besieged by pilgrims. Many a fervent petition goes upward thence to the Throne of Grace.

A very remarkable shrine of Mary, less known perhaps than the other two, is Our Lady of Liesse, at the Church of the Gesù. This statue has a most interesting history, having been brought from Laon, in Picardy, France, where for many centuries it had attracted a vast concourse of pilgrims. The pious tradition concerning Our Lady of Liesse declares that the famous statue representing the Queen of Heaven under that invocation was brought miraculously to earth by the hands of angels, and to the accompaniment of celestial harmony.

Three holy brothers, who belonged to the illustrious Order of St. John of Jerusalem, were captured in the wars against the infidel, by the Sultan of Egypt, near the walled city of Ascalon. When their captor had exhausted every endeavor to win them over to the Moslem creed, he perfidiously introduced his daughter into their dungeon, hoping that by her beauty and her many charms he might conquer their obduracy. Ismeria, presenting herself there on several occasions, employed every argument which might weaken the prisoners' faith, and held out every inducement which might prevail upon them to save their lives and embrace Islamism. The brothers, however, made use of arguments so powerful that the maiden, far from succeeding in her work of perversion, became herself irresistibly attracted by the doctrine of Christ. She was filled with an ardent desire to look upon the countenance of Mary, the Mother of God, whom the warriors had described with all the glowing imagery of their age and nationality.

The youngest of the brothers, carried away by an ardent zeal for Ismeria's conversion, offered to fashion for her an image of the Heavenly Queen. So great was his confidence in the intercession of the Divine Lady that he actually set about the task, which his brothers deplored as impossible. A pious tradition asserts that the faith of the noble young servant of God was, nevertheless, rewarded; for an image of the Immaculate Virgin was brought into the cell by the hands of angels.

Moreover, that great Help of Christians, whom no one has ever fervently invoked in vain, and who, under the title of Tower of David, so often extended her patronage to the hosts of the Crusaders on the plains of Palestine, procured the release of the three knights, and their miraculous transportation, with the Princess Ismeria, to their native province of Picardy. Ismeria became a devout Christian, and spent the remainder of her life—which was not a very long

one—with the mother of the three young men, dying happily, in the odor of sanctity.

By a succession of marvels, the Divine Mother clearly indicated the precise spot at Laon, in Picardy, where she desired to be honored. The temporary shrine erected there was replaced in the course of half a century—about the year 1384—by a splendid church. This became the resort of innumerable pilgrims, to whom were accorded many priceless indulgences by the reigning Pontiff of that day. Almost all the sovereigns of France respectively visited the sanctuary; and some of the royal consorts, notably Mary de Medicis, Anne of Austria, and Marie Lecskinska, had a special devotion to Our Lady of Liesse. Amongst the most memorable of the recorded pilgrimages to the shrine is that of Charles VII., who, after his coronation, went thither in company with Joan of Arc.

During the Huguenot disturbances the shrine suffered most severely; the iconoclasm of those all-devastating heretics manifested itself grievously in the partial destruction of the temple itself, as well as the ruining of much of the ornamentation and many of the *ex-votos*. When order was restored once more in the Kingdom of France, the Church of Our Lady of Liesse became the scene of new pilgrimages, organized in expiation of the late profanations. It continued to be a centre of piety and devotion,—a very Pool of Siloe, wherein almost every evil which afflicts humanity found a cure. Graces innumerable were granted there, and the *ex-votos* were so rich and costly that at the pillage of the shrine during the French Revolution they amounted, when melted down, to several thousand marks in gold.

That dreadful period of carnage and of universal spoliation had, of course, its effect on this ancient sanctuary of the Madonna. Laws were passed to prohibit services there or the frequentation of the place by pilgrims, and a vandal hand was laid upon all that was most sacred. Even the statue itself was cast into the flames. A portion thereof, with its ashes, was rescued by pious hands; and when the fury of the storm had somewhat abated, the Constitutional pastor of the church discovered the head, which he caused to be mounted upon a wooden body, covered with cardboard, wherein were placed the ashes of the first statue. This being exposed to the veneration of the faithful, the same prodigies continued to be worked, and multitudes of devout souls once more came to seek the spiritual and temporal favors which they desired.

Religion having been at long last restored in France, through the good offices of Napoleon—who subsequently declared that this was the greatest service he had ever rendered to his country,—the Church of Our Lady of Liesse was established on its former basis. In 1857 the whole matter was officially considered at Rome; and, after a searching investigation of the facts, the Pope of the Immaculate Conception, the immortal Pius IX., gave permission for the solemn crowning of the statue, and the inauguration of a festival of Our Lady of Grace.

It was thought proper at this period, to procure a new statue, which should contain the ashes of the old; and that which had been exposed for veneration since 1802 was given to the Jesuit Fathers, with a portion of the ashes of the primitive statue. It was placed in their house of the third year's probation; and it remained there, at St. Vincent's, until the French government requisitioned that property, and the Tertiaries were thereupon removed to Paray-le-Monial.

It now became a question what to do with the venerated statue, which undoubtedly had the head as well as a

portion of the ashes of the original. To which of the missions of the Society should it be given? The matter was made the subject of earnest prayer. When the Tertiaries went to make their farewell pilgrimage to the shrine, their instructor said Mass especially for this object, and immediately afterward announced to two Canadians who were amongst the students that the miraculous image was to accompany them to Canada. Great was their joy and that of the people of Montreal upon the arrival, in 1877, of that precious relic. It was placed upon an altar in the Church of the Gesù; and in the New World, as in the Old, pious multitudes came thither to implore and to obtain numberless favors.

In January, 1878, on the feast of the Epiphany, Mgr. Conroy, the Delegate Apostolic, had summoned the Canadian episcopate to meet him at Montreal, for the opening of the new Laval University; and upon that occasion the assembled prelates were the guests of the Jesuit Fathers. Hearing from the rector of the arrival of the miraculous statue, the whole body of prelates, headed by the Delegate, and accompanied by members of the various religious Orders and a large number of secular priests, solemnly visited the newly erected shrine.

The Delegate promised to promote this devotion by every means in his power; and he did so in a circular letter to the clergy and in his exhortations to the laity. He also obtained from Rome, for the diocese of Montreal, a special Office of Our Lady of Liesse, under the invocation "Mother of Grace," and the inauguration of a festival in her honor. That this might seem to blend with the devotion to the Sacred Heart, of which the Church of the Gesù is the special shrine, the festival was assigned to the 31st of May. That first feast was celebrated with all possible pomp and solemnity,—the statue carried processionally, an act of consecration read, and a special sermon preached in presence of the Bishop of Montreal.

It would be impossible here to enumerate the signal favors that have been obtained by the intercession of this powerful Queen. Many of them will be known only upon the other side of the tomb. Notable and instantaneous conversions have been recorded, cures effected, and other graces obtained, some of which are commemorated on votive tablets. One particular and very remarkable cure of a man named O'Reilly—a paralytic, and for many months a patient of the Hôtel Dieu, where he had been given up by five doctors—was made, by the bishop, the subject of a judicial commission. After the deposition of many witnesses, and the sworn testimony of four doctors that the case was extraordinary and contrary to science, the cure was decided to be a miracle of the first class.

Last year the beloved statue, so dear and familiar to the Catholics of the city, was placed upon a new altar. Once more it was carried processionally, amid the singing of hymns and a manifestation of the utmost devotion on the part of the multitude who filled the church. Fervent suppliants are always to be seen before that image; tapers and lamps, ever burning, tell of the love and confidence of countless votaries. With increasing and more widespread devotion to this gracious Virgin under that beautiful title of Mother of Grace, will most certainly occur a new outpouring of heavenly favors. They will cluster, thick as bees about honey, around the sweetness of this Immaculate Queen, the Vine of Engaddi, the Rose of Sharon, the Lily of the Valley, the peerless Spouse of the Canticles. Those who ask with faith through that most potent intercession will assuredly receive.

The late Archbishop of Montreal,

Mgr. Fabre, granted an indulgence of forty days for the recital of the following short but very beautiful prayer:

"O Lord God, vouchsafe to Thy servants the joy of perfect health both of mind and body; and, by the glorious intercession of the Blessed Mary, ever a virgin, exemption from all sadness during life, and after our death the full possession of eternal joys! These graces do we solicit through Jesus Christ, our Lord and Thy Son, who liveth and reigneth ever in the unity of the Holy Ghost, world without end. Amen."

This prayer arises perpetually from numberless faithful souls who kneel there at the foot of that lovely statue, ravished by its beauty, and by the odor of sanctity which seems to reveal its heavenly origin. It stands there in the hush of the afternoon, when the soft, neutral colors of that sacred edifice are illumined by the rays of the slanting sun; and in the May mornings, when pilgrimages are abroad everywhere in the City of Mary.

It is a beautiful thought, that the new shrine formed thus by the advent of that famous statue from a far-off sanctuary of countless miracles, and those other hallowed spots which adorn the City of Mary, are but stopping-places on the road to eternity,—the green oases of the desert of existence, where abundant graces are poured forth, and the weary and the sorrow-stricken and the sin-stained and the physically infirm find peace and healing and refreshment. They all serve to direct the mind heavenward.

Hence, then, the utility of that pious custom, common amongst the devout, to visit during the Month of Mary each one of these holy shrines, there exclaiming with the gentle and beloved Adelaide Procter:

At each one, O Mother of Mercy,
May still more of thy love be given,
Till we kneel at the last and brightest—
The Throne of the Queen of Heaven!

Young Mr. Bretherton.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XVIII.—A Sinister Pair.

WHEN Jesse Craft and those directly concerned had supposed the incident of the rose to have been unnoticed save by themselves, they were altogether mistaken—in so far as one observer, at least, was concerned. From his station behind a tree, the untiring eyes of Eben Knox had taken note of the occurrence. He had given to the little pantomime an interpretation precisely similar to that of Jesse Craft, and it had thrown him into a fierce paroxysm of rage. For the time being he was almost deprived of his senses.

The mill manager had of late suffered his vigilance to be distracted from young Mr. Bretherton by the reports of Dave Morse. That astute youth, partly to curry favor with his employer by a pretended zeal in his service, and partly to gratify his spite against him, conveyed to him every possible item of news from Rose Cottage. He received this intelligence direct from Mary Jane, and was able to inform his master that "Miss Lenora went out ridin' with the Englishman," and that young Mr. Bretherton never went near the Cottage. He repeated over and over, with malicious satisfaction, a rumor which he believed to be profoundly distasteful to the manager—that 'the Englishman was Miss Lenora's beau.'

Singularly enough, perhaps by some intuitive perception of the real facts of the case, this information did not seriously disturb Eben Knox. He derived a curious consolation from the thought that, if the worst came to the worst, and if he could in no wise prevent such a marriage, it would be upon Leonora's part merely a *mariage de convenance*. He argued that there was nothing in Lord Aylward's person-

ality to attract the fancy of a young woman. With his habitual cynicism, moreover, he discredited the supposition that Lord Aylward meant to offer himself to a penniless girl.

In the case of Jim Bretherton it was altogether different. The manager felt toward him a direct, personal antagonism upon almost every ground. Irrespective of Leonora altogether, he detested him for his personal advantages,—for his undoubted superiority in so many directions. The ovation accorded to the future Master of the Manor just after his nomination to Congress had been gall and wormwood to this solitary observer. Millbrook, which hated Eben Knox, apparently worshiped James Cortlandt Bretherton. During the whole of that popular demonstration he had watched the proceedings with a fierce desire to raise an opposition; but the idea suggested to his mind by the episode of the rose goaded him almost to madness.

He had observed Leonora standing by the gate, and that in itself had been an offence. How dared she thus take part in a popular triumph and array herself upon the side of this young demagogue! In a single instant, however, the muttering storm had become a veritable tempest. He had caught that look in Leonora's eyes which he would have given his life to win; and it had been bestowed upon this man whom he deeply hated! He had seen the girl's lovely hand—those long, slim fingers which he so much admired—detach the rose from its resting-place amongst the lace at the slender throat, and throw it to the detested Jim Bretherton. It was as if she had plucked out her heart and cast it with this crimson, fragrant offering before the all-conquering hero of the hour.

He could not see Jim Bretherton's face: it was turned from him; but he judged by his own feelings what any man must have felt. He jumped, moreover, to the conclusion that he had been deceived, and that there must have been previous love passages between the two. Scarcely had the carriage passed, when he rushed homeward in an agony of mind, in which rage and hate contended for the mastery.

He did not immediately enter the house, but strode up and down, crushing and grinding the weeds upon the bank with ruthless heel. He tore off from a tree before his door a stout switch, which, with deadly malice, he reserved for the shoulders of Dave Morse upon the following morning.

In point of fact, seizing upon a trifling pretext, he did actually administer such punishment to the lad, whom in his own mind he accused of having deceived him. Dave had the ill fortune to arrive the first upon that unlucky morning, and had sought the manager's office with a more or less mendacious budget of news from Mary Jane. He found himself confronted by the furious Eben Knox and the oak switch, which was so employed as to send him home, still writhing, at the noon hour to his mother. That indignant parent was only prevented by motives of economy, and the fear of losing Dave's earnings, from having out a summons against the aggressor.

Having provided himself with the switch, there was not much else that the manager could do at the moment. Even his paltry vengeance upon Dave Morse had to be reserved, as has been seen, for the following morning; since Dave was just then in the village, hastening from one point of vantage to the other, in the thick of the popular demonstration, and lending his voice to the uproarious cheers for young Mr. Bretherton. He was thoroughly enjoying himself, however; and had no anticipation of the stripes that were being prepared for him by that black, solitary figure plucking a weapon of vengeance in the darkness.

Having made this one preparation which occurred to him toward his campaign of reprisal, Eben Knox went in at the low door of the mill-house to those gloomy precincts over which Mother Moulton presided. He found that potentate nodding over the fire. He would have liked, if it had been possible, to inflict some bodily harm upon the crone; but the thought was not to be entertained. Eben Knox had a wholesome fear of his sinister old housekeeper; and, besides, she was exceedingly useful to him.

He went over to the hearth and began to toss the brands about with his foot, till Mother Moulton, awaking, bade him snappishly let the fire alone. He looked at her malignly. He wished she would give herself a burn,—a grievous, stinging burn, which might bear some relation to the pain he himself was suffering.

The woman looked with her bleared eyes intently at her employer; then she laughed a galling, contemptuous laugh.

"You've planted fine furrows in your cheeks this while back," she croaked, "as if you were not handsome enough already; and there's gray streaks in your hair, and your eyes are as sunken as mine."

"Shut up!" Eben Knox retorted brutally, and he made as if he would strike her with the poker which he held.

The dame continued, nevertheless, undismayed:

"And all for the sake of a dainty Miss that wouldn't think you good enough to wipe her shoes upon! She's aiming high and no mistake, and it's which of the rare birds she'll bring down. It's driving with my Lord to-day, and yesterday it's making sugar eyes at the young gentleman from the Manor."

"You lie, you foul witch!" cried Eben Knox.

"No, I don't lie! I had it from them that was there,—how the two stood staring at each other and talking honey-talk after the carriage accident."

Eben Knox swore a fearful oath, bidding his housekeeper to be still; and there was something in his passion which caused even the fearless Mother Moulton to quail. The manager, perceiving her weakness, pursued his advantage. He seized a brand from the hearth.

"If you torment me any further," he cried, "I'll brand you where you sit! I'll make you taste what I'm tasting, and that's hell-fire!"

There was something so horrible in the man's despair that it appalled Mother Moulton even more than the physical threat.

"Don't mind what I say," she began, wheedlingly. "It's only a bit of fun. These fine gentlemen don't want a pauper for a wife. They'll throw her soft words and run after her a bit, and then away to the next one, and the pretty jade will be glad enough to settle down and marry the manager of Millbrook mill."

Eben Knox did not even listen to her; he let the brand drop from his aimless hand and stared moodily into the fire, whose reflected light was intensifying the shadows in that smoke-stained room, and making strange figures upon the walls.

Mother Moulton, like some weird witch, gazed at him the while, croaking out presently a new suggestion:

"Perhaps there would be some pretty little powder, some love potion, my dear, we could give those fine sparks, to put their wits a-wandering and set them at each other's throat."

"You are in your dotage, woman!" replied the manager, contemptuously. "You don't know what you're saying."

"Don't I, then?" Mother Moulton queried, her eyes snapping viciously, as she sat erect in her chair with something of her habitual vigor. "It's you that are doting, Eben Knox, and in more ways than one. You're playing

fast and loose, my man, with a game that you want to win. There are powders and potions that can work almost any harm, if rightly used by them that has the knowledge. I was taught their properties while you were learning your A B C."

The manager looked at her steadily a moment, then he laughed scornfully.

"A pretty fool I'd be to meddle with your witch philters!" he retorted; muttering beneath his breath: "That is unless all else fails."

Mother Moulton watched him out of her catlike eyes, never losing a single expression of his face. She had an almost abnormal power of vision and of hearing, despite her seventy odd years.

"I have my own remedies," Eben Knox said at last. "I do not need the help of any one."

His pallid face glowed strangely with the reflected light of the fire, and there was a singular gleam in his eyes.

"I'll bring them all to terms," he went on, shaking his fist menacingly at no one in particular, and glaring out through the dingy panes of the window, where the darkness had settled dense and opaque, as if in that impalpable obscurity were enclosed those whom his vengeance sought to reach. "Yes, I'll bring them all to terms, or I'll raise such a storm about their heads as will drive these Brethertons out of the place."

Having worked himself up into a very frenzy, this ordinarily shrewd and keen-witted man of business began to pace the floor with the aspect of one who was half demented. His thoughts were in a whirl. For the time being he had lost the power of thinking calmly, and that fierce, indomitable habit of self-repression which had been acquired by years of solitary introspection.

The old woman, crouching over the fire, and shivering from time to time despite the warmth, kept her baleful eyes fixed upon her employer as he walked. In the dark recesses of her mind she was engaged in counterplots of her own. In these schemes she sought primarily her own well-being. Incidentally, she was quite willing to bring down retributive vengeance upon all and sundry who had come within the circle of her malevolence. She was prepared also, like the dark fairy in the tales of childhood, to mete out benefits to the few whom she believed to have done her any good.

While Eben Knox thus paced the floor, and Mother Moulton watched him, a sound broke upon the stillness of the room,—the voice of a child muttering unintelligible words, as if in its sleep. The manager stopped in his rapid walk and faced Mother Moulton.

"Who spoke?" he asked.

"Not I," replied the crone, concealing her own uneasiness.

"But I heard a voice—a child's voice—somewhere." He looked darkly at the window as he uttered the words.

"No, no," murmured the old woman, soothingly; "you heard naught, Eben Knox."

"I tell you I did!" he cried; stopping, however, and listening intently.

Not even the faintest noise disturbed the stillness of the mill-house; and the man, believing that he was mistaken, began again to pace the room, up and down, up and down, as a wild animal paces its cage.

Once more the same muttering was heard, and it seemed to proceed from the stairway. The manager stood still, with a look of uncontrollable terror upon his face.

"A child's voice!" he said. "Don't you hear it, Mother Moulton, or have you grown deaf?"

"I might well be deaf with the noise of the mill these many years," Mother Moulton answered, evasively. "But I am not. I have my hearing sharp and clear as it ever was."

"Then you must have heard! I can't be mistaken!"

"You heard the wind outside among the alders. Hark! it's rising!" the crone said.

And there was in truth a sound of moaning wind without in the bushes, near the brook.

"That's not what I mean," declared Eben Knox, angrily. "I know a moaning wind when I hear it."

"Then it must have been the frogs in the mill-pond," she argued.

"No, woman, it was not the frogs. It was the voice of a child," repeated the manager.

"Tut! you're dreaming! The noise is in your brain. It's some of your dark thoughts."

He turned a scared face toward her.

"Why should I be thinking such thoughts?"

The crone laughed grimly.

"How should I know what you might be thinking? And what makes you so frightened, Eben Knox?"

The manager relapsed into silence, sitting down in a stiff-backed chair near the fire, and poking the embers into a blaze. Though he did not know it, Mother Moulton herself was extremely uneasy, but for a very different reason.

All continued quiet; the mysterious noises had apparently ceased; and, as Eben Knox sat so still in his chair that Mother Moulton supposed he was asleep, she suddenly rose, and, crossing the room very softly, began to mount the stairs. She started guiltily when the man from his chair by the fire inquired:

"Where are you going now? What takes you upstairs at this hour?"

"I'm going to see that the rats are not at the flour bag," the crone answered, pausing upon the stairway and looking down at him.

"How can you see in the darkness?" he asked quickly and suspiciously.

"Like enough I have the eyes of a cat," Mother Moulton answered.

"But I can light a candle, I suppose."

"But you're not taking a candle with you."

"No, because there's one at the top of the stairs. Attend to your mill and your machinery and your woollen rags, Eben Knox, and let me manage the house."

Her answer seemed to quiet the manager's suspicions, vague at the best; for who could be up there in the deserted loft, which had been uninhabited for twenty years at least? The housekeeper, having reasserted her authority, moreover, there seemed no sufficient reason for interfering with her movements.

Eben Knox was soon absorbed again in his own dark and painful thoughts, while he heard the old woman's heavy tread proceeding up the stairs, which creaked under her weight. She paused at the top of the steps to light a candle, and made her way across the floor, ostentatiously shaking the bags and scurrying with her feet to scare away such predatory rodents as might have invaded the attic. But the manager did not hear her hurried admonition to a woman who lay upon a pile of straw in a corner of the loft, clasping a child to her breast.

"Keep the child quiet!" she said, in a hoarse whisper. "If he hears it and comes up, he'll put you out into the blackness, or he'll strangle you with his own hands."

"Oh, I'll keep it still!" wailed the woman. "Only don't let him come near me. I'm scared of him,—I'm scared to death of him."

"Don't be afraid, poor lone one!" said Mother Moulton, with an accent of pity and tenderness which sounded strangely upon her lips. "He'll not come anigh thee while I'm a living woman. Only keep the child still, and no harm will befall."

So saying, Mother Moulton, frightening away the imaginary rats, once

more returned to the head of the stairs, where she ostentatiously blew out the candle. She came creaking down again, and resumed her place beside the hearth, over which still crouched the moody manager. The embers, which had almost burned out, seemed a fitting emblem of his existence; and the gloom of the cheerless room struck a chill even to the sordid soul of Eben Knox's housekeeper.

(To be continued.)

May Devotions.

(An Irish Scene.)

BY BRIAN O'HIGGINS.

FAIR is the light on the Virgin's altar,
Fair are the flowers that cover it o'er,
And their scent floats down to the people kneeling
In rows, far back to the open door,
Where the lingering sunlight gleams and sparkles
Ere it hies away to its home of rest,
Beyond the crest of the shadowy mountains
That call it away to the kindly West;
And it seems to be waiting, expectant, there
For the first sweet sound of the fervent prayer:
"Pray for us, Mother, O Star of the Sea!
Mary, our hope and our trust is in thee!"

Little birds peep in at the Virgin's altar;
They've come to the door, where the sunlight waits;
They seem like angels, some bright soul guarding
That waits for its crown at the Golden Gates.
Now they enter shyly, all hushed and silent,—
Not a sound they make as they glide around;
Their hearts have silenced the joyous warbling
That rang all day o'er the flower-strewn ground.
And they, too, are waiting and listening there
For the first sweet sound of the fervent prayer:
"Guide us, O Mother, sweet Star of the Sea!
Mary, our hope and our trust is in thee!"

All eyes are fixed on the Virgin's altar,
All hearts are raised to the Virgin Queen;
She is always with them: in woe or sorrow
Their souls on Mary for succor lean.
And when joy is with them, they praise her for it
And bless her name with their every breath;
They know that some day she will help to steer them
To God through the Valley of Gloom and Death.
And with souls upraised they are breathing there
The first sweet sound of the fervent prayer:
"Help of the weak, O Star of the Sea,
Pray for us, Mary,—our hope is in thee!"

Now they are gone from the Virgin's altar,
The darkness of evening around it falls;
The sun is hidden beyond the mountains,
Away in the meadow the blackbird calls.
But their hearts bear with them the inspiration
That Mary gives them this evening bright,
To toil for God until He shall call them
Away to His home in the Land of Light.
And still they seem to be kneeling there
And breathing to Heaven the fervent prayer:
"Queen of the Angels, O Star of the Sea,
Pray for us, Mary, and guide us to thee!"

A "Valiant Woman" of Mexico.

BY HAROLD DIJON.

II.—The Maid of Honor.

JUANA was fifteen years old when appointed a lady of the Vice-Queen's household. Already famous in two worlds, the possessor of youth and beauty, rank and wealth, learning and accomplishments of a high order, the world would have appeared bright indeed to the young girl had she been at all attracted to it. The truth is, she went to the viceregal court most unwillingly, and not till after she had a severe battle in subduing her will to that of her parents.

It is said that her mother complained of the trouble Juana gave her at this time. "She is blind to the advantages offered her, careless of the rank she will inherit." (Juana would be a countess in her own right.) "She rejoices in wealth only inasmuch as it enables her to be an almoner to those in distress. Not that her father and I account this a fault. Of what avail for us to account, since her determination is fixed?" the Countess poured forth with some incoherence in a letter to Salazar, Archbishop of Mexico.

There is a tradition, which in time became incorporated in her history, that when Juana finally consented to become a maid of honor, her mother said: "Juana, when you have children of your own, you will understand what it is to wish their advancement." Juana then and there gave voice to her intention never to marry. "Reserve your refusal till you are importuned!" retorted the Countess. Perhaps she had already got an inkling of her daughter's great vocation. However this may be, it is certain that when Juana declared it, her mother placed no obstacle in the way of its fulfilment.

The Viceroy and Vice-Queen of Mexico at this time were the Marquis and Marchioness of Mancera. The Viceroy was "a just man and a friend of religion"; but at the period when Juana entered the household of his wife, his court, without being vicious, was more remarkable for its frivolity than for any other quality. Little more than outward respect was shown to religion by the courtiers. This went so far that on one occasion no one was present at the Viceroy's Mass save the Viceroy himself, his stated attendants for the day, and the Duke of Soma. Afterward the Viceroy, whose heart and reason pointed to better courses than those he pursued, remarked angrily, in the presence of a number of young nobles attached to the court:

"We are, indeed, pagans! Do you know that at Mass no one of you all was present excepting the Duke of Soma?"

"Were the representative of his Most Catholic Majesty in peril," said one of the nobles, boastfully, "he would find us present."

The Viceroy eyed the boastful youth and said severely:

"The representative of his Most Catholic Majesty went for a ride in one of the unsettled districts; his life was in peril; the Duke of Soma was there—you were not!"*

Such, in brief glimpse, was the court when Juana arrived there. If the renown of her beauty and genius had preceded her, her piety was not unknown. This piety, simple and unobtrusive, had an immense influence for good in the gay court; and Juana wielded her intellect with the cunning commended by Our Lord, to ensnare souls in the meshes of divine love. And now it was that her strong will did her good service, enabling her to resist and correct evil.

Undreaming that she had a special mission to perform, this wonderful and at the same time simple soul wrought such a change in the court that in less than a year after she became maid of honor, the Marchioness of Mancera is recorded to have said of her: "She has usurped my function. I set one fashion for the dress and deportment, and Juana sets a fashion for learning and prayer; and my fashions are forgotten by my court, and, thanks to our Holy Mother, by myself as well!"

It is a wholesome thought that a committed sin goes on repeating itself like the circles in a pool of water into which a stone has been cast; and equally is it a consoling thought, and a most excellent medicine to the soul, to consider that a good deed done for the love of God goes on repeating itself with repetitions as infinite as the pulsations of the air set in motion by a note of music.

Don Juan de Castorena, prebendary of the Cathedral of Mexico, and editor of the first edition of Juana's collected

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* It was on this occasion that the Duke of Soma received a wound that permanently disjointed the thumb of his right hand. This misfortune almost proved a fatal obstacle in after life to his reception into the Society of Jesus with a view to the priesthood; and it was only his burning devotion, and the great esteem in which he was held for piety, that procured a dispensation for his ordination.

works, relates that in this year (1665) she exercised her talent in painting. "She painted," he says, "a hand knocking at the Heart of Christ, which was much admired, and was afterward hung above the altar of the Viceroy's chapel."

The Viceroy Mancera appears to have been one of those men who have existed in all ages, not excluding our own, who are incredulous of woman's ability to cope with man in scientific learning. Father Siguenza, of the Society of Jesus, a mathematician, historian, antiquary, and a poet of no mean order, in his funeral eulogy of Juana relates the following incident:

When Juana was in her seventeenth year, the Viceroy, wishing to test her learning and intelligence, invited a number of theologians and philosophers of the University and Royal College, together with a number of jurists and poets, to a meeting, during which Juana, unprepared, had to answer questions and explain difficult points on various scientific and literary subjects. The manner in which she acquitted herself astonished all present and greatly increased her reputation. Castorena, who attended the meeting, also mentions this fact in Juana's life.

The possessor of fame and fortune, it is not remarkable that Juana had an abundance of suitors for her hand in marriage. Among the number was the young Duke of Soma, to whom allusion has been made. Fernandez de Cordova, Duke of Soma, was the son of Felix Fernandez de Cordova, Duke of Seffa, of Vaena and Soma, Count of Calvos, Palomas and Olivitor, and Grand Admiral and Captain General of Naples.

Years after the events about to be related, when Juana was a nun, and Soma a Jesuit, the father of the young Duke, who holds a good place among the minor Spanish poets, wrote a lofty poetic encomium of Juana as for the third time applauded by two worlds of readers. "Sweet siren of thought, how liquid lucent is thy persuasive voice, appealing as chantry bells gale-drifted over summer fields at dawn!"

Contemporary testimony is to the effect that the young Duke was handsome, a lover of books and horses, and the owner of a fiery temper.* It was his love of books that took him to the colleges at Puebla, and it was not till 1667 that he met Juana. He had heard a great deal of her profound learning and erudition; and from the first a similarity of tastes drew them together, and he endeavored to fancy himself in love with her. This last he did because he had been commanded by his father to seek Juana's hand in marriage. When it is considered that he knew of Juana's determination never to marry, and that his suit was not seriously pressed, the merit of the Duke's obedience to his father's command becomes exceedingly problematic.

Juana once said that, were it not for his unaffected piety, reverence for learning, and love of books, she would have found the Duke a very disagreeable person. Asked in what she would have found him disagreeable, since she found him agreeable in so many points, she replied: "The Duke is in many things younger than his years." (He was then twenty-five.) "He has been told that he should marry, and he fancies himself in love with me. Were it not that we find abundant sources of conversation in religion and in books, he would weary me very much."

The cheerful alacrity with which he abandoned his suit is evinced in the following sentences, written in his journal with an almost boyish frankness: "Since she has told me that she has no love for me, I have begun to discover that I have none for her. I also feel singularly light-hearted, now that

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* Mendive's "Journal," Herrera's "Myths of the Nahuatls," and others.

I have abandoned what has always been a hopeless suit."

Small effect as it had on the spirits of her suitor, Juana's rejection of the Duke gave much umbrage to her father. He reminded her that he had been an indulgent father—as indeed he had,—and demanded to know what she intended to do with her life, since she turned a deaf ear to all proposals of matrimony. It was then that Juana confessed her desire to become a nun,—a desire she had always had, she declared; refraining from mentioning it heretofore out of respect for her parents' feelings, she being their only child. Her father was much affected at hearing this. He denied any intention of thwarting her wishes, but asked her to postpone for a year the step she contemplated. She readily agreed to this, overjoyed that so little was asked, when what she had anticipated was violent opposition.

For more than two years past Juana had been putting forth a series of poetical works, among them her famous sonnets, which exist in no adequate English translation. She was now esteemed the greatest of living Spanish poets, and among the greatest female poets of any age or nation. Her father warned her that in becoming a nun she would bury the talents Heaven had given her. The Count had not the gift of prophecy. In point of fact, Juana's most important literary work was done in the twenty-five years of her life in religion.

As if to aid her father in the designs he undoubtedly had on her vocation, an invitation for Juana to take up her residence at the Spanish court came from Anna Maria of Austria, regent of Spain for the little Carlos II. The invitation was a most honorable one, and Juana's father urged her to accept it. In the refusal she made she was sustained by the Viceroy and his wife. "She is called by Heaven and you will not move her. Juana's determination is made," her mother said to the Count.

About this time there was much rejoicing in Mexico over the recovery of Father Siguenza, who had been recently ordained when his life was despaired of. The Viceroy gave a *fête* at the court in honor of Siguenza; and it is probable that it was on this occasion Juana made the acquaintance of this great man, who was to become her friend and adviser, and whom, incidentally, she was to help establish the first newspaper published in America.

The year of probation required by her father dragged slowly. More and more the life of the court oppressed Juana, and she longed to be free. It is to this year we owe the only lines she has written that are tinged with melancholy—her verses entitled "Absence." "I know of no sonnet," says Guiterrez in his "Estudios Biograficos," "that can be said to surpass her 'Absence' in delicate imagination and strict compliance with the laws of harmony."

In 1670 she entered the Convent of San Geronimo, and became Sister Juana Inez de la Cruz, the only name she is known by in letters.

Some may desire to know what became of the Duke of Soma. In his thirtieth year he was a Jesuit novice. When fifty years old he converted and began the civilization of the Nahuatls, the most savage tribe in Mexico. After a laborious life, he died a most holy death at the advanced age of ninety-six.

(Conclusion next week.)

CHRIST is the Wisdom of God: Mary, therefore, is the Seat of Wisdom; His presence is heaven: she, therefore, is the Gate of Heaven; He is Infinite Mercy: she, then, is the Mother of Mercy. She is the Mother of "fair love and fear and knowledge and holy hope."

—*Newman.*

Knight or Knave?

BY MARY CROSS.

"BUT some one told me that you are a—a—universal admirer," said Cicely.

"You should warn that some one that it is easy to tell one fib, but hard to tell only one," he replied. "Please note that I haven't learned that from experience, though I am of the sex dubbed 'deceivers ever.'"

"Still, I fear I must doubt when you say that you never loved any one but me," she said, half playfully, half seriously.

"Doubt doesn't alter fact, does it? There must be a way of convincing you,—saints direct me into it, as Paddy said of his ragged coat!"

It was a sunny day in Harrogate and "all in the blue unclouded weather" they strolled up and down the Hydropath garden, heedless of the claims of tennis and croquet, or the concert sustained by a quartette of Pierrots on the velvet-smooth lawn.

Miss Massey lent a willing ear to Denis Blake's discourse, even whilst asking herself what did she know of him, after all? What is it possible to know of a man during the few weeks of a summer holiday? Certainly she saw that he was gentle with the aged, patient with the peevish, a merry comrade to children, and courteous to all. From the first he had appeared to be attracted by her; he had sought her society assiduously, and had displayed what at least seemed to be symptoms of genuine admiration for her. The question was: was he in earnest or merely amusing himself at her expense? Alice Hayes, an acquaintance from Liverpool, had distinctly warned her against the young man, on perceiving his attentions.

"He is a flirt, fickle as only an Irishman can be," Alice declared. "He was here when we arrived, and tried to amuse himself with me. Then it was Grace Seagar's turn. Now it is yours. He is just the sort of man I hate,—too sweet to be wholesome, too good to be true. I wouldn't marry a man like him if there wasn't another one left."

Alice, who was approaching the age when a girl is told by other girls that she doesn't look a day over twenty-five, had spoken with a bitterness that indicated a sourness of the grapes; but Cicely dismissed the thought as disloyal to her friend, as also the suggestion conveyed by Grace Seagar's "Poor dear old Alice, she made a dead set at that good-looking Denis Blake; and because he didn't respond, she bears him a mortal grudge. As if a man could marry his grandmother!"

The dressing-bell clanged out, and there was an exodus of matrons from the summer-houses where they had been discussing the servant problem, and of squires and dames from the lawns and bowers, and the grounds were rapidly deserted. Denis looked at the sky, arching in unbroken blue, with shreds of gold drawing themselves across the west.

"It will be a fine day to-morrow," he predicted. "Should you and Mrs. Massey care to go to Scarborough? We might have some boating—"

"Oh, no, thank you!" laughed Cicely. "Mother would spend the first half of the voyage in terror that the boat would go down, and the last half in terror that it would not."

"Then shall we drive to Fountains Abbey? Not even that? Why—why are you so hard and cold to me? Do you wish me to understand that you dislike me, that you find me objectionable, a nuisance, a bore?"

"No, no, indeed!" she said, hastily, warmly; she glanced into his handsome face, now wearing an expression of pain and mortification, and she capitulated.

"I should like to go to Fountains," she admitted, shyly.

"With me?" he asked.

"With you," she answered.

So the succeeding day beheld them wandering along that beautiful and romantic valley in which is situated the Abbey, the most perfect specimen of what was perhaps the most perfect architectural time,—the time of Henry III. and Westminster Abbey. Tall trees, green, smooth slopes of grass mirrored themselves in the still sheets of water into which the streams ever and anon expanded. The majestic turret rose upward in stately grandeur, telling the eternal stars what England once achieved and what she has lost; in the ruined choir tiny feathered choristers were chirping; ivy flung its tender green arms about the arch of the once glorious eastern window; echoes of departed prayer and praise seemed to pervade the whole.

The young couple paced the long cloisters silently; only a look, a gesture was needed to express what each thought or felt. Mrs. Massey, considerately lagging behind, looked on in mild approval, recalling the days of her own youth.

That was the beginning of many such pilgrimages to Bolton Abbey or Ripon or Knaresborough; and all went merry as a marriage bell until one rainy morning.

The older guests kept the fire warm in the reading-room; the younger ones had gathered in the hall and the porch, watching the heavy sky in the hope of discerning a break, and discussing a programme of indoor amusements, when there came the crunching of gravel and the arrival of the Hydro' bus. It had only two occupants,—one being Grace Seagar's brother, a light-hearted youth who was a source of innocent merriment whithersoever he went; and the other, a lady who was neither young nor old, but hurled defiance at Time with elaborately crimped hair and pearly teeth, and a costume that verged on the girlish. She alighted with a swish and a swirl and a rustle, and a dazzling smile that extended itself considerably as her eyes fell on Denis Blake. He, on the contrary, all but frowned.

"Why, Lydia!" he exclaimed, anything but pleasure in his expression and voice.

"Why, Denis!" she mimicked. "Don't look so overjoyed! Isn't this a delightful surprise for you?"

He did not reply, but stalked beside her into the house, dragging his mustache this way and that.

Alice Hayes softly pressed Cicely's arm and whispered:

"Don't let him see that you care. He's worse than I thought, even. Some one must have told his wife how he has been behaving, don't you think?"

"His wife?" echoed Cicely; and Alice indicated the mountain of luggage which was labelled "Mrs. D. Blake."

"Didn't I tell you he was a flirt?" she asked, looking round her ear to watch the effect of the revelation.

"Did I contradict you?" said Cicely, forcing a smile, and with a mighty effort suppressing tears of pain, of wrath, of humiliation, of self-contempt.

How easily she had been deceived,—how easily allowed herself to accept as serious Denis Blake's courtesies and gallant speeches! His attentions to her had merely been his pleasant way of passing the time, and her own vanity had led her into believing that they indicated a warmer feeling. Oh, how silly, how stupid she had been! But her brain must not give way, though her heart had; she must regain her self-respect; she must show him that she also had only been amusing herself; that he was not, and never had been, anything more than an agreeable acquaintance. But, oh, how terribly humiliating it was!

The rain ceased, and it was an easy

matter for her to avoid him by joining a driving party to which he had not been invited. She caught a passing glimpse of him in a cosy corner with Mrs. Blake, evidently in the throes of a serious discussion; but, to her satisfaction, he did not see her. In a little while she would be braver, better able to speak to him unmoved, better able to conceal that she had suffered.

At a later hour she "decked her nut-brown hair" in the spirit of the old song, and where'er she'd laid a plait before she now laid "ten times mair"; and, conscious that she was not looking exactly her worst, she descended to the recreation room, where dancing was going on. The fair Lydia was disporting herself in a *pas de quatre*, Mr. Blake being a mere spectator, and a sombre one at that. He turned as Cicely entered, the cloud passing from his brow; but she looked beyond him to Tom Seagar, who hastened across the room to her, though not before Blake had had time to say:

"Shall we have a turn, Miss Massey? That is one of your favorite melodies, isn't it?"

"I should like to dance, and I believe I could, but the music puts me out and the man gets in my way," she answered lightly.

"You danced with me last night," he protested.

"Last night? There never was any last night. This is the beginning of things for me," she returned, smiling upon Tom, who laid his hand on his heart and bowed low.

"'Unto this all days and nights have led me,'" he responded. "'Before I knew thee I knew nothing.' Come, Miss Massey, where the lemonade lurks and the ices dissolve, and we'll continue our discourse afar from unsympathetic observers."

Blake looked after the pair, his brows in a knot, until Lydia tripped past him with: "Why aren't you dancing, dear? Shoes too tight?"—a query that did not tend to sweeten his temper. He left the room early, and did not return, rather to Cicely's disappointment. She wanted to have other opportunities of convincing him that he was not, and never had been, anything to her.

A sleepless night dragged itself to an end. With relief she heard birds chirping and twittering, and saw the pink flush of dawn creep up the sky. She rose early and went forth to "the blithe and breathing air," in the hope of bringing some color to her cheeks, which were paler and wanner than she wished either Alice Hayes or Denis Blake to see. But, lo and behold! as she stood with foot drawn back from the dew, he appeared, and evidently had not had a happier time of it than had she, as his looks bore witness. She would have passed him with a conventional greeting, but he barred the way, at once imperious and appealing.

"I can't stand any more of this!" he said. "Why are you so cruel? What is my offence?"

"I am not offended," she returned, with assumed surprise. "What can you be talking about?"

"Then I am to believe your friend's statement that you are a heartless flirt, that one day it is my turn and Tom Seagar's the next?"

Cicely started. In one bewildering flash of understanding she recognized something like a quotation from Alice Hayes, and also the dog-in-the-manger policy of that young woman.

"Our friends often help us on the upward path by causing us to love our enemies," she said scornfully. "The 'friend' to whom you refer said pretty much the same of you to me,—not that it matters."

"Doesn't it? To me it matters a great deal. Are you allowing yourself to be influenced by spiteful remarks, or have I personally offended you? I was greatly annoyed yesterday by my step-

mother's arrival, but I had no intention of visiting my annoyance on you."

"Your stepmother!" gasped Cicely.

"Yes. She has had a difference with my long-suffering father, and has come here to enjoy herself, and incidentally to invoke my aid as peacemaker—for the fiftieth time. Her brilliant flashes of youth are sometimes rather trying."

"I—thought she was your w—wife," Cicely stammered, her cheeks flaming.

"My wife? Oh, impossible! Then what did you think of me? Accept my grateful thanks, Miss Massey, for the very high opinion you must have of me!"

"I'd much rather accept your forgiveness for such a silly mistake," Cicely faltered; two big tears aided and abetted her appeal.

"Granted, on condition that you accept me with it," was his satisfactory response; and the last vestige of a shadow passed away, leaving the sunshine of perfect trust and love.

A Royal Child of Mary.*

BY A. D.

ON the 17th of October, 1904, the Princess of the Asturias, Child of Mary, daughter and sister of kings, for a short space herself indeed a queen, and heiress to the Spanish throne, passed away in the great grey palace of Madrid, which all her life had been her home. She was so young—her twenty-fourth birthday had been celebrated barely a month previously,—so happy; yet she died, leaving three children, mere babies, behind her.

One day last August when playing with her two boys she told her lady in waiting that the only thing in the world that she wished for was a little daughter. "I wish so much for a daughter," she said. "But if I had one, I should be too happy; and we are not intended to be perfectly happy in this world."

It was curiously characteristic, this simple little speech, showing how keenly the Princess realized that God's will was best. A few weeks later, when she lay on her deathbed, at her side her husband, her mother, her sons, and the little daughter she had longed for, even then, when the parting loomed so darkly before them, not one of this truly Christian family murmured. God's will was best.

After her father's death, until the birth of the present King, Doña Maria Mercedes had been Queen of Spain; and, though she was at the time too young fully to realize her position, even as a child there was something regal in her manner,—something that in after years she never lost.

With the populace, the younger of the two princesses was perhaps the more popular; for Doña Maria Teresa has more of the sunny vicacity of the Spaniard; whilst the Princess of the Asturias, with her Austrian blood, inherited a dignified and somewhat ceremonious manner. But those who knew her well soon learned that it was not pride that prompted her actions. The high estate to which she was born was weighted with responsibilities, and she fully recognized that good or evil might come from her example even in apparently unimportant matters.

Endowed with a very strong will and an intense love of justice, the Princess was ever looked upon as a certain aid to those who were unjustly treated. Shortly before her marriage it came to her ears that an official had been deprived of his post solely for political party reasons; and, in spite of strenuous opposition and many difficulties, she did not rest until the

* Compiled from notes supplied by an inmate of the palace.

injustice was repaired and the man reinstated in his office. Soon after a second official was dismissed, and his friends advised him also to lay his case before the Princess. But he was obliged to own that such a course would be useless. "The Princess of the Asturias will help no one," he said, "unless she has gone thoroughly into his case and has found that justice is on his side."

The moral training of her children had always been the first thought of the Queen Regent, and the ladies to whose charge the princesses were confided were chosen with the greatest care. When Doña Maria Mercedes was seven years old, the Baroness Basselly was appointed her governess; but the Queen herself decided how her daughter's day was to be spent, and what her course of studies was to be.

Seven o'clock was the hour for rising, and all through her life Doña Maria Mercedes' first act was to kneel down and say her prayers. Two maids were in attendance to help her to dress, and at half-past seven she began her studies, whilst Doña Maria Teresa was being dressed. At eight o'clock both children heard Mass, after which they went to the Queen's apartments, where they had their first breakfast with her. If any punishment were needed, it was enough to threaten to curtail or forfeit this hour with their mother; for the royal children loved and admired the Queen with all their hearts, and Doña Maria Mercedes in particular always tried to imitate her example in every way.

From ten to twelve every day different professors came to the schoolroom. History, literature, geography, mathematics, logic, psychology, physics, botany, and political economy were amongst the subjects that the Queen required her daughters to study; and in addition a time was set aside each day for a thorough course of religious instruction. After the midday meal the children went out until four o'clock, when the Queen had tea with them; and very often she remained in the schoolroom until seven o'clock, whilst they had their lessons in modern languages. Doña Maria Mercedes spoke and wrote four of these languages perfectly, besides having studied both Latin and Greek.

When eight years old, the Princess made her first confession, and was confirmed the same day. Four years later she made her First Communion; and later again she was admitted to the congregation of the Children of Mary attached to the royal college for girls, an institution managed by the Augustinian Sisters of the Assumption. Her reception she looked upon not merely as a form but as a privilege and a safeguard, and she was always faithful to the practices of piety enjoined by the congregation's rules. On Saturdays she recited the Little Office of the Immaculate Conception with unfailing regularity, and she was never known to omit the daily quarter of an hour's spiritual reading.

Knowing that as she grew older she would be obliged to see and hear things that she had been shielded from during her innocent childhood, she asked what she could do as a Child of Mary to be preserved from harm; and she was advised never to leave her room without saying a little prayer before her crucifix, and always to place herself under the protection of the Mother of God, who was now in a special manner her mother. One day she left her apartment without fulfilling this practice; but, remembering her omission, she returned quickly, and, taking a crucifix from her neck, she knelt down and made her petition, whilst her ladies waited for her. Only the day before she was taken ill she was asked what she wore suspended to a slender gold chain round her neck, and she answered that it was her

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crucifix. "They always tell me," she said, "that I should take it off when I wear my jewels, but nothing could make me part with my crucifix."

Her marriage with Don Carlos of Bourbon was not popular with the Liberal party in Spain; but the Princess determined not to submit to a political marriage. Her mother upheld her in her decision, and the result proved how right they both were. In the midst of many mercenary marriages, the Princess of the Asturias and Don Carlos of Bourbon were an example to others; and their home life was, as the Princess herself said, too happy to last. It is often contended nowadays that simple Faith and higher Education are incompatible; but this royal Child of Mary was a living contradiction to such a falsehood. Doña Maria Mercedes was an unusually intelligent child, and her determination to master her not inconsiderable course of studies was a delight to her teachers; yet she possessed the most childlike faith, and even during her lifetime her piety was well known and often spoken of.

It was on Sunday, October 16, that the birth of the Princess' baby daughter was announced; and there were rejoicings in Madrid, as befitted such an occasion,—for as yet no warning had been given of the coming sorrow. The first bulletins announced that Doña Maria Mercedes was fairly well; but before night it had become known that there was cause for anxiety, and that, at the suggestion of the doctor, the child had already been baptized.

On Monday, however, the news was more reassuring, and flags and garlands of flowers were hung out in honor of the baby Infanta. But about two o'clock a vague feeling of anxiety manifested itself throughout the city, and all eyes were turned toward the palace. Three o'clock rang out, and the royal ensign which had flown gaily all day was suddenly lowered. Slowly a great black flag was half raised in its place; and the people knew that God had taken to Himself one who loved Him even better than she loved her husband, her children or her mother.

Only an hour before, the doctor, who had been in attendance since Saturday, noticed a change in his patient. The confessor of the Princess was calling at the palace to inquire, and he was met by the news that a messenger had already been sent to summon him. A few days previously the Princess had made to the Church of Our Lady of Good Success the visits which it is customary for the Infantas to make before the birth of their children. Yet now she welcomed her confessor; and when the Queen told her of the doctor's fears, she greeted the priest with brave yet gently spoken words: "This confession will be my last."

The two little princes, Fernando and Alfonso, were asleep when a message came to the nursery that they were to be taken to their mother. Hastily their English nurse obeyed the summons. In turn they were lifted up to kiss the pale face that already looked strange in their wondering eyes. The nurse, not knowing what best to do with the baby, laid her where her mother's hands could rest upon her; but the Princess, gathering all her fast-ebbing strength, raised her up and kissed her tenderly, whispering a blessing over her and over the two little boys so soon to be motherless. Then, looking up at the nurse, she spoke in English: "You will pray for me, won't you?"

The Bishop had been sent for; and now, whilst the Princess was still fully conscious, he administered the last Sacraments and began the prayers for the dying; but, seeing that the end was very near, he shortened the usual form. The dying Princess noticed the omission, for she spoke in a whisper: "*Quanto me queda que vivir?*" The

Bishop was unable to command his voice sufficiently to reply; but the doctor hesitatingly tried to give her hope.

Her husband, her mother, the young King, her sister, the children, wide-eyed and frightened at the unusual sights and silence, were near her. She was conscious to the last of all that she was leaving; yet her resignation was as wonderful as it was beautiful. In the midst of those who loved her and whom she loved she passed away to God. They laid her to rest, with her crucifix in her hands, robed in the habit of Mount Carmel,—a Child of Mary wearing her Mother's chosen garb. An altar was raised in the chamber of death, and here the thirty Gregorian Masses were said.

On Wednesday the body was placed in the royal chapel, where the public were admitted to see it. The two Bishops, Monseigneur de Sion and the Bishop of Madrid-Alcala, said Mass there, and all the members of the royal family assisted. At half-past eight the Papal Nuncio celebrated the High Mass of Requiem, after which the funeral took place. In outward show this was the end of the Princess of the Asturias; only in the hearts of those who loved her so fondly, who mourned for her so truly, who submitted with such Christian fortitude to her loss, does she still live, a cherished and unfading memory.

There is a passage written of the great Catholic Queen that applies so well to this last of her descendants who has died, that it may well be quoted here: "She was a devout Catholic; she gave alms in secret; she respected the priests of God and gave due honor to the princes of the Church. She was a great-hearted woman, a strong character with a clear knowledge of right and wrong; and once she had taken a resolution for good she was firm in withstanding all temptations."

The leaf of history on which the name of this Princess is inscribed has been turned over; only in the Escorial another tomb has been raised over the spot where Doña Maria Mercedes sleeps with her forefathers,—a pathetic memorial of a short, well-spent life, reminding those who see it not only of a princess but also of a noble Christian woman.

The Law of Finding.

IN common law, finding is a qualified source of title to goods and chattels. Briefly, the law is that the finder has a clear title against all the world, excepting only the owner. The proprietor of a coach or a railroad car or a ship has no right to demand property found on his premises. Such proprietors may make, in regard to lost articles, regulations which will bind their employees, but they can not bind the public.

The law of finding was declared by the King's Bench more than a hundred years ago (when it was the supreme court of common law in England) as follows:

A person found a wallet containing a sum of money on a shop floor. He handed the wallet and contents to the shopkeeper to be returned to the owner. After three years, during which the owner did not call for his property, the finder demanded of the shopkeeper the wallet and the money. The latter refused to deliver them, upon the ground that they were found on his premises. The finder then sued the shopkeeper; and it was held, as stated above, that, against all the world save the owner, the title of the finder is perfect. The finder has indeed been held to stand in the place of the owner. Thus A prevailed in an action against B, who found an article which A had originally found, but subsequently lost. The police have no especial rights in regard

to articles lost, unless these rights are conferred by statute. Receivers of articles found are trustees for the owner or finder. In the absence of special statute they have no power to keep an article against the finder, any more than a finder has to retain an article against the owner.

A finder must, however, use every reasonable means to discover the owner of found goods, before appropriating them to his own use. It has been decided that if the finder knows the owner, or knows that he can discover him, he is guilty of larceny in keeping or appropriating to himself the articles found.

Bishop Strossmayer's Aphorisms.

Faith is ever the best guardian of Freedom.

Worldly goods have no other value than their use in the attainment of moral ends or national ideals.

Fame is not to be bought with small change in the market-place.

The noblest aim of a government is the awakening of a people's conscience.

Whatever lives in a nation's soul must sooner or later receive expression in public deeds.

Alone constant, beautiful, and advantageous to the holiest aims of humanity, is that which is upheld, not by force, but by justice.

Politics knows neither pity nor affection.

Wisdom, moderation, and conciliation are all virtues and are the fruits of political ripeness and adaptability.

Nothing is more detrimental to national development than self-deception and self-laudation.

As is the marriage contract and the life of married couples, such will be the nation.

Notes and Remarks.

Legislative enactments against political bribery and corruption are being applauded in different States of the Union; and, judging from the comments of sundry publicists, it is expected that the venality of an electorate can be suppressed by law. The experience of countries in which such legislation, punishing both briber and bribed, has been in force for years, teaches, however, that this remedy for a capital evil is lamentably inefficient. Before laws against bribery and corruption can prove more than merely perfunctory paragraphs in a book of statutes, they must have behind them an enlightened and thoroughly Christian public opinion, which will not only approve but compel their enforcement. The true and, in the long run, the only effective, remedy is a veritable awakening of the moral sense of the electors. When the voter is thoroughly and practically convinced that the acceptance of a price for his suffrage is a disgraceful, shameful act, a crime against his country and his own manhood; when the knowledge of a man's venality is sufficient to ostracize him, to exclude him from the company of decent, honest, self-respecting people,—then, but scarcely before, will bribery become the exception rather than, as now, the rule in elections, municipal, state, or federal.

The *Osservatore Romano* publishes the latest encyclical of Pius X., that dealing with the teaching of Christian doctrine. Premising that, without denying other causes, the actual defection and debility of souls is due above all to ignorance of divine things, the Sovereign Pontiff, in the first part of his encyclical, testifies to the universality of this ignorance, not merely among the inferior classes, but also and especially

in the higher ranks of intelligent and educated men. In the second portion of the document he says: "Who should teach Christian doctrine? All pastors of souls. Every priest is bound to do so by his functions and the words of his ordination. For a stronger reason, then, does the obligation exist for parish priests. The Council of Trent obliges them to two things: the homily, or instruction, and the teaching of the catechism." Finally, in part three of the encyclical, the Holy Father gives formal orders, in six paragraphs, as to the catechism that should be taught every Sunday to children; the special preparation for the sacraments of Penance and Confirmation; the careful training for First Communion; the canonical institution in each parish of an association of voluntary catechists; the foundation, in large cities, of religious schools for children frequenting public institutions; and, finally, the Sunday exposition of the catechism, as well as the sermon, in every parish.

There are people who will have it that the secrecy practised by the Knights of Columbus and the grip in use among them constitute a real danger to Church and State. It is better, perhaps, to leave such persons to their forebodings, and, instead of defending this brotherhood, to show, by recounting its achievements, how little is to be feared from it and how much is to be hoped. We notice that parish priests have much to say in favor of the Knights. The Rev. C. Van der Donckt, of the diocese of Boise, bears this testimony:

> They have in one sense done more good in my parish than a dozen missions. They brought scores of stray sheep back to the fold; they induced not a few to leave the Pythians, the Odd Fellows, and even the Freemasons. On the eve of our last initiation, it was my privilege to baptize seven men. Five of these, and a few days later three ladies, were brought into the Church by the K. of C. No wonder that several priests, on witnessing these remarkable results, became enthusiastic admirers and promoters of the K. of C. Also the lay people have not been slow in recognizing the good accomplished by the Pocatello Council. Many have remarked time and again: "This is the best thing that has come to our parish yet."

If Church and State had nothing to fear but the influence of the Knights of Columbus, the alarmists might safely take their rest. We have never had but one misgiving about the K. of C. We have sometimes feared that it was not made difficult enough to join them. Careful examination of candidates and a long term of probation are conditions which it is to be hoped will be strictly insisted upon.

The statement that the Russian General, Linievitch, and the Japanese Admiral, Togo, are Catholics seems to have been first published by the *London Illustrated News*. There may be no mistake in regard to the former, who is said to come of a well-known Polish family; but a young Japanese officer who knows the latter well, and is at present on his flagship, says that the Japanese hero is not a Catholic, though a man of noble character and blameless life. The young officer to whom we refer was converted to the Faith a few years ago. He has friends and correspondents in this country, and the statement regarding Admiral Togo was made in a letter of recent date.

The treatment to which the natives of Western Australia have been subjected since the very beginning of the colonization of that State is a disgrace to humanity and civilization. Monstrously cruel, barbarous, inhuman are the terms employed to characterize the conduct of the masters of the unfortunate aboriginals in the official report of the commissioner appointed to investigate the native question. According to the *W. A. Record*—

> He found children from eight to fifteen undergoing sentence in one jail for cattle-killing, and

night and day kept in chains. So disgusted was Dr. Roth at the sight that he immediately reported the matter to the Government, who, to their credit be it said, at once ordered the lads to be released. All prisoners in jail have been kept in neck-chains; and while they worked under the broiling sun there was no release from this barbarous treatment. Then, again, only think and shudder at those marches of prisoners and witnesses after their arrest—chained by the neck; and some of them not infrequently fastened to the saddle on which the constable rode, and dragged along in this manner to prison! At night when a halt was made, the natives were still in chains, and no precautions taken by the policemen to protect the women and girls from the black-trackers, station hands, and others who comprised the party. Armed with rifles, they surprised native camps at daylight, made arrests without warrants and compelled unwilling witnesses to accompany them. These occurrences have been established by a mass of evidence which is incontrovertible, and it is futile for a small minority of interested people to attempt their refutation. Dr. Roth has gone deeply into the whole question, and we are convinced that any further inquiry will serve only to make the exposure more hideously revolting than it is. And Heaven knows it is bad enough.

This in the twentieth century! It is gratifying to remember that in the person of Bishop Gibney, the unfortunate natives, whose wrongs it is hoped will soon be redressed, had a father and friend who never lost an opportunity to plead for them with the Government, and did all in his power to alleviate their miseries. As we have remarked before, he deserves to be called the Las Casas of Australia.

A characteristic not at all creditable to the present age is the growing tendency to confound notoriety with fame, and to exploit the guiltiest of criminals with an enthusiasm scarcely warrantable in the case of the most deserving heroes. A Christian clergyman, faithless to his religion and to his wife and children, yields to his degraded passions and elopes with a young woman,—and forthwith he is besieged with proposals to publish his experiences in book form, or to mount the lecture platform. An actress, undergoing her third trial for a murder, receives glowing offers of increased salary from zealous theatrical managers, provided she escapes the clutches of the law. An abnormal degenerate breaks all records of decency violated; and there throng to gaze upon him crowds of men—and, sadder still, of women—as numerous as if he were the first magistrate of the country. To become "the observed of all observers" in this twentieth century, one need not tower above his fellows in genius, worth or virtue: exceptional degradation is equally effective. And the fact speaks ill for the quality of our civilization.

Who has not heard sneers about the relics of saints venerated in Continental countries? The Protestant traveller is accounted witty who tells, for instance, of seeing in different churches two or more skulls of the same saint or martyr. The opportunity for this form of stultification is rarely missed, and the usual tirade follows—against priests for their impostures and peasants for their superstition. We are gratified to find the ignorance or malevolence of many travellers regarding sacred relics fittingly rebuked by a writer in the *Athenæum* (April 22). He says in a notice of "Shrines of British Saints," a recently-published book by Mr. J. Charles Wall ("Antiquary Books," Methuen & Co.):

One of the curious results of the strange custom of dismembering the bodies of saints was the making of shrines or reliquaries that took the form of that member of the body a piece of which was enclosed, such as the head, arm, foot or hand. The construction of such reliquaries gave scope for the exercise of the highest art of the goldsmith and jeweller. When it took the form of a head it was usually called a *chef*. The British Museum has an early example (eleventh century) of the head of St. Eustace, which is here figured.... This *chef* formed part of the treasures of the cathedral church of Basle.... The early shrine or case of St. Lachtin's arm, of beautiful engraved native workmanship,

in the museum of the Royal Irish Academy,... is of bronze, but the hand is of silver, as well as the enriched base of the arm.

Mr. Wall aptly remarks that it is this description of the reliquary that has led from time to time to undeserved charges of fraud, made by those who were ignorant of or wilfully misrepresented the usual nature of such shrines. Thus "a head of St. Eustace" or "an arm of St. Lachtin" did not of necessity imply that the whole head or the whole arm was enclosed in such a reliquary, but merely—as was well known and understood by the faithful—that a fragment of bone from that particular part of the saint's body was therein enclosed. Doubtless there were cases of fraud in relics; but, when the truth is known about these member reliquaries, it becomes obvious that there is no need for cynical surprise at a saint possessing several heads in different localities.

Mr. Goldwin Smith has been confiding to the New York *Sun* his notions as to the possibility of there being born "a new religion independent of tradition," and, in the meantime, a calamitous advance of materialism. As usual with sceptics of Mr. Smith's class, he assumes far more than either his opponents or the verified results of up-to-date scholarship will permit him to take for granted. He says, for instance:

We can no longer sincerely accept the evidence for the Incarnation, the Immaculate Conception, the miracles, the Resurrection; or deem it such as would certainly have been given in proof of a revelation which was to be the light of the world. Moreover, the Fall being a myth, as it is now allowed almost on all hands to be, there is no ground for the Incarnation and the Atonement,—a disclosure which in itself is fatal to the dogmatic and traditional creed of Christendom.

The context leaves scarcely any room for doubt that "the Immaculate Conception," as used above, means the virginal birth of Our Lord,—an error from which Mr. Smith's scholarship should certainly have preserved him. The assumption, "it is now allowed almost on all hands" that the Fall of man is a myth, is simply gratuitous. With absolutely equal cogency might we assert: 'Moreover, the materialistic theory of the universe and man being utterly untenable, as it is now allowed almost on all hands to be....' Of the conclusion to be drawn from Mr. Smith's letter to the *Sun*, that paper says:

Throughout the scepticism of which Mr. Goldwin Smith is a representative there runs dread of the consequences to society of abandonment of an old faith without the substitution for it of more than a grossly material hypothesis only. The old bitterness of the assault of infidelity on religion has been replaced by alarm at the completeness of the destruction of faith which science has effected in such minds.

Investigation of any point of Christian doctrine is sure to result in conviction of its soundness to any open-minded student. The more searching the investigation, the stronger the conviction. Inestimable service has been rendered to the cause of religion in recent times by students who had no thought of the results to which their researches might lead. They studied better than they knew. The *Casket* tells of an English Protestant, Mr. Roslyn D'Ouston, who, after spending eleven years in the study of the Fathers for the purpose of comparing their citations of the Gospel with the manuscripts which we now possess, all of them much later than those from which they quoted, has been led to prefer the Catholic to the Protestant reading in such cases as "Hail, full of grace," and "Woman, what is that to me and thee?"

Mr. D'Ouston consulted one hundred and twenty of the Greek and Latin Fathers from the second to the tenth century, and collated with Greek editions twenty-six Latin versions of the Gospel, dating from the second century. The results of his studies are set forth in a volume entitled "The Patristic Gospels."

Just as a man is said to know his own business better than other people can teach him, so, if we desire to know the truth as to our Roman Catholic brethren and their doctrines, we must

not indulge in speculations of our own about them, but listen to their deliberate and precise explanations about themselves.

This remarkable statement appears at the head of a page in the *Lamp* (Anglican) devoted, throughout the present year, to expositions of Catholic doctrine by Catholic exponents of acknowledged ability. "It must be distinctly understood," says the editor, "that the appearance of their expositions in the pages of this magazine does not necessarily commit them to any statements or principles outside their own."

The frankness and fairness of the *Lamp* are beyond praise. Would to Heaven that all inquiring Protestants could be induced to abandon their speculations about the Church, and go to her authorized representatives for information as to what she believes and teaches! Nothing is simpler than Catholic doctrine, but the notions of it among unbelievers are fearfully and wonderfully conceived. Men of so much culture that it is said they know something about everything are often in utter darkness regarding the Church of two thousand years and of three hundred million members. A strange fact, but a fact nevertheless.

"Young men," a manager of a great store is quoted as saying recently, "want to carouse rather than settle down to work. I can not find skilled workers, though I am willing to pay large salaries. Cheap men are abundant. First-class men are rare. Everybody is looking for them." It is to be noted that the first-class men referred to in the foregoing statement are not necessarily those equipped with either the maximum of native ability, or the finest educational training. Integrity, industry, attention to details, genuine interest in the performance of the duties assigned to him, and good moral character,—these will in the course of a very few years transform a young man of ordinary intellectual endowments into the valued and valuable employee whose services are always in demand,—the "first-class man" for whom "everybody is looking." On the other hand, no amount of native wit or acquired learning will avail to save from failure the youth who gives to his work only a half-hearted attention; who takes not a personal and active interest in the business whose owner pays him his salary; or who fritters away in idle, if not culpable, pleasures the time and energy that should be devoted to the upbuilding of both his character and his career.

The death on Sunday last, after a long and painful illness, of the venerable Father Cooney, C. S. C., removes perhaps the last of the veteran chaplains of our Civil War. Considering their arduous duties and the great hardships they bore, it is surprising that the most vigorous of them should have survived so long. They were only a handful, and it was necessary for each one to render the services of many. When peace was restored, Father Cooney served as parish priest at South Bend, Ind., Watertown, Wis., and New Orleans, La., accomplishing much for religion in each place. Afterward he devoted himself to mission work, and became widely known throughout the United States for his fervent and fruitful exertions. He was a priest of remarkable faith and zeal, and a preacher of more than common power. Though stern in the enforcement of duty, and self-assertive, his disposition was kindly, and he was genuinely simple and meek. His sincere piety was an edification to all who came in contact with him. Father Cooney will be remembered with gratitude by many, and with admiration by all who could appreciate his qualities and condone their defects. *R. I. P.*

"The Mystic Seven."

BY FATHER EDMUND OF THE HEART OF MARY, C. P.

SAINT JOHN has told us that, in heaven,
There stand before the Sapphire Throne
A glorious choir of Spirits *Seven*—
As "lamps" and "eyes" in vision shown.

As one of these Saint Raphael came,
Angel of healing, from the Lord;
And dear Saint Gabriel gave his name;
And great Saint Michael drew his sword.

The Holy Ghost, the Paraclete,
His *Seven* priceless Gifts bestows;
And in His keeping, as is meet,
The *Seven* Sacraments repose.

If *Seven* deadly sins we know,
To war against them day by day;
Seven times the Precious Blood did flow
To wash each stain of guilt away.

'Twas *Seven* Words our Jesus spoke
While dying on the Cross He hung;
And how we cherish for His sake
The Heart by *Seven* Dolors wrung.

And dear Saint Joseph, had not he
As John the Golden Mouth has shown,
His *Seven* joys alternately
With *Seven* woes to Mary known?

O golden number, mystic Seven—
The number of perfection fair!
Our Lady bring us all to heaven,
Her *Seven* peerless joys to share!

A CURIOSITY which may be new to our young readers is the ingenious arrangement of the letters contained in the words which begin the "Hail Mary,"—viz., *Ave, Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum.* The same letters, in a different arrangement, form: *Deipara inventa sum, ergo Immaculata*—"I have become Mother of God, therefore Immaculate."

The Little Hungarians.

BY MRS. MARY E. MANNIX.

II.

LOUIS' father had built with his own hands—which were very skilful—a long, narrow addition to the small house, and this he called the music-room. The walls were painted a soft peach-blossom color, the floor the same; and a few dark rugs, a piano, an organ, and some music-stools were all the furniture it contained. Two mandolins and a guitar lay about, and there were two violin cases on top of the organ. A long bench without a back ran along one side of the wall, facing the musical instruments; but there were no chairs or tables. A large, neatly made and varnished case, also the work of the Professor, held quantities of printed music.

To this room, after their father had gone to bed, Louis quietly brought his little sister.

"Rosie," he said.

She looked up at him quickly; for he never addressed her by the diminutive unless he was about to coax her to do something to which she was not inclined, or to tell her something he was afraid might not please her.

"Rosie, I have a great plan in my head, and I want you to agree to it. I came here because papa can not hear us talking, and we must be as still as possible, so as not to wake him."

"Yes, Louis. What is the plan?" she inquired, nestling closer to him on the long bench where they had seated themselves.

"We have only two dollars left, and we must earn some more—you and I."

"You and I!" echoed the little girl. "But how can we earn money, Louis? We are both so little, especially I."

"Peter Mullen is only twelve, and he gets thirteen dollars a month running errands and sweeping out a lawyer's office," said Louis. "I could do that, and more too, maybe, if I tried to find a place. But I can not go away from papa now. He is too weak, and sometimes he faints. If I were to leave you alone with him, you could not take care of him."

"No: I am frightened when he faints; and when he has those hard coughing spells, you know, Louis, I have to run away."

"You see how it is. And that is why, even if I could get a place, I dare not leave him. But according to my plan we can both help him, and he will never know that either of us has done anything. He will think, when we bring him the money, that I have collected some from the people who owe him."

"I am sure I would be very glad to earn money for papa," said Rose; "but I can't think of any way that you and I might earn it."

"Oh, yes! And that is what I am going to tell you."

"Well?"

"You remember last year, when they had the Street Fair, how some people walked about playing and singing, don't you?"

"Yes, I remember; and their playing and singing were *horrid*, Louis. But what has that to do with us?"

"We could make money that way, you and I. And if you are willing, I am."

"To sing in the streets like that?"

"Yes, Rose. It will not hurt us."

"But papa would not let us do it."

"He need not know it."

"Louis! Would you deceive him?"

"Yes, in a good cause."

"But how *could* we do it?"

"Very easily. He goes to sleep very early, you know. He can not sleep at all without his drops; and when he has taken them he never wakes until midnight, at least. Then usually he has a fit of coughing. Sometimes he sleeps till two or three o'clock."

"How do you know?"

"Because I always get up to help him and give him a drink."

"Every night?"

"Every night."

"What a good boy you are!" said the little girl, patting her brother on the knee. "And I sleep and sleep, and never hear anything!"

"But you are on the other side of the house, and could not possibly hear unless you were lying awake."

"I never lie awake."

"That is good. You are little and need all the sleep you can get. You would not be timid about singing in the street if you were with me, Rosie?"

"No, Louis, I would not be. I am only thinking of disobeying papa and how angry he would be."

"He has never forbidden it."

"Because he would never dream that we could think of it. Don't you remember last year, at the Carnival, how he refused to play? And he would have had good pay for it."

"Yes, and he was right. They wanted him in the side-show to play for the dancing dervish."

"And he was insulted."

"Yes, Rose, he was insulted, and I do not wonder; though, when you think of it, those people did not mean it as an insult. They were strangers, and all they thought of was that some one must be found to play for them, as their own man had suddenly died."

"And who told them of papa?"

"He did not know; but he thought it was some enemy, to make him feel bad."

"Why should papa have enemies?"

Louis reflected. He was old enough to realize that his father had kept very much aloof from the other musicians of the place, and had always refused to join the Union. The boy had an idea that this exclusiveness had been carried to an excess; and felt confident that, if it had not been, they would not now be in such straits. But he was above all things loyal to his parent,—the only one he had ever known; for his mother died when he was four years old. So he did not endeavor to explain to his sister, but only said:

"Every good person has enemies, Rose."

This answer served but to increase her wonderment.

"Then it must be very hard to be good."

"It is, but it is best. Now, Rosie, if you will not interrupt me, I am going back to my plan and will tell you all about it."

"I won't say a single word."

"Well, then, you know how crowded all the large streets are down town on Saturday nights?"

"No, I don't; for I have never been there."

"Sure enough," replied Louis, laughingly; "and that makes me afraid that you will be timid."

"Well, tell me first."

"On Saturday nights the workmen and their wives from the factories go down town to buy things for Sunday dinner, you know; and clothes too, for they get paid then. They are nearly all Hungarians, like we are, and they love the airs and songs of their native country."

"Everybody does. Papa always told me that."

"Yes, it is natural. If we take our mandolins and go and stand in the square near the fountain, they will listen and maybe give us some money."

The boy's voice choked in his throat.

"That is like beggars, Louis!" said his sister, sitting up very straight, with flashing eyes.

"No, it is not, Rose," her brother answered, conquering his own emotion. "It is not at all like beggars. If we sing for them, and they like it and give us money, they are paying for something we sell them—just as in a store a man does not go in and take a hat or a shirt or whatever he may want, and walk off with it, but he pays for it. And you must remember, Rosie, we need money: we have only two dollars left in the mug."

"Oh, but papa will be angry!"

"He will never know of it."

"But some one will tell him. Surely there will be some one there in the crowded streets who will know that we are his children."

"They will not come here to tell him, then; for he sees no one,—no one but the Mullens; and if they saw us they would not tell."

"Father Garyo might see us."

"On Saturday night? No: he has too much to do in the church."

"But papa will ask where you got the money—if you get any."

"I do not think he will. He will say as usual: 'Louis, did you collect anything to-day?' And I can say: 'Yes.' And lately he is so dull and listless that I am sure he will not ask who paid. Last week I got a dollar from Mr. Payne and a dollar from Mrs. Smith for lessons they owed, and he did not ask me. I told him I had put it down in the book, and he said that was right. He did not ask me who had paid."

"All right!" said Rose, glancing up at the mandolin and guitar cases on the wall. "Shall we practise a little now?"

"It is too late, and papa might hear. To-morrow morning we shall have time."

"I think it would be better for you to take your guitar, Louis. You play it so nicely."

"We shall see. If not to-morrow night, and everything goes well, we may do that next Saturday."

"To-morrow will be Saturday. But, Louis, won't we be afraid?"

"I hope not. Perhaps at the very first, but we shall get over it."

Then the two children quietly made their way to bed, and were soon asleep.

The next morning, after the work had been done and the father was lying on the sofa, they sought the music-room and were soon practising the programme they had arranged. While thus engaged their father surprised them. With great labor he had succeeded in reaching the door, which was on the other side of the house from his room.

"Children," he said, "I heard you playing and was glad. It seemed like old times. You hardly ever practise now."

"When you are better, papa, we will," said Louis. "We do not like to disturb you."

"Oh, you should practise every day!"

"We will, papa," said Louis, wondering if he looked as guilty as he felt.

But the father observed nothing.

"Truly, there is no music like the Hungarian," he remarked after a brief pause; "so wild and sweet, fluctuating between sadness and joy, now in heaven, now in the depths below. And no one can play it but a Hungarian. Give me that violin, Louis."

The boy handed him the instrument. He tuned it carefully and then joined in the music. But his strength was soon exhausted. Leaning on his son's shoulder, with Rose's little hand in his, he walked back to his room, and once more sought the sofa, where he now spent the greater part of the day.

(To be continued.)

"Now, children," said the teacher, "we will sing 'Little Drops of Water'; and mind you put some spirit in it!"

A Queer Word.

Four or five weeks ago one member of Congress declared that the speech of another member, to whom he was replying, was nothing more than a mere abracadabra. The speaker's contemptuous tone was a sufficient indication that the big word was not a complimentary epithet; but in all probability the pages of the House (and, possibly, some of the representatives too) had to look in the dictionary before making sure that it meant: mere jargon, unmeaning babble, empty jingle of words. The term is not very often met with nowadays, but one may still come across it occasionally in current literature, and it is common enough in books of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

A B R A C A D A B R A
A B R A C A D A B R
A B R A C A D A B
A B R A C A D A
A B R A C A D
A B R A C A
A B R A C
A B R A
A B R
A B
A

It is a queer word, and was first used in the second century by a Gnostic physician, Sammonicus. He described how it could be made efficacious against fevers, especially agues. It was to be written eleven times, a letter being dropped each time; the completed script forming an inverted triangle, in which the letters would read across the base and up the right side. This done, the paper was to be folded and worn on the bosom, as an amulet, or charm, for nine days, and then flung backward, before sunrise, into a stream running eastward.

As for the medicinal qualities of this word-charm, they are, of course, nonsense. If our young friends have fever or the ague, they should take, not the abracadabra, but quinine.

With Authors and Publishers.

—At the Hurst sale held recently in New York a letter of George Washington, in ten pages folio, addressed to Benjamin Harrison, realized $1065. This is the highest price recorded at the sale.

—The first complete translation, into French verse, of the hymns of the Roman Breviary has been effected by the Abbé Bel, of Lille. Racine, Sacy, and Aubigory published partial translations, and Corneille's work was on the Breviary of his day.

—A biography of exceptional interest is "Mgr. Grandin, O. M. I., First Bishop of St. Albert (Canada)." Father Jonquet, the author, has done full justice to the greatness and sanctity of the hardy apostle of the Canadian Northwest, in whom, as has been well said, were united many of the characteristics of Saints Francis Xavier, Vincent de Paul, Peter Claver, and Francis of Sales.

—The "Report of the Director of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions for 1904-05" is of exceptional interest, inasmuch as it gives a lucid account of the recent alleged entanglement of mission work with political lobbying. The point is made that while the work of the Bureau necessarily brings it into daily contact with the different political parties, it is emphatically *not* a political institution or agency.

—Benziger Brothers have just brought out their second series of "Juvenile Round Table,"—"Stories by the Foremost Catholic Writers." The stories are twenty in number, and they vary in quality from excellent to "so-so." The young people for whom they are meant, however, will scarcely object to the faulty technique that mars some of the tales in the opinion of sophisticated grown-ups; and the book will doubtless prove a welcome addition to the average little person's library.

—"The Love of Books" is the title given to the new translation (by the late E. C. Thomas) of Richard De Bury's famous "Philobiblon." Bishop Burton, of Clifton, contributes to the present edition a foreword, in the course of which he says: "The historical student will be grateful for the sidelights which the little book throws upon the state of learning in England at the dawn of the Renascence, and the clergy of all ranks will meet on every page of it a new incentive to study." As "Philobiblon" is one of the old classics which every student of English literature is supposed to have read, in self-defence if for no other reason, it is needless to comment on the present volume further than to say that, of the numerous translations made since Bishop De Bury's time (1281-1345), Mr. Thomas' version is admittedly the best. Burns & Oates have brought out the book in substantial and attractive form, though the price of the volume is quite moderate.

—The librarian of Canisius College, the Rev. Francis Betten, S. J., announces a new edition, enlarged, and improved, of the catalogue of Catholic books published last year by the Buffalo Federation of Catholic Societies. A useful feature will be the publishers' names and the prices of all the books included in the catalogue.

—Father John Gerard's excellent paper, "The Rationalist Propaganda and How it Must be Met," read some months ago at the Catholic Conference at Birmingham, has been published in pamphlet form by the London Catholic Truth Society. Our readers may judge of its quality from the extracts quoted in our pages shortly after the termination of the Conference.

—An announcement of unusual interest to literary workers is made by the London publishers, Chatto & Windus. They are to bring out, shortly, the essays and "larger pieces" of Robert Louis Stevenson, in three volumes. The title of the third volume is "Essays in the Art of Writing." As Stevenson achieved notable distinction as a stylist, his views on "the technical elements of style" will be well worth studying.

—The announcement some months ago of a translation, by the Rev. Father Rickaby, S. J., of the "Summa contra Gentiles" of St. Thomas Aquinas was received with general satisfaction. This masterpiece of mediæval apologetics is unquestionably the best statement of the main arguments of natural theology and the most luminous exposition of Catholic doctrine ever made. It is gratifying to learn from the London *Tablet* that the publication of Father Rickaby's version has been undertaken by Burns & Oates, and that the approaching summer will see it in the hands of English readers.

—An important work by Abbot Gasquet will be published shortly in London. It is entitled "Henry III. and the Church: a Study of his Ecclesiastical Policy and his Relations with Rome," and is based upon original documents both in the Vatican and in England. At the request of several correspondents we give a list of the principal writings of the learned Benedictine; it has been revised by him, and includes standard works of which he is the editor:

"Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries"; "Edward VI. and the Book of Common Prayer";

"The Great Pestilence"; Mrs. Hope's "First Divorce of Henry VIII."; "The Last Abbot of Glastonbury"; Cobbett's "History of the Reformation," with notes; "The Old English Bible, etc."; "The Eve of the Reformation"; "A Short History of the Catholic Church in England"; "Collectanea Anglo-Premonstratensia"; "English Monastic Life"; "Vita Antiquissima B. Gregorii Magni"; "The Pall from the Body of the B. Peter"; "The Mission of St. Augustine"; "A Sketch of the Life and Mission of St. Benedict"; "Christian Democracy in Pre-Reformation Days"; "The Layman in the Pre-Reformation Parish."

—"An Encyclopedia of Religions, being a Descriptive, Historic, Philosophic, and Comparative Presentation of the Religious Life of Mankind," is the title of a work in twelve volumes announced by Dr. Isidor Singer of New York. He will be assisted in its preparation by twenty other clergymen, and professors in leading American colleges and universities. The colaborators include the Rev. Dr. Driscoll, of St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie, N. Y., and the Rev. Dr. Hyvernat, of the Catholic University, Washington, D. C. Dr. Singer states that "the aim will be to produce a work that is as practical as it is scientific, and as useful in its application as it is comprehensive in its scope. Some ten thousand topics, arranged in alphabetical order, will receive treatment."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Reflections from the Mirror of a Mystic." John Rüsbröck. 75 cts., net.

"Apologetica: Elementary Apologetics for Pulpit and Pew." Rev. P. A. Halpin. 85 cts.

"Religion and Art, and Other Essays." Rev. J. L. Spalding. $1.

"Views of Dante." E. L. Rivard, C. S. V. $1.25.

"Studies in Religion and Literature." William Samuel Lilly. $3.25.

"A Manual of Mystical Theology. Rev. Arthur Devine, C. P. $2.50, net.

"Julia." Katharine Tynan. $1.50.

"Religion and the Higher Life" William Rainey Harper. $1.10.

"California and Its Missions." Two volumes. Bryan J. Clinch. $5, net.

"A Spoiled Priest and Other Stories." Rev. P. A. Sheehan, D. D. $1.25, net.

"The Strategy of Great Railroads." Frank H. Spearman. $1.50, net.

"The First Days of Jesus." 15 cts.

"The Waters of Lethe." Lida L. Coghlan. $1.25.

"In the Morning of Life." Herbert Lucas, S. J. $1, net.

"Last Letters of Aubrey Beardsley." Rev. John Gray. $1.60.

"St. Peter Fourier." L. Pingaud. $1, net.

"Principles of Sacred Eloquence." Rev. John Conway, O. P. 50 cts.

"The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass." Rev. Dr. Nicholas Gihr. $4.

"Ceremonial for Altar Boys." Rev. Matthew Britt, O. S. B. 35 cts.

"Socialism." Victor Cathrein, S. J. — Victor Gettelmann, S. J. $1.50.

"Progress in Prayer." R. P. Caussade, S. J. 75 cts., net.

"Letters of Blessed John of Avila." $1.10.

"Cardome: A Romance of Kentucky." Anna C. Minogue. $1.25.

"Brother and Sister." Jean Charruau, S. J. $1.25, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Joseph Quatman, of the archdiocese of Cincinnati; Rev. J. B. Kelly, diocese of Vincennes; and Rev. P. P. Cooney, C. S. C.

Sister M. Aloysia, of the Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. John Belz, of Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. Alfred Masse, Dayville, Conn.; Mrs. Mary Oertel, Jamaica, N. Y.; Miss M. Roche and Mrs. H. Downey, Cambridge, Mass.; Mr. P. J. Galtes, Bakersfield, Cal.; Mr. Timothy Lyons, Brookline, Mass.; Mrs. Mary McHugh, Carbondale, Pa.; Mr. Gerhard Berling, Decatur, Ind.; Mr. C. J. Cour, Mr. Thomas McNearney and Mrs. Mary McNearney, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Mr. Albert Memmer, Akron, Ohio; Mrs. Mary Diece, Cleveland, Ohio; Miss Lelilia McIlhenny, St. Joseph, Mo.; Mrs. N. E. Dwyer, Newport, R. I.; Mr. M. V. Allender, Norwich, Conn.; Mr. W. J. Ward, Baltic, Conn.; Mr. Nicholas Burns, Almond, Wis.; Mr. J. S. McDonnell, Quincy, Mass.; Mrs. Mary Devoux, French Village, Ill.; Mrs. Agnes Pollar, New York; and Mr. Ciriaco Marada, Lipa, P. I.

Requiescant in pace!

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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The Message of the Birds.

BY S. M. R.

THE birds that from the sunny Southland wing
Their way when April's early violets blow,
And with the Summer leave their nests and go,
Ere we have learned the message that they sing,
Are symbols of all earthly offering
As measured by the seasons' ebb and flow;
The passing years, from blossom-showers to snow,
Are bird-flights in God's timeless reckoning.

But He who marks the weary sparrow's fall
Hath care of us, and knoweth human fears
That hold us back when Love's quick wings would start,
Obedient to Charity's sweet call.
From Him they come, the onward speeding years;
Then, like swift homing birds, fly to His Heart.

La Mentorella.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

TO visit a place of pilgrimage perched on the top of a mountain some four thousand feet high, demands a considerable amount both of courage and physical energy; particularly when the long climb comes at the end of a twelve or fourteen mile walk. It was at the end of such a journey, over difficult country, that three weary and footsore students from Rome, touring on foot in the Sabine country, found themselves face to face with the precipitous steeps of La Mentorella just as the shades of evening were about to close in.

We had tramped from Subiaco, where the good sons of St. Benedict had shown us hospitality; and we were bound for the pleasant, humid groves of Tivoli. Right in our way rose that peak of the Sabine range on the craggy summit of which stands the ancient shrine of Our Lady of the Mentorella, where we had elected to spend at least one night. It was important that we should reach the summit, and gain the shelter of the monastery which stood there, as soon as might be; for there is but little twilight in Italy, and darkness comes on apace.

So we hurried on, weary though we were; and I shall not soon forget that climb. It seemed unending, and many times we would fain have sat down to rest. But the time was short, and on we scrambled,—now over rocks as large as a small cottage; now through deep, fern-clad gullies, down which in winter roared furious torrents, rounding and polishing the white pebbles which made an uneasy footway. Dense foliage encircled us, and darkened everything, so that we began to think night had really come upon us. This fear was dispelled when at last we reached the open, and came to the bare summit of the mountain. Now we saw before us, though still far away, the little church and monastery which crown the height. The sight was a welcome one, and spurred us on. Still more welcome was the unclouded sky from which the clear evening light had not yet faded.

The last part of our climb was

not the least difficult, the steepness of the declivity increasing at every step. Every now and then, moreover, we came to walls of loose stone, built to retain the scanty soil, which would otherwise have been carried down by the torrential rains which sweep the mountain tops. Here grew crops of maize, the only food of the poor villagers of Guadagnolo above us,—if we except the charitable doles which they receive at the gates of the little monastery. Guadagnolo is one of the poorest, dirtiest, and most remote of all the villages of Italy. How it came to be built in such a spot, miles from any other human habitation except the monastery, would be a mystery, were it not that the establishment of a religious house not seldom paves the way for the building of a township.

At length, after a final struggle, the last hundred yards or so being accomplished literally on hands and knees, we gained the monastery and sought admittance. Blank and undisguised astonishment was written on the face of the lay-brother who opened to us. We were, indeed, in something of a pickle. Covered with dust, hot and perspiring, with more than one hole torn by brambles in our soutanes, we must have presented a most disreputable appearance. But the good brother's astonishment quickly gave place to keen anxiety for our welfare, and he ran off quickly to bring the superior himself to us. From him we received the warmest of welcomes, and a quarter of an hour in our rooms made an appreciable difference in both our comfort and our appearance. Supper and a good night's rest completed the work of renovation; and we were ready, on the morrow, to devote ourselves to the beauty and the interest of our surroundings.

Apart from the religious and archeological treasures to be found in this remote spot, the view of the surrounding country which we obtained from our vantage-ground would alone have repaid the fatigue of the ascent. From the village of Guadagnolo, which is the highest inhabited spot in the Roman Province, more than sixty towns and villages can be seen; some in the plains, others perched like eagles' nests upon the crests or sides of the mountains. Rome itself is visible, and the eye can range from the blue Mediterranean inland to the Gran Sasso, the highest peak of the Central Apennines.

To any lover of natural scenery, a walking tour in the Sabine hills may be heartily recommended. The roads are generally good; and as they wind through the valleys, or skirt the lower slopes of the hills, new beauties are revealed at every turn, and a magnificent, ever-changing panorama unfolds itself before the traveller as he moves on his way. Sites of historical and religious interest abound; almost every other town or village has some association of the kind, connecting it with famous men, or with great events that have influenced the history of the world and the Church.

But to come back to La Mentorella. It has been a sanctuary and a place of pilgrimage from very early times, and was famous before the neighboring shrine of Genazzano came into prominence. To discriminate between what is historical and what is legendary in the traditions which have gathered round the place, would require a more critical pen than mine; so I shall content myself with giving a few brief particulars from a popular account of the sanctuary. It was written by a Canon of the Diocese of Tivoli, who has made a study of the archeology of the whole district.

According to a local tradition, the precipitous rock which rises above the present church, and which is itself crowned by a small chapel, was the scene of the miraculous conversion of the Roman soldier Placidus, afterward

known as St. Eustachius, a martyr for the Faith. Beneath the rock is shown a natural cave in which St. Benedict is said to have lived for some time before fixing his abode at Subiaco. From its connection with these two saints, the mountain became a resort of pilgrims. The church, tradition further says, was founded by the Emperor Constantine, and consecrated by Pope St. Sylvester. Some authors think it probable that one of St. Benedict's twelve original monasteries stood here. Be this as it may, there is a record of the donation of the mountain and the church upon it to the monks of Subiaco by St. Gregory the Great; and certainly from that time, at least, there stood here, a Benedictine house, which flourished until the days when it fell into the hands of commendatory abbots. From that period dates the decay both of church and monastery.

In 1661 the celebrated savant, Father Kircher, S.J., was making explorations near Palestrina, and in the course of his wanderings came upon the deserted shrine of La Mentorella. He was astonished to find, already partly in ruins, a beautiful church, in the Basilica form, filled with artistic and religious treasures. That which first arrested his attention, and determined him to labor for the restoration of the sanctuary, was an ancient and beautiful statue of the Blessed Virgin, seated, with the Holy Child in her arms. This statue was elevated above the high altar, and all its surroundings indicated that here was a popular shrine of the loved Madonna.

On making inquiries in the neighborhood, Father Kircher found that it was indeed so, and that the statue was still an object of devotion to the peasantry. This devotion he resolved to foster; and, in the event, he saw the fruit of his labors in the complete restoration of the little church and monastery, and the establishment of a yearly pilgrimage at the time of Michaelmas. This pilgrimage took place for the first time in the year 1664, when the Fathers of the Society of Jesus preached a mission to as many as 15,000 persons, who assisted at the devotions and received the sacraments.

The good work still goes on, under the auspices of the Fathers of the Resurrection, who now have charge of the shrine and monastery. Every year sees a company of priests, not seldom accompanied by a bishop or cardinal, go out from Rome to spend some days at La Mentorella, hearing confessions and preaching the Word of God to the multitudes of countryfolk who flock to hear them. It is a great work, which keeps bright the light of faith in a district so cut off from the outside world. All the year round, even in the dead of winter, the Resurrectionist Fathers hold their post,—a post of no slight hardship and difficulty, when one considers that every necessary and convenience of life must be brought to them on mule-back.

Of the many interesting relics of the past which the Church of Our Lady of the Mentorella contains, there is not space to write much. A bare mention must suffice of its beautiful large crucifix of the thirteenth century; of the seven-branched candlestick, evidently copied from the Arch of Titus; of the fine baldachino which covers the high altar, and is very similar in form to that in the Church of St. Laurence outside the walls of Rome.

An inscription which throws some light on the name of the sanctuary merits further mention. Behind the high altar is a tablet of wood, with a representation, carved in bas-relief, of the consecration of the altar of the church. On the front of the pictured altar appear the words:

MENSE OC D
XXIII DE
DICATIO
BEATE MAR
IE I VVLTVILA.

That is: *Mense Octobris die xxiii. Dedicatio Beatæ Mariæ in Vultuilla.*—"The 23d day of October. Dedication of [the Church of] the Blessed Virgin in Vultuilla."

Near the head of the consecrating Pontiff is inscribed the name "Silvester." The name *Vultuilla* is conjectured to refer to the vultures which might well have haunted the steeps of Mentorella in former times. It is also found as *Vulturella* and *Bulturella*, from which the transition to its modern form of "Mentorella" would not be difficult.

Young Mr. Bretherton.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XIX.—The Charity Entertainment.

THE ballroom at Bretherton Manor, which was thrown open for the occasion, had long been unused; but it recalled to many others of the older generation, as it emphatically did to Miss Tabitha, the glories of a bygone day, when old Madam Bretherton was the reigning spirit of the place, and when the Governor and his brothers were young. The grounds of the Manor were decorated that evening with innumerable Chinese lanterns, and the hall was adorned in every direction with flags and bunting. A temporary stage had been erected, and row upon row of seats were placed at intervals upon the polished floor. The electric lights, recently introduced into the Manor, and greatly increased in number for this occasion, accorded far less with the character of the apartment, in the opinion of many, than the softened light of the waxen tapers which formerly irradiated from the crystal chandeliers.

Every detail of the performance was most harmonious, and reflected the fullest credit upon those who had been intrusted with the management. Some valuable hints had been thrown out by Mrs. Bretherton, though she had not been able to assist at the meetings. Leonora Chandler also had shown the finest tact in collecting the various elements of Millbrook society and blending them together. Her taste and fancy were conspicuous, too, in the minor arrangements.

The principal feature of the entertainment was unquestionably the series of tableaux, in the costume of the Louis XIII. period, which had been so widely advertised as "The Marriage Festival." All the best material available, both as to performers and stage furniture, the most effective costumes, the prettiest of the Thorneycroft belles, and the most presentable of the beaus, had in these various groupings been utilized by the ingenuity of the metropolitan artist. The scenery had been procured from a Boston theatre, and an orchestra had also been secured for the occasion.

The crucial moment arrived. The earlier numbers upon the programme had come to a successful conclusion; the expectation of the audience was fully aroused and fixed intently upon the leading attraction. An *intermezzo* upon the violin immediately preceded "The Marriage Festival." The lights were turned low. From end to end of the vast apartment there was a breathless hush, broken only by the notes of the stringed instruments. Now soft and dreamy, now passionate and vibrant, the strains of that oldtime melody, the favorite of a long dead monarch, seemed to fill the silence with its melancholy chords and harmonious cadences. The music of "Amaryllis," which was to be the accompaniment to the pictured trilogy, brought back vividly that bygone court of Louis XIII., with its vanished splendors, the glitter of its jewels and orders, the magnificence of its personages.

Just before the curtain rose, the stage manager (who was no other than

the metropolitan artist, director of the marriage tableaux,) made an important announcement. He had reserved it, of deliberate purpose, till that moment, simply to produce an effect. He apologized to the audience for a change which had been unavoidably made in the programme. Owing to a slight accident, he explained, Lord Aylward would be unable to appear in the tableaux or to dance the minuet, as had been arranged. He was happy to announce, however, that, in conjunction with Miss Leonora Chandler, the principal part would be taken by young Mr. Bretherton.

The artful juxtaposition of these two names was greeted with a perfect storm of applause. Perhaps the audience was gifted with a certain prescience—though not one word had as yet been breathed in local gossip about the two,—and looked beyond the incident of the hour to a possibility which might level the inequalities of fortune and unite the destinies of Millbrook's two favorites.

Mrs. Bretherton, who had heard nothing of the projected change in the programme, and who understood only too well the significance of that outburst of popular applause, felt as if she had received an electric shock. A gulf seemed to have opened at her feet, to which the danger threatening Lord Aylward had hitherto blinded her. What if her son, too, had been attracted by that beauty, which must be of no common order to have appealed so strongly to the young English peer? She had never seen Leonora since the girl had grown to womanhood; and she felt an instinctive aversion to seeing her now, and especially in company with the heir to Bretherton Manor. She sat perfectly rigid, while the applause subsided; the various instruments of the orchestra began the first notes of "Amaryllis," and the curtain rose.

The scene upon the stage represented a moonlit garden, with the painted semblance of fountains and rare flowers. There, etherealized, spiritualized, and exquisitely lovely, Leonora Chandler stood upon the slight elevation of the terrace, with the graceful lines of her tall figure fully revealed; beside her James Cortlandt Bretherton, in the attitude of a lover. The sight conveyed an instantaneous pang to the heart of the anxious mother; for that beauty was a royal gift not to be gainsaid, an influence not easily to be withstood by the least impressionable of men. Mrs. Bretherton looked at her son, and knew. The high hopes which she had entertained for the brilliant alliance he was to make died then and forever.

As for Bretherton, he had forgotten everything — the exclusive society of Thorneycroft, the crowded audience, his parents in the front row: he saw only Leonora. The passionate strains of the music had stirred his being to its depths, had awakened his nature on its artistic side, and shown him something of its capabilities. In that instant he knew beyond all possibility of doubt that he loved Leonora Chandler. His eyes sought hers as the artist had directed, but with a far different significance in their depths. His hand trembled as he took hers; and when he bent his knee in the pantomimic declaration which he had to make, there was no need to simulate ardor: his face, as Leonora saw it, was a skilled interpreter of the glowing heart. The two stood together, bound by the thrall of a deep and joyful emotion.

The applause was deafening. It seemed as if all present felt something of what that scene imported to its two principal actors. Mrs. Bretherton fixed her eyes upon the programme, as one in a dream. Her reflections were chaotic and far from pleasant. One thing seemed borne in upon her with bitterness indescribable: that her idolized son had found at last an influence far deeper

and more compelling than hers could be again, or, in fact, had ever been. Such a reflection would have been in itself sufficiently unpalatable without those additional considerations suggested by family pride and social conventions.

She did not attempt to underestimate the girl's attractions, as a woman of more petty nature would have done. She candidly acknowledged the full extent of Leonora's charms—the veiled intensity of thought, the nobility in the cast of the countenance and in the poise of the head and shoulders. This recognition convinced her, moreover, of the futility of opposition upon her own or her husband's part.

The Governor was very differently affected by the contemplation of the tableau. It had stirred in him old thoughts and memories which sent the tears rolling down his cheeks. He too, had been immensely impressed, by Leonora's appearance, which appealed to him powerfully; and if he had observed Jim's attitude at all, it had probably struck him as nothing more than natural under the circumstances. He whispered to his wife:

"She's a beautiful creature, that Miss Chandler,—a very beautiful creature, my dear!"

Still the music wailed in the stately, rhythmic cadences of "Amaryllis"; and, the curtain rising once more, the minuet was upon the stage. The dancers wore the costume of that long past century, which was so absolutely harmonious with the courtly mazes of the *pavane*. Their movements seemed the very poetry of motion. But the cynosure of all eyes was undoubtedly the leading couple — Miss Tabitha's niece and young Mr. Bretherton.

Once more the eloquent silence in which the audience had been entranced was broken by a veritable storm of applause. In response to repeated demands, the curtain went up a second and a third time, displaying that brilliant scene and the actors therein, prepared, as it were, to begin over again their rhythmic evolutions. Jim Bretherton, holding upraised the tips of his companion's fingers, seemed about to tread with her the opening measure. At last, however, there was a pause, filled with the haunting strain of the oldtime melody. When the curtain rose again, it was for the final representation in "The Marriage Festival."

An ancient baronial hall met the expectant gaze of the audience. A resplendent company were assembled around a banquet board. The gorgeous costumes and the simulated splendor of the jewels and orders offered a glittering whole. With upraised goblets, the courtiers pledged the radiant bridal pair, who sat upon a raised dais. It proved a most effective climax of the production, and it elicited the warmest plaudits, especially from the Millbrook contingent of the audience. They freely expressed the opinion that the two principal performers were made for each other.

"The Marriage Festival" being over, those concerned therein were now free; and most of them took their places in the hall to witness the remainder of the evening's performance. Bretherton, however, said to his companion:

"What do you think, Miss Chandler? Shall we take a turn upon the lawn and breathe a little fresh air? Only you must wrap up very well. These October nights are chilly."

He felt that he could not go into that crowded room and mingle with the multitude of ordinary mortals; and, besides, it seemed to him that this was a propitious moment to put matters upon a satisfactory basis. The sentiment of the performance in which they had just taken a part was about them both as an atmosphere; the very strains of the music were pleading his cause,—were voicing that imperious attraction toward Leonora which had

so complete an ascendency over him. He had left the path clear for Lord Aylward, following, in so doing, the dictates of honor and of friendship; but the very constraint he had put upon himself during those late weeks made him the more impatient to press forward now and to discover how he stood with Miss Tabitha's niece. Surely, if she had any preference in his regard, it would yield to the romance of the moment, and she would pledge herself to him while that love story of long ago, that idyl of a vanished court, was fresh in both their memories.

It was characteristic of Bretherton that he never gave a thought to the sacrifice he was making in seeking an alliance with a penniless girl. He was completely untroubled by the possible obstacles which might arise, save such as had to do with Leonora herself.

When he suggested going out upon the lawn, the girl hesitated. She was not impervious to the temptation. She knew that it was a lovely moonlight night, and that the air where they stood was close and hot. Moreover, she, too, was fairly imbued with the atmosphere of poetry, the thrill of old-time romance, voiced by that entrancing melody. And still, as she looked at the handsome, pleading face before her, doubly handsome as set off by the ancient costume, the firm, well-knit figure showing to such advantage, she hesitated. Her heart all too strongly inclined her to spend a few moments longer with the late representation's mimic suitor, who, she was intuitively convinced, was only too willing to transform himself into a real lover. It seemed scarcely credible, and yet in that short time spent together upon the stage, by a flash of intelligence, she had taken in the whole situation. She held back, however, through a sentiment of prudence,—a realization that such an affair could not be hastily settled.

"Come!" pleaded Jim Bretherton,—"come! I beg of you to give me even a few moments."

She yielded, and together they passed down the broad colonial stairway, trodden in olden times by wives and sweethearts of the Bretherton race. Never a fairer had appeared there than Leonora Chandler, in that costume of Louis Treize. The corridors were almost terrifying in their stateliness; and it appeared dreamlike to the girl that she was really walking upon what had been traditionally sacred ground to the people of Millbrook; and at her side, in the character of a suitor, young Mr. Bretherton himself.

When they stood in the doorway and looked out upon the lawn, Jim Bretherton exclaimed:

"Oh, this is the *real* thing! Our painted counterfeit was but a poor imitation."

For the moon was whitening the space before the door into a very flood of radiance.

"It is lovely, perfectly lovely, out here!" she exclaimed. "It feels so fresh and cool after the heat and crowd."

"Yes," agreed Bretherton, absently; "it is a perfect scene."

His thoughts were on other things. He was reflecting how he should best broach the subject to the girl beside him, and explain the sudden change in his attitude, and the reasons for his previous constraint.

"Miss Chandler," he began, "when I asked you to come out here, it was not altogether to enjoy the moonlight. There is a great deal that I want to tell you."

"Is it anything about the tableaux?" said Leonora, with affected carelessness.

"No, except in so far as they may have prepared the way. Let us transport ourselves from that century to this, substitute plain Jim Bretherton for the Marquis de Beauregard, and for the court lady a certain very cold-hearted girl who lives at Rose Cottage, and you have the situation."

His tone was light, and Leonora laughed.

"You needn't laugh," the young man said, more earnestly. "Our hearts are beating as warmly as theirs; and we men of to-day can love as truly and deeply in our tweeds and tennis flannels as they in their velvets, gold-lace, and brocades."

"The Marquis de Beauregard," she observed gravely, "was wise enough to choose a woman who was his equal in rank and fortune."

"He chose whom he wanted, and that is what most men do."

"Don't you think a great many men nowadays choose a wife for her wealth or some other advantage?"

"Do you think I am that sort of fellow?"

"How can I tell?"

"So you won't even give me credit for manliness enough to choose my wife for herself alone? Well, let that pass. I suppose it may have struck you sometimes that I did not look upon you—as a mere acquaintance?"

"In the light of an old friend, perhaps."

"That stage was soon reached and passed. Didn't it occur to you this evening, when I knelt before you in the garden, when we danced together in the minuet, that I was something more than an old friend?"

Leonora did not answer. Silently she walked beside him, her eyes fixed thoughtfully upon distant Mount Holyoke.

"Do you know," Bretherton went on, "I was presumptuous enough to hope, looking into your face, that you, too, cared a little?"

"Oh, all that was play-acting, as Mary Jane would say!" responded Leonora, hastily.

"And that evening of the accident upon the road when we stood together a few moments? Was that play-acting, too?"

"No," said Leonora: "that was grim reality. I was terrified that night."

"For me?"

"Well, partly. It would have been so dreadful to see—to see any one killed!"

"However, I came to the conclusion that time that I was mistaken, and I gave the other fellow his chance. You must have guessed, I think, that I deliberately avoided Rose Cottage and kept away from you, because I thought that other had a prior claim. The last few weeks have been harder on me than you can realize. But now—"

His voice broke and he turned away to hide his emotion.

"But now you can guess the rest. I love you and I want to marry you."

When Leonora spoke, her tone was cold because of the agitation that she was so bravely repressing.

"In a few years from now, Mr. Bretherton, you will thank me if I tell you that is impossible."

A hot wave of indignation surged up in him.

"You are trifling with me!" he cried, resentfully; but the sadness of her face, where it was revealed in the moonlight struck him.

"No, I am not trifling," she said. "Is it not better that I should refuse you now than that some day you should repent?"

"Am I a boy who does not know his own mind?"

"You are very little more than a boy," Leonora answered, with that smile which he had always found so bewitching. "It was only the other day that you used to come and play in the garden at Rose Cottage."

"I believe I have been in love with you ever since."

"It is a far cry from now to then," the girl said, dreamily. "My one idea of greatness at that time was, as my aunt expresses it, a Bretherton of the Manor."

"I wish you were imbued with that same fallacy still."

"Why?"

"Because it might be an inducement to make yourself one of them."

Leonora colored faintly,—a wild-rose flush extending from cheek to brow.

"It might be an inducement," she replied, "it could never be a motive."

"You were very ambitious as a child. I remember some of your plans for future aggrandizement."

"Our childish dreams rarely materialize; but early impressions are hard to eradicate, and I have never quite got over my idea that your father, the Governor, is the first gentleman in the land."

"He deserves the title. But I wish you would try to give his son a little consideration. Just imagine me, if that pleases you, a great gentleman—"

"Come to woo a simple country maiden,—King Cophetua and the beggar-maiden!"

"I didn't mean anything of the sort. I meant that he might then suit the pretensions of the little lady who wanted to be 'queen.'"

"I am very humble now. I don't want to be anything at all except happy, if I can."

"Can't I make you happy, Leonora?" Bretherton asked.

And it was hard to believe, looking at him, that he could not have made any woman happy. Apart from his personal attractions, he fitted in perfectly with that ideal which Leonora had almost unconsciously formed. She had always thought that the finest character possible was that of a man, young and gifted, who successfully defies the world and its myriad temptations, and holds fast to those sterling principles which are at once so ethical and Christian; one who, without undue ostentation, is willing everywhere and always to glory in his Christian profession.

Indeed, Leonora was afraid, at that stage of the affair, to think too well of young Mr. Bretherton, and to allow herself to dwell upon the possibilities of happiness which a marriage with him presented. She was afraid, in fact, of determined opposition upon the part of the Brethertons,—of being thought by them an unwelcome intruder. Her sensitive pride took alarm at the mere suggestion. She was disposed to think, moreover, that so disadvantageous an alliance, from a worldly point of view, would have a prejudicial effect upon the young man's prospects, and perhaps give rise to regrets—hidden most probably, but none the less poignant,—regrets for having rushed into an ill-considered union. She did not answer directly, therefore, when he asked: "Can't I make you happy?"

"Who can tell? Life is so full of deceptions."

"I know, at least, that I love you very much; and I feel sure that, if you learn to care for me at all, we can be very happy together. We have lots of things in common: we are of the same religion: you are so very good, you will keep me up to the mark and make me better."

Leonora laughed:

"'Tis said love is blind, and I fear you are putting me on a pedestal."

"That is just what I am doing—putting you on a pedestal. You deserve to be up there. I wish you could see yourself with the moonlight falling about you! But, then, you are so—so exasperatingly unimpressionable and unromantic!"

"You are exhausting the adjectives in my behalf, and it is quite time to put an end to this bit of midsummer madness."

"I wish it had infected you, then. Don't go in yet!" he pleaded. "The music is still going on and the people are all in their places."

Leonora paused in the act of mounting the steps, and looked down, smiling upon the pleading face below her.

"May I come to-morrow to the

Cottage," he begged, "and ask you over again, in sober, prosaic daylight, to marry me sometime?"

Before Leonora could answer there occurred an unforeseen and most extraordinary interruption, the narration of which must be reserved for another chapter.

(To be continued.)

Mea Culpa!

BY ETHNA CARBERY.

BE pitiful, my God!
No hard-won gifts I bring,
But empty, pleading hands,
To Thee at evening.

Spring came, white-browed and young;
I, too, was young with Spring:
There was a blue, blue heaven
Above a skylark's wing.

"Youth is the time for joy!"
I cried. "It is not meet
To climb the heights of toil
With childish feet."

When Summer walked the land
In Passion's red arrayed,
Under green sweeping boughs
My couch I made.

The noontide heat was sore,
I slept the Summer through:
An angel waked me—"Thou
Hast work to do."

I rose and saw the sheaves
Upstanding in a row;
The reapers sang Thy praise
While passing to and fro.

My hands were soft with ease,
Long were the Autumn hours:
I left the ripened sheaves
For poppy-flowers.

But lo! the Winter glooms,
And gray is now my hair;
Whither has flown the world
I found so fair?

My patient God, forgive!
Praying Thy pardon sweet,
I lay a lonely heart
Before Thy feet.

A "Valiant Woman" of Mexico.

BY HAROLD DIJON.

III.—The Nun and Poet.

THE community of Franciscan Sisters in the Convent of San Geronimo, where Juana found refuge, is the oldest establishment of female religious in America. Solis mentions their existence in the city of Mexico as early as two years after the Conquest. These Sisters devoted themselves to teaching and to laboring in the service of the very poor,—a state of being which was Sister Juana's ideal.

Sister Juana had clear and definite opinions as to the manner of instructing children, and she expressed them without diffidence or hesitation. The Truth unsupported by Intellect had scant charm for her. And let it be said in passing that whatever Sister Juana undertook to do was done with the whole of a fervent heart, and that she never lacked perseverance.

It is not true that art "involves forgetfulness of immediate ends." Sister Juana wrote with a purpose, but with the spontaneity and freedom of creative art, and with a joy which palpitates in almost every line that came from her pen. Admirably unconscious that there could be war between Science and Religion, she affirmed Science to be Religion's "radiant and efficacious handmaid."

Shortly after her admission to the convent appeared her poems, "The Crisis" and "The Dream," in the latter of which she writes much of mythology, physics, medicine and history, according to the scholastic manner of her time. Close upon these poems appeared a volume of "Canciones" (songs set to music), and cantatas, all of which were, as many still are, sung in the churches of Mexico. Bouterwek, who is probably the most accurate of the

German critics of Spanish literature, says of this collection: "The spiritual canciones in the old Spanish style, and some cantatas, deserve to be distinguished among the works of Juana Inez de la Cruz. They possess beauties that render them highly interesting; and the writer who may undertake a history of the poetic development of the Catholic Faith will find his advantage in rendering himself intimately acquainted with these poems."

Sister Juana was an accomplished musician, and the music of the aforementioned canciones was of her own composing. Our American Gottschalk has spoken highly of these musical compositions.

Meanwhile the nun did not neglect the work of the sisterhood. She devoted herself to the service of the poor with a fervor and assiduity that make it a marvel how she found time or inclination to apply herself as she did to her favorite studies of theology, interpretation of the Scripture, logic, rhetoric, natural philosophy, medicine, history, mathematics, music, and poetry.

One of her greatest delights was to gather about her the children of the poor—she always called these her little brothers and sisters, — and sing in unison with them some of her own verses, full of passionate love for the Heart that broke for the love of man. The innovation she made when she became Mother of the sisterhood was to admit her little brothers and sisters to the convent garden, to enjoy with her its fruits and flowers.

Her dual life flowed on without jars. Her literary work never distracted her from her poor; her poor never distracted her from her literary work. Contemporary criticism is unanimous in honest tributes of admiration, that prove Juana to have been regarded by the learned of her day as a woman of astonishing powers of mind, and that she was esteemed by all for the ardent fidelity with which she practised the duties of her state of life.

Between 1674 and 1681 Sister Juana produced her greatest works: "Amor es un Laberinto," a drama; "Los Emperadores de una Casa," a comedy; "Ovillejos," a satire; "El Neptuno," an allegory; two volumes of poems entitled "Poemas Sagrados y Profanas"; a second volume of canciones; and her numerous autos, the greatest of which is "El Divino Narciso."

The world has not been blind to the genius of this holy religious, nurtured though it was in a convent. The testimony to Sister Juana's greatness, particularly that given by the Spanish and German critics, is exceedingly voluminous. Bouterwek writes of her:

"The poems of Juana Inez de la Cruz breathe a sort of masculine spirit. This poetic nun possessed more imagination and wit than sentimental enthusiasm; and whenever she began to invent, her creations were on a bold and great scale. In facility of invention and versification, Juana was not inferior to Lope de Vega. The collection of her poems comprises a series of boldly conceived preludes (*loas*), full of allegorical invention; and it concludes with a long allegorical auto, which is superior to any of the similar productions of Lope de Vega. It is entitled 'El Divino Narciso,' a name by which the author designates the Heavenly Bridegroom. It would be impossible to give a brief and at the same time an intelligible sketch of this extraordinary drama. Its scenes are so beautifully and romantically constructed that the reader is compelled to render homage to the genius of the poet. There is one peculiarly fine scene in which human nature, in the shape of a nymph, seeks her Beloved, the real Narcissus, or the Christian Saviour. She has inequalities, but the poems of Juana are eminently superior."

Garcia Ribadeneyra, Verdejo, Venegas,

and a host of others, write in like strain. Cordova says: "Only her fame can define her." Diego Martinez declares, not unbeautifully: "The profit which the minds of men will derive from the posthumous writings of Juana is like the clearness the stars gain by the death of the sun."

The writer of this sketch knows indeed of but one critic who is unfavorable to Juana's genius — Ticknor. A large number of French and English critics have condemned Shakespeare with as little justice.

Though she prized Science as a handmaid of Religion, Juana was never unaware of the vanity of mere human learning.

> Not always safe aspire
> The wings that genius bears,
> Which seek a throne in fire,
> And find a grave in tears,

she declares in her fine poem entitled "Romance on the Vanity of Human Science,"—a history, at once sublime and pathetic, of so many failures of the human intellect.

This poem, when in manuscript, she submitted to Father Sigüenza for his opinion. A poet himself, Sigüenza knew Juana to be a highly gifted poet, and he recognized in her "Romance" one of her great works. He told her this, with an *addenda*. "Your philosophy is faulty," he said. Juana, with the humility of a genius and a religious woman, cordially accepted Sigüenza's decision, and the poem was not published till six years after her death.

In 1681 Juana was made Mother of the community at San Geronimo; and her conscientious spirit, moved by a letter of Bishop Fernandez of Puebla, determined her to renounce the exercise of her talents for the strictest and purest asceticism. In the remaining years of her life she added riches to the noble ascetic literature of Spain, respecting which it is, with reason, asserted that the world contains nothing of the kind so valuable.

A description of the *Mercurio Volante*, the first American newspaper—in reality, the first in the world,—belongs to the life of Father Sigüenza. It is enough to say here that when it appeared in 1693, Mother Juana encouraged her "little brothers" to propagate its sale on the streets of Mexico. Within the limits prescribed by Holy Church may it not be permitted to style Juana the patron of American newsboys?

Juana possessed a splendid library, a rare collection of musical instruments, and a store of rich presents which her talents had attracted from illustrious people. All these she caused to be sold in 1693 for the benefit of her beloved poor. On this occasion she gave testimony to the faith of these needy Mexicans. "They need this poor dross sorely, sorely!" she wrote to Father Sigüenza. "And, thanks be to God, they appreciate much more highly the infinitely more precious treasure of the love of the Heart of Christ!"

In 1695, when Juana was in the forty-fourth year of her age, an epidemic of fever broke out in the city of Mexico, and her virtues shone forth in transcendent beauty. The announcement was made that she and her sisterhood were nursing the sick, and it is gravely stated that people forgot their fear of the plague in their alarm for Juana. She was warned that her life was in peril if she attended the fever-stricken; for but two out of ten seized, lived. She was made impatient by entreaties to fly the city. "I am not a hireling," she said. "All the city prayed for her life," observes Sigüenza. And Divine Love answered the people's prayers by giving her life eternal.

At the bedside of a poor woman she had helped but a moment before to prepare for death, Mother Juana expired,—the good angel as well as the muse of Mexico. Thus died this ardent lover of her Heavenly Bridegroom, the

finest genius (save Alarcon, the Mexican dramatist), the greatest woman, perhaps in all respects the most remarkable character that America has produced.

Her death plunged into mourning Mexico and the world of letters here as well as across the water. Carlos II. ordered black to be worn at court as for one of the royal family, and insignia of mourning to be displayed in the army and navy; and funeral services in her honor were held throughout the Spanish dominions, then in every quarter of the globe. An archbishop of Mexico celebrated her mortuary Mass in the presence of the viceregal court, the army and navy, the civic authorities, "a multitude within and without the cathedral," and was assisted by upward of two hundred priests and bishops. Father Sigüenza, the greatest of Mexican scientists, and one highly esteemed by Humboldt, preached her funeral eulogy; men of letters sang and wrote in her praise; and her beloved poor — her "little brothers and sisters" — mourned as souls not to be comforted. In a word, the enthusiasm created by her genius was exceeded only by the holy charity of her life and death.

The suns of two centuries have risen and set since Juana's beautiful life closed on earth; and in the lapse of time her genius has in some manner obscured, to the eyes of men, the holiness of her character. Her biographers recognize her sanctity; it is her genius they glorify. Sigüenza's eulogy stands alone in reversing the estimate of Juana. But at many an humble fireside those to whom she brought comfort and consolation have passed down, by word of mouth, the story of her tender heart, her final sacrifice of life itself through a sentiment of divine love.

(The End)

THERE is no education without religion.—*Guizot.*

Neil Bailey's Dilemma.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

IT was a May morning in New York, and even the great city seemed eagerly to greet the milder season. The trees in the small parks that have withstood the encroachments of commerce hung out their leafy banners as if in welcome to a gracious guest. The hitherto forlorn, scraggy bushes hidden away beyond the kitchens of the tall houses, like little floral Cinderellas, suddenly found themselves arrayed in royal robes of green; while before them, in the patches of grass in the backyards, gleamed here and there a few dandelions, like a handful of golden coins scattered by a beneficent fairy.

The sun shone, the skies were blue, the air was balmy; and as Neil Bailey walked down Broadway on his way to business, with the long, steady stride which told of his athletic training, he felt that all the energy and hope and courage of the young conqueror Spring thrilled through his own veins also. He was only one of thousands of young clerks hastening to their employment, and of thousands of older, prosperous men going more leisurely to their offices and counting-rooms. No one turned a second glance, therefore, upon his well-knit figure and pleasant, manly face.

As he crossed Union Square he noted that, in its budding foliage, it appeared transformed into a beautiful garden. Then he plunged amid the prose of life again in the vortex of the noisy thoroughfare below Fourteenth Street. And as his eyes, speeding before his feet, followed the throng that formed a black moving mass as far as his gaze could reach, he thought, with a boyish exuberance of spirits, that no individual among this multitude was so happy as himself.

For Bailey was frankly in love, and only a few days earlier "the dearest girl in the world" had promised to be his wife. Claire Milner was convent-bred. Her pretty face had been the magnet that first attracted the young man; just as, the world over, youth finds in beauty, or its ideal of beauty, a woman's greatest charm. But, fortunately, this "dearest girl" possessed, moreover, the qualities that go to make a good helpmate; and thus her lover had more reason to congratulate himself than even he was aware.

Neil was in the employment of the well-known wool brokers, Van Nostrand & Co. His desk was in Mr. Van Nostrand's own office; and one of his especial duties at the beginning of the day was to open the safe where the books of the firm were kept, and to lock it at the close of business hours.

During the week just passed, the young man had worked particularly well. He and Claire were agreed that they could not afford to marry for a year; but the necessity of obtaining promotion in order that he might earn a larger salary, and his anxiety to make a home to which he might take his bride in the blissful future beyond this period of waiting, were spurs to his industry.

On this particular morning even the head of the firm condescended to notice his punctuality with a word of commendation.

"I am glad to see that you get to work in good season, Bailey," said Mr. Van Nostrand, sententiously. "To succeed in business, a man must make a practice of being on time."

"Yes, sir," answered Neil. And as he glanced at the clock, he saw with satisfaction that he had still five minutes to his credit.

Mr. Van Nostrand himself was not usually so early. He had reached the age and the degree of prosperity that confer the right to comparative leisure; but the recollection of his years of assiduous application made him something of a martinet in keeping those under him up to their tasks.

Neil felt that he had scored a point in the favor of the old gentleman in this apparently small matter of five minutes, and he smiled as he turned away and unlocked the safe as usual.

How often is joy changed to sadness as though by the opening of a door! The errand boy came in, and, receiving the books from him, laid them on the desks of the clerks in the counting-room outside, making several trips before all were in place. Then he went out again, leaving Neil with the senior partner. Now it was that the young man remembered a transaction of the day before.

"Mr. Gellett, of Gellett & Larum, paid us fifteen hundred dollars in cash yesterday," he said. "I suppose, sir, I had better deposit it this morning, with the checks that came in after the bank closed?"

Mr. Van Nostrand nodded assent.

Neil opened a small drawer in the safe, took out several checks, placed them in an envelope, and, picking up the packet of bank-notes, began to count them over. Presently he started, and an expression of incredulity and alarm flitted across his face as he counted them again. The next moment he turned to his chief, who was engaged in reading a portion of the mail.

"Mr. Van Nostrand," he said excitedly, "here is something apparently inexplicable! Yesterday I put the fifteen hundred dollars paid by Mr. Gellett in the safe. Now five hundred dollars of the amount have disappeared!"

Mr. Van Nostrand stared, and extended his hand for the packet.

"When did you count the money?" he inquired after several seconds of ominous silence.

"About five o'clock—shortly before we closed. I was alone here at the time."

"And did you go home immediately after locking the safe?"

"No, sir. Mr. James Van Nostrand sent for me to go up to the warerooms."

"Humph! My son! But you locked the safe before you went up?"

"Yes, sir. I am certain that I did; because I remember that, to make sure it was locked, I tried it again when I came down."

"Have you ever confided the combination to any one?"

Neil was indignant at the intimation.

"I alone have the combination. Even you do not know it, sir," he answered. "And all the clerks were gone before I went up."

Mr. Van Nostrand coughed dryly.

"Since, by your own showing, no one has had access to the money but you, Mr. Bailey," he said, "we shall hold you responsible for its disappearance."

A hot flush swept over the countenance of the young man, and as swiftly a determined expression settled upon it.

"If you mean to insinuate that I stole the notes, sir, I beg you to accept my resignation," he broke out impetuously. "I will not continue in a position where my honesty is questioned."

"I insinuate nothing," replied Mr. Van Nostrand. "But I naturally expect you to account for the money. That the safe could have been burglarized is impossible: there is no mark upon it to indicate that any attempt has been made to open it by force. As for your resignation, Mr. Bailey, you are not in a position to resign; and, although I have no wish to resort to harsh measures, I shall not permit you to leave us until this matter is settled."

Neil averted his face. He realized that he was indeed in a dilemma. Of what avail was it to be angry? Circumstantial evidence was, of a truth, strongly against him. He must be patient until he could clear himself.

"One injunction I lay upon you, however," continued Mr. Van Nostrand, without so much as raising his voice. "Do not mention this matter of the disappearance of the money to any one in my employment, or to any one from whom my employees might hear of it."

"And am I to remain under an unjust suspicion without making an attempt to discover the man upon whom the real guilt rests?" protested Neil.

"Mr. Bailey, you will do as I desire," rejoined Mr. Van Nostrand. "Further, at ten o'clock every morning you will go to the bank as usual and deposit the checks or draw moneys as directed. Do not mention the subject of the deficit to me again, unless I refer to it."

In gloomy hopelessness, the young clerk devoted himself to his duties; and as he sat at his desk he was rendered still more miserable by the consciousness that the senior partner was covertly watching him. He was glad enough when the time came for him to go to the bank. How he got through the rest of the day which had begun so brightly, he could not have told. He did not understand how it was that M. Van Nostrand appeared to trust him in one respect and not in another.

. . . . . .

Neil was so disheartened by what had occurred that he would not have visited Claire that evening, had he not promised her a glimpse of the upper Bohemia, which is, after all, so like the other provinces of the workaday world. The girl had caught the fad of wanting to see one of the cafés where the literary men, artists, and musicians of the metropolis are supposed to congregate; and Bailey was too newly-accepted a lover to venture to disappoint her on this occasion.

But when he called for her, Claire perceived at once that something was wrong.

"Let us give up our plan for this evening," she said sensibly. "And now, Neil, tell me what has happened to make you so despondent?"

After some hesitation he explained his predicament.

"Of course you did not take the money!" she exclaimed, in an assured tone, when he finished his story.

"Sweetheart, how do you know I did not?" he asked moodily. "Are you not afraid you may have been mistaken in me? Perhaps I am not at all the kind of fellow you thought me."

For a second her eyes searched his with a troubled perplexity. Then she shook her head gaily.

"No, I have made no mistake. You did not take the money because you are just—yourself," she laughed.

"Claire, I thank you—I thank God for your trust in me!" he said fervidly, as he caught her hands and pressed them to his lips. "No, I did not take the money. But who did, and how did he get it, that is the enigma!"

"Perhaps you made a note of the combination that unlocks the safe, and the slip of paper was found by somebody," she suggested, puckering her forehead into a fascinating little frown. Her deep concern for him rendered her more charming than ever.

"No: I always carry the combination in my head," he responded.

Claire admired him in spite of his discomfiture. To be able to carry figures in one's head was, to her mind, a proof of genius.

"Ha! at last I have the clue to the mystery!" she exclaimed, with feminine alertness, after a moment. "You were alone in the office, you say, yesterday afternoon?"

"Yes: writing letters to be sent by the European steamer."

"Then, you see, probably you grew drowsy over your work, lost consciousness for a few moments, and, being troubled lest the money might not be secure in the drawer, while under the spell of a dream you secreted it in another part of the safe."

"I am not a somnambulist, and I have searched through every corner and compartment of the safe," Neil rejoined, disconsolately. "Besides, I should like to see any one go to sleep in that office!"

"Well, I can imagine no other solution of the problem," she sighed. "But I can do better than think so idly: I will pray every day that you may be vindicated, Neil."

Her conviction of his innocence, and her confidence that everything would come right in the end, were a great encouragement to him in the time that followed. Claire was beginning really to help him. His trouble was teaching him how it strengthens the heart of a man when a good woman, whom he loves, stands by him, though the world seems against him.

A few days later Bailey observed a new clerk in the outer office or counting-room. Phillips, the stranger, soon proved himself a good-natured fellow, and before the end of the week he was a favorite with "the boys." Even Nichols, an unsociable chap with whom the others had little to do, became friendly with him.

Neil was too preoccupied with his own affairs to become acquainted with Phillips. Yet, before long he began to meet this fellow-clerk elsewhere. The man, it seems, boarded in the same street with him. If Bailey escorted Claire to a concert or the play, he frequently caught sight of Phillips in the foyer of the theatre or seated not far from them in the hall. It was singular how he and Phillips chose the same shops, the same restaurants. Why, even on Sunday morning when Bailey went to Mass, he could almost have sworn that a man kneeling with bowed head in one of the pews was Phillips. Yet some one had told him that Phillips was not a Catholic.

At last the truth dawned upon Neil: he was being shadowed by a detective employed by the firm, and this man

was tracing his steps and watching his every act. The detective was Phillips.

Did Nichols know this? Nichols seemed strangely attracted to Phillips, and followed him like a dog; yet the detective appeared to make no special effort to win his friendship. Was Nichols trying to help the man in his work?

Neil's heart was hot with an anger which burned none the less fiercely because it was a fire that he must keep hidden. In this interval, to betray that he was conscious of the espionage to which he was subjected would be, he felt, to relinquish something of his self-respect. Yet the remembrance of various little happenings, that might lend color to the suspicion against him, caused him some uneasiness.

Since he had known Claire, he had been rash in expenditure, for one of his means. What generous lover is not? During his ardent courtship he had drawn recklessly against his modest bank account, and the evenings when he had escorted her to the opera and the theatre represented to him literally golden moments. Since their engagement he had lavished presents of pretty trinkets upon her. A lover's purse is tied with cobwebs, says the old proverb; and was not Neil ready to lay all he had at Claire's feet? Nevertheless, from the time of the mysterious disappearance of a part of the sum paid by Gellett and the young man's discovery that he was being pursued by the detective, he felt that a knowledge of the free way in which he had been spending money might be construed into a confirmation of his guilt.

Matters could not go on long in this way. Accordingly, one morning Mr. Van Nostrand said to him:

"Mr. Bailey, I have concluded that now is the time thoroughly to sift the circumstances of the disappearance of the money of which you can give no account. I propose to summon two men who may be able to assist your memory as to what happened on the afternoon that resulted so unfortunately for you."

As he spoke he touched a bell on his table.

It was Phillips who answered the call.

"Be so kind as to ask Nichols to step here," said the senior partner, tersely.

Nichols came, smiling in an effort to appear at ease, but evidently perturbed and surprised.

"Mr. Bailey," continued the senior partner, pointing to Phillips, "I have to tell you that this man knows all about the disappearance of the five hundred dollars from the safe. He can name the thief. Nichols, you may as well confess. We have proof that you stole the money. Mr. Gellett is rather an eccentric man, and I found he had taken the numbers of some of the notes. With those notes you paid certain debts of your own. Tell me how you got the money out of the safe?"

Nichols grew pale as death. He cast a glance of hatred at Phillips, who had trapped him; he trembled like one stricken with the palsy, and caught hold of the back of a chair to steady himself. Denial or dissimulation would be, he knew, useless. Perhaps if he were to admit his crime, Mr. Van Nostrand might be lenient.

"O sir, I did not mean to do it!" he faltered, bursting into tears. "I knew the cash was there. Mr. Bailey told you, when you questioned him about its disappearance, that he locked the safe before he went to Mr. James Van Nostrand. I heard him tell you so,—the door of the office was open and I was at my desk in the counting-room. I, too, was early that morning. But Mr. Bailey made a mistake: all the clerks were not gone home. I was still there on that evening. After he went upstairs in answer to the message from the junior partner, I came into the office. The door of the safe was almost closed, but it was not locked. I pulled it

open, drew out the money drawer, and, as I expected, there lay the packet of bank-notes. It was a great temptation. My creditors were pressing me. If I had shut the drawer at once and fled, I would have conquered. But I took the packet into my hands, and in that moment my good resolution vanished. 'Sometime I will pay it back,' I said to myself. I took five hundred dollars from the packet. I might have taken all there was, but this sum would pay my immediate needs. So I thrust the rest back, and locked the safe. That is how it happened Mr. Bailey found the door locked when he returned, and thus was so sure he had made everything secure before leaving the office. Any one could lock it, but of course, not having the combination, I could not have opened it. O sir, I will work to make up the amount of the money I took! I have a wife and family who are respectable and honest; spare them this disgrace, I beg of you. Give me a chance to restore what I have taken."

"For the sake of your wife and family, Nichols, I will not prosecute you," said Mr. Van Nostrand, contemptuously. "But from this day you are discharged. If you can ever repay any portion of the money, come to me and offer to do so. I shall then have more faith in your repentance."

Nichols slunk away, and Phillips also withdrew. This was Bailey's opportunity.

"Mr. Van Nostrand," he said, in confusion, "although I did not take the money, I was indeed guilty of flagrant carelessness in leaving the safe unlocked. And through my negligence all this trouble has come about. To atone for it, I will not resent the humiliation of having been shadowed like a criminal, yet I have felt it bitterly.

Mr. Van Nostrand's face clouded with regret.

"Phillips exceeded his instructions. I did not intend to have you followed, Neil," he said, with the gentleness of a father, "I never for a moment thought *you* took the money. You were too positive in asserting that you locked the safe. A young fellow like you is apt to think he can not possibly be mistaken; I dare say I thought the same once. But the unfortunate result of your carelessness has, I am sure, taught you a lesson you will not soon forget. As a balm to your wounded pride at having been haunted by Phillips, however, I will tell you that the report of you he brought to me was so excellent that I am glad to have it. He who is doing right may be watched by all the world."

"But the money? I certainly am bound to make good the loss of it," stammered Neil.

Yet his heart sank as he realized that to do this he and Claire must postpone their wedding-day. He could not give her wealth, but at least they would not begin with a burden of debt.

Mr. Van Nostrand came unexpectedly to the rescue.

"I consider five hundred dollars a small price to pay to get rid of a dishonest clerk," he said. "Had Nichols remained in my employment, he might have cost me many thousands. We will say no more about the money."

"So well did Bailey profit by the lesson of this experience, and so faithfully did he perform his duties thereafter, that six months later the senior partner voluntarily increased his salary.

And when the next month of May lengthened into June, the hope that had brightened many a day of hard work for Neil came true. He married Claire and took her to a pretty little home in the suburbs,—near enough to the great city to admit of his reaching the office easily, yet far enough away to be beyond the turmoil and noise of crowded streets, amid wide fields and wholesome air, and an environment of simple content.

Religious Decadence and Its Remedy.

ALTHOUGH the Holy Father's encyclical on the teaching of Catechism is intended especially for bishops, it is well that the laity should know the great importance which he attaches to catechetical instruction; all the more so because in places where there is a scarcity of priests pious lay persons are expected to lend their aid to this holy and salutary work, and because it is understood that parents and others who have the care of children should feel the obligation of enforcing by word and example the truths of faith and the practices of the Christian life.

The religious decadence now so general, the constantly increasing corruption and depravity, not merely among barbarous peoples but in the very midst of Christian nations, his Holiness attributes to the prevailing ignorance about divine things. "And this," he says, "fully bears out what God Himself affirmed through the Prophet Osee: '...And there is no knowledge of God in the land. Cursing and lying and killing and theft and adultery have overflowed, and blood hath touched blood. Therefore shall the land mourn, and everyone that dwelleth in it shall languish.'

"There are to-day vast numbers—and they are constantly increasing—who are utterly ignorant of the truths of religion, or who have at most so little knowledge of God and of the Christian faith that they can live as idolaters in the very midst of the light of Christianity. How many there are, not only among the young, but among adults and even those tottering with age, who know nothing of the principal mysteries of faith; who on hearing the name of Christ can only ask, 'Who is He,...that I may believe in Him?' And, in consequence of this ignorance, they make no crime of exciting and cherishing hatred against their neighbor, of entering into most unjust contracts, giving themselves up to dishonest speculations, possessing themselves of the property of others by enormous usury, and committing similar iniquities. They are actually ignorant that the law of Christ not only forbids immoral actions, but condemns deliberate immoral thoughts and immoral desires; so that even when they are restrained, by some motive or other, from abandoning themselves to sensual pleasures, they feed without any kind of scruple on evil thoughts, multiplying sins beyond the hairs of their heads. Nor, let it be repeated, are such to be found only among the poorer classes of the people or in country places, but in the highest walks of life, and among those who, inflated with knowledge, rely upon a vain erudition, and think themselves at liberty to turn religion into ridicule, and to 'blaspheme whatsoever things they know not.'"

After enlarging on the deplorable consequence of ignorance in matters of religion, the Holy Father points out the necessity of catechetical instruction.

"Now, if it is vain to expect a harvest where no seed has been sown, how can we hope to have better-living generations if they be not instructed in time in the doctrine of Jesus Christ? It follows, too, that if faith languishes in our days, if it has almost vanished throughout a large proportion of the people, the reason is that the duty of catechetical teaching is either fulfilled very superficially or altogether neglected. Nor will it do to say, in excuse, that faith is a free gift bestowed on each one at baptism. Yes, all who are baptized in Christ have had infused into them the habit of faith; but this most divine germ does not develop, or put forth great branches, when left to itself, and as if by its own virtue. Man

at his birth has within him the faculty of understanding; but he has need also of the mother's word to awaken it, as it were, and to bring it into action. So, too, the Christian, born again of water and the Holy Ghost, has faith within him; but he requires the word of the Church to fecundate it and develop it, and make it fruitful. Hence the Apostle wrote: 'Faith comes from hearing, and hearing by the word of God.' And, to show the necessity of teaching, he adds: 'How shall they hear without a preacher?'"

From these words of the Father of the Faithful it is evident that it is his ardent desire to have the knowledge of Christian doctrine thoroughly penetrate and pervade the minds of all.

Wit and Reverence.

"It is a beautiful thing," wrote Sydney Smith, "to observe the boundaries which Nature has affixed to the ridiculous, and to notice how soon it is swallowed up by the more illustrious feelings of our nature. . . . Who ever thinks of turning into ridicule our great and ardent hope of a world to come? Whenever the man of humor meddles with these things, he is astonished to find that, in all the great feelings of their nature, the mass of mankind always think and act alike; that they are ready enough to laugh, but that they are quite as ready to drive away with indignation and contempt the light fool who comes with the feather of wit to crumble the bulwarks of truth and beat down the temples of God."

It is this incompatibility of wit and sacred things that spoils for thousands of readers many a page of some of the most noted of American humorists. Mark Twain, for instance, in his "Innocents Abroad" ignored the boundary-line that divides legitimate fun from rank irreverence and constructive blasphemy.

Notes and Remarks.

It may not be generally known among the faithful that, more than a quarter of a century ago, Pius IX. was petitioned to give to the priests of the universal Church the privilege of saying three consecutive Masses on the Feast of All Souls. Pius IX. replied that the Sacred Congregation of Rites would occupy itself with the question; but, as a preliminary to such action, the adhesion of a large number of bishops would be necessary. In 1886 more than a thousand bishops joined in a similar request to Leo XIII., who forthwith confided to the Sacred Congregation the task of examining the matter. In 1897 permission to say the three Masses in question was accorded to the clergy of all Latin America and the Antilles. On the occasion of the International Eucharistic Congress, soon to be held in Rome, Pius X. is, in turn, to be asked to extend the privilege to the priests of the world. Judging from the large number of cardinals, patriarchs, primates, archbishops, and lesser prelates who have signed the petition, it is allowable to regard the concession of the desired privilege as probable; so that hereafter All Souls' Day will, very likely, share with Christmas the distinction of being celebrated by a triple offering of the Adorable Sacrifice of the Altar.

The opening of the new cathedral in Berlin has been an occasion of considerable satisfaction to those most logical of Protestants, the consistent haters of Catholicism. The *Rock* piously anticipates that the new cathedral "will doubtless draw multitudes of visitors from Protestant England, counteracting the morbid tendencies which take people to the big cathedrals of Italy." The same periodical rejoices that "over the eight giant pillars which support

the central portion of the edifice just consecrated are the statues of the Reformers, Luther, Zwingli, Calvin, and Melancthon; and the four German sovereigns who promoted the Reformation: Duke Albrecht of Prussia, the Elector Joachim II. of Brandenburg, the Elector Frederick the Wise of Saxony, and the Landgrave Philip the Magnanimous of Hesse." Anent this paragraph, the London *Month* says: "Now, of course, if those chiefly concerned are satisfied, and find the images of these worthies more helpful to their devotion than those of Christ, His Mother, and His saints, we can only say that there is no accounting for tastes, and that this is a matter upon which, as is proverbial, it were useless to dispute.... But at the same time it is obvious to ask whether so extraordinary a group of men were ever represented as dwelling together in amity, even as graven images at the summit of monster pillars."

The answer, to those who are passably well acquainted with the history of Germany in the sixteenth century, is as obvious as the question, and takes the form of a decided negative. The biographies of the Reformers themselves, and of the potentates associated with them in the Berlin cathedral, furnish palpable evidence of their eminent unfitness to be held up as models of Christian ministers or patterns of religion to the laity. If these eight individuals represent the "Saints" of the Reformation, then the Protestant "Lives of the Saints" hardly constitutes edifying reading.

In the Church of St. Marcello, Rome, there has been canonically erected a "Pious Association of Prayer to Our Most Sorrowful Mother Mary for the Reunion of all Christian Churches." During the closing days of April a solemn triduum was held in St. Marcello under the auspices of the Association. The exercises consisted of prayers for schismatics and Protestants of different nationalities; numerous low Masses and a *Missa Cantata* every morning; the Rosary of the Seven Dolors; a sermon in some one of the modern languages; and solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament every evening. A similar triduum is to be observed annually in future; and, while the primary object thereof is prayer for our separated brethren all around the globe, it is not forgotten that, of the three hundred million Catholics now populating the world, not all are exemplary observers of the Commandments of God and the Precepts of the Church. Petitions for the transformation of bad Catholics into good ones will, accordingly, find a place in these yearly devotional exercises. Both purposes are most excellent, and the Association deserves the fullest measure of encouragement and success.

It is hard to realize the change wrought in the Congo during the last twenty years. Christianity, civilization, industry, order, peace, and material progress, have succeeded idolatry, cannibalism, barbarism, indolence, tribal wars, and the horrible atrocities of the slave chase. "The aboriginal black cannibal still occupies the banks of the Congo," says Mr. Wack in his "Story of the Congo Free State." "But his nature, so recently in its savage state, is manifesting great change. He is on his knees in the mission chapel; the song of the White Fathers and the Sisters of Mercy inspires in him the rude awakening of new emotions. His own voice abandons the war-cry and makes its fervid, untaught plea to the white man's God."

Referring, in another chapter of his work, to the wondrous success of the Catholic missions in the Congo, Mr. Wack observes: "As might be expected from its history, the prevailing faith in Congoland is the Roman Catholic. The

Congo Free State tolerates all religions, no one of them enjoying a privilege denied to the others. Unfortunately, the Protestants are split up into several sects; but there is no division among the Roman Catholics, and this fact has resulted largely in favor of the growth of the latter. . . . Christian marriages between natives, which ten years ago numbered eighty-four, now take place by thousands every year."

If Prof. Montgomery, of Santa Clara College, California, has not solved the problem of aerial navigation, he has at least demonstrated the possibility of a perfectly successful airship. Some newspaper accounts of his recent invention would have astonished even Jules Verne; but the following brief notice, which appeared in the San Francisco *Monitor* of the 6th inst., doubtless gives reliable information:

Santa Clara witnessed a gathering of prominent scientists, newspaper men and others on Saturday last; and the latter witnessed, in turn, a remarkable demonstration of the practicability of Prof. Montgomery's areoplane. The exhibition was made under ordinary conditions and proved an unqualified success. Those who were fortunate enough to be on hand are enthusiastic regarding the behavior of Mr. Montgomery's invention, and the illimitable possibilities in aerial navigation, to which it opens the way. The machine used on this occasion was christened "Santa Clara" in honor of the old college; and was sent on its flight with a special blessing by the President, Father Kenna, whose patronal feast was celebrated in conjunction with the other event.

Among the sins forbidden by the Eighth Commandment, the most common is probably detraction, or the disclosing without necessity of the faults committed by another. To reveal the sins of a neighbor, and then attempt to justify one's self by saying that, after all, one has told only the simple truth, is a practice so prevalent in all classes of society as to merit frequent and vigorous denunciation. It ought to be elementary that we have no more right to rob a man of the esteem which he enjoys, even though it be undeserved, than we have to rob him of money which he has secured unjustly. One is sometimes tempted to wonder whether the average editor thinks that the Eighth Commandment has been abrogated in the case of journalists. Making all possible allowance for zeal for the public good, the interests of justice, the desire that the guilty rather than the innocent should suffer, and the like considerations, do not many newspaper editors and reporters habitually violate not only charity, but justice as well, in spreading broadcast the knowledge of the secret delinquencies of private citizens? They are certainly astray in their theology, or in the ethical code they substitute therefor, if they imagine that the sum and substance of the morality of such acts is contained in evading or transgressing the strictures of the libel law. The subject is one which may well receive considerable serious reflection from perhaps the majority of persons connected with the press.

It is interesting to find that in his recently-published work, "The Church and Its Organization in the Primitive Age," Mr. Walter Lowrie completely reverses the notion that the episcopate has developed from below, and strongly separates bishops from presbyters, even in New Testament times. The author has been praised for his power of intellectual detachment and philosophic grasp. His new work is the first volume of a lengthy treatise on the development of the Christian Church.

In a pastoral letter announcing the consecration, as auxiliary Bishop of Montreal, of Mgr. Racicot—which ceremony occurred on the 3d inst.,—Archbishop Bruchési recently enumerated the reasons that led him to ask

the Holy See for episcopal aid in his functions. Although dismembered last year, the archdiocese of Montreal still contains about 400,000 Catholics, 124 parishes and missions, 670 priests, and 33 religious congregations of men and women. The city of Montreal itself and its suburbs hold about 300,000 faithful; and the number of Confirmations annually given therein is 8000. In the country parishes, the number to be confirmed every year is almost equally large. About 300 ecclesiastical students attend the Grand Seminary of Montreal; and, as a consequence, large general ordinations, and very often private ordinations, are the rule. It will readily be seen that, with all his energy and activity, Archbishop Bruchési had on his hands more than one man's work, and that the appointment of his auxiliary is abundantly justifiable.

Apropos of that unbounded confidence in the Blessed Virgin which animates all fervent Catholics during the present month, it is worth while reproducing, from a recent number of the *Missionary*, an incident narrated by a priest whose ministrations led him to a non-Catholic district of one of the Southern States. Inquiring at a crossroads store concerning the whereabouts of a Catholic family whom he was seeking, the priest learned incidentally that the storekeeper "knew an old fellow back a piece in the hills, who says he is an 'Eyetalian' and one of your people." By mountain trail and forest path the home of the strayed sheep was reached. He proved to be an Italian, eighty years of age and very feeble, who, on being assured that his visitor was a veritable Catholic priest, drew him out of the two-roomed log-house and guided him to the little stable near by. Sinking on his knees by the manger, the old man said: "Father, our Saviour was born in a stable. I want to make my confession here." The confession over, the old penitent, with streaming eyes, exclaimed: "Father, God is very good to me! For twelve long years I have prayed daily and said my Rosary that He would not let me die without the priest."

Another instance to be added to countless thousands of cases in which perseverance in some specific devotion to our Blessed Lady has ultimately won the crowning grace of final reception of the sacraments and a happy death. Well might an illustrious client of Mary declare that of all the incomprehensible moods of lax or indifferent Catholics, the strangest is want of confidence in that most loving Mother whom Jesus Himself gave to us as our very own.

The edict of the Czar of Russia establishing religious freedom throughout the Empire is the beginning of the end of the great schism. A small beginning, perhaps; but it must be remembered that heretofore all Russians outside of the so-called Orthodox Church lived on sufferance. Catholics could profess their religion, but were not permitted to make converts. Furthermore, the edict removes all civil disabilities. The progress of the Church in Russia, now that our missionaries are free to erect churches and to establish schools, and are under no restrictions in making converts, is sure to be rapid and general. War has wrought great changes in the Russian Empire, peace and religious freedom will transform it.

'Age can not wither nor custom stale the infinite variety' of the University of Chicago. It is an exceptional week in which some member of the faculty of that institution does not deliver himself of an opinion, or propound a theory, utterly at variance with the traditional belief of mankind. As a method of securing that newspaper

notoriety which is nowadays perhaps the most available substitute for genuine fame, the plan is not without its effectiveness. The professional man who boldly asserts a doctrine running directly counter to the commonly received opinions of his fellows is safe to see his views commented upon in the journals of the country; and even though the comments be condemnatory, he has got his name in print, and is accordingly "somebody."

The latest exploiter of ephemeral fame whom the Chicago institution has put forward is Dean McClintock. Addressing the younger students the other day, this grave and reverend philosopher is reported to have told them that, if he were founding a school, he would put play ahead of work in its curriculum, because through games "we learn life as it really is." There are just two obvious comments to be made on the foregoing statement. First, in games we do *not* learn life as it really is; and, second, even if we did, play is already put ahead of work in the curricula of far too many American universities and colleges.

Writing, in the *Republique Française*, of the late Mgr. Favier, Pierre Giffard gives a graphic account of the superhuman courage shown by Chinese missionary priests in 1900. Six of these priests were captured one morning and led before a pseudo military tribunal. The ceremonial of their martyrdom was of the briefest. Each in turn was placed on his knees before the Boxer chief, and this dialogue ensued: "Are you a Christian?"—"Yes."—"You believe in the God of the strangers?"—"Yes."—"Take this." And with one sabre stroke the missionary's right arm was detached from the shoulder. Then the inquiry proceeded: "Are you still a Christian?"—"Yes."—"As much as a little while ago?"—"Yes." Another stroke of the sabre, and the left arm falls to the ground in a second torrent of blood. "Are you a Christian just the same?"—"Yes."—"Attention! You won't be one in a moment when you will no longer have a head."—"I'll be a Christian forever." The weapon is whirled about with frenzy, and the head is severed from the body. Six times was this fierce programme carried out on the morning in question. As these brave missionaries were unquestionably put to death in hatred of religion, it is only a matter of time when they will be enrolled among the martyrs.

An appreciative word from a competent authority is always a source of encouragement as well as gratification to individual men or to societies. It must have been pleasant listening, therefore, for those attending the annual New York State Convention of the Knights of Columbus, when Police Commissioner McAdoo, in his address of welcome, said to them:

> I am always glad to learn that a policeman is a Knight of Columbus. I know then that I have an honest, virtuous *cop*. The two things which I admire and love to see in humanity you stand for—the purity of individual life and the sanctification of the family. These are greater than all police and law power. You can terrorize humanity by brute force, but you can not compel it to respect law and order in the heart, no matter how drastic the government may be in enforcing the law.

Referring to the statue of the venerable Monsignor Nugent which, we believe, is to adorn a public square in Liverpool, the city of which he has been called the apostle, a writer in the London *Tablet* says:

> A statue of Mgr. Nugent is, moreover, among the very considerable attractions of the Sculpture Gallery this year at Burlington House. Mr. F. W. Pomeroy is the sculptor; and his work is heroic in size as well as in subject. The Father Mathew of Liverpool is represented in priestly attire, and beside him is a waif in almost no attire at all. The sculptor has conveyed very happily a general sentiment of benevolence, rare in modern work; for it is without a touch of anything that is affected or sickly.

Behind.

BY M. ROCK.

'TIS well to think, O girls and boys!
Ere many years pass o'er you,
With life, and all its cares and joys,
Its good and ill, before you,
That all the riches you may gain
To earth can never bind you,—
That wealth upon the land or main
You'll one day leave behind you.

And all your meed of praise and fame,
And all your rounds of pleasure,
And merited or wrongful blame
In full or niggard measure;
And all the wrongs to which time may
Have or have not resigned you,—
All earthly bliss or bale one day
You'll leave far, far behind you.

Catholic Heroes of Land and Sea.

BY MAY MARGARET FULLER.

III.—Chevalier Bayard.

IF Bessie had only known, on that wet, chilly morning when she rushed off to school without her overshoes, of the tedious illness that was to result, she would have been more prudent, and more obedient to her mother's caution.

"Nothing ever happens in this family," had often been Belle Nelson's complaint; but now, when the doctor emerged from the dark room where her sister lay, murmuring so fearful a word as "pneumonia," she felt that something had indeed happened,—something really terrifying. For long weeks the meetings of the Studious Four were forgotten.

But at length all fear was banished, and Bessie came downstairs again, convalescent. Then, life being bright and happy once more, Captain Morris called, for the following Friday night, a meeting, at which Bayard, "the Knight without fear and without reproach," would be discussed. Bessie, the invalid, and Belle were to be only listeners.

"I tell you, Captain Morris," chimed in Frank, "reading about these heroes makes a fellow feel like imitating them! But look at us! Why, we may never be nearer to a battlefield than we are now!"

"There are other battles than military ones," observed the Captain. "Of Bayard's three brothers, two became monks, and one passed his life at his birthplace, devoted to his parents. I call them soldiers; for they were courageous, good men, who fought sin and dishonor, and kept their proud, historic name as untarnished as did their hero brother. Now, George, tell us how he began his career."

"Well," responded George, "he was only fourteen when his uncle, the Bishop of Grenoble—a very saintly man,—brought him as a page to the Duke of Savoy. The Duke took him to visit the French King, Charles VIII., who grew to like the boy so much that he wouldn't let him return home. My! but he enjoyed himself at the court; for he entered all the tournaments, and won so many honors that the King decided to place him in the army. So he sent him to Picardy to join the artillery. In a few months Charles VIII. asserted his claim to Naples and war was declared. Bayard's bravery was

shown during the very first week. Shall I tell about it?

"Well, one day, while his troops were resting, word was received that the Italian army was preparing to attack a company of French who were stationed some miles away, waiting for supplies. Bayard set out to bring the warning, though nobody believed he could make the journey without meeting the enemy. When the French in their distant camp were having supper that evening, they spied a woman with a big sunbonnet flapping in the breeze, and a clattering milk-can on her arm. She was having a tussle with the stubborn donkey she had been riding; so the men ran to help her, hoping for some fun. Well, they had their fun; for under the sunbonnet they recognized the face of Bayard, who told them of their peril—"

"I hope the donkey didn't get into a tantrum on the way home?" interposed Bessie.

"He did; and who should come along but Ludovic Sforza, the famous Italian prince and general? The woman took out an immense handkerchief, and, holding it to her eyes, cried so hard that the great man went to her aid, and sent her off with a gold piece to remember him by."

"She remembered him all right," said Frank. "Three years later, when the French had conquered Milan, they took Sforza captive. He was to be imprisoned in France, but before going he wanted to say good-bye to some friends. Visitors were forbidden, but Bayard managed to give him his wish, because he had been so kind to the woman on the donkey.

"After Milan, Naples was taken," Frank went on. "But the Spanish King Ferdinand—Columbus' friend, you know,—claimed part of this; so Bayard was soon fighting against the Spaniards, who were pretty daring, I tell you. But he defeated their best men, even Don Alonzo de Mayor, and Pedro de Pais, whom everyone feared, though he was only three feet high and very much deformed."

"And what of the treaty that was signed about that time?" inquired Captain Morris.

"Oh, yes: the League of Cambrai!" answered George. "It was an alliance entered into by France, Germany, and Spain to overthrow Venice. Of course it led to a big war, in which our hero performed the boldest deeds that had been known for a hundred years. After that was settled, the War of the Holy League was declared; and Bayard, just the same as ever, was on top every time. One morning, when he was going back to camp from Mass, he heard the sound of crying; and, looking around, saw a little boy who was lost. By asking questions, Bayard was able to find his home. The father thanked the Knight and had a long talk with him. As Bayard was in the French army, which was just then disputing over Ferrara with the Papal troops, the man thought Bayard was opposed to the Pope; so he told him of a plot to poison the Holy Father, which a friend of his had promised to carry out for a large sum of money. Our hero went at once and warned the Pope, and then punished the fellow who had made the plan."

"They're so very learned to-night, Captain," said Belle, "just ask if they know about that city you were telling me of,—the one that was captured because two boys had a quarrel."

Frank and George made many guesses, but finally admitted that they had never heard of it; so Captain Morris began:

"The French had taken Brescia, a city in Italy, from the Venetians, who were anxious to get it back, but didn't dare to hope they might. The boys were the sons of two noblemen who lived there. Well, one boy, Gambara, had a 'set-to' with the other, Avogara,

and gave him the worst of it. Signor Avogara sympathized with his son, and went for justice to the Duke of Nemours, the French commander. The Duke, however, didn't bother about him; and Avogara in revenge betrayed the French to the Venetians, who attacked the city at the proper moment and captured it."

"Oh, I remember reading that!" cried Frank. "And after the great victory of the Venetians, there was a fearful battle, and the French regained the town. It was a wonder they did, too; for, besides the fury of the enemy, they had to bear the cruelty of the women, who threw furniture, bricks, and boiling water upon them from the windows."

"In that battle Bayard was wounded," said George. "But as soon as he was well again, he joined his army in fighting against the Spanish at Ravenna. At Marignano, another big battle was fought,—these both ended in favor of the French. And when it was over, the new King, Francis I., received the order of Knighthood from Bayard, the greatest honor that could be given to the hero of the day."

"He didn't live to gain many more honors," put in Frank; "for soon afterward, when the French were trying to regain Milan, he was killed. He had been charging the enemy, and was riding across the field when he was stricken down. His cry, 'Jesus, have mercy!' alarmed his soldiers, who rushed to help him. The Italian general against whom he was fighting had Bayard brought to his own tent, and went himself for a priest."

"And so our brave Knight died as he had lived," concluded Captain Morris. "In the midst of his heroic deeds he never lost sight of God, showing a tender love for Him in works as well as thoughts; for he founded an orphan asylum, a hospital, and a home for poor and aged soldiers at Dauphiny, where he was born; and he built chapels in many places. Though not rich himself, through life he shared with the poor whatever he had. We read a great deal about his tender devotion to our Blessed Mother, and I think we may be sure it was she who kept him so pure that he is called 'the spotless Knight.'"

"Let us give the girls a chance to do the talking when we meet again," suggested Frank. "They've said hardly a word to-night, poor things!"

"It's a wonder they're alive to tell the tale," added the Captain, laughing. "Yes, we will be the listeners next time, girls; so come prepared to cover yourselves with glory, as all your heroes do."

The Little Hungarians.

BY MRS. MARY E. MANNIX.

III.—The Plan Succeeds.

Motley and foreign was the crowd surging through the Square, itself an unusual feature of an American city. But when it had been dedicated as a fit setting and frame to the magnificent Fountain (the gift of a wealthy Hungarian who had made his fortune in the place), the city had been one of the sixth or seventh class.

With the Square as a central artery, it had enlarged and spread, then branched off in various directions; growing in importance and solidity as it went, till what had once been the principal portion of the town was now the least attractive, being relegated to the use and purposes of the large foreign population who worked in the adjacent mills and factories, having their dwellings not far away. On this account this part of the city had long been known as "Little Hungary."

The houses, old and squatty, which clustered together on the four sides of

the Square overlooking the Fountain, were built of stone, with heavy façades and cornices,—none of them being more than three stories in height; while nearly all the shops displayed signs both in Hungarian and English.

Many of the native-born citizens lamented the fact that the beautiful creation of bronze and stone which strangers came to see, and which was the pride of Little Hungary, as well as one of the finest of its kind in America, was fastened hard and irrevocably to the spot where it had been erected, by the conditions under which it had been placed in its present position. They believed it would have better served the interests of the city, and shown to greater advantage, in the newer and more aristocratic part of the town.

These people, moreover, chafed at the obligation under which the Common Council rested to keep the Fountain perpetually in repair, or otherwise forfeit to the heirs of the donor the land on which it stood. And while hundreds of strangers from a distance came annually to gaze upon it, there were thousands of citizens, men and women, who had never laid eyes upon it, and would not have set foot in Little Hungary if its principal and only attraction, apart from its foreign aspect, had been ten times more celebrated and fame-worthy than it was.

As we have before mentioned, it was Saturday night, and the shops were filled with people, coming and going: black-bearded men with pipes in their mouths, still in workaday attire; while beside them trudged their wives, many without bonnets or hats, wearing dark blue or red handkerchiefs tied under the chin, beneath which, in nine cases out of ten, hung two thick braids of blue-black hair.

On the whole, they were a merry, good-natured crowd, joking with one another when they met; and, for the time being, speaking only in their native tongue, however proficient they might have become in the English speech, which was their usual medium of communication with their American neighbors. It was too early in the evening for the saloons to vomit forth the roysterers who later would make the air vocal with songs and doubtful chaff,—everybody as yet being intent on necessary business.

The clock was striking eight when the door of the little grey house in the outskirts opened and closed softly behind two children, one carrying a guitar, the other a mandolin. Both of them were good-looking and picturesque, with dark hair and eyes, and beautiful, clear skin; straight, well-built, and tall for their age. Each wore a cap; that of the boy was grey, his sister's red. Their clothes were shabby but clean.

They made their way rapidly through the thinly-populated streets they had to pass before coming to the heart of the old town, or Little Hungary. Of the still more distant and modern portion of the city, both were almost entirely ignorant. After awhile the houses grew closer together, people passed and repassed, and at length they came in sight of the brilliantly lighted shops in the Square.

And now they paused at one corner, uncertain what to do or where to go. The electric lights surrounding the Fountain were reflected in the plashing waters of the deep basin, into which a dozen slender streams, from the shoulders of the "Nymph of the Waters" above, fell all day and all night long. The gaze of the children was turned toward this spot, now comparatively deserted, though a few loungers occupied some of the benches under the shadow of the trees.

"Shall we go over there and begin to sing?" whispered Louis to his sister, whose hand, cold and trembling, was tightly clasped in his own.

"Yes, let us go," she answered. "It will be the best place, and there are not many people."

"We want the people to listen, though," said the boy. "But I suppose they will come when they hear us."

Slowly they crossed the street and placed themselves under a tree, where they could see without being seen. Taking the instruments from their cases, they tuned them, and presently a faint tinkle-tinkle made itself heard.

They played a Hungarian melody very popular among the common people, and three or four of the men left their seats and stood near. Then they began to sing, also a Hungarian song; and men and women, alert and interested, came running across from the vicinity of the shops. The presence of a few attracted others, as a crowd always does. Very soon they were surrounded; and some one called out, in Hungarian:

"Come from under the tree, so that we can hear better, and see you!"

The poor children had not wished to be seen, if possible; but there was no help for it. They left the shelter of the tree and advanced to the side of the Fountain.

"Not there,—not there!" called out another voice. "The water makes too much noise. Come close to the curb!"

A few more steps, and they were standing in front of the crowd, which increased every moment.

"Can you sing this or that?" now shouted one and another, as each song was finished,—naming some personal or national favorite.

Some of these the children knew, and all that they knew they sang. The people clapped and stamped; some of them joined in the chorus, and the women wiped their eyes.

"You are tired now, little ones!" exclaimed an old man at last. "Sit down there on the curb and rest yourselves."

They were indeed very tired; though, in the excitement of singing, and with the crowd about them, they had not realized it before. They sat down, and another man asked:

"Why don't you pass the hat around, youngster?"

Louis looked up at him wonderingly. He did not understand.

"You are not singing for fun, are you?" the man continued.

"Oh, no!" said the boy; "though we like very much to sing."

"Take your cap, then, and pass it round," the man went on.

The boy suddenly realized what he meant. Of course their sole object in coming out had been to earn money, but until this moment Louis had not calculated upon the manner in which it would be given them. It did seem like a beggar, as Rose had said, to walk about in the crowd holding out his cap for the pennies which any charitable hand might be willing to drop therein. But there was no alternative.

He got on his feet, took off the little grey cap and held it forth. His interlocutor was the first to place in it not a penny but a piece of silver. Then the others pressed forward; and, almost without moving from his position on the curbstone, the boy soon found a shower of money—pennies, nickels, and dimes—descending into his novel collection-box.

When there was no more forthcoming, he put the money in his pocket, replaced the cap on his head, and said in as loud a voice as he could summon:

"My friends, I thank you! You have been very kind!"

The people looked at one another, laughing and smiling, as if to say: "This is a little gentleman!"

"Now we will play a dance for you," said Louis.

He motioned Rose to stand up.

"Maryusceka!" he whispered to her.

And in a flash they were playing, and

the crowd dancing,—that is, many of the younger portion.

Suddenly the Court House clock boomed nine.

"We must go,—it is late!" cried Louis, hastily putting away his guitar.

"Why must you go?" called sundry voices from the crowd.

"We must go home. It is late," answered Louis, preparing to start.

"Are you strangers? Is this your first start? We have never seen you before," repeated other voices.

"No, we are not strangers," rejoined the boy; "but we have never played in public before. Yes, this is the first time; and we thank you all very much."

"You will come back?" repeated the voices. "You will both be here next Saturday night?"

"We hope so," replied Louis, smiling and bowing himself away from his countrymen, who made room for him to pass.

In a few moments the multitude had scattered, with many favorable and wondering comments on the twain who had delighted and surprised them; and the two children were hurriedly traversing the adjoining streets, which seemed very dark and lonely in comparison with the Square.

"Why so silent, Rose?" asked Louis, bending down to the level of his sister.

To his surprise, he found her in tears.

"You are not sick, Rose?" he asked.

"No," she replied. "But I am tired and hungry, and I don't like them."

"Not like them,—the people? They were so good!"

"Maybe so,—I guess they were. But I don't want you to go around holding out your cap that way. And they are so black and dirty, Louis!"

"But they were kind, and they are our countrymen—"

"Not mine!" she answered saucily,—and now she was smiling. "*I* was born in the United States, and I am glad of it."

"All right. It is very good to be born here, but the Hungarians are fine. I am proud to be one."

"You can be one, then. I am so hungry, Louis!"

"Come into this grocery and I will buy some cakes," said her brother.

In a few moments they were again walking side by side, both enjoying the ginger-snaps Louis had bought.

"I feel better now," said Rose. "I think I will go with you next Saturday to the Square. At first I thought I wouldn't do it, but now I will."

"It is for papa, you know."

"Yes; that is why. But if *he* should know it, Louis? Oh, what then?"

"He will not know it," said the boy.

When they reached the house, they found their father still slumbering, as they had left him. Rose herself was too sleepy to question Louis about the amount of the evening's gain, but he could not deny himself the pleasure of counting it. It amounted to four dollars and seventy-five cents. He retired to rest with a light heart. Want and penury fled far from his dreams that night.

(To be continued.)

Sea-Snakes.

While the existence of the monstrous sea serpent, of which marine travellers periodically tell marvellous stories, is pretty generally discredited, there is no question about there being such reptiles as sea-snakes. They are from two to four feet long, are absolutely aquatic, and are found, in forty or fifty different kinds, from the Persian Gulf to the Philippines, and also on the coast of Central America. One well-known species is the "herril," found in the Bay of Bengal. These serpents are extremely poisonous, and consequently very dangerous to fishermen, pearl-divers, and bathers.

With Authors and Publishers.

—A translation of the Abbé Klein's "Au Pays de la Vie Intense" is to be published in the autumn by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

—Under the general title of "Examiner Reprints," Father Hull, S. J., editor of the *Bombay Catholic Examiner*, has brought out a second edition of his "Theosophy and Christianity," and announces the speedy publication of "Fortifying the Layman."

—"The Parish Schools of New York" is a pamphlet of thirty-two pages issued by the Columbus Press. In addition to a report of the attendance and expenses of New York's parochial schools, it contains several pertinent reprints from the *Catholic World*, which merit wide reading.

—The adage that a man can be written down by no one save himself receives additional corroboration from the published report of Mr. Oscar Lovel Triggs' evidence recently given in the suit of that gentleman against the New York *Sun*. Mr. Triggs' own statements injure his reputation as a scholar far more than did the good-humored, if somewhat extravagant, criticism of the New York daily.

—We are in receipt of the Rev. P. C. Yorke's "The Fifth Grade," in the series of "Text-Books of Religion for Parochial and Sunday Schools." It is a substantial volume of some four hundred and sixty pages, printed on good paper and strongly bound. The contents consist of fifty-two lessons, each comprising several pages of narrative, or doctrinal exposition; selected portions of the Baltimore Catechism; and a hymn, or psalm. The work fully merits the praise given to former numbers of the series. The illustrations, of which there are quite a number, are appropriate and well printed.

—"The Chronicle of Jocelin. With introduction, notes, and index, by Sir Ernest Clark, F. S. A., and a foreword by Rev. Dr. William Barry," is among the new publications of Messrs. Burns & Oates. Most Catholic readers of Carlyle's "Past and Present" will recall the gratification, heightened by its unexpectedness, with which they perused Book II. of that work, entitled "The Ancient Monk." Though Abbot Samson "looks out, a little travestied perhaps," as John Richard Green says, "from Carlyle's pages," the thorough manliness of the Abbot, and the quiet, shrewd garrulity of the Jocelin who played Boswell to Samson's Johnson, proved too much for the prejudices of the dour Scot, and he wrote eloquently of their day and doings. "The Chronicle of Jocelin," the book which Green declares to be worth a thousand chronicles, is the mine in which Carlyle found the precious ore of "The Ancient Monk"; and the present edition is in every way so satisfactory that few scholarly readers will care to be without it.

—The Society for the Propagation of the Faith, after securing due authorization, has brought out in the form of an attractive pamphlet, "A Sister of Charity in China," the interesting series of letters which appeared in these pages early in the year. Our readers do not need telling that the pamphlet is well worth securing.

—The paragraphist of *Printers' Ink* has this to say on one point of newspaper ethics: "The editor who believes in a hereafter will pay cash for what he prints, and give credit for what he reprints." We must decline to believe that so small a number of our editorial brethren have faith in the reality of a future life.

—All who are interested in Gregorian Music will find a scholarly introduction to the study of the subject in the Rev. Norman Holly's "Elementary Grammar of Gregorian Chant." The author makes a good point in chapter VI., where he explains in detail his statement to the effect that "the rhythm of Plainsong is essentially and eminently musical." J. Fischer & Bro., New York, publishers.

—A purpose tale, with a touch of the romantic, is "The Luck of Linden Chase," by S. M. Lyne (English Catholic Truth Society). Here and there the author shows the influence of Scott, whose "White Lady of Avenal" is suggested by the fair spirit's appearing at the Lady well in Linden Chase. The characters are well portrayed, and the pathos of the book is not without the relief of humor.

—Frank McGloin's latest book bears the caption, "The Light of Faith, a Defence in Brief of Fundamental Christian Truths." It is made up largely of lectures delivered on sundry occasions. Some of the headings are: The Being of God; The Mystery of Life; Belief and Unbelief; Man and the Ape. The book is written in an easy style, and will appeal strongly to the average mind because of the popular method of presentation employed. Although the truths discussed are the gravest of the grave, the author's reasoning will be grasped by the rudest intelligence. We are pleased with this work, and hope that it may find numerous readers. B. Herder, publisher.

—With the centuries the words grow sweeter and gather a deeper meaning—"Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven." "The Catechist in the Infant School and in the

Nursery," by the Rev. L. Nolle, O. S. B., is a successful attempt to make "metaphysical ideas as it were visible and tangible" to young children. The book is divided into two parts, the first of which sets forth the general principles to be observed in instructing infants; the second contains, in the form of sketches, a set of topics suitable for children under six years of age. We should like to predict a favorable appreciation among catechists of Father Nolle's well-written and well-published volume. B. Herder.

—"The Dark Side of the Beef Trust" is the title of "a treatise concerning the canner cow, the cold-storage fowl, the diseased meats, the dopes and preservatives" of the great packing houses throughout the country. The author, Mr. Herman Hirschauer, claims to be a practical butcher with forty years' experience, and states that he was for a long time manager of a cold-storage beef house for one of the chief packers of the Trust. He certainly writes as one who knows whereof he speaks, and the side of the beef trust which he discloses is not merely dark — it is positively black. We are not of those who look upon trusts as being, of their very nature, hydra-headed monsters of unrelieved iniquity; but if many of the statements made in this book are even approximately true, we assent to the proposition that the general public needs enlightenment as to the origin and preparation of the various meat foods sent out from the packing houses. T. Z. Root, publisher; Jamestown, N. Y.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"The Catechist in the Infant School and in the Nursery." Rev. L. Nolle, O. S. B. 60 cts., net.

"The Dark Side of the Beef Trust." Herman Hirschauer. 75 cts.

"The Chronicle of Jocelyn." 90 cts., net.

"The Luck of Linden Chase." S. M. Lyne. 35 cts.

"The Light of Faith." Frank McGloin. $1, net.

"Juvenile Round Table." 2d Series. $1.

"The Love of Books" (Philobiblon). Richard De Bury. 40 cts., net.

"Reflections from the Mirror of a Mystic." John Rüsbröck. 75 cts., net.

"Apologetica: Elementary Apologetics for Pulpit and Pew." Rev. P. A. Halpin. 85 cts.

"Religion and Art, and Other Essays." Rev. J. L. Spalding. $1.

"Views of Dante." E. L. Rivard, C. S. V. $1.25.

"Studies in Religion and Literature." William Samuel Lilly. $3.25.

"A Manual of Mystical Theology. Rev. Arthur Devine, C. P. $2 50, net.

"Julia." Katharine Tynan. $1.50.

"Religion and the Higher Life." William Rainey Harper. $1.10.

"California and Its Missions." Two volumes. Bryan J. Clinch. $5, net.

"A Spoiled Priest and Other Stories." Rev. P. A. Sheehan, D. D. $1.25, net.

"The Strategy of Great Railroads." Frank H. Spearman. $1.50, net.

"The First Days of Jesus." 15 cts.

"The Waters of Lethe." Lida L. Coghlan. $1.25.

"St. Peter Fourier." L. Pingaud. $1, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Thomas Elliott, of the diocese of Fall River; Rev. Ferdinand Koerdt, diocese of Fort Wayne; Very Rev. Anacletus de Angelis and Rev. Maurus Brink, O. F. M.

Mother Mary Antoninus, O. S. D.; Sister M. Raphael, Sisters of the Incarnate Word; and Sister M. of the Immaculate Conception, Community of St. Joseph.

Mr. Richard Fox, of St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. W. S. Wright, Lorain, Ohio; Mrs. Mary McDermott, Portland, Oregon; Mrs. Bridget Gerrity, Schenectady, N. Y.; Mr. Charles Banning, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. Robert Pearl, Lima, Ohio; Mr. Thomas Brady, Huntington, Ind.; Mrs. Marcella Shannon, Carbondale, Pa.; Mrs. Louise Koenig, Covington, Ky.; Mr. John Grabner, Erie, Pa.; Miss Bridget Bresnan, Ludlow, Ky.; Mrs. Ellen Dunn, Los Angeles, Cal.; Mrs. Frank Barker, New Orleans, La.; Miss Sarah Adams, Cambridge, Mass.; Mr. W. J. Hogan, New York; Mrs. Ellen Dugan, Trenton, N. J.; Miss Pauline Leh, Washington, D. C.; Mr. G. Bergmyer, Canton, Ohio; Mrs. Ellen Kelly, Cambridgeport, Mass.; Mrs. Catherine Cooney, Glens Falls, N. Y.; Mr. Alexander Tulak, Toledo, Ohio; Mrs. Rose Hood, Hartford, Conn.; Mrs. Hugh McEvoy, W. Berkeley, Cal.; Mr. William Molloy and Mrs. J. Collopy, San Francisco, Cal.; also Mr. David Smedick, Portland, Me.

Requiescant in pace!

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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The Morning Star.

"The darkest hour is just before the dawn."

OH, short the day of happy youth,
And long the way of age and truth!
Yet now that endless dawn draws near,
Life's darkest hour I fear, I fear.
But lo! there shines the Morning Star
Above the dim horizon bar;
Thus Mary smiles upon my way,
To guide through darkness unto day!

* * *

The Missionary Spirit of Cardinal Vaughan.

BY LADY MARY ELIZABETH HERBERT.

AMONG the many and touching comments on the late beloved Cardinal Vaughan, in both Catholic and Protestant papers, the words of Bishop Casartelli, the present Bishop of Salford, are, I think, the most beautiful and appropriate. On Friday, July 3, 1903, on the occasion of the Requiem Mass in St. John's Cathedral, Salford, for the repose of the soul of the Cardinal, the Bishop took for his text the words, *Adveniat regnum tuum*, and said:

"A preacher, speaking of the late Cardinal, would be at a loss to know whether to picture him as a zealous and devoted missionary servant of the Negro, worthy of St. Francis Xavier or St. Peter Claver; or as a great bishop, like his patron, St. Charles Borromeo; or as an educator of Christian youth, like St. Ignatius Loyola or St. John Baptist de la Salle; or as a spiritual and devotional writer, like St. Francis of Sales; or as a social worker, a friend of the afflicted, sorrowful and poor, and the rescuer of little children, like St. Vincent de Paul; or in the mission of the press, as the founder of the Catholic Truth Society....No matter in which particular work one studied the character of Herbert Vaughan one would have material for a whole discourse.... But the answer was given in the words chosen as his episcopal motto: 'Thy Kingdom come.' The whole of that life of extraordinary and manifold energy was devoted to the great task of hastening on, as a missionary in his Master's vineyard, the coming of the Kingdom of God. He began life as a missioner and he ended it as a missioner."

We all know of his arduous labors in founding the Foreign Missionary College in England; but in this article I should like to dwell on the first work undertaken by his new missioners, whom he himself accompanied to Baltimore to start a mission for the colored people in America. In a letter to me, dated from Baltimore, December 8, 1871, Cardinal Vaughan writes:

"I find that the Archbishop of Baltimore, in the Plenary Council of 1866, had drawn up a decree whereby the colored people were to have a Vicar Apostolic, and to be specially served by a separate set of priests throughout the States. He was opposed by the Arch-

bishop of St. Louis and others, and his entire scheme for the conversion of the colored people was emasculated. Still, he held on to the hope and conviction that the colored people would one day become the object of a special mission. As soon as it was heard in America that we were coming, he received letters from bishops and others alluding to the struggle he went through in 1866, and congratulating him upon the unexpected realization of a portion, at least, of his programme. You may imagine, therefore, with what joy he received us and how strongly he has become our friend and protector....He has given us the Church of St. Francis Xavier, and introduced us on the octave day of the feast. After his paternal address, I preached to the 1500 colored people present, and wound up, by an affectionate declaration that our priests had come to be *their* fathers and servants, and to live among them and for them until death. . . . The poor colored people were delighted, and have been going about ever since telling their friends that *they have now priests of their own*, and are full of joy and gratitude. . . .

"I constantly think how grateful we ought to be, you and I, for all that has occurred, and for the way God has used us to carry out this work, at all events, to this successful commencement. Our men have produced the most favorable impression by their simplicity, modesty and devotedness....But it is impossible to spare oneself, or anything one has, when the sufferings of souls are realized as so bitter and so terrible as they are here. My life just now makes me feel this more and more. I have never been so kindled and roused as I am by what I see here; and the possibilities opened before us for the colored people are simply immense and gigantic....

"I can give you no idea of the dislike of the Americans, Southerners as well as Northerners, to being in any way mixed up with these poor colored people. It far exceeds in intensity and subtlety anything I had ever expected. How can any one deserve to be blessed by God when he refuses to recognize as brethren those who have the same Father in heaven and the same Redeemer on earth? I assure you it makes my blood run cold, and I am in a state of chronic irritation. Priests and religious whom I meet look upon us with the same kind of wonder that we should, perhaps, entertain for an order of men who had made a vow to live in the wards of a small-pox hospital. Poor Negro race! Has it come to this? Or rather, I should say, 'Poor Christians! Is that your state of mind before God?' The Catholics, as yet, have done next to nothing for them. The Southerners think that they are unfit for anything save to be servants or slaves. We are reproached because we are going to educate them. Many of them are, to the full, as intelligent and clever as Whites; and as a class they are the most affectionate and grateful of any men I have ever met. They are very poor, but most generous with all they have. They have mainly furnished our house; they feed us, and do all manner of things for us, and all for nothing."*

After spending two or three months in Baltimore, Father Vaughan went on a tour to the South, to Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, New Orleans, and many other places, to judge for himself of the state of the colored population, and to arrange for catechists to be sent into different districts later on,—the admirable results of which are now well known. He also determined to induce the Franciscan missionary

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* Since these words were penned, times have changed; and, happily, we have changed with them. But the Cardinal's blame called for qualification even when it was bestowed.—Ed. A. M.

Sisters to share in the work; and in his last letter from America, dated May 16, 1872, he writes: "I am returning to England, and shall bring with me three ladies for our convent at Mill Hill: one belonging to one of the best families of the South, who has been spending herself the last five years in teaching the Blacks and has been a perfect apostle amongst them; another, a Northerner; and a third, from New York,—all very good. They will form the nucleus of a missionary band of Sisters to be sent out next year from Mill Hill. The greatness, the real extent of this mission to the colored people and of the future contained in it, is beyond conception. I thought highly of it from the beginning; but my experiences during these last six months have increased my estimate of it tenfold."

It is needless for me to dwell on the success of this work which Cardinal Vaughan thus inaugurated thirty-four years ago. It has become a prominent portion of the Catholic life of the United States, and is enriched by a special Benediction from the Holy Father, Pius X. But to carry out the full measure which the Cardinal had planned, a great deal has yet to be done. In the *Colored Harvest* of October, 1904, there is an "Appeal on Behalf of the Colored People," by the Right Rev. Thomas S. Byrne, D.D., Bishop of Nashville, Tenn., of which I will give one or two extracts, as he has embodied the feelings of Cardinal Vaughan in the minutest particular. He begins with the words:

"It is very doubtful if the Catholics of the United States have ever fully realized the importance or full meaning of missionary work among the Negroes and Indians, or their own duty and responsibility in promoting it. We are not really a missionary people, nor have we the spirit and zeal which should inspire and characterize missionary work. And yet we *must* be missionaries or be derelicts in our duty to God. This is a serious charge to bring against Catholics, who, valuing above everything else their own faith and salvation, should be desirous of putting within the reach of others the blessings and privileges they themselves enjoy. This neglect of a vital duty, or carelessness in discharging it, comes, perhaps, from the fact that it has never been brought before them in its naked truth and startling significance. If they knew and appreciated what missionary work means, especially among the Negroes of these United States—i. e., that it means the saving of souls for whom Jesus Christ died,—they surely would not be so listless and remiss in the discharge of the duties which this work imposes,—duties which weigh equally upon priests and people.

"Laymen sometimes quiet their consciences with the excuse that this work and the grave responsibilities attaching to it belong entirely to priests and bishops, and that it is no concern of theirs. This is a grave and dangerous error. It is not only the concern but it is the stern duty of every Catholic, man and woman, to be deeply interested and instrumental in the saving of souls; and if souls perish because of their neglect or lack of active co-operation and support, they will be responsible before God; and the guilt of the loss of those souls will rest with them.

"It is not an overstatement to say that the bishops of the South could to-day put one hundred priests into the missionary field among the Negroes and find abundant work for them all. Nay, not only that, but they would be well rewarded for their zeal. The priests would go forth and bear fruit, and their fruit would remain. It is frequently asserted that nothing can be done with Negroes; that results are not permanent; that they are made Catholics and unmade again by the first adverse influence under which they

come; and so on. Facts entirely controvert and absolutely disprove flippant assertions such as these, recklessly made by those who either attach no serious meaning to their words, or whose dislike of the Negroes is characteristic. Not only do they persevere, these poor colored men, but they become zealous and successful missionaries. Among the conversions being made in the South at this very day there are some of the best and most representative people—physicians, lawyers, merchants, master-workmen,—as well as the more humble classes; all of whom prize their Faith as highly as the best of white men, and have an abiding sense of the obligations it imposes upon them. . . .

"It may seem rash, but it is within the truth to say that if there were to-day missionaries for the work—zealous, earnest, self-sacrificing men,—there is not a considerable city or town in the whole South in which within twelve months a Negro congregation of fair size and good promise could not be established. This is not said rashly or without knowledge, but from an experience that guarantees the moral certainty of the statement. If this be so, on whom does the responsibility rest for all these souls? For years the bishops of the South have been holding out their hands and craving aid from their more fortunate brethren, but receiving little if any financial encouragement for so stupendous, so important a work. At times we bow our heads with shame and ask ourselves if Catholic men and women, living almost in the radiance of God's presence, have really an intelligent and living faith; and if so, if they are at all sensible of the heavy claims it imposes upon them. In other words, do they really know Jesus Christ and love Him? And have they any zeal for His mission and His work on this earth?

"Good God, just think of it! There are 9,000,000 Negroes in the United States, and of these not more than 150,000 are Catholics. And yet they are people free from prejudice and ready to welcome all the truths and graces of the Church. It is doubtful if any more promising field ever lay before a missioner, or one whose successful cultivation boded more good to a country. For good or for evil, the Negro will certainly exert a commanding influence in this country in a not very distant future. Only a few years ago it was confidently asserted that there was no such thing as a Negro question, and to challenge this statement was to invoke only scorn and ridicule. To-day the menace has got well above the horizon, and is discussed in newspapers and periodicals, on platforms, in pulpits and in legislative halls; and every means is being suggested and employed to minimize the power of the colored race against a coming day of grave danger."

I have quoted a portion of this admirable discourse, because when I have talked of Cardinal Vaughan's views on the Negro question in 1871-2, people have answered that, in the last thirty-four years, everything has been changed and the spiritual wants of the Negroes have been provided for. On the contrary, the bishops of the South need money more urgently than ever,—for training, educating and maintaining missionary priests; for building schools, which are absolutely essential; and also for providing decent churches. "For the idea that any sort of church will do for the Negro" is a very serious error; and "it is better to have no church at all," the Bishop asserts, "than one to which he is ashamed to go." He quotes with sorrow a fact, that at one Protestant missionary meeting more was collected in a single day than in a whole year for the same object by Catholics; and adds mourn-

fully: "Is a false faith more potent for good than the true one?"

Through the co-operation and zeal of this Right Rev. Bishop, a beautiful church has been opened in Nashville. There is a large and flourishing congregation, mostly of converts, and many of them from the best class of the Negro race.

As to the importance of the question from a political viewpoint, a well-known statistician in Washington said to me: "Do you know that six black babies are born every year in the South to one white one? What will be the result fifty years hence, if we refuse to the Negroes the rights which the Constitution gives them?" I will terminate this article with the few words with which the Bishop concludes his beautiful address:

"In the name of Jesus, who died for us all, and under the patronage of His Blessed Mother, who shared His sufferings, let us Catholics—bishops, priests, religious, laymen and laywomen—take to this work of the Foreign Missions generously, carry it on perseveringly, and never slacken in our endeavors until success has crowned our efforts, and Christ our King reigns victorious in hearts and souls where He is now unknown."

To say that no true follower of Christ ought to be as the rest of men, seems to partake of the spirit of the Pharisee. But it is true,—that is to say, we are bound, as Christians, to be different from the world. What the Pharisee did was to boast of this. We should never boast; on the contrary, we should be humbly conscious that we fall far short of what our duty is. But if there is anything certain and clear in the New Testament, it is the distinction drawn by our Blessed Saviour between His followers and what He calls "the World."—*Bishop Hedley.*

At Heaven's Gate.

BY FRANCIS W. GREY.

THE pilgrim to Saint Aldhelm's country, Wessex, is at the heart of it by the time he reaches Frome. Aldhelm, as you may remember, was the chosen friend and scholar of Maidulph the monk, from Erin, the Isle of Saints, who founded Maidulphsbury, later known as Malmesbury. Wessex, in short, is a veritable land of saints and heroes; Arthur's land, the earliest home of great Saint Hugh of Lincoln, in days when Saxon, Celt, and Norman were united by a common faith, a common loyalty to Rome and Peter.

And Wessex, too, was loyal to the ancient Faith long after others had forsaken it; for was not Glastonbury its pride and glory? Later still it witnessed Monmouth's hopeless, futile rebellion; and saw its sons and daughters butchered, hanged, or sold, like cattle in the Bristol market, to slavery in the American plantations.

Of all this, on an English summer's day such as only Wessex knows, Thomas Ken O'Brien was thinking, as he rode from Warminster to Frome, meaning to pass through Longleat Park and visit Heaven's Gate on his way. His mother's ancestor, one Thomas Ken, cousin indeed to the nonjuring bishop who gave Heaven's Gate its name, had fought at Sedgemoor, hidden in the woods of Longleat Park; been captured, sold in Bristol market, lucky to escape hanging in the Bloody Assize of Jeffreys; and been shipped, with many a friend and neighbor, to the plantations.

There, in Virginia, he had served his time; then, as a freeman, married and prospered. An Anglican of the old school, "high and dry," his sympathies and feelings were not wholly anti-

Catholic, though he joined in a rebellion against a Catholic king. This, he would have said, was rather as a protest against tyranny than against Popery; he probably believed, moreover, that Monmouth had a better right to the throne than had his uncle, James. In any case, when his daughter Mary married James O'Brien, and became a Catholic, Thomas Ken raised no objection. He rather blessed her, bidding her love and obey God, her husband, and her conscience.

It was from these two, James O'Brien and his wife, Mary Ken, that Thomas Ken O'Brien, now riding from Warminster to Frome, was descended. Erin and Wessex had their share in him; for there had been later marriages between distant cousins, Kens and O'Briens, till it was hard to tell which race predominated. Our Thomas Ken O'Brien was a New York lawyer, which must serve for his description.

If he had a fault—so, at least, said his mother and his many friends,—he was inclined to be unsympathetic, unromantic; practical, was what he claimed to be,—uninfluenced by sentiment. Yet here he was, for no apparent reason—none, that is, that he could give,—on a pilgrimage to the country of his Wessex ancestors, the land of Maidulph, Aldhelm, Arthur, Hugh of Lincoln; about to visit Heaven's Gate, which, of all spots in Britain, would have seemed least likely to appeal to him.

He reached it presently, at the hour of a misty sunset, which lent a strange, unearthly, half-veiled glory to the scene,—one to delight a poet or a mystic, rather than to attract a practical, unsentimental New York lawyer, whose pulse, at thirty, beat as calmly as it would, or should, at sixty. Yet attract him it did, though even then he would have been loath to own as much to himself, still less to another.

He sat down, then, on the tree stump which local tradition—more pious than discriminating—points out as "Bishop Ken's seat," and looked over the long vista of wood, vale and river, straight to the golden portals of the West. Truly, the place was well named. It was "Heaven's Gate."

A sound of voices and footsteps jarred most unwelcomely upon the stillness, and on the peace which had fallen, like a balm, upon his spirit,—weary, it may be, of earth and earthly things; rising perhaps to heights of communing with things unseen, such as he had never reached since early boyhood. He resented the intrusion, as it seemed to him, of any human presence.

Yet, when he turned, the resentment proved as transient as it was certainly unreasonable. Those who had entered on this nature-shrine proved to be a girl and a young lad, evidently her brother. But it was to the girl's face that his eyes were drawn, in spite of himself. Small, slight, and dark-haired; gray eyes, with long, dark lashes,—how shall I draw her picture so that you may see her as he did?

"A Ken!" he thought, instinctively, he knew not how or why; yet the face had, indeed, a familiar look, which in no other way he could account for. As instinctively, he rose to go.

The lad, however, came, most opportunely, to the rescue; for, to say truth, O'Brien was more disposed to stay than to leave. The place had suddenly gained new attractions, to be realized later; for the present, he was content to enjoy them.

"Don't go, sir," said the boy, with a British schoolboy's politeness, raising his cap. "We come here often," he continued. "It would be a shame to send you away."

"Do you live near here?" O'Brien asked. He spoke to the lad indeed, but his eyes, I think, were on the sister's face; hers, gazing at the fading glory of the sunset.

"Yes: at Frome," returned the boy; adding, "You're an American, aren't you, sir?"—which was not flattering, but merely honest.

"I am," was the reply, given with some amusement. "Why did you ask?"

"Only," said the boy, shyly, "because I wondered how you came to know of Heaven's Gate. You see, sir, only those who live near here know the place by that name."

"Well," rejoined O'Brien, "they told me about it at the inn at Warminster; and, in any case, my name, Thomas Ken O'Brien, ought to bring me here. Don't you think so?"

"Thomas Ken!" The boy's surprise was beyond further expression. Even the sister turned to look at this new Thomas Ken from America. Presently, the lad remarked, thoughtfully:

"Then you must be our cousin, sir. My name is Thomas Ken; and this"—with a brave attempt at formality—"is my sister Mary."

O'Brien bowed, accepting the unconventional introduction thankfully; and Mary Ken returned the salutation quietly but cordially.

"Indeed," said he, trying hard to speak calmly, "I hope I may claim cousinship."

Therewith the ice was broken, and presently they were all three chatting like old acquaintances; so much will cousinship effect, even when most remote. Then, as the twilight deepened, and reluctantly they rose to go, O'Brien asked, deferentially:

"I am going to Frome: may I ride so far with you?"

"We shall be glad if you will," was Mary's answer,—one which, for no apparent reason, gave him intense satisfaction.

Next day he called and made the acquaintance of her parents, who received him in cordial, cousinly, West-country fashion. Followed a month "in paradise,"—of pilgrimages through Aldhelm's country, in perfect English summer weather. There were three of them, to be sure,—generally four; but Tom and his younger sister were, as a rule, half a mile ahead. Young as they were, they knew when their room was better than their company.

Friendship, as one may fancy, ripened quickly into love. How could it well do otherwise? Their common faith, their "cousinship" made friendship easy. Her beauty, goodness, sweetness won his love before he knew that he had given it. And she? He was the first man who had ever met with her thorough approval: honest, upright, devout; a true Catholic and a true gentleman.

So it was that ere he left for Liverpool, on his return to daily life, they pledged their troth at Heaven's Gate, and trysted for a meeting there "this day year." Father and mother both approved; no love, he thought, was ever happier, more full of hope and promise for the future.

It was at Heaven's Gate they said good-bye. "This day a year, dear heart!" he said. And she had answered: "Yes, dear, this day year." Then, all unwillingly, he went his way toward Warminster; and she, with Tom—who had discreetly vanished during those last moments,—back to Frome.

Days passed, and weeks, and every week brought her and him a letter. Then one day, in the early Spring, not she but her mother wrote; and his heart stood still with fear. "Not that," he prayed,—"not that, dear Lord; not that!" Then added, reverently: "Thy will be done!"

She had been ill, her mother wrote; but was, they hoped, well on the road to health again, and looking eagerly to keep her tryst at Heaven's Gate. Then a brief, loving letter from herself—the last. "At Heaven's Gate, dear!" she wrote; and signed herself, "Your own true-love, now and always."

It was but one week later that he learned the truth—that, not at Heaven's Gate in Longleat Park but at the Gate of Heaven itself, not in the summer but in God's good time, should they two meet again. But he kept his tryst, feeling, he knew not why, that she would know; that it would even make her happier, if that were possible. Surely she did know; surely, beyond the veil which hides the Gate of Heaven from our eyes, as the mist hides the valley from the height of Heaven's Gate, our dear ones know and understand, and are made glad by love on our part, by our truth and loyalty.

So Thomas Ken O'Brien kept his tryst, and knew that, though he could not see her, his true-love was there; felt assured that, if the veil were lifted, he should see her. And, in such fashion, as the years go by, he keeps his yearly tryst; for year by year the veil grows thinner, and her presence nearer. Some day, he is convinced, the veil will lift; his hand will clasp the hand he loves; the voice, long silent, will make music for him; once again her lips will rest on his, "and past things turn to outward show." Some day in God's good time.

He is the same man, outwardly, as he ever was; a little less hard, perhaps, yet not greatly changed, because he dare not. But his mother, if no one else, knows what has come to him; and thanks God for the love that has been to him as a guardian angel, and will be to the end; guiding him, step by step, by the way that leads through the valley of the shadow, and through the river, to the Gate of Heaven to keep his eternal and unbroken tryst.

THE greatest men live in their purpose and effect more than it is possible for them to live in reality. If you would praise them worthily, it is for what they conceived and felt, not merely for what they have done.—*Ruskin.*

Nocturn.

BY THOMAS B. REILLY.

NIGHT on the deep!
Lord, my soul keep
From sudden harm:
Stand Thou me near
To curb the fear,
The swift alarm!

Send Thou one light,
Dispart the night,
Illume the sea;
An instant gleam
On the doubtful stream,
Enough for me.

All stars denied,
Wild runs the tide
With flash and sweep.
Lord, who can save,
Through wind, on wave,
If the Pilot sleep?

Young Mr. Bretherton.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XX.—A WARNING.

AS if evolved from the shadows, a strange, uncanny figure suddenly stood beside young Mr. Bretherton, and a harsh, croaking voice inquired:

"Will the lady have her fortune told?"

The two, who had been so absorbed in their conversation that they had not noticed any one's approach, were more than startled. It seemed as if, like the witches in Macbeth, this singular apparition had been evolved from the earth at their feet. She must have been lurking amongst the trees, where alone the light of Diana's lamp failed to penetrate. They saw, as they turned and surveyed her, that the woman was hard-featured, particularly ill-favored, swarthy of complexion, and generally sinister of aspect. But neither Jim Bretherton nor his companion recognized her as the housekeeper to Eben

Knox,—the crone about whom so many weird stories had been for years in circulation.

"Have your fortune told, my pretty lady!" the hag croaked out again, fixing her eyes upon the girl, who, descending hastily from her eminence upon the step, shrank close to young Mr. Bretherton. She felt an instinctive fear and repulsion.

"No, no," she cried, "I will not have my fortune told!"

"Will you not, my pretty piece of porcelain?" the woman retorted. "And why, I ask you?"

"Chiefly because it is wrong to seek to know the future."

"Wrong! wrong!" shrieked the crone. "Who is to say what is right and what is wrong? And what were you two doing out here in the moonlight but forecasting the future?"

She broke into a discordant laugh, which caused Leonora to shrink still farther away from her, and induced Jim Bretherton to interpose.

"Come, come!" he exclaimed. "If the lady refuses to have her fortune told, there is no more to be said."

"But you will have yours told, good young gentleman?" she whined,—with a peculiarly softened note in her voice, however, as she addressed the young master of the Manor. "The love that's in your heart will spur you on. You will want to know the future."

"Not through your agency," he replied, flushing hotly at her ready allusion to his attachment for the girl, and concluding that the beldame had been listening to his previous declaration.

"Ha," said the old woman, "sweethearting in the moonlight, you think you know the future! The skies are bright above you; and, like my lady's eyes, the stars are brilliant, as the air is soft and clear. But you don't see the storm, nor the cloud that threatens to blacken your firmament and to quench your stars and dim my lady's eyes."

Her action was so dramatic, her gestures so wild, her speech so impressive and so far above her apparent condition, that the listeners, observing her, were conscious of a half-superstitious dread. Throwing back her head, she fixed her eyes upon the stars, as though she were really reading in their vague depths the truths she was proclaiming.

"Your love, my bonny gentleman, is leal and true. It's no passing whimsy, such as rich men's sons often take for one below them. And my lady's heart is melting, too. I can read her love in the signs above there. It's not for your broad lands nor your father's wealth she's loving you, but for yourself,—just for yourself."

Despite her fear and general uneasiness, it was Leonora's turn to color deeply, the blood swiftly overspreading her delicate face; while Jim Bretherton cast one swift, involuntary glance toward her, as though he would read the impression produced upon her by the fortune-teller's words.

"And a fine pair you make, standing there together in that finery. And your horoscopes lie close together; but they are crossed, one and the other, by an evil influence, and a chill blight will fall on your young love."

She repeated to herself the last words over and over again, in a low, muttering tone, which sent a shudder through Leonora.

Bretherton made a movement to rid themselves of the evil spectre by producing some coin from his pocket. He suddenly remembered, however, that he was still wearing the costume from the tableaux; and, with an impatient gesture, he exclaimed:

"I have no money with me!"

"It isn't money I want," rejoined the hag: "it's to give you a warning,—a warning that will, maybe, save you from the evil to come. I give it for the sake of her you saved from the horses' hoofs." Advancing close to the two,

who stood together confronting her, she added, in an impressive whisper: "There's black hate abroad. There's one that's almost daft to-night, and he'll work ill to the pretty lady and to you. And, mark me, if it's in your mind to marry, marry as speedily as you can and go away from Millbrook,—away, I tell you, from the black ruin he will bring down upon you. It is Mother Moulton that advises you to beware of Eben Knox!"

With these words, the woman turned and disappeared into the shadows as swiftly almost as she had come, leaving Leonora oppressed with a tenfold greater dread since she had heard the names of Eben Knox and Mother Moulton. They seemed to give a reality and a cogency to the crone's vague warnings and prophecies of coming evil, and to coincide with those unexpressed forebodings by which Miss Tabitha had of late been haunted. Pale and trembling, she looked anxiously into the face of Bretherton, who turned toward her solicitously and tenderly.

"Why, you are trembling!" he said. "Afraid of that old creature's mutterings? Why, what harm can come to you, dearest? What possible reason have we to fear Eben Knox?"

"Oh, I don't know!" said Leonora. "But Aunt Tabitha fears him, too. There is some mystery which I can not fathom. But let us go in,—oh, please let us go in!"

Bretherton at once offered her his arm and led her in at the door. Presently the light and warmth seemed to reassure Leonora. Her natural courage came back to her, and, ashamed of her momentary weakness, she began to apologize.

The young man eagerly took advantage of this rally upon her part to bring her to some determination.

"Do not leave me like this!" he pleaded. "Wait just a few moments!"

Leonora stood still, leaning against the balustrade of the broad stairway, from which portraits of the Brethertons looked down upon her.

"Tell me, Leonora," Jim Bretherton urged, "did the old woman read the stars aright? Do you really care for me even a little? You need not be afraid to speak. We have known each other almost all our lives."

Leonora smiled faintly, though again her color deepened. He had forgotten all these years when he was away, and their lives had been completely remote from each other.

"Why do you take that part o Mother Moulton's utterances seriously and disregard all the rest?"

"Because the wish is father to the thought; and there is another of her utterances I am coming to presently."

"You have quite a lively faith in fortune-tellers," the girl said lightly.

"I shall also have a firm hope," replied Bretherton, quickly,—"unless, instead of mocking me, you are prepared to deny what she said?"

"What would be the use of denying since you believe so firmly?"

"I think it is very unkind of you to play with me like that; and if you do care for me ever so little, this would be a splendid time to announce our engagement. The marriage tableaux have paved the way for it; Millbrook is half expecting it; and, in fact, I quite agree with another of Mother Moulton's opinions."

"She has completely bewitched you."

"No, it wasn't *she* did that. The magic had been working long before she came on the scene. But I commend her plain speaking. She advised us, you know, dear, to get married as soon as possible, and to go away from Millbrook."

"She advised us to beware of Eben Knox."

"Well, so we will beware of him. If you will only consent to marry me, we shall go upon a long trip, and leave this

nefarious mill-manager and his witch of a housekeeper behind."

"It is no subject for jesting."

"I never was more serious in my life. Try to forget Eben Knox and to think of me. Let me announce our engagement!"

"No, no!" cried Leonora. "We must do nothing rash. We must consult those concerned."

"After all, it really concerns only you and me," Bretherton said gravely. "We must make or mar our own lives. Give me the right to take this matter in hand, and, as far as you are concerned, I shall soon dispose of Eben Knox."

The performance above was evidently over. The sound of people rising to their feet and the opening of doors became distinctly audible. Presently some were heard descending the stairs, and Leonora exclaimed hastily:

"Let us go up. We must not be standing here."

"Remember," whispered Bretherton as they went, "you have not denied!"

"No," answered Leonora, in a low voice, "I have not denied anything nor admitted anything. You will have to get all your information from Mother Moulton. She words things so poetically."

"Yes: she said it wasn't for my broad lands nor for my father's wealth you cared, but just for me alone."

"Just for you alone!" Leonora repeated. "It is like a line of poetry."

As they at that moment reached the door of the hall whence the people were streaming out, Bretherton had no further opportunity to pursue the subject. His heart, nevertheless, was beating high with hope and exultation. If she had not admitted, she had not denied; and that meant a great deal in Leonora Chandler.

With dignified leisure, they passed into the hall; and there, standing at the foot of the stage, near the place which she had so lately occupied, was Mrs. Bretherton, keeping a vigilant eye upon the door through which she knew her son and Miss Leonora Chandler had vanished. She had conquered herself sufficiently to greet Miss Tabitha cordially, and to enter into an amicable conversation with her upon the merits of the performance.

In her own despite, however, her manner was cold and constrained when her son, with a beaming face—which was in itself an offence,—presented his companion. Leonora, who was quite conscious of the coldness and its probable cause, congratulated herself that she had not permitted that rash "boy" to lead her into a premature engagement. She responded with an unusual stiffness and constraint to Mrs. Bretherton's measured and perfectly courteous praises of the performance.

The Governor, appearing just then from the "green room," broke the ice, however, in his hearty fashion.

"Ah, Jim, there you are!" he cried. "I have been looking for you everywhere. You have just come in, have you? Miss Chandler, I suspect, has been weaving spells for you out in the moonlight, and you are no true Bretherton if you can be indifferent to such magic."

There was the faintest suspicion of a frown upon Mrs. Bretherton's fair face; unheeding which, the Governor went on:

"The tableaux were perfection, and this sly dog here stole a march on Aylward. I'm not at all surprised: I'd have done the same myself where there was such an inducement."

The old gentleman concluded with a courtly bow to Leonora.

Miss Tabitha, who was nervous and perturbed during the whole of the interview, and somewhat vexed with Leonora for having made herself so conspicuous with young Mr. Bretherton, now gave the signal for departure.

Jim Bretherton, quite unaware of his mother's sensations, or thoughtlessly ignoring them, declared that he was

going to walk home part of the way, at least, with Miss Tabitha and her niece. Leonora would have declined the offered escort; but Bretherton gave her no opportunity, saying that he would be ready in five minutes, and meet them at the gate.

Meanwhile, prowling about in the moonlight was the menacing figure of Eben Knox. His jealous rage against young Mr. Bretherton had that night reached its culmination. Not one detail of the evening's proceedings, so far as they regarded the two principal actors, had escaped his lynx-like observation. He knew by the force of his intuitions precisely what had transpired, even during those moments when they had been concealed from his view. He felt himself goaded to desperation, and more fiercely determined than ever to bring matters to a speedy issue.

Well might Mother Moulton warn them to beware of Eben Knox!

(To be continued.)

Beneath the Shadow of His Wings.

BY MARIE GRACE.

I.

THE sun was setting on the fair land of Provence, and cast its golden rays on a group of girls gathered around a nun standing under a great chestnut tree in the convent garden. They were girl-graduates, and this was their last day in their convent home: they were to be scattered, and fly from the dovecot on the morrow. This is why they clustered so closely around their old mistress. They loved her, and to leave her was a trial for them all. It was the recreation hour, and even the most worldly-minded of the demoiselles sighed at the thought that it was the last evening at the convent.

"What do you think, Mother?" asked one. "Which of us will be the first bride?"

"Why, Claire, of course!" answered a chorus of voices. Girl-like, they decided in favor of the most beautiful; for so indeed was Claire,—a general favorite and their acknowledged leader.

"Claire must be nothing less than a queen," said little Lucile, who adored her friend.

Claire was the tallest and Lucile the smallest in the class; Claire was a blonde, and Lucile a dark-eyed brunette; Claire's was a masterful spirit, and Lucile's a timid and shrinking one. They were opposites in almost every respect; for while Lucile was extremely pretty, Claire was strikingly handsome.

"But let Mother answer," said the first speaker. "Tell us, Mother, will it be Claire?"

"What is your question?" said Mère Véronique. "Will it be Claire who will espouse a king? You have judged her rightly. Her ambition is very high: she aspires not to a mere king, but to the King of kings. She is the affianced bride of Christ, and will enter our novitiate to-morrow. She told me I might tell you to-night."

A radiant smile illumined Claire's beautiful face, as, leaving Mother's side, the girls all grouped around her and kissed and congratulated her. How well she had guarded her secret! Not one of them had guessed it. Yet they wondered that they had not, as they recalled her unflinching devotion to duty; the first stroke of the bell was always obeyed, no matter with what zest she had entered into the amusements of the recreation hour.

A feeling of awe had now taken possession of them all,—Mother's announcement had been such a startling one; and with one accord they proceeded down the long alley of the *marronniers* to the Grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes, at the end, to say the Rosary together for the last time.

Fervently did Mère Véronique pray with them and for them all. A special

intention was made for the little Lucile, who had been longest with her. It was twelve years since her mother's death, when the little one was six years old, and Lucile was eighteen now. Her father had died still earlier, and in all these years she had known no parent but Mère Véronique.

"How I grieve to see her depart!" thought the latter. "She is such a little weakling to be cast into the vortex of the great world; whereas for Claire I should have had no fear: she is so strong. But God's ways are not our ways. He has chosen the latter and not the former. I dread, too, a *mariage de convenance* for Lucile. She has always been so guided by her affections, how miserable she will be if she marries where she does not love! Dear Lord, protect her beneath the shadow of Thy wings!"

II.

The light and glitter of a Paris ballroom is a very bewitching sight, especially when seen for the first time. To Lucile it was dazzling indeed, and very delightful. This was her first ball, and she was enjoying it. She only wished Sir Edward Lisle would not ask her to dance so many times. It is true, he was handsome, but she did not like him half so well as some of the others. And yet he was the most persistent and was continually at her side.

"My dear," said the Countess Lautier, her aunt and chaperon, as they drove home together when the ball was over, "you have been a great success. Sir Edward Lisle is decidedly smitten, and he is one of the wealthiest baronets in England. You must encourage him: he is the best match in Paris just now."

"But, aunt, I don't like him: he bores me awfully. He has not half the wit of the Count. Oh, how *he* amuses me!"

"My dear, you must not even *think* of him: he has nothing, and your own dowry is nothing to speak of. In fact, you will have to find another chaperon, if you intend to be stupid and make yourself and me ridiculous before the world. If you leave things in my hands, you can, before the season is over, be Lady Lisle and the most envied girl in Paris."

Countess Lautier had guessed aright: Sir Edward Lisle was indeed smitten, and it was not long before his proposal was presented in due form. The Countess insisted that it should be accepted. Lucile again made some feeble protests, but her aunt carried the day, and the engagement was soon announced. The wedding quickly followed, and Lucile made what is called a ravishing bride.

The morning of the wedding, Emile Lautier, Countess Lautier's only son, arrived home from a tour in the East, and he was presented to his cousin Lucile as she descended the stairs in her bridal robes. Smilingly, Lucile passed on, and stepped into the carriage which awaited her without. But on Emile's face was the blackest of frowns. Turning to his mother, he said in angry tones:

"Mother, this treasure has been in your possession for several months, and you gave me no intimation of it! It was cruel and unjust on your part, and I shall never forgive you for it."

These words from her darling fell on the ears of the Countess with much bitterness. She idolized her son; the idea of his ultimate marriage was hateful to her; and he had correctly surmised that Lucile's presence had influenced her in urging him to stay away. This, too, accounted for her undue haste in pushing the marriage.

The announcement of Lucile's wedding brought much grief to Mère Véronique. All that she dreaded had come to pass: Lucile was marrying a man whom she did not love, and one with whom she had nothing in common. Above all, he differed from her in faith. The good nun's prayers were redoubled for her child of predilection.

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III.

Immediately after the wedding, Sir Edward and Lady Lisle left for England, which henceforth was to be their home. Sir Edward's ancestral domain was a truly ideal one,—one of the handsomest in England; but Lucile did not enjoy her life there. English ways and English people did not please her. Nor did English society view Sir Edward's French bride with favor: they had coveted his domain for a daughter of their own. True, Lucile had a devoted and adoring husband; but she persisted in misunderstanding him. He seemed to her cold and unsympathetic.

She had been married just a year when her first real distraction came in a visit from Emile, her French cousin. He was so full of life and humor that she was a changed being when in his company. Edward persuaded Emile to extend his visit, for he saw the pleasure it gave Lucile to have an opportunity of speaking her own language again. "Poor little transplanted flower!" he thought. "How much she has sacrificed for me!" Indeed, she had complained to him once that they had neither language nor religion nor anything else in common, and that it was absurd to expect her to be happy.

When Emile was there he went to church with her on Sundays. But, alas! she did not know that religion with him had become but an outward form. He would not have gone to Mass were it not for the sake of kneeling beside Lucile. Edward, on the contrary, had a deeply religious nature: he longed not only to kneel beside Lucile, but to pray with her, to believe with her.

Time went on. Emile had departed, and once more Lucile took her solitary drives to church; and Sir Edward longed more than ever to share her faith. To go to a Catholic priest for enlightenment seemed the most natural way, but he shrank from it. He did not apply to Lucile for instruction; for it was his desire to seek first to be convinced, and thus prepare for her the delightful surprise of the announcement that he was a Catholic.

The outcry likely to ensue from kinsmen and countrymen had not a feather's weight with Sir Edward. He was not a man to be influenced by human respect. Lucile was all in all to him; and if he could be convinced that she was in the right, no human threat or power could deter him from entering the Church. If, on the contrary, he failed to be convinced, not even his love for Lucile could induce him to take the step.

But where find a guide? Why, Mère Véronique, of course,—she who had taught Lucile to pray. He looked on it as an inspiration. Yes, he would go to her. Who better than she could enter into his feelings and lead him where he wished to go?

The next morning at breakfast Sir Edward was unusually cheerful; the troubled look which he had worn of late had disappeared. He announced that he was going away for a week or two to France, on business of great importance, and could not even take Lucile.

"Going to France, and not take me?" said the latter. Here was a new cause of offence.

"Darling, this time I can not," was his only reply.

IV.

The next day found him in Paris *en route* for Provence. To please Lucile, he called on the Countess Lautier and dined with her. Emile was charmed to see him, and much pleased to think that he found France worthy of a visit.

An hour later Edward was travelling southward toward Provence, and Emile northward toward Calais. Lautier had seized the golden opportunity for a *tête-à-tête* visit with Lucile,—a chance too good to be lost. Whatever his faults, Emile lacked not boldness. He

was the spoiled child of Fortune, used to having his every wish gratified; and he drew back at nothing which meant the attainment of his end. Passion, blind passion, was leading him on now.

"Lucile should have been mine, and I have been defrauded of her!" This thought had never left him. To get her yet, by fair means or foul, was the object he ever kept in view. "Will she see me and her husband away?" was the thought which disturbed him now. "Yes, if I tell her that he sent me," was the second thought; and it was accordingly with this lie that he greeted her.

"Your husband, cousin, has sent me to amuse you."

Then followed an account of Sir Edward's visit to them in Paris, and of how troubled he had seemed at the thought that she would be lonely without him. "I congratulate you on having so admirable a husband!"

Lucile was piqued; it was not the first time she had felt so. It was one of her grievances that Edward never showed any jealousy.

"But, speaking frankly, cousin," he continued, "what did you ever see in him?"

"Ask me rather," said Lucile, "what did your mother see in him? He was her choice, not mine."

Hardly were the words uttered when Lucile felt how wrong they were; she would have given worlds to recall them. But it was too late. Emile had gained an advantage, by which he was not slow in profiting. His tone for the rest of the evening was decidedly sympathetic. His manner had changed, and something told Lucile that she ought not see him again; and yet when the time arrived for his expected call on the morrow her resolution failed. He was soon going away: there could be no harm in seeing him just once more; and, then, it was such a pleasure for her to speak her own French. And, besides, would it not be selfish to be harsh to him, who had tried so hard to amuse her? All these thoughts succeeded one another with lightning-like rapidity; conscience bade her not to heed them,—it was a struggle.

In the midst of it all the maid announced: "A visit for Madame. There is no name: I was simply to say that an old and dear friend had come to see you." It was a strange announcement; but Lucile knew that Emile did all sorts of strange things. Longing to see him, and fearing she might change her mind if she hesitated, she smothered the voice of conscience, and went precipitately to the drawing-room.

But, lo! the old and dear friend who awaited her was not Emile but Mère Véronique! Before her Lucile felt as a little child once more; and the child fell sobbing into the arms of its mother. To Lucile it seemed nothing less than an apparition. Mère Véronique's Order was a cloistered one. It was God, then, who had sent her in this hour of danger and dire temptation, the awfulness of which she had not realized until now.

V.

Sir Edward's thoughts were grave as he journeyed to Provence. Would he find the light he was seeking? Some convincing proof seemed necessary to banish doubt. "By their fruits you shall know them." So earnest was he in his quest that he brooked no delay; and on his arrival, before proceeding to his hotel, he ordered the cabman to drive to the convent.

"The convent?" said the latter. "But is Monsieur sure he will find any one there? The order for the nuns' expulsion was marked for to-day; it must have been already put into execution."

"Their expulsion?" said Sir Edward, and he remembered now that he had seen in the papers accounts of such action by the French government. This, then, was what it meant, that religious women were actually driven from their

place of retreat and sent out wanderers on the face of the earth!

"Ah, the good Sisters!" said the driver. "Let us go there, if you will. I shall then have an opportunity to shout once more: '*Vive les Sœurs!*'"

"Certainly, drive there," said Sir Edward. "There may yet be time for me to do something to help them."

As they drew near a great clamor was heard. There were many cries of "Down with the priests!" But above and beyond all were the loud shouts of, "Long live liberty! Hurrah for the Sisters! Down with tyranny!" Women and children were weeping and praying together, mingling their tears with their prayers and lamentations: "Ah, how cowardly to turn them out like that! Oh, the poor, dear Sisters!"

"Yes, and what will become of us?" said an old blind beggar. "Every day I had my cup of hot soup there. I shall die of hunger now. Oh, the good God help us poor folk!"

"And I," said the mother of a poor family,—"every day I had my basket filled. Not only food did they give me, but wine also—the best they had—for my husband who is dying. There is no longer hope of saving him when this good nourishment stops."

"Ah, here they are!" shouted another. "They are coming out. See the good Mère Véronique! They are driving her out at the point of the bayonet. She promised us that she would yield only to force,—that she would not desert us, her flock, until compelled to."

Then followed a great rush toward the Sisters. All were anxious to touch the hem of their garments, to kiss their veils, and to obtain a parting blessing. The excitement was intense; the shouts of "Long live the Sisters!" were redoubled. And Sir Edward found much difficulty in making his way through the crowd; for he, too, was endeavoring to reach Mère Véronique's side. When he finally succeeded in doing so, his commanding form assured attention, and to the good nun he said:

"I am a friend who has come to help you. I am Lucile's husband, and am at your service. Command me!"

A friend indeed he was, and a fellow-believer, too. The convincing proof had come. What more did he need? "By their fruits you shall know them." "They have persecuted Me, they will persecute you." "The disciple is not above his master."

Sir Edward found that Mère Véronique had made provision for all her nuns. Some were to return to their own homes, and some were to go to the homes of their pupils; for herself she had provided no asylum. A true disciple of Him who had said of Himself, "The foxes have holes and the birds of the air nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head," she rejoiced at this opportunity of resembling her Divine Master.

"Why not go to Lucile?" said Sir Edward. "Tell her that you do so on my invitation. But you must not go alone: take one at least of your nuns with you."

And so it was decided that Mère Véronique and Sister Claire should journey to England, and Sir Edward was to follow on a later train.

Of Mère Véronique's subsequent arrival in England, we already know. When Lucile's first excitement had calmed down, the good nuns told her of all Sir Edward had done for them, of what a real protector he had been. Lucile was deeply moved, and another burst of tears followed.

"And this man, so good, so noble, is my husband, Mother; and I have neither loved nor appreciated him! What can I do to make up for the past? What can I do to render myself worthy of him? Worst of all, I have let my indifference to him be seen by another!"

Then she told of her late conversa-

tions with Emile, and all she had said to him.

"But, Mother," she added, "he is coming again to-day. What shall I say to him? Shall I see him and tell him to come no more?"

"No, child: never see him again. But you may write, and let the letter be given to him when he comes."

Lucile wrote, at Mère Véronique's dictation, a very firm and decided letter, in which she gave Emile his dismissal at once and forever.

Peace and joy were Mère Véronique's portion that night. She no longer grieved for the ninety and nine she had left behind; for here had she not been able to save the one straying lamb?

Emile's sentiments on receiving the letter baffle description. In his rage he tore it into atoms as he drove away in the carriage alone. "Alone,—yes alone!" he cried,—"I who had counted on such sweet companionship for this ride!" Aye, and for the rest of the way also; for in his pocketbook were two through-tickets to Paris, and one of them had been intended for Lucile!

. . . . . .

Emile Lautier was speeding over the country in a lightning express. But he had fallen into a sort of stupor. He did not know how long he had been travelling—several hours perhaps—when suddenly, with an awful shock, he was aroused from his lethargy. A great red eye was glaring on him, and with a deafening noise a locomotive was bearing down upon him, ploughing its way through human bodies; for, most dreadful of accidents, his train was being telescoped! In a moment he was pinned down beneath a great pile of débris.

He was conscious that an immense weight was upon him, and he could move neither hand nor foot. From his shoulders up he was free, and could still breathe; but his cries for aid were drowned by a chorus of similar cries, which arose from a collection of maimed humanity scattered all around him. He still hoped, however; for the work of rescue had begun. One form which towered above all others, he could see going about among the injured, and with superhuman efforts freeing those who were pinioned.

At last this form, a veritable colossus, turned in his direction, and he cried once more, though feebly: "Help! help!" Immediately the great weight was dragged from him, and a strong arm lifted him out and took him up tenderly as a babe. His legs were broken, and blood was flowing from a great wound in his head. The sufferer turned his eyes in gratitude toward his rescuer, and exclaimed in tones now almost inarticulate:

"Saved, and by *you*, Sir Edward!"

"Emile!" responded the latter, as he now recognized in his burden, so maimed and disfigured and covered with blood, the gay cavalier of a few days before. "Saved indeed, I trust!"

Sir Edward redoubled his efforts to staunch the blood which still flowed persistently from the wound in the head. But all in vain.

"Emile, I fear we can not save you," he whispered. "Is there anything you would like to say to me,—any message you would like to send to your mother?"

"May my blood wash away my sins!" was all he said; and, as if in answer to this appeal, the hand of an abbé was raised in absolution, as he drew near to receive the last breath of the dying man. His confession was made in broken tones.

"At least," he thought, "I have not the loss of an innocent soul to account for! My last evil design failed of accomplishment. She, thank God, is not here among the dead and dying!"

Instead of pursuing his homeward journey, Sir Edward turned back with

the body of Emile to consign it to his mother, and break the news to her. It was not an easy task, but who could do it better than he? Had he not assisted at her son's last moments, and could he not tell of the beautiful dispositions in which he died?

This duty accomplished, Sir Edward returned to England. The news of the catastrophe preceded him: the daily papers teemed with accounts of the terrible accident, and of the heroism of Sir Edward Lisle, owing to whose brave efforts many lives had been saved. Then followed a long list of the injured and the dead; among the latter appeared the name of Count Emile Lautier.

Lucile's feelings on reading it were of mingled awe and horror, and can better be imagined than described. Emile, with whom she had conversed the day before,—Emile, so full of life and spirits, had bled to death in the arms of Sir Edward; *her* Edward, whom she had disdained, but with whose praises the world now rang! For her unhappy cousin she mourned and prayed; but of his evil designs on herself she was, fortunately, quite ignorant.

How anxiously she watched for the arrival of her husband, and with what precipitation she flew to meet him!

"Darling," he murmured, as he held her in a long embrace, "we are one at last! All barriers have been swept away. I am now a Catholic: I believe with you. The mystery of life and death at which I have just assisted has been put as a seal to my faith."

"Thank God, thank God," responded Lucile, "who has brought you back from the jaws of death to me,—to *me*, so unworthy of you! O Edward, did you but know how I love you!"

The one thought now of this devoted couple was the welfare of the good nuns. A wing of the house was set aside for them, and one of its rooms transformed into a chapel. Here Sir Edward was baptized and received into the Church, and Mère Véronique was his godmother.

In thanksgiving for the great favors received, he promised to build a convent for the nuns and establish their Order in England.

Mère Véronique had no longer any anxiety for the future. Though she herself was growing old, she recognized in Sister Claire great executive abilities, joined to deep piety and boundless zeal: the true apostolic spirit. She saw in her the superior of the new foundation.

And for her little Lucile, too, her mind was at rest; for she had now a husband who was a Catholic; and, best of all, she loved him.

"The Holy Eucharist is Everything."

IN an humble residence of the Protestant city of L., in Switzerland, a woman lay dying. Her daughter knelt beside her, praying. Suddenly the mother interrupted her.

"Henriette, my child!"

"Yes, mother," answered the girl.

"Listen, my dear. I am going to die. These are the last words I shall ever speak to you. The Holy Eucharist is everything. Remember that,—remember it always."

After this she spoke no more.

Henriette was fifteen years of age. Her father, a wealthy jeweller, was a Protestant, and a very prejudiced one. Besides, he belonged to several secret societies. Early in life he had married a Catholic; but this was previous to the time when he began to realize that such an alliance must necessarily interfere, in that Protestant city, with his worldly prosperity. It seems that he carried his bigotry so far as to remove the children from the care of their mother as soon as they had passed the period of infancy, in order that she might not imbue their minds with her Catholic faith.

When the last hour had come, the poor woman asked and obtained permission to see her children, of whom Henriette was the oldest. And then the child had begged her father to permit her to remain with her mother awhile, after the others had gone. Not believing she was to die immediately, the father had said "Yes" to her entreaty; and thus it had happened that she was alone with her mother when she died.

The young girl had been deeply impressed by her mother's last words. She belonged, as has been said, to the Protestant religion; consequently, the Holy Eucharist was to her a thing unknown.

"What can it be," she asked herself, "that comprises everything to which she called my attention with her last breath, trying to impress upon me that it was the greatest thing in the world?"

Subsequently Henriette passed two years at Stuttgart, in order to finish her education. She had a most excellent heart and a superior understanding. She was her father's favorite; and, in spite of his alienation from her mother, she loved him tenderly. It was by his desire that she had gone away from home to complete her studies.

While in Stuttgart a curious train of circumstances had resulted in placing her in a "pension" kept by a Catholic, whose inmates were, however, for the most part Protestant. To this house frequently came a learned and pious priest. Henriette was at once attracted to him; and, soon forming the habit of conversing with him on religious subjects, had many prejudices removed from her mind.

She presumed, from the dying words of her mother, that the Eucharist was something which was known only among Catholics, and for which Catholics no doubt cherished a profound affection. In order the better to learn of what it consisted, she concluded that she must apply to Catholics. It may seem strange that in her conversations with the priest at Stuttgart she did not make the inquiry of him. But apparently she did not; for it was only after her return to Switzerland that, becoming acquainted with a Catholic family, she learned from them where she might find a priest.

One night, when her father had gone out, she resolved to go and see this priest. Wrapping herself in a long cloak she left the house,—not without a qualm of conscience perhaps, as she knew her father would never have given his consent to such a visit. When she reached the clergyman's house, she was at once admitted to his presence.

"Monsieur," she said, "I am a Protestant; but my mother, who was one of you, said to me in her last moments: 'My child, the Holy Eucharist is everything. Always remember it.' And I have come to you, sir, to learn *what* it is."

The man of God at once began to explain to the young girl how Our Lord instituted the Blessed Sacrament in order to perpetuate His presence among us; and how He had given to priests power to change the bread into His body, and the wine into His blood. He showed her, and made her read aloud, in the Gospel, the words declaring this mystery. He demonstrated to her that the Apostles believed it, and that from the primitive Church until our own day it has been held and taught as an article of faith.

"The Eucharist," he continued, "is everything, *because God is there.*"

Habituated as we Catholics are to the presence of Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament, we can hardly realize with what emotion this truth was received by one hearing it for the first time.

"What!" she exclaimed. "Is it, then, true that God can be there,—hidden, but really present, and present that He may give Himself to us?"

As you may divine, she paid more than one visit to the priest. From the dogma of the Eucharist, the conversation passed to other dogmas. Henriette soon became instructed in all the truths of the Catholic religion.

In spite of her precautions, these visits were remarked by Protestant friends. One of them said to her father:

"Can it be that your daughter Henriette is about to become a Catholic?"

"There is no thought of such a thing!" exclaimed the astonished father.

Some days later his friend returned to the charge, relating in detail Henriette's visits to the priest.

Her father went home in a fury.

"Henriette," he said, "I have heard that you are thinking of becoming a Catholic. Is it true?"

"Yes, father, it is true," she answered.

"Ah, it is true!" he repeated, with an oath. "Well, Miss, I have something to say on that subject. I will give you a week for reflection. If, at the expiration of that time, you have not changed your mind, you shall leave my house, never to return. Do you understand?"

"Yes, papa."

At the end of the week Henriette informed her father that her decision was irrevocable,—that she was firmly resolved to become a Catholic.

"You know what I said," he replied. "Pack your trunk. You will leave this house to-morrow morning."

The next day the young girl quitted the paternal mansion and left for Stuttgart, where she took up the profession of teaching, at which she was very successful.

Ten years passed. During all that time she had never ceased to write to her father, though she received no word in reply. Then she was smitten with an incurable disease, and when satisfied that her last hour was at hand she sent for him. He came without delay.

What passed beside that second deathbed, between father and daughter, no one will ever know. It was too sacred to be revealed. This, however, we do know: Henriette related to him the history of her conversion, the last words of her mother, the impression they made upon her; how she had been anxious to learn what was meant by the Eucharist; and how she found herself obliged to follow the dictates of her conscience, after she had learned the meaning of the word—the dignity of the Sacrament.

While she was thus speaking, the old Freemason suddenly found himself in the grasp of an emotion stronger than any he had ever known. He trembled, he wept, as a flood of light descended upon his soul. He, too, wished to know the meaning of the word; he, too, would become a Catholic. Repeating the last words of her dying mother, the daughter had declared to him, as that mother had done to her child: "The Holy Eucharist is everything." And his soul had emerged from the slough in which it had dwelt; it had abandoned the husks on which it had fed so long; it had arisen like the prodigal son of old, and returned to its Father.

The new convert soon brought the rest of his family into the fold. To-day they sleep side by side—husband, wife, and daughter. But they all rest beneath one monument, on the base of which is inscribed these words which caused the salvation of three souls:

L'EUCHARISTIE, TOUT EST LÀ.

I HAVE been driven many times to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go; my own wisdom and that of all around me seemed insufficient for the day.

—*Abraham Lincoln.*

To keep the heart unwrinkled, to be hopeful, kindly, cheerful, reverent,—that is to triumph over old age.

—*Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

Inseparable Devotions.

MARY is the most perfect copy of Jesus Christ. To unite one's self to Mary is to be united to Him; and when we consecrate ourselves to her we are also perfectly consecrated to her Divine Son.

What is the essential principle of devotion to Our Lord? Mgr. Languet answers this question as follows: First, it is to recognize, inasmuch as we are able, by every kind of homage and particularly by that of a grateful and reciprocal love, the tenderness of Our Lord toward us, more especially in the Sacrament of the Altar; secondly, to repair as well as we are able all outrages and indignities against Him of which we are aware, notably those to which He is exposed in the Blessed Sacrament. Love and reparation are, therefore, the keynotes of this devotion.

What does love demand of us? Two things: union with the beloved object, and generosity in its behalf. Let us hear what Father Lacordaire has to say on this subject: "The property of love is to unite those who love each other: to mingle their thoughts, their desires, their sentiments,—all the manifestations and gifts of their lives; to penetrate to the very centre of existence, there to cling to each other with a strength as invincible as it is ardent."

Such is the love which Mary felt for her Divine Son, and which, in a relative manner, she now feels for mankind. Such is the love which, in as far as lies in our power by reason of our limitations, we should feel toward her, as a natural consequence of our love for her Divine Son. We can not separate the one from the other. Whosoever is devoted to the Mother must of necessity be devoted to the Son. It is impossible to offer up our hearts on the shrine of His homage without having her included in that homage.

Love is but another name for generosity. The gift of one's self is the sublimity of love. We are the children of God; we belong to Him, and we are glad to belong to Him. If we did not already belong to Mary also, the thought that she was Mother of Him who is also our Brother would at once unite us to her in an affection which embrace mind, heart, and soul.

In the first days of Spring, when the sky, casting aside its mantle of grey, puts on an azure garment flecked and gleaming with white fleecy borders; when the earliest flowers, pale and tender, lift up their smiling faces from the green verdure of blooming May,—we turn to the Mother to whose honor we have dedicated this most beautiful month of the fresh young year. And then, as the sun grows warmer, the sky more blue, the flowers more luxuriant and more vivid of hue; as the last Maybells fade in the garden and the last May chimes die upon the evening air,—we glide into fervid, roseate June; and the music of the spirit attunes itself to the outpouring praise of the Sacred Heart. It is the month of roses; and the roses of piety and affection burst into full bloom in the hearts of the faithful clients of Mary, merging in one glad offering their love for the Mother and their worship of the Son.

One Kind of Infidels.

As empty barrels have the most resonance, so the least reflective of agnostics are the most assertive. In our day, not less than in the eighteenth century, there are thousands of men to any one of whom this remark of gruff old Doctor Johnson would be quite applicable: "I do not know, sir, that the fellow is an infidel; but if he be an infidel, he is an infidel as a dog is an infidel,—that is to say, he has never thought upon the subject."

Notes and Remarks.

Pessimism as regards politics, municipal, state, or federal, is a condition of mind not uncommon among people who are in other respects excellent citizens; and it is a condition distinctly to be reprobated. As Mr. Cleveland once told a university audience: "It is exceedingly unfortunate that politics should be regarded in any quarter as an unclean thing, to be avoided by those claiming to be educated and respectable." Granting that the prevalent connotation of "politician" nowadays is, a hard and fast partisan busying himself with low arts, petty management, crafty projects, and unscrupulous schemes, it is, nevertheless, an unwarrantable assumption that all, or even the majority, of those who actively concern themselves with public affairs are actuated solely by self-interest, or reprehensible motives of any kind.

One of the worst services that men of character, education, and social distinction can render their country is to indulge in flippant generalities as to the self-seeking and the unprincipled ambition of the great mass of our legislators, whether in the city council, the State Assembly, or the federal Congress. The real, unmistakable duty of the reputable citizen in political matters is not acrid criticism of existing evils, but active promotion of improved conditions. As one of the units that go to form the whole body politic, he unquestionably owes it to society to do his individual share in advancing the general well-being; and the more upright, respectable, and educated he is, the more urgent becomes the obligation of his wielding his influence in behalf of good government. The corruption that disgraces the administration of so many large cities is due, in its ultimate analysis, to the supine unconcern of citizens who probably flatter themselves that they are exceptionally virtuous and high-minded, whereas in reality they are distinctly unworthy members of the community in which they reside. The nature, extent, and urgency of one's civic duties are points to which the average man may well devote some earnest reflection.

The latest statistics of immigration will surprise most people. Since the beginning of this year upward of three hundred thousand foreigners have landed in New York, the greatest body of them being Italians and Jews. The immigration from Ireland and Germany has fallen off in recent years, but is on the increase at present from the former country. Next to Naples, New York is now the greatest Italian city in the world; and the number of Italians in Philadelphia bids fair to equal the population of Genoa. It is estimated that the arrival of immigrants in the five years from the beginning of 1901 to the close of 1905 will amount to about four millions, or nearly as many as came over in the whole period from 1820 to 1860.

The conferring of the pallium upon Archbishop Glennon, on the 14th inst., was an event of historic interest, and a function of ideal excellence in the magnificence of its setting and the perfection of its details. We are pleased to learn that the masterly sermon delivered on the occasion by his Grace of St. Paul is to be published in pamphlet form for circulation throughout Catholic America. Archbishop Ireland has seldom spoken with loftier eloquence or to better purpose than in this discourse on "Rome's Imperial Sway." Anticipating the promised reproduction, we quote one especially practical paragraph of the sermon, as applicable to

all Catholic laity as to the St. Louis congregation specifically addressed:

I pray for an exemplary laity. Brethren of the laity, without you, bishops and priests are titled commanders without an army. Hence the first duty of bishops and priests is to form you to the combat; and your first duty, when religion is at stake, is to gather around them, equal them in ardor,—even bid them, by your skill and courage, to move beyond their chosen outposts. When the layman believes that his work is done in the salvation of his own soul, the Church halts and recedes. We need to-day an active, militant laity; we need a laity thoroughly instructed in the Faith, able and ready to defend it; we need a generous-hearted laity, eager to give to religion the service of their purses, and, yet more, the service of their personal labors in works of piety and of charity; and we need a noble laity, irreproachable in manner of life, towering above others in honor and honesty, in all the virtues of the family circle and of the broad field of citizenship; so that when the question is put, Where are the fruits of the Catholic Faith? the Church may proudly answer: See my sons and daughters!

Of timely import, in connection with the Holy Father's injunctions as to increased efficiency in catechetical instruction, is an article contributed by Leslie Stanton to the *Catholic School Journal.* Treating of "The Sunday-School Teacher," this writer says:

He must bear in mind that, above all else, the Sunday-school is a school, and that a school implies a teacher. Knowledge is a most excellent thing; but the Sunday-school teacher must aim at possessing a knowledge that is power and a zeal that is according to wisdom. Hence, to secure not only the best results, but any results at all, the catechist must see to it that he possesses a fairly extensive knowledge of pedagogy, both in theory and practice, as applied to the teaching of Christian doctrine. Reading, observation and conference with experienced catechists are the most certain means of attaining this knowledge.

If the parish priest, and more especially he whose parish is a rural one, has not at his disposal teachers thus equipped, then his only resource is to do the teaching himself. To hand over so important a function of his ministry to immature youths and maidens who of right should themselves be pupils rather than teachers, is to compromise very seriously the successful inculcation of Catholic truth and a delicate moral sense. This, by the way. To quote another practical paragraph from the *Journal's* article:

The Sunday-school teacher should strive in a special manner to win the esteem of his pupils. Unless he possesses the children's admiration, or at least their respect, his teaching will be at best but "as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal." As in every class, so in the Sunday-school, there are times that try men's souls,—times when bitter thoughts are uppermost in one's mind, and hasty, stinging words rise to one's lips; but it is at such moments that, of all times, the teacher must be on his guard.

A large crowd, we are told, was in attendance at a sermon preached two or three Sundays ago by Mr. William J. Bryan in the Normal Methodist church, Lincoln, Neb. Judging from published extracts, it was a sermon well worth hearing. President Roosevelt will have to look to his pulpit laurels. The Democratic leader will prove a close second if he continues in his new rôle. He deplored the tendency to higher criticism of the Scriptures, and the rejection of parts of it because one could not understand. He declared that he found daily more mysteries in life than were bound up within the covers of the Bible. He believed the higher wisdom lay in accepting the good we understand, and hope for understanding later of that we do not.

Protestant ministers should miss no opportunity of having Mr. Bryan occupy their pulpits, too many of which echo political harangues rather than religious discourses.

"One story's good till another is told"; and any one who has read Bishop Doane's preposterous "story" of Catholic theory and practice as to remarriage after divorce, published in the *North American Review* for April, should in all fairness pursue the remarks

made on that article by the Rev. Timothy Barrett, S. J., in the current *American Catholic Quarterly*. Father Barrett punctures the Protestant prelate's scholarly pretensions, riddles his arguments, and successfully demonstrates that, in theory and in practice, too, Rome not only does not multiply the possibilities of remarriage, but actually minimizes and reduces them to the smallest number. We quote his concluding paragraphs:

To sum up, the Bishop has misrepresented the Church of Rome in a way that is so offensive as to shock all who are acquainted with our real belief and practice, and to remind us of those that have eyes and see not, ears and hear not. He has stated as Catholic teaching what is not Catholic teaching. He has shown himself to be ignorant of Catholic practice. He tells us he has read Gury's work carefully, and proves that he did not understand him.

It would be useless to follow him any farther. He has been refuted by anticipation in every text-book of Catholic theology. His insinuation against Rome's integrity in her practice is unworthy of his high position, is founded on ignorance of fact, and will bear but little fruit in the hearts of honest men. Nay, more. He knows his statements are controvertible; for he tells us: "I am quite aware that this paper is open to criticism, to controversy, and to contradiction." It is also open to the more serious charges of want of knowledge of the subject-matter, of gross misrepresentation of Rome's theory and practice, and finally of extreme rashness; for what are we to think of an author who boldly states as truth in a magazine of such high standing as the *North American Review* what he himself declares to be open to criticism, to controversy, and to *contradiction?*

A recent issue of the *Catholic School Journal* contains a thoughtful paper on a perennially practical subject—the management of the bad boy. The writer disbelieves in the utter depravity of even the worst of boys. "Somewhere in each boy's nature there is a hidden germ of manhood. Find it,... stimulate it into healthy growth, and you will have saved your boy from a life of shame, your son from endless anguish." There can be no question that a sympathetic soul can discover in the most unpromising youth bright spots of virtue, or what may be developed into virtue; nor can there be any doubt that patience, knowledge, love, and wisdom are capable of preserving many a boy from the downward path on which he seems determined to set out. The writer whom we have quoted supports his final advice, "Never give up," by this personal allusion:

Less than five minutes before this paragraph was written a fine young man and his wife left the house of the writer. Six years ago I was helped from my sick-bed to an office, where, to save this same young man from the penitentiary, I gave a check for $300. Pages would be required to detail his many terrible errors during the next year. Few believed he would ever do as he should. Yet for the past five years he has been one of whom his widowed mother and young wife may well be proud. No one can know what satisfaction such cases are to those who have worked persistently and prayerfully to save such as seemed beyond human power to save.

An interesting lecture on "The Egyptian Rubbish Heaps and the New Testament," by the Rev. Dr. J. Hope Moulton, delivered last month in Manchester, is noted by the London *Tablet*. Dr. Moulton paid a generous tribute to the labors of Grenfell and Hunt, and deplored the fact that their work in Egypt must terminate in the course of a few years. The preservation of papyri—bearing, as many do, records and literary treasures of inestimable value—is due to the exceeding dryness of the climate. The great dam of Assouan has caused the damp level throughout Egypt steadily to rise, and by and by it will be found that any papyri still remaining in the "rubbish heap" have vanished beyond recall. There is, the lecturer said, not much hope of effective work being done after the next ten years. He described some of the papyri which have been recovered as consisting of classical fragments and other documents, and explained their importance. A few, he said, gave us

additional manuscripts of portions of the New Testament, and two or three were actually older than any previous known manuscript.

In the last volume edited by Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt there was one rather considerable manuscript of the Epistle to the Hebrews, older than any previous existing vellum. This was important, inasmuch as it supplemented the great Vatican MS., which ended in the middle of a word in the ninth chapter of the Epistle. Valuable material, both historical and literary, was furnished by papyri dating from the third century B. C. to the seventh A. D., revealing the social life and habits of the people inhabiting Egypt, and, by the phraseology employed, throwing important light on passages of Holy Scripture. One of the most important results of the grammatical study of these ancient manuscripts was to show that, so far from the New Testament's having been written in a kind of Greek based on Hebrew—necessary for men who thought in Hebrew or Aramaic and wrote in Greek,—the language of the New Testament writers was simply the ordinary Greek of their day.

The recent decree of the Czar of Russia granting to the Poles and Lithuanians the privilege of teaching their native languages in primary and secondary schools, and the right of acquiring, by purchase, agricultural lands and industrial premises which hitherto could be secured only by an abjuration of the Catholic Faith, confers a boon of which only these gallant and long-suffering people can appreciate the full importance. They are now free not only to practise their religion but to maintain their nationality. The hope of independence has naturally revived among them, and it is shared by the friends of liberty all over the world. It would be folly, however, to place implicit trust in the present liberal attitude of the Russian ruler. There is no denying that the policy which he is following has been forced upon him, and it would not be unlike him to reverse it. As the New York *Sun* observes:

> Too much reliance should not be placed, however, upon the promises of a well-meaning but weak and unstable sovereign. The rescript gives reactionary bureaucrats six months in which to frame the regulations needed to make it operative. Six months hence the Czar may be relieved from the pressure now exerted by the war in the Far East. Meanwhile it is an ominous indication of what may happen when the Grand Ducal coterie no longer dreads insurrection, that liberal-minded advisers are being fast weeded out of the Emperor's councils; M. Yermoloff, the Minister of Agriculture and the most outspoken advocate of a Parliament, having been constrained the other day to resign his office and follow M. de Witte into virtual retirement.

> The question of religion in the schools will not down. The United States drove it out of the public schools, with the result that their President has to turn schoolmaster and teach his millions of adult pupils that moral qualities are more valuable than money or anything that money can buy. He tells them that material prosperity will bring only deeper damnation upon them unless they attend to the requirements of the moral law. Would it not be more effective to have the school-teachers impress all this upon the minds of the young?—*The Casket.*

Yes, decidedly more effective. President Roosevelt is a wise and zealous teacher, but his grown-up pupils are not so impressionable as children, or so docile and reverent. The place for elementary teaching is the school. Our Canadian contemporary's point is well taken and well expressed.

There is a grain of truth mixed with the cynicism and exaggeration of the following characterizations, invented by the *Union Babel Magazine:*

> Stealing a million—genius; stealing $500,000—sagacity; stealing $250,000—shrewdness; stealing $50,000—irregularity; stealing $10,000—misappropriation; stealing $5000—speculation; stealing $2500—embezzlement; stealing $1250—swindling; stealing $100—larceny; stealing $10—theft; stealing a ham—war on society.

The Virgin of the Fishes.

BY R. F. O'CONNOR.

IT was the dawn,—a sweet Spring dawn, with all its fresh fragrance and coolness. The sky was not yet blue, and the moon's silvery disk continued shining amid the paling stars. In the distance, fishing boats with spreading sails were gliding over the amethyst-colored sea, steering toward the shore with their nets full of fish caught by moonlight.

The fishmongers were gathering in the vast square of the city, coming from every quarter,—some from Mondello, others from Acqua Santa and Kalsa, but particularly from Sferracavallo. Here and there they go, with their supple bodies and hamstrings of steel, carrying on their brown heads hampers full of the product of the fishing, clad in no other garment than a simple bright colored shirt, and large trousers of coarse white cloth tucked up above the knee.

The gathering is complete. Each one stands before his basket of fish still palpitating with a remnant of life. Suddenly the crier's voice is heard,—a sonorous voice which rings through the pure air loud as a trumpet. The marketing is quickly done: buyers and sellers are in a hurry to get home, where the little family is anxiously awaiting father's return.

The sun was already rising above the waters, shedding warmth and life around. Scattered promiscuously upon a bed of green seaweed, the inhabitants of the sea were ending their ephemeral existence; and the eye was dazzled with the sight of the backs, breasts and fins of those creatures, dear to human appetites, in heaps which presented a medley of colors of varied brilliancy. Bidding was brisk; and the baskets, overflowing with sardines, gurnets, mackerel and other fish, disappeared with astonishing rapidity.

As each basket was sold, the crier did not fail to deduct one of the finest fish in the lot,—it was for the Virgin. They knew that; and none of those men of rugged aspect, but of robust and simple faith, would have thought of opposing the traditional devotion. They would rather have given two than one for that sweet Virgin, of whom they asked help and protection on sea and land. And the sacred basket was filled before their eyes with the finest and rarest kinds,—regular mouthfuls for a king! The haul had been abundant, and the fishermen were joyfully jingling the money with which they filled their pockets, laughing and joking among themselves with that air of good-fellowship which contentment gives.

"The Madonna won't be badly off to-day for oil to burn in her lamp," observed one, with pious satisfaction.

"They may be able also to present her with flowers," added a young fellow who was particularly devout to her.

The auction over, no one remained in the square but Uncle Vanni, the crier, and his comrade, Japico, the *doyen* of fishermen, to whom had fallen the envied lot of the Virgin's fish, for which, out of respect for the heavenly protectress, he had paid without chaffering. The latter, after taking leave of his comrade, was likewise going away, when Uncle Vanni caught him by the arm.

"Look, comrade! It seems to me

there's some one before the image of the Madonna,—am I deceived?"

Japico, shading his eyes with his hand, looked in turn.

"Yes," said he, "there *is* some one! It's a child,—quite a little mite scarcely higher than my boot. Good gracious, what is she doing there all alone? She is on her knees—and praying."

"It's singular!" observed Uncle Vanni, shaking his head. "What prayer can a child of that age be addressing to the Madonna? Does she know anything but the 'Hail Mary'?"

Very much puzzled, both men went over to the little girl.

"What are you doing there, little one, all alone?" the crier asked.

The little one—a tiny creature whose infantile body was scarcely covered by a tattered dress—turned toward them a tearful face, almost hidden under the tangled fleece of her black locks, whose meshes fell over her eyes.

"I'm hungry!" she moaned, raising her big black eyes toward them.

"What is your mother doing, then, that she lets you go out like this, without giving you something to eat?"

"Mother is asleep yonder," replied the child, indicating with her little brown hand a poor-looking house.

"You should have remained with her," said Uncle Vanni, gently, "and waited until your mamma awoke."

"Mother said to me: 'Nuzza, I'm going to take a sleep; and if early to-morrow I'm still sleeping, you mustn't wake me, my little heart! You'll go straight to the Virgin of the Fishes—you know, who's there near us,—and ask her for bread. Pray hard: the good Virgin will give it to you.' Mother then took me in her arms and embraced me, crying. Then she fell asleep, with a face so white—"

And, without troubling herself any more about the persons present, the child turned toward the holy image.

"Good Virgin!" she said imploringly, all in tears, "I'm hungry,—oh, very hungry! Give me a bit of bread!"

The two men, heart-wrung, looked at each other. Those old sea-wolves, who did not flinch before the storm, were quite moved at hearing the simple story of this little creature, hardly three years of age. They understood what the little one could not understand, and their eyes became moist.

Uncle Vanni looked thoughtfully at the money in his hand. But this sum belonged to the Virgin: it was consecrated to her for the purchase of the oil that filled the lamp which, day and night, burned before her statue.

One charitable thought animated the crier and his companion. Their eyes rose in silent prayer to that meek-eyed Virgin who was always smiling down from her rustic frame fitted into the old wall, with large cracks, in which grew wild plants flowering in golden buds. The face of the old fisherman was presently lit up with a sudden inspiration.

"Comrade," said he, "the Lord's Mother bids us before all things to succor the wretched!"

On that day the Virgin of the Fishes hadn't her lamp lit, but little Nuzza was not without bread; and not only bread, but also a home. For brave Uncle Vanni and his excellent wife adopted the orphan as their daughter.

The good Virgin with the meek eyes had heard the dying mother's prayer: henceforward her child would be no longer alone in the world; the little waif lost on the human ocean had found a safe haven and maternal care.

The Seven Champions.

The seven champions of Christendom are: St. George of England, St. Andrew of Scotland, St. David of Wales, St. Patrick of Ireland, St. James of Spain, St. Denys of France, and St. Anthony of Italy.

The Little Hungarians.

BY MRS. MARY E. MANNIX.

IV.—Father Garyo's Visit.

The next day was Sunday, and the children went to Mass at the convent chapel,—or rather the hospital chapel, which they had permission to attend, as the church was so far away. Father Garyo, who lived at the hospital, was a very kind old priest, with white hair,—a Hungarian like themselves, who had spent several years of his life in ministering to the spiritual needs of his countrymen at the church near the Square. But of late his place had been taken by a younger man, and to the good old priest had been given the chaplaincy at the hospital.

It was his custom to visit the sick man occasionally, but he had not been at the house during the past fortnight; and Professor Vladych had asked the children, as they were leaving home that morning, to inquire if he was ill.

Accordingly, although Father Garyo said Mass as usual, Louis, wishing to do as his father had told him, went with his sister to the sacristy at the conclusion of the Holy Sacrifice, to deliver the message. The good priest was glad to see them, and anticipated their inquiry.

"You are coming to ask me why I have not been to visit your father, children?" he said, as they presented themselves in the little room where he was unvesting. "I had a bad cold last week, and a touch of rheumatism during the last few days, so I have kept pretty closely to the house. How is he, Louis?"

"No better, Father," answered the boy. "He was afraid you were not well, and told us to inquire. I am sure he would like very much to see you; for he sees no one else — except Mrs. Mullen."

"That is a good woman," said the priest. "I am glad you have her for a neighbor."

"And so are we," replied the boy.

"Now, if you will sit down for about fifteen minutes, till I have had my coffee, I will go along with you to see your father," said the priest.

The children sat down. The priest gave them a finely illustrated Bible to look at, and went into the house to take his breakfast. He soon rejoined them, and together they set out for the visit. After they had gone a short distance, during which Father Garyo and the boy had been conversing, while she listened in silence, Rose suddenly broke in:

"Father, please, do you ever go down town on Saturday nights?"

"Very seldom," replied the priest. "Occasionally I have a sick call, but not often, now that I am no longer a parish priest. But Father Klotz is very courteous, and whenever one of my old penitents wants me he is glad to have me go. Also I usually help him in the confessional on Saturday nights."

"Yes, I thought so," observed Louis, squeezing his little sister's hand.

"Indeed, I seldom go down town at all any more," the priest continued, glancing around pleasantly at Rose, who was walking on the other side of her brother. "But why did you ask, Rose? You do not go often yourself, I suppose?"

"I have never been but once, Father," she rejoined timidly.

"And did you like it?" inquired the priest, still smiling.

"Oh, no!" she answered heartily. "I would never go again if I did not have to."

"Well, I am glad to hear that our little Rose is still a shy flower," said Father Garyo. "The Square is not a very desirable place for children like you on Saturday nights."

"The people are good, and they are kind," said Louis.

"How do you know, my boy? You have not formed the habit of going out Saturday nights, have you?"

"No, Father; but once in a while I have been, when I could not help going."

"Well, that is right. But there can be nothing worse for either boy or girl than to frequent the streets at night."

"I think the Hungarians are very patriotic," remarked Louis, anxious to change the conversation.

"Yes, they are. But to what avail, after all?" said the priest, with a sigh. "They can never be an independent country. But perhaps it is better."

"Florian used to say they were too impulsive."

The priest lowered his voice.

"Florian!" he murmured. "I have been thinking of him a great deal during these past weeks, wondering what can have become of him. I am afraid he is dead."

"No, Father, he is not dead," replied Louis, confidently. "If he were, I should know it."

"How would you know it, Louis?"

"I could feel it. Besides, he promised. When he went away he said: 'Louis, I am forbidden to write to you, but I shall always remember my dear little brother. Some day perhaps we shall meet again. And if I can not come to you, or you to me, at least when I am dying, if it should be soon and I am able to send you word, I will do it."

"He has been gone four years, has he not?" asked the priest.

"Yes, Father,—four years."

"And your father never mentions him—even now?"

"Never. We may not speak of him either,—Rose and I. Papa made me promise not to say anything about Florian to Rose."

"It is very sad,—very sad!" said the priest. "He was not a bad boy."

"Father, only in one thing did he fail, and he could not help it," answered Louis, warmly. "Parents can be unjust too—sometimes."

"That is true. I had hoped that your father would soften toward him now at least."

"He has said nothing. And if he did, what could we do? No one knows where Florian is."

"Soon, very soon—it would be folly to conceal it, Louis,—you may need your brother. Do you understand?"

"Ah, yes, Father, I do! And I have thought of it, and longed that he might come—for several reasons. Sometimes I have wondered if he might not have written to you."

"He never has. He was a little reserved with me at the end, because I counselled him to do as his father wished."

"He could not have done it,—he had not the talent. It would only have been a failure."

"Perhaps. I know very little of music, except that I am fond of it."

They were now in sight of the little grey house; and Rose, who had taken no part in this last conversation, though she listened eagerly to every word of it, ran across the lot at a summons from Mrs. Mullen, who had a covered dish in her hands.

"It is something nice for papa," said Louis. "They are so good to us!"

"The poor are always good to the poor," replied Father Garyo, opening the gate.

He remained a long time with Professor Vladych that day; the Angelus bell was ringing from the hospital belfry when he left the house. In the tiny kitchen Louis was warming over the goodly portion of chicken which their kind neighbor had given Rose. A few potatoes were boiling on the stove, and a clean cloth was spread on the table. Bread and a small plate of ginger-snaps left from the night before had been set out. A pot of tea was drawing on the hearth.

When the meal was ready, the boy summoned his father, who, he thought, looked unusually pale and weak. The children were glad to see him eat the chicken with relish, though he was silent all through the meal.

Afterward, when Rose had gone to return the plate to Mrs. Mullen, having asked permission to remain a while and play dominos with young Dan and Peter, Louis went in to sit with his father.

"Peter brought the morning paper, papa," he said. "Would you like me to read it to you?"

"No, Louis," was the reply. "I wish to speak to you of—of poor Florian. You wonder that I do so, dear? Well, once I thought I should never again mention that name. But I am not long for this world, and lately one of the greatest of my pains is that of remorse for having been so harsh with him. He was only a boy, and I exceeded my authority. I was the less to be excused for it, as my own father had done the same with me. He sent me away because I wished to become a musician, and I banished Florian on account of his refusal to be one. I had a long talk with Father Garyo to-day. For the first time in years I have made my confession, and my soul is as much at peace as is possible for it to be,—not knowing the whereabouts of him who should be the guardian of the two I am leaving behind."

Louis could not speak. Sobbing, he laid his head upon the pillow beside his father, who, after a pause, continued:

"When I am gone, Louis, you must try to find your brother."

"Yes, father."

"And when you have found him, you will ask him to forgive me?"

"Yes, father; but that will not be necessary."

"No: the boy had a kind heart."

"Oh, he had, father,—he had! If he were only here now!"

"Yes, if he were! But that is not to be expected. He is probably very far from here. When my father, who was an officer in the Hungarian army, bade me leave him and never return, unless I would consent to adopt the same profession, my impulse was to put as great a distance as I could between my home and me. Florian is far away—if living."

"He is not dead, papa,—no, no!"

"Perhaps not. He was young and strong. And he loved his little brother. He would be glad to return. Do not rest until you find him. Advertise in the papers,—it is the best way. Forget the bad example I have given by my resentment toward him. To-morrow I wish to speak with you again on the subject. Now I am very tired, Louis: I would like to rest."

The boy brought the last drop of wine, inwardly glad that he had the money to purchase another bottle in the morning. Young Dan would get it for him. Then he went to the garden and sat on the bench near the well. There Rose found him.

"What is the matter, Louis?" she inquired. "Is papa worse? You have been crying!"

"We have been speaking of Florian."

"Of Florian! O Louis, tell me about it!" pleaded the child.

(To be continued.)

To Curry Favor.

Currying favor, or seeking favor by officious show of kindness or courtesy or flattery, is a process considerably older than is the phrase that describes it. Prior to the end of the sixteenth century, flatterers were said, not to curry favor, but to "curry favel,"—*curry* being used in the sense of stroking as if to soothe, and *favel* being an old English word practically synonymous with fable—story, tale, falsehood.

With Authors and Publishers.

—"Ave Regina and Other Poems," is the title of a volume by Hugh Macnaughten, assistant master at Eton, published recently in London.

—"The Crucible," a new periodical published at Oxford, England, announces itself as "a Catholic magazine of higher education for women."

—Stevenson's "Father Damien," the celebrated open letter to the Reverend Doctor Hyde, is published by Thomas B. Mosher in square octavo form, boards. There are included a photogravure portrait and a bibliography.

—"Chinese Wayside Tales," by Lady Herbert, is an edifying and interesting pamphlet, published by the English Catholic Truth Society. The glorious martyrdoms recorded in some of these "Tales" will furnish nourishment for the flame of faith in many a Christian heart. May the pamphlet have many readers!

—From the Columbus Press, New York, comes an excellent booklet of some one hundred and twenty pages, "Certainty in Religion." A popular manual of Christian apologetics, it is especially suited for distribution among non-Catholics, but may be read with profit and pleasure by the great body of the faithful as well.

—Among the family papers of Lord Grey, Governor-General of Canada, is an authenticated "Journal" of the unfortunate Major André. The grandfather of the present Lord Grey was commander of a British regiment during the War of Independence, and André was one of his officers. The "Journal" is a detailed account of the campaigns of 1777-78.

—Wise and timely was the plea for newspaper moderation made the other evening by Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the new American Ambassador to Great Britain. Himself a typical journalist of the better sort, Mr. Reid said to a large assembly of members of the press at a Lotos Club dinner:

> There is another phase of our newspaper activities that merits more serious consideration from all of us than we generally give it. The free press largely rules a free country. It may make peace or war; it has done both. But it is quite capable of fomenting very grave difficulties which it never desired or intended or even thought of. Is it not time for the press, when it exercises the power, to recognize also the obligations of rule—consideration, moderation and a scrupulous regard both for the rights and the susceptibilities of others? . . . Do not misunderstand me. I am arraigning no one, and making no criticism of others which I do not take to myself also. But has not the time come in the development of this country and in the increased intimacy and importance of its relations to other countries when we may advantageously practise a little more reserve in commenting upon other people's affairs, a little more impartiality between countries at war, and a friendlier tone to each when we are on good terms with both and have every interest to remain so? What is good policy for individuals in the disagreements of their neighbors might sometimes in these international cases be pretty good policy for newspapers, too, and for the people at large—an attitude of friendly neutrality—while meantime diligently minding their own business and letting that of other people alone.

—Students of the Isaac Pitman system of phonetic shorthand will be pleased to learn of a new and improved edition of the "Stenographic Word List," by Buckelew and Lewis. This publication is intended to afford beginners in stenography ample exercise in phonetic drill.

—Hamlin Garland, whose novels hitherto have belonged to the realistic school, dips into spiritism in his latest story, "The Tyranny of the Dark." Some years ago, Mr. Garland became interested in the researches of the Psychical Society of Boston, and his experiences of that period are utilized in the present volume.

—Some months having elapsed since James Jeffrey Roche went to Genoa as American Consul, it may be pertinent to remark that the Boston *Pilot* does not appear to be deteriorating appreciably under the sway of his successor in the editorial chair. Miss Conway, like Mr. Roche himself, preserves the best traditions of the John Boyle O'Reilly regime.

—The Life of Mgr. Taché, first Archbishop of St. Boniface, has been written by Dom Paul Benoit, Superior of the Regular Canons of the Immaculate Conception, and published by La Librairie Beauchemin. The reputation of the biographer and the international distinction of the late eminent prelate who forms his subject make the volume as intrinsically interesting as it is historically valuable.

—Terseness of expression is a quality of style by no means common. Two examples thereof, that fell under our observation the other day, are worth quoting. One is from a schoolboy's essay on "Friendship": "A friend is one who knows all about you and likes you all the same." The other is a clever Canadian editor's differentiation of the ocean race now under way from the famous international yacht races of recent years:

> This is a sailors' race, a salt water event, involving real ships, on a genuine ocean, with true captains and crews, and a bona fide voyage.

—President Harper's books invariably bear the stamp of scholarship. His latest publication, "The Priestly Element in the Old Testament," is an addition to the "Constructive Bible Studies" edited by himself and Prof. Ernest D. Burton. Dr. Harper's writings are so many electric sparks purifying the atmosphere created by authors like

O. L. Triggs. The University of Chicago, it may be remarked, has fared better in her presidents than in most of her professors.

—"Cantate Mariæ: Meditations in Song," is the title selected by the Rev. David Bearne, S. J., for his dainty poetic May offering to Our Lady of fair love and gracious hope. The thirty short poems which make up the volume are uniformly replete with devotional ardor, vivid imagery, and delicate phrasing; but Father Bearne's technique is of varying excellence. His sonnets are in better form than many of the less difficult stanzas which he employs. The following, entitled "A Shrine for Mary," will give the reader an idea of the writer's fancy and diction:

What for my Love, and of my love, a proof?
  For her, my Queen, a shrine of amethyst
  Seen through the sheeny threads the sunbeams twist
Like silken shimmer of a splendid woof,
Like cloud-film clinging from aloft—aloof
  When all the ether is a silvern mist
  Shining like lake with noontide glory kiss'd—
Four walls of azure 'neath a crystal roof!

Lady! the votive offerings at such shrine
  Must needs be very precious, costly, rare;
Jewels are dim and gold no longer fine
  When laid before thee at thy altar-stair:
Mary! my vows and purposes divine—
  Surely in these thou hast a Mother's share!

The publishers, Burns & Oates, have marred the typographical beauty of this volume by the undue prominence given to advertisements of other works by the same gifted author.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"The Catechist in the Infant School and in the Nursery." Rev. L. Nolle, O. S. B. 60 cts., net.

"The Dark Side of the Beef Trust." Herman Hirschauer. 75 cts.

"The Chronicle of Jocelyn." 90 cts., net.

"The Luck of Linden Chase." S. M. Lyne. 35 cts.

"The Light of Faith." Frank McGloin. $1, net.

"Juvenile Round Table." 2d Series. $1.

"The Love of Books" (Philobiblon). Richard De Bury. 40 cts., net.

"Views of Dante." E. L. Rivard, C. S. V. $1.25.

"Reflections from the Mirror of a Mystic." John Rüsbröck. 75 cts., net.

"Apologetica: Elementary Apologetics for Pulpit and Pew." Rev. P. A. Halpin. 85 cts.

"Religion and Art, and Other Essays." Rev. J. L. Spalding. $1.

"Studies in Religion and Literature." William Samuel Lilly. $3.25.

"A Manual of Mystical Theology. Rev. Arthur Devine, C. P. $2 50, net

"Julia." Katharine Tynan. $1.50.

"Religion and the Higher Life" William Rainey Harper. $1.10.

"California and Its Missions." Two volumes. Bryan J. Clinch. $5, net.

"A Spoiled Priest and Other Stories." Rev. P. A. Sheehan, D. D. $1.25, net.

"The Strategy of Great Railroads." Frank H. Spearman. $1.50, net.

"The First Days of Jesus." 15 cts.

"The Waters of Lethe." Lida L. Coghlan. $1.25.

"St. Peter Fourier." L. Pingaud. $1, net.

"In the Morning of Life." Herbert Lucas, S. J. $1, net.

"Last Letters of Aubrey Beardsley." Rev. John Gray. $1.60.

"Principles of Sacred Eloquence." Rev. John Conway, O. P. 50 cts.

"The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass." Rev. Dr. Nicholas Gihr. $4.

"Ceremonial for Altar Boys." Rev. Matthew Britt, O. S. B. 35 cts.

"Socialism." Victor Cathrein, S. J. — Victor Gettelmann, S. J. $1.50.

"Progress in Prayer." R. P. Caussade, S J. 75 cts., net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. James Sterling, of the archdiocese of Baltimore.

Mr. John Willeke, of Cincinnati, Ohio; Mrs. Jane Booth, New York; Mr. J. H. McCafferty, Roxbury, Mass.; Mrs. William Sullivan, Brighton, Mass.; Mrs. E. Schultz, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. John Kimmel, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. James Donnelly and Irene A. Keating, St. Paul, Minn.; Mr. A. L. Dixon, Bowling Green, Ohio; Mrs. Margaret Geiger, Defiance, Ohio; Mr. Charles Hagan, and Mrs. Mary McHugh, Carbondale, Pa.; Mr. L. F. Moore and Mrs. George Shugar, Toledo, Ohio; Mr. John Haugh, Credit River, Minn.; Mrs. Mary Langan, Minneota, Minn.; and Mr. Daniel Brioddy, Youngstown, Ohio.

Requiescant in pace!

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LX. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 3, 1905. NO. 22.

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In June.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

CRIMSON roses all abloom,
Twinkling taper in the gloom,
Hundreds passing to and fro
Like the river's constant flow,
But few come in
From the rest apart.
All the long day maybe ten
From that busy stream of men
Pause to ease a grinding care,
Stop to breathe a little prayer;
While amid the roses' bloom,
In the hushed and solemn gloom,
Waits a lonely Heart!

The Story of St. Bede.

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FEW documents of ecclesiastical antiquity are at once so simple and so full of pathos as that which tells us of the first abbots of Wearmouth and Jarrow. And among the many pathetic and moving incidents recorded in these precious pages, none stir the heart chords more deeply than the narrative of the setting forth of the aged Abbot Ceolfrid on his last journey Romeward.

It was on Thursday, June 4, 716—the Thursday before the Feast of Pentecost,—that the saint departed from the brethren over whom he had ruled, an ideal superior, for more than thirty years. Advancing age had warned him of the prudence of letting younger hands take the direction of a work for which he no longer felt himself equal; and the thought of the coming night, "when no man can work," had set his heart longing to close his eyes within sight of the tombs of the Apostles in Eternal Rome, where he had knelt as a youth with his first abbot, the sainted Benet Biscop. His design, long conceived and long prepared for, had remained a secret till the last moment; since he feared to face the opposition of his brethren, or to witness for too long a time the outward signs of their genuine sorrow.

On the morning of his setting forth, after having offered Mass in honor of St. Peter, at which he distributed for the last time the Bread of Life to all who would, he spoke to his sons in the oratory of St. Laurence in the dormitory. The theme of his discourse was peace and brotherly love, and of the need there was that each individual should strive to preserve their common home from quarrels and dissensions. Then, as he finished, all went forth to the river-bank, and, like St. Paul's disciples at Ephesus, they, "grieving most of all for the word he had said, that they should see his face no more, brought him on his way to the ship," which lay at the river-bank waiting to convey him over the waters of the Tyne, on the first stage of his journey. As they went they chanted at his bidding the psalmody he loved so much, and in which he had been wont

for years to join in their daily service to God; but their voices faltered and failed, and often the rhythm of the Gregorian phrase was broken by sobs and lamentations. Then, again like St. Paul, "kneeling down," Ceolfrid "prayed with them, and there was much weeping among them all; and, falling on his neck, they kissed him"; and before the veil of tears was lifted from their eyes, behold he was already on his way.

With vision dimmed by sorrow, they watched his passage from the shore, looking on him for the last time as he sat in the vessel's prow with the companions of his voyage, whilst a deacon held aloft the golden cross he himself had made as the standard of his monastery. And he, writes the unnamed author of this narrative, "as he looked back on his weeping brethren, and heard the sublime strains of the chant intermingled with the sounds of their sorrow, could no longer keep back his own sobs and tears, but with broken voice he repeated again and again this one prayer: 'O Christ, in Thy mercy help this family! O Lord, Almighty God, protect this army of Thy servants! I believe most firmly that none live who are better than they, and I know that there can be none more prompt to obey. Protect them, Christ, who art our God!'"

Among the six hundred monks of Wearmouth and Jarrow who on that morning of June, now well-nigh twelve centuries ago, watched the passing away of their beloved father, there was one who has not only himself given us his own account of this scene, but who in his writings has left a trace of the deep sorrow which filled his soul at the time. This was the great saint and master, Venerable Bede. At the time of Abbot Ceolfrid's departure he had just finished his commentary on the third Book of Samuel, and proposed to rest awhile for meditation. "But that rest—if sharp anguish of mind can be called rest—has turned out," he writes, "much longer than I intended, because of the sudden changes brought about by the departure of my most revered Abbot. After long devotion to the care of his monastery, he, without warning, determined to go to Rome to breathe his last breath in the places sanctified by the bodies of the blessed Apostles and martyrs of Christ; thus causing no little consternation to those committed to his charge, and greater because it was so unexpected."

St. Bede had, indeed, only too much reason to speak of this loss as causing him "anguish of mind"; for, from the early age of ten, for three and thirty years he had been closely associated with St. Ceolfrid. Nothing can be more simple, more uneventful than the life of St. Bede,—as uneventful as that of a scholar of our own day immersed in his books, or of a man of science who spends the quickly passing years absorbed in the experiments of his laboratory.

St. Bede was born in the year 673,—a date memorable in the history of the Anglo-Saxon Church. It was, as all know, the year in which Archbishop Theodore held the Council of Hertford, in which the difficulties and disputes between the upholders of Celtic ecclesiastical customs and the maintainers of Roman practices were finally set at rest; and the Church, which during the previous half-century had grown apace, was organized into dioceses and parishes in this first national synod. The name of Theodore is also inseparably connected with the foundation of schools of learning in the north and south of England. In the latter, at Canterbury, he was aided by the Abbot Hadrian, the Greek, and at first by the English monk, Benet Biscop; whilst in the north, Biscop, resigning his charge at Canterbury in 671, after another journey to Rome, founded in 674 the

celebrated monastery of Wearmouth on the banks of the Humber, and set to work to make it a not unworthy rival of Canterbury.

To this last, at the time of St. Bede's birth, crowds of students were flocking to study under Hadrian and even under Theodore himself. From these two illustrious scholars they learned, we are told, the Scriptures, Latin and Greek, astronomy and arithmetic, with verse-making and music. The Archbishop also appears to have lectured on medicine; for in after years one of his illustrious scholars, St. John of Beverley, quoted a maxim of his that no patient should be bled when moon and tide were waxing; and Theodore himself, wishing to combat a popular superstition against eating the flesh of hares, recorded his opinion that it was good for dysentery. Canterbury was altogether a wonderful school of learning, and St. Bede says that in his days some of those scholars could speak Latin and Greek fluently, and that in Archbishop Theodore's time all who would could find instructors in Holy Scripture.

Benet Biscop, as I have said, on resigning his charge of St. Augustine's, Canterbury, to Abbot Hadrian, set out on his third journey to Rome. On his return he made large purchases of books at Rome and at Vienne, and brought them with him to his native country of Northumbria. King Egfrith listened to his account of the monastic life he had seen upon his travels, and in particular at Rome and Lerins; and he finally gave him seventy hides of land to build a monastery just where the river Wear empties its tributary waters into the greater Humber. Thus it came to pass that after the Synod of Hertford, and when our St. Bede was but one year old, Benet Biscop founded the monastery of Wearmouth in honor of St. Peter.

As Bede himself tells us, he was born upon the land which King Egfrith had just bestowed upon the monastery; and, his parents dying when he was quite young, he was at the age of seven committed to the care of the Abbot. This would have been in 680, and already Benet Biscop by his energy had done much to build up his first great foundation. To St. Benet Biscop the English people—and so too, indeed, for that matter, the civilized world generally—owes a debt of gratitude which has hitherto, I believe, not been sufficiently recognized. It was undoubtedly Biscop who was one of the first in Anglo-Saxon England to realize the power of learning in forwarding God's cause, and the civilizing influence of books, of industries and art. From his many journeys abroad he returned laden with manuscript treasures from Rome, Lerins and elsewhere. He induced teachers of music, scribes and painters and glass-makers to come to his monastery in the far north; he formed there a school of learning, of which St. Bede was but the most brilliant of the scholars and masters.

His influence did not stop there. From Wearmouth and Jarrow came Egbert and the school of York; and from York came Alcuin, the great master-mind which directed the revival of letters under Charlemagne. "Blessed by God indeed is the place," writes Alcuin himself of Wearmouth, "which has deserved to have such teachers, and blessed those who dwelling there strive to carry out their teaching! Remember what noble Fathers you have had, and be not degenerate sons of such ancestors. Look at your treasure of books. Think of the beauty of your churches, the elegance of your monastic buildings. Meditate on the order of regular life which is there established. Happy the man who can pass from that peaceful home into the joys of the heavenly kingdom!" This is what the great Alcuin thought of the school which St. Benet Biscop had set up at Wearmouth;

and, in truth, to the latter work there may be traced directly the whole Carlovingian renaissance, and all that this means for the civilization of Europe generally.

For a fourth time Benet Biscop made the long pilgrimage to the Eternal City, and returned with a further store of precious books and many relics of the saints. He brought back also pictures for his church, which had been built by the masons of Gaul in stone, "after the Roman manner." These pictures represented, we are told, the "Ever-virgin Mother of God," the Apostles, and scenes from the Gospel history and the Apocalypse, in order that the most illiterate man who entered might read for himself the lessons of religion. The Pope also permitted the arch-cantor of St. Peter's, John the Precentor, to come from Italy to Northumberland to teach the monks of Wearmouth singing and ceremonial.

Seeing the great success of his first foundation, King Egfrith determined to build another monastery for his friend, Benet Biscop, at Jarrow, not far distant from Wearmouth, then regarded as the port of the Northumbrian kingdom. Though some miles apart, the two establishments were intended to be under the same abbot; but, as Biscop was so frequently obliged to be absent, either on the business in which the King employed him or on his journeys into foreign countries, he appointed Abbot Easterwine over the community at Wearmouth, and Abbot Ceolfrid to represent him at Jarrow. This was about the year 683; and Bede, then ten years old, removed to Jarrow, with Abbot Ceolfrid, to start the new foundation—or rather the new part of the old foundation,—since they remained still so closely connected with the parent-house by every tie of brotherhood that, as St. Bede himself says, Wearmouth and Jarrow "could fittingly be called one monastery in two places."

In 686 the twin monasteries were visited by one of those plagues which at that time frequently devastated Europe. At Jarrow its ravages were little less than appalling; and it was during the time of this great visitation that there took place an incident which is recorded in the anonymous History of the Abbots, and which relates without doubt to St. Bede.

"In the monastery over which Ceolfrid presided," says the writer, "all who could read or preach or recite the antiphons and responsories were swept away, except the Abbot himself and one little lad nourished and taught by him, who is now a priest of the same monastery, and both by word of mouth and by writing commends to all who wish to know them, the Abbot's worthy deeds. And the Abbot, sad of heart because of this visitation, ordained that they should, contrary to their former custom, recite the psalms without antiphons, except at Vespers and Matins. And when this had been done, with many tears and lamentations on his part, for the space of a week, the Abbot could no longer bear it, but ordered that the psalms, with their antiphons, should be restored to the order of the regular course; and, all assisting, by means of himself and the aforesaid boy, he carried out what he had decreed with no little labor, until such time as either he himself could train, or procure from elsewhere, men able to take part in the divine service."

Of the years devoted in this monastic retreat by the youthful saint to study and meditation we know little. Alcuin, indeed, refers to a tradition concerning them in a letter addressed to the Jarrow monks in later years. "Let your youths," he writes, "be taught Holy Scripture, that in maturer years they may be able to instruct others. He who learns not whilst he is young can not teach when he grows up. Remember that the most illustrious

master of our age, the priest Bede, had in his youth that great love of learning for which now he is honored among men, and has received great glory and reward with God. By the thought of his example, then, rouse up your minds if you be inclined to slumber. Listen to your masters; open your books, study what you find therein, and seek to penetrate into its meaning. In this way you will feed your own soul and be able, like him, to give unto others the food of the spiritual life."

St. Bede was ordained deacon at the age of nineteen, and at thirty—that is, in the year 703—he was consecrated a priest by his old master and constant friend, St. John of Beverley. The rest of his life in the monastery up to his fifty-ninth year is thus described in the brief biographical note he has appended to his "Ecclesiastical History of the English People":

"Thus much concerning the ecclesiastical history of Britain, and especially of the race of the English, I, Baeda, a servant of Christ and priest of the Monastery of the Blessed Apostles St. Peter and St. Paul, which is at Wearmouth and Jarrow, have with the Lord's help composed, so far as I could gather it either from ancient documents, or from the tradition of elders, or from my own knowledge....I have spent the whole of my life within the monastery, devoting all my energy to the study of the Scriptures; and, amid the observance of monastic discipline and the daily charge of singing in the church, it has ever been my delight to learn or to teach or to write....From the time of my ordination to the priesthood until my present fifty-ninth year, I have endeavored, for my own use and that of my brethren, to make brief notes upon Holy Scripture out of the works of the ancient Fathers, or to add something in conformity with their meaning and interpretation."

Then, after giving a catalogue of his writings in God's service, he concludes with the following prayer: "I beseech Thee, O good Jesus, that, since Thou hast lovingly given unto me to drink in with delight the words of Thy wisdom, Thou wilt also grant me to attain to Thee, the Fountainhead of all wisdom, and to stand forever before Thy face!"

This is practically all we know and can know about this half-century of daily work. It is all conveyed in the words we use in the Office of the saint: *Semper legit, semper scripsit, semper docuit, semper oravit.*—"He was ever reading, writing, teaching or praying."

(To be continued.)

Young Mr. Bretherton.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXI.—A Spectre at the Feast.

CONTRARY to his immemorial custom, Eben Knox had emerged from the grim solitude of the mill-house and taken a ticket for the charitable performance. It may safely be said, however, that there was little charity in his heart toward any of his fellow-creatures, as he entered the hitherto forbidden precincts of Bretherton Manor and took a seat in the rear of the hall.

Before the rising of the curtain, he was for some time the cynosure of the rustic crowd. The various groups of townspeople, the Jacksons and the Stubbs, Joe Henderson and Nort Jenkins, Miss Spencer and the enterprising Tommy Briggs,—all pointed him out to one another with unfeigned astonishment and morbid curiosity, as though he had been a skeleton unearthed. A mummy direct from the Egyptian darkness of thousands of years could scarcely have created a greater sensation. It was a notable fact that the comments upon him and his appearance

were almost unanimously unflattering. Dave Morse was there, with Mary Jane; and he kept up a running fire of adverse criticism upon the employer who had so maltreated him.

"If I was Miss Lenora," he said, despitefully, "I wouldn't wipe up the floor with him! He ain't fit to come into the same room with her. He's worse than them poisonous snakes down in Jenkins' woods, he is."

"He's got lots of money," Mary Jane observed, philosophically; "and I guess Miss Tabithy would just as soon as not that Lenora married money."

"What's the good of money to a miser!" answered Dave. "I reckon he'd starve her, and maybe beat her if he'd a mind to."

Dave spoke with a vivid recollection of his own experience with the manager—which experience, however, he had not confided to his sweetheart,—and he cast a rancorous glance at Eben Knox's rigid back, as it was displayed a few seats in front of them.

"Beat Miss Lenora! I guess not!" said Mary Jane, revolting at the very thought of such treatment's being meted out to her young mistress, whom she really loved and admired. "Miss Lenora ain't the sort of girl that any man would raise a hand to. Now, if 'twas Miss Tabithy! She's scared of her shadow; and I tell you what, she's most frightened to death of your boss."

"Is that so?" rejoined Dave.

"Yes," said Mary Jane. "She's just about ready to drop when she sees him come in the garden gate; and she ain't got the spirit to tell him to go about his business and leave Miss Lenora for his betters."

"I wonder why she's scared of him?" Dave conjectured. "What the tarnation harm can he do her?"

"I suspicion he knows somethin' that Miss Tabithy's afraid to have him tell," said Mary Jane, in the low tone she had adopted for fear of the sharp ears of the manager.

"You don't say so!"

"Once I was dustin' around the parlor door, and I heard them talkin'. And that's why Miss Tabithy'll let him marry Lenora if he's got a mind to. And, my stars! he's just crazy mad about her."

"The boss in love!" jeered Dave. To him the idea was as incomprehensible as that one of the great machines should have been inspired by that gentle sentiment. For some time afterward he indulged in an occasional giggle, promptly turned into a gurgle by the application of his hand to his mouth out of respect to the company.

Mary Jane was much offended by her swain's incredulity, and her displeasure was increased by his observing:

"The minds of you womenfolk is always runnin' on love."

"What does he come foolin' round the Cottage, where no one wants him," inquired Mary Jane, fiercely, "if he ain't in love?"

"He's in love with dollars," replied Dave Morse.

"Miss Lenora ain't got no dollars," Mary Jane objected.

"I guess, then, he hangs about just for cussedness," persisted the obstinate Dave.

"I tell you he's struck on her," said Mary Jane.

"Jerusha Ann! The boss struck on a girl!" exclaimed Dave, with another irrepressible giggle.

To what further lengths the dialogue might have been carried can only be surmised, since the rising of the curtain brought it to a summary close. But, to make his peace, it cost Dave Morse a stick of "rose chewing-gum" and a prize package of mixed candies, from which, with delighted giggling, Mary Jane drew a ring. This led to a proposal of marriage from the enamored Dave,—a proceeding somewhat pre-

mature, seeing that his salary was of the smallest; and the ring was worn by Mary Jane, pending the substitution of a better article, as the patent signal of their mutual promise.

Dave Morse's opinion of the mill-manager, regarding his susceptibility to the tender passion, would have been shared by nine-tenths of those who knew him merely in his business capacity, or who observed his wooden figure grimly erect in the hall that evening, with his cadaverous face a little more lividly pale than usual, his hollow eyes fixed upon the performers as they came and went before the footlights. Even the idea of romance seemed utterly incompatible with his appearance, to say nothing of the absorption of his faculties in that hapless infatuation for the beautiful girl who had unconsciously enslaved him. Nor would it have occurred to his associates, so mysterious are the springs of human motives, that this infatuation constituted, as it were, the green spot which might keep his arid nature wholesome and cause it to blossom into a better life, could it be possible for him to win the lady of his love.

As it was, however, the respectable audience assembled there would have been amazed at the dark and angry passions which surged within the miserable man at the instant when the names of Jim Bretherton and Leonora Chandler were coupled together. This juxtaposition came as a complete surprise to him. He had expected to hear Lord Aylward's name mentioned in connection with Miss Tabitha's niece, and had supposed that the Englishman was to take the chief part in the marriage tableaux. Naturally enough, he had been unaware of the intervening circumstances, and of the proposal which had resulted disastrously for the young lord. The burst of popular applause which followed the announcement was gall and wormwood to the manager. He readily understood its significance.

The scene in the moonlit garden, however, most of all inspired him with a blind rage, seething and surging under his imperturbable demeanor. Jim Bretherton's fine and noble proportions, set off by that costume of a vanished century; his handsome, eager face, so honest and wholesome in its expression, bearing so plainly the stamp of upright, blameless manhood, were in themselves tormenting to that evil nature. The love for Leonora which he read there all too plainly, and the beauty of the girl, accentuated and idealized by those surroundings, filled him with a fury, all the more terrible that it could find no expression.

Naturally keen-sighted, shrewd and sagacious, he read that fair idyl before him as an open book. Even the delicate reserve of Leonora's bearing was ruthlessly thrust aside by the fierce current of his jealousy, and he denounced her in his heart as parading her attachment for the mimic lover at her side. If she had spoken aloud those sentiments which she had hardly as yet admitted to herself, Eben Knox could not have been any more certainly convinced of this truth. He had no delusions after that. Hatred and jealousy possess a wondrous insight; but he resolved more than ever, and because of the very certainty which had ended his doubts forever, to separate those two who stood thus together, united by a subtle bond stronger and closer than any links that were ever forged by earthly smith.

Love is very commonly regarded as a poetic sentiment,—a soft and gentle emotion over which poets rhapsodize and the cynical smile. In reality, it has wrought more havoc and ruin in its various manifestations than all the other passions of the human heart together; and when perverted, it is the inspiring cause of the worst amongst

them. It grows upon the soil of an evil nature like the rare flowers that spring up in noisome marshes,—which, however, are mostly poisonous and deleterious in their effects.

Eben Knox, as he stared at this mimic stage, conscious only of that deeper drama which had submerged his past and future, swept away all that he had gained, or proposed to gain, by his dogged patience and stern endeavor. This other man, he bitterly thought, had returned to Millbrook, after years of absence, careless, gay and happy; and had plucked the golden fruit for which he, Eben Knox, had toiled in the darkness of the mill precincts. Tense and rigid, giving no sign of what he was enduring, he gazed upon the two faces with a glance that fairly burned.

When the curtain went down upon that scene in the garden, the manager instinctively lowered his eyes, that none might see in their dark depths the look of savage malignancy,—murderous, if looks could murder.

The curtain rose again, and Eben Knox followed with careful attention every detail of the minuet. The other performers, so far as he was concerned, might have been paper puppets. He was aware only of Leonora Chandler and young Mr. Bretherton. He watched the expression upon their faces, the smile upon their lips, the delicate touch of their fingers, the upraising of the hands. The steps they took, the bows and courtesies, seemed a ghastly mockery of his despair. As slowly and rhythmically they moved to the cadences of "Amaryllis," that melody seemed to voice his own hopeless misery. At last, to the wretched man who gazed, they lost every semblance of reality, and became shadowy as the counterfeit presentment of those who had vanished long before, with their loves and hatreds, from the green earth's surface. Only his own pain seemed real, deep, gnawing and insupportable.

The third of the marriage tableaux was called, and the last portion of the performance in which these two characters were to appear. Eben Knox still sat motionless, assisting at the banquet, and the pledging in imaginary wine of the bridal pair. This being over, and the programme not suggesting any further appearance of Leonora or young Mr. Bretherton, the manager arose mechanically and left the hall. It never occurred to him that those, at least, who had been in his immediate vicinity in the hall might observe his abrupt withdrawal.

He went out into the corridor, passing his hand over his forehead two or three times, as if to still the tumultuous thoughts which surged through his brain. He descended the broad staircase, absently noting the portraits of Brethertons upon the wall. He lingered aimlessly in the hall below. As he stood thus he heard the sound of voices, and had barely time to conceal himself behind a projection of the stairway when he saw the two descending.

The rich gown which Leonora wore trailed about her with a soft, swishing sound, and the old lace upon the corsage threw into relief the flower-like face. The powdered hair caused her eyes to shine forth like stars. Jim Bretherton was talking to her in a low, eager voice, and she was smiling a smile which was a dagger thrust to the wretched manager. A subtle perfume from the lace handkerchief which the girl carried smote him as though the slender, delicate hand had dealt him a blow. The dark oak of the ancestral stairway made a setting for that fairest of creatures, the penniless girl, who by her unaided attractions had won the entire devotion of the brilliant young son of the house.

The picturesque pair passed on, serenely unconscious of the proximity of Eben Knox and of his baleful sentiments in their regard; while he, with no

definite purpose, followed their course, and presently lost himself outside in the shadow of the trees. He had slipped out of the door at a moment when neither was observing, and he had taken up a position whence he could watch the two without himself being visible. With unerring prescience, he felt convinced that Bretherton would seize the opportunity presented by that exquisite moonlight scene to make known his sentiments to his beautiful partner of the minuet, if indeed she were not already aware of them. In any case, the grim observer felt that there was but one topic possible, at such a place and at such an hour, between two who were so strongly attracted to each other. He guessed with far more certainty than the young wooer himself that, whatever Leonora's answer might be, her heart had already gone out to young Mr. Bretherton.

The serpent who of old invaded the terrestrial Paradise must have been imbued with some such sentiments as those which filled the breast of hapless Eben Knox as he looked forth from the shadow of the elms on the final ruin of his hopes. Sorrow, despair, malice and bitterest hate surged up within him. The very strength of his nature and his own power of loving, which might have transformed him, were weapons against himself. Perverted strength, moral or physical, works woe incalculable to its possessors, as well as to such of their fellow-beings as come within its influence.

As the pair walked up and down upon the moonlit lawn, only an occasional word of their discourse reached the manager: the breath of the autumn wind seemed to seize and carry away their words, though the listener strained his ear to catch them. The clear light of the moon, however, showed him the radiance of Leonora's face; and once or twice her laugh, soft and musical, mocked him by its very sweetness. By a sudden, half-frenzied impulse, he fled, groaning with anguish, like some wounded animal, down into the darkness of the avenue, and out through the iron gates which symbolically shut out Hope.

It is quite possible it had never been borne in upon him before that evening that Leonora could seriously care for another. A self-centred man, with a deep capacity for loving, can scarcely believe that the woman whom he preferentially elects to receive his devotion can love any one else. Lacking certain attractions which his successful rival might be acknowledged to possess, Eben Knox fancied that his own capacity for devotion must be all-sufficing. Now he felt himself deprived of the last shred of hope; for, however, he might coerce Leonora's future actions, he could henceforward have no share of her affection.

He fled into the night like some lost spirit cut off from the happiness of the universe. Others might love and be unsuccessful, and either love again or successfully simulate the master-passion. Unhappy Eben Knox had staked his all upon a single venture. It was not in his nature to form a second attachment; nor, had it been, could he have easily found another Leonora Chandler.

He rushed home, lashed by the scorpions of hate and jealousy, to seek his only gratification in revenge. He was more than ever determined to thwart young Mr. Bretherton at every step of his career; to involve him and his family, if possible, in disaster; and above all things to prevent the marriage. At thought of his anticipated revenge he panted hard in the darkness; he gloated over it, as though it were a toothsome morsel, of sweet and savory flavor. He told himself that he should have to be wary, and to close the meshes of the net very tightly, allowing no possibility of mistake. He looked up to the stars as they hurried

along. They shone very bright in the blue empyrean. To him they were merely dumb witnesses of the years he had lived and the plans he had planned only, it seemed, to see them fail. They conveyed no message to his debased and sordid mind of the eternal truths which alone can subdue the fiery soul of man, haunted by the vision of the infinite; and govern those contending impulses which, uncontrolled, drive him hither and thither, like that host which the poet describes as driven by contrary winds and tormented by fiery sleet. That Wisdom ever old and ever new had never penetrated the darkness of the mill-manager's thoughts, with its influence which can direct man's erratic nature and enable him to use rightly his God-given power of free-will.

When Eben Knox reached the mill, he stood and gazed at the unsightly building, with its curtainless windows staring out upon the night. He thought of the years he had spent there, toiling at first as a hireling, under a taskmaster no less stern that it had been his father. From him he had received more than his share of blows and of hard words.

He remembered the first advent of Leonora into his cheerless existence. He had seen her a young girl scarcely yet in her teens. She had come home from the convent for vacation. He had caught his first glimpse of her as she stood on the steps of the Catholic church with the sunlight of a May morning radiating from her upturned face. Clad in the simple gown of conventual black, there had been about her an atmosphere entirely new to Eben Knox. He neither knew nor cared about the causes which lent that peculiar charm to the young face; but it penetrated to his parched soul, and refreshed it as the sight of a flower might refresh a traveller in the arid soil of the desert. From that time forth Leonora had been the impelling power of all his endeavors.

His father had grudgingly taken him away from the mill and sent him to college, with a view of making him into a gentleman. There he had pursued knowledge with a feverish ardor, for the sake of the advantages which might thence accrue to him. When his father died, he had gone away from Millbrook, Leonora being still at the convent, and he had travelled, travelled over the whole world,—travelled restlessly, as a man who is accomplishing a task. He was determined to see everything, and to improve himself, as far as possible, by a knowledge of other peoples, other lands. Then he had settled down and devoted himself to the one unceasing effort of amassing wealth,—wealth which should dazzle the penniless girl and induce her to marry him.

As he stood there upon the bank of the mill-stream, on that moonlight night, with the odor of dank weeds arising to his nostrils, and the wind softly stirring the alder bushes, he turned his hollow eyes from the mill to the squalid home, where ugliness reigned supreme in the person of Mother Moulton.

He had taken her into his service not only from motives of economy, but for reasons connected with that dark secret which he so sedulously guarded, and of which the woman herself was not fully aware. He hated her because she reflected the ugliness of his life; and he had a curious fear of her. Her sharp tongue, her almost preternatural insight into the motives of his actions, held him in awe. She was, however, exceedingly useful to him, being an excellent cook and an unusually good manager. She saved him many dollars in the course of the year, besides remaining at the mill-house for infinitesimal wages; and she kept him as comfortable as circumstances and his own parsimonious habits permitted.

He looked from the house to the

brook, showing white toward the centre, in the radiance of the moonshine which yet intensified the shadows near the shore. It was a symbol of his own existence,—that central spot of light and beauty, irradiating from his love, yet deepening the surrounding darkness.

He hastened, at length, into the house. It lay dark and silent, and he supposed that Mother Moulton had gone to bed, whereas she was at that very moment delivering a warning to young Mr. Bretherton. He was quite unaware of the presence in the loft of the young woman who watched over a sleeping child, and who had listened with strained and fearful attention to the incoming of the manager.

He entered the dingy room, and, throwing aside his hat, viciously stirred the embers upon the hearth, sending a lurid glow over the dim walls and the smoke-stained rafters. He looked about him very cautiously, and saw nothing. He listened. All was still, save the soft sighing of the wind without amongst the alders. "Surely," he thought, "Mother Moulton has gone to bed."

Unaware of the figure that lurked at the head of the stairs, he stood upon a bench, and, producing a key from his pocket, opened a corner cupboard. It was fitted into the wall so unobtrusively, and at so great a height from the ground, as to give no indication of its presence to the ordinary observer. He thrust his hand into this receptacle in search of something; and when he did so, the figure at the head of the stairs moved two or three steps downward, noiselessly as a cat. At the third step there was a creak; and Eben Knox, suspending his investigations at the corner cupboard, turned a ghastly face toward the stairway.

He saw nothing; for the figure, crouching low, was hidden by the turn of the balustrade. Equally unaware that a woman with watchful eyes was regarding his every movement, and that Mother Moulton might appear at any instant, being abroad like some ill-omened bird to disturb the peace and quiet of the moonlight, he put his hand once more into the cupboard to draw forth that which he sought; and once more the figure above upon the stairs moved downward to a more commanding post of observation.

(To be continued.)

A Mother of Sorrows.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SCENES AND SKETCHES IN AN IRISH PARISH; OR, PRIEST AND PEOPLE IN DOON."

I DON'T think I ever knew a more thoroughly happy family than that of James Kerrigan, who lived on the boreen leading up the mountain to the village of "Dooleys' Street," as the collection of houses was called. He was one of the most comfortable farmers in the parish,—a hard-working, honest, much-respected man. He had managed by shrewdness and unremitting industry to save money sufficient, at least, to provide "fortunes" for his two daughters. He had this money invested in the Loan Bank at A., and was drawing a tidy income from the interest on it. Hence there was a fair prospect that his darling colleens would "get settled" at home, instead of being obliged to emigrate,—the lot, as a rule, of the portionless girl in Ireland.

They were girls that a parent might well be proud of,—handsome, sensible and industrious. "As good as goold," was the term the neighbors applied to them. And the three boys also were model young men,—quiet, steady, self-respecting, and inoffensive. Tom, the oldest boy, was generally regarded as a "rock of sinse"; Jim was voted "a nice-goin', respectable chap"; while

Paddy, the youngest of the whole family, was spoken of "as a fine, promisin', likely gossoon."

"But, kind father for them, for that," as my old housekeeper said when I asked her about this family, soon after my first acquaintance with them,—"kind father for them to be decent and good; for where would you meet the likes of James Kerrigan and his wife Anne for industry, and keeping up their respect?" My housekeeper, I should remark, was a native of the Mountain Parish, and took a proper pride in maintaining its fair fame on every available opportunity.

Mrs. Kerrigan had been considered in her young days, I was informed, the belle of the parish. At the time to which I refer she was about forty-five, but so fresh-faced, unwrinkled and smooth-cheeked that she looked still younger. I used to think that I always felt the better for seeing her pleasant, cheerful, sonsy face, it was always so calmly and placidly happy-looking. Her smile, especially, was peculiarly sweet and winning,—a smile eloquent of a soul attuned to peace and joy, and of a heart that knew no guile. Ah, me! that the cankerworm of grief and care should—but I must not anticipate.

None of us, I dare to say, need go far for evidence of the truth of the Scriptural sayings, "God's ways are not our ways"; and "Whom the Lord loveth He chastiseth." The family of James Kerrigan furnished, I think, a very striking example of the incomprehensibility of the workings of Providence, who yet "ordereth all things sweetly," and who takes cognizance of even the sparrow's fall. Mayhap, the story of their Job-like afflictions will give solace to some sorrow-laden soul.

The first of the series of misfortunes with which Providence was pleased to afflict this happy family occurred in the beginning of my second year in the parish. It was the failure of the Loan Bank in A., owing to the dishonesty of its manager, who, after losing in speculations on the Stock Exchange all its funds, committed suicide. James Kerrigan thus lost every penny he had in the world. The utterly unexpected misfortune had the effect of somewhat deranging his mind. He became moody and silent, and moped about, disconsolate at the wreck of his fortune and the fair prospects of his children. At any rate, one morning he was found drowned in a small river that ran through his farm. He had gone out very early, as was his wont, to bring in the milch-cows; and, in passing over the footbridge, doubtless, in a fit of abstraction, stumbled into the river, which at the time was flooded, and at that particular place was deep enough to drown a man who could not swim.

The idea of suicide in his case was not to be thought of, considering the pious, God-fearing man he had always been. Nevertheless, the circumstance of his having lost his little all in the Loan Fund crash gave a color of probability to the notion of self-destruction; and the thoughtless correspondent of an obscure local paper, in reporting the sad occurrence, made some unhappy reference to this point, that sorely wounded the feelings of the bereaved family.

The Irish peasant knows no greater calamity than for any one "to die without the priest,"—that is, the rites of the Church; for in that he considers the soul's salvation is grievously imperilled. Hence the Kerrigan family were inconsolable not only on account of the loss of a good and kind father, but quite as much on account of the sad, mysterious and sudden manner in which he met his end. I was on the scene soon after the finding of the body, which lodged in the shallows of the river a few yards from the narrow

footbridge; and I never saw such a scene of wild, distracted grief, or witnessed such a frenzy of wailing, as occurred when the drowned man was brought home. His wife and daughters screamed, shouted, and wrung their hands in violent paroxysms of grief, till they sobbed themselves into low moanings of heartfelt anguish; while his sons shook and shuddered in the violent throes of manly grief. It was, indeed, a very affecting scene, and one that few could witness with dry eyes. One must have had a heart of stone not to be affected by it.

"O Father dear," said Mrs. Kerrigan, "do you think is there any fear of his poor soul? Do you think he's saved? Oh, what matter, after all, if he only got the benefits of his Church and his clergy before he went to God? Oh, who is ready to die that way, without warning or time to prepare to meet their Judge? Oh, if I was only sure that his soul was safe, I'd bear his loss patiently; although he was a good husband to me and a good father to his children, working and slaving late and early to make us comfortable. But, Father jewel, only say he's saved, and I'll cry no more for my poor dear James; though God knows my heart is scalded."

After her husband's sad end, I noticed that Mrs. Kerrigan no longer wore the happy, sunshiny expression of countenance that was habitual to her formerly; and her open, pleasing smile grew wan and sickly. Indeed, as if to confirm the truth of the saying, that one trouble never comes without bringing another with it, things went badly with her after that untimely death; for her husband was an economical farmer, who, as his neighbors remarked, would live and thrive where another man would starve. Certainly, by managing to save money on a highly-rented farm of poor soil, he went as near as might be to solving the problem of how to extract blood from a turnip. At any rate, what with the loss of all their "dry money" through the failure of the Loan Bank, and unexpected and serious losses in crops and stock as well that same year, the Kerrigans became very poor, as was plain to be seen. The heyday of their prosperity was gone; but that, after all, was a small thing compared with the sorrows still in store for them.

Just as the Widow Kerrigan was beginning to forget her first awful grief, under the blessed influence of the great healer, Time, a dread calamity overtook her family; and this time the hand of the Lord smote her far more severely than before. Her oldest boy, Tom, now the manager of the farm and the mainstay of the family, took typhoid fever, and after a short illness died. He was scarcely a week in the grave when the two girls also caught the fever—which evidently was of a malignant type,—and succumbed to it: the older girl on the ninth day, the younger on the tenth. Both, in fact, were buried on the same day.

I attended, of course, in their illness all three victims of the plague—in truth, I was present at each deathbed,—and I do not know anything in my missionary experiences so pathetically sad as Mrs. Kerrigan's sudden bereavement. It was, indeed, an awful visitation of Providence to be deprived of three of her children in as many weeks: her brave boy, the flower of the flock, and her gentle, winsome colleens,—all cut off in the fair springtime of their glad young lives. Poor woman! she was just beginning to hope that a brighter day was about to dawn for her; but instead there came a black night of woe.

I shall never forget the scene the house of Death presented on the day of the funeral of the two girls. Except a few immediate relatives, no one came to it. The first funeral was attended by

the whole countryside, for Tom was universally beloved; but when another of the family fell ill and died, and yet another succumbed to the malady, the terrible words, "Fever, the Lord save us!" were whispered abroad; and then the house of the Kerrigans was avoided as were the lepers of old. Scarce sufficient help could be procured "to lay out" the poor remains of the sisters, or to lower their coffins into the grave.

I never saw such a picture of blank misery as that sad mother presented when the hearse had left her door with its double freight. She sat on a stool in the chimney-corner, rocking her body to and fro, and uttering low, pitiful moans like a dumb creature in its death agony. "Light griefs," it is said, "cry out, but great ones are silent." Her grief was of this latter kind. She could not cry now: she had passed through the stage of violent, hysterical weeping. She could only moan and moan, with head bowed down, bruised, crushed and broken under the burden of her sorrows. Her own mother—a very old woman—sat by her side, seeking to comfort her with soft, soothing words of consolation, just as if she were once more the pettish child whom she rocked to sleep long ago with some old crooning lullaby. What a picture that was of the octogenarian mother pouring the balm of consolation on the bruised heart of her stricken daughter in the dark hour of her voiceless misery!

When I offered a few words of condolence, Mrs. Kerrigan thanked me for my attention to her dear ones in their illness; and said, with a simple pathos that brought a lump into my throat:

"Ah, Father avourneen, do you think will God leave me any of them at all? Pray to Him to spare me the two that are left. But maybe the Lord wants them all; and if He does, I won't grudge them to Him. I'll soon follow them, anyhow; for my heart is broken."

After this dread calamity the Widow Kerrigan and the two boys that remained struggled on bravely to keep the roof over their heads; but the odds were against them. About half a year before I left Killanure she was evicted from her holding for nonpayment of rent; and the farm was given to another tenant, an under-bailiff of the landlord's. After this Mrs. Kerrigan lived in a poor, tumbled-down cottage situated on John MacCoghlan's farm; and her sons supported her by working "for their day's hire" round the countryside, wherever they could get employment.

I often called to see the broken-hearted widow in her lonely cabin; although after a few visits I felt somewhat reluctant to call again, for the sight of me seemed to renew her sorrow by reminding her of her lost and loved ones. Two streams of tears would course down her worn cheeks, while her eyes turned heavenward in meek resignation, as if seeking solace from there only. I noticed that, try as I might to amuse and cheer her by some little pleasantry, she never smiled. Formerly she could laugh like a bell, and her face was generally wreathed in smiles: now it wore a look of settled melancholy and sadness. The source of all merriment and joyous feeling was frozen forever, while the fountain of tears seemed inexhaustible. Ah, it was pitiful,—very pitiful! The memory of that grief-scarred face will always haunt me, I think.

When I was changed from the parish I lost sight of the Widow Kerrigan for about seven years. I then met her again in the following circumstances. I was curate in the town of A., and chaplain to a large workhouse there. On the occasion of my first visit to the "poorhouse," as the Irish

peasant invariably styles the hated institution, I went into the chapel, and knelt in a corner just inside the door. A woman in pauper dress, with a very pale face, was going round the Stations of the Cross. When she came nearer to me I recognized her. It was the Widow Kerrigan, looking old, bent and feeble. She did not notice me, as she kept her enraptured gaze fixed on the Stations. I watched her in charmed silence as she passed from one to the other, kissing the ground before each; and so mild and heavenly was the placidity of her features that the sight kept me spellbound. Those Stations that brought the Blessed Virgin prominently on the scene seemed to touch her most, for the reason, probably, that she must have felt a sort of kinship of sorrow with the Mater Dolorosa. Acquainted with grief herself, she knew how to appreciate the sorrows of others.

I felt keen regret at seeing, as an inmate of the poorhouse, one whom I had known in the heyday of happiness and prosperity; and my mind unconsciously went back to the time when she was my smiling, hospitable hostess of the station breakfast—very long ago, as it then seemed to me. As soon as she left the chapel after performing the Stations, I intercepted her on her way to "the body of the house," and addressed her. Then only did I learn the full extent of her misfortunes. She had drunk the chalice of suffering to the dregs. She had supped full of sorrow. On seeing me and hearing my voice, she essayed the old smile of welcome that I knew so well in happier days; but presently she burst into tears. After she had sobbed herself into a calmer mood, she told me her history since I saw her last.

"O Father O'Carroll," she said, "I didn't think that I'd cry like that ever again! God forgive me for having such little patience under my trials! But the sight of your reverence reminded me so much of the poor dear children that are gone, I could not help it."

"How is it I find you here?" I asked. "Have you not your two sons to support you?"

"Ah, Father dear," she replied, "I have no sons now,—ne'er a child at all! They're all gone,—all gone, blessed be God's holy will! Maybe you don't know that my poor little Patrick, that doted down on your reverence, got the decline and died a couple of years after we went to live in that old, damp, unhealthy house. Well, Jim, the only one I had left then, went off to Dublin to look for better work than he could get near home; intending to bring me there too, if he got on well. But I suppose God wanted them all. He met with an accident in a mill—the poor fellow!—and died in a hospital off there. But he had the priest to attend him,—thanks be to God for that! He was a good, quiet boy, that never had an enemy, and never begrudged any one his share; and he tried to keep me out of the poorhouse as well as he could, although I had to come to it at last. But what matter about that? I won't be long in it, anyhow. I'll soon follow them; and the sooner the better. I'm happy and contented now when all's over; for sure I can attend entirely to my poor soul, and pray for my darling, dear, fine children that are gone,—all gone. Blessed be God for everything! Aye, it must be for the best, or He would not take them all."

She had, evidently, settled her accounts with this world and set her thoughts on the things that are above; waiting for "the Lord to call her," as she said. Fire-tried in the ordeal of sufferings and poverty, crowned with a diadem of sorrow, she waited calmly, serenely, resignedly for the Angel of Death to whisper in her ear that her time had come to go to join her dear ones in the land where sorrow is no more,

nor mourning nor weeping nor bitter separation. I never saw a grander or more soul-soothing example of true Christian resignation.

On returning from the hospital, half an hour later, I passed through the chapel and found her there again. I was informed she spent the greater part of the day there, praying,—her lips always moving in prayer. She was looking toward the Tabernacle with a rapt and quasi-glorified expression of countenance, her hands raised like one surprised by a vision. No doubt, after passing through the fiery furnace of tribulation, she was now drinking in deep draughts of peace. Or was she listening in spirit to the "unheard melodies" of the angelic choirs?

She spoke prophetically when she said she would soon follow her beloved children; for she did. I was by her deathbed in the hospital when she passed away. Her last faint, whispered words were:

"It's all over now, thanks be to God! I'll soon be at peace and rest; for I'm going home. I'm going home to my God and to my children!"

A Souvenir

OF ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ.

ALTHOUGH thy face I ne'er have seen,
And ne'er on earth shall see,
For hills and plains that lie between
Thy gentle self and me,
There are no barriers so high
But that, at friendship's call,
The spirit shall their strength defy,
And soar above them all.

Aimée, though 'tis not ours to seek
St. Anne de Beaupré's shrine,
Yet evermore her name must speak
Of thy kind soul to mine;
And who shall say it may not lend
To my poor verse an art,
This sweet memento of a friend—
Gift of a loving heart?

M. E. M.

Flowers as Faith Views Them.

BY THE REV. ALBERT BARRY, C. SS. R.

FLOWERS have always been emblems of hope and love, of joy and sorrow. Sweet-scented flowers bedeck the cradle of the new-born babe, enwreath the tresses of the bride, and are strewn on the casket of the dead.

In Eastern lands they talk in flowers,
And they tell in a garland their loves and cares;
Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers
On its leaves a mystic language bears.

These flowers of dazzling hue and refreshing odors, clad in richer array than Solomon in all his glory, not only give pleasure to men's hearts, but raise their minds to the surpassing splendor of the Creator. They represent in some slight degree the beauty of God.

Wonderous and manifold as wonderous
God hath written in those stars above;
But not less in the bright flowers under us
Stands the revelation of His love.

The simple-minded Christians of the Ages of Faith mingled in their daily thoughts this world and the world to come; and as the pagans of the olden time saw nymphs and fauns and satyrs in the flowing streams and forest glades, so our ingenuous forefathers in Christ beheld everywhere the footprints of angels, heard the voice of God in the thunder that shook the mountains, and shuddered at His wrath when the mighty billows of the ocean crashed against the cliffs at the sea-coast. So, too, their heaven-taught fancy wove lovely legends around every flower and shrub that grew in garden and on hedgerow. They carved symbolic flowers in stone on the panels and pillars and fretted vaults of nave and aisle in the magnificent cathedrals which they raised aloft to the glory of God; they placed them in profusion on their altars, to breathe forth their fragrance in silent worship before the

tabernacle; and they linked their graceful forms and sweet perfumes with memories of every mystery of our holy religion.

Those far-off ages, bearing on their brow something of the winning smile of sinless childhood, poured out a wealth of religious poetry around these lovely works of God, uplifting them into harmony with the hymns of praise ever ascending to heaven from human hearts. Unlike the heathen-minded men of our dreary and materialistic days, who, bereft of the finer feelings and nobler instincts of humanity, bestow barbarous scientific or purely pagan names on "these pretty daughters of the earth and sun," the children of that happy time christened flowers and shrubs with the endearing names of the saints and the festivals of the Church. When the cold blast of Protestantism had blighted merry England, he of Avon wrote:

O Proserpina,
For the flowers now that, frighted, thou lett'st fall
From Dis' wagon! Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength;
Bold oxlips, and the crown imperial;
Lilies of all kinds, the flower-de-luce being one
Of these I lack to make you garlands of.

And the Blind Bard of the golden age of English literature thus also sang of the fair flowers of spring and summertime:

Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears;
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
To strow the laureat hearse where Lycid lies.

Far other were the names which our Christian forefathers gave to "these sweet letters of the angel-tongue." From the long list of flowers which their deeply religious minds and hearts consecrated to God, we cull these few:

The Passion flower; the Blood-drops of Christ (the fuchsia); the Scourge of Our Lord, or "Love lies bleeding" (amaranthus); Calvary clover; the Flower of the Blessed Sacrament (ragged robin); Maidenhair; the Virgin's lily; Our Lady's mantle; Our Lady's mirror (now Venus' looking-glass); Virgin's bower; Madonna lily; Mary's cradle; rosemary (so beloved by the glorious martyr, Sir Thomas More); the tears of Peter; Saint John's wort; Saint Columba's wort; Saint Dorothy's roses; Saint Winifred's moss; Christmas roses; Candlemas bells (snowdrops); Lenten lilies; Michaelmas daisies; the burning bush (holly).

There is a lovely flower, of the orchid family, in the State of Colombia, in Central America, to which the ever-glowing faith of the first Spanish conquerors gave the name of Flower of the Holy Ghost, because in its dazzlingly white cup there seems to be the figure of a dove, with beautifully moulded pinions, and head bent gently forward.

There is an almost endless variety of such deeply poetic names, which were bestowed upon flowers of every sort by our truly Christian ancestors. Far and wide throughout Christendom, young and old, lettered and unlettered, cherished those lovely names of the fair blossoms that ever haunted their memories and reminded them of Crib and Cross, and of that long succession of sad and joyful festivals which beam like heavenly sunshine on this vale of tears.

The sacred books of the Old and the New Testament are filled with splendid imagery taken from the odorous flowers that bloom so brightly in far Eastern climes. The inspired writers of Holy Writ call the Son of God the "fairest

Flower that ever shone upon the earth"; and the ancient prophets ceased not to cry aloud to God on high to deign to let the heavens rain down the Just One, and the earth to bud forth the Saviour. When the holy Babe of Bethlehem was born into this world of woe and sin, the holy writer sang how the "solitude rejoiced and flowered like unto Libanus"; and Virgil, the pagan poet of Rome, re-echoed his joyful words in these melodious verses:

His cradle shall with budding flowers be crowned;
The serpent's brood shall die; the sacred ground
Shall weeds and noisome plants refuse to bear;
Each common bush shall Syrian roses wear.

A charming tradition of the Ages of Faith, founded on this poetic fancy, declares that on Christmas night the deep snow which whitened the ground melted away, the trees put forth their leaves, and the fields became beautiful with gorgeous clusters of the fairest wild flowers:

In the land of the Pharaohs, when noble palaces and temples rose aloft in stately grandeur along the fertile banks of the river Nile, it was customary to lay wreaths and chaplets of flowers upon the altars of the pagan gods; the bidden guests, as they reclined at table, plucked a flower from the bouquet which they held in their hand, and offered it one to the other; and garlands of the rarest flowers were placed upon the head of each incoming and outgoing guest. Those gracious customs were long continued in the East, and were sanctified by religion in the West.

In England, during the Middle Ages, hard by every cathedral and parish church were church-gardens where flowers of every shape and hue were carefully tended for the service of the altar; and at the merry Christmas-time "the burning bush" (holly) the Jesse-tree (mistletoe), the "Rose of the Shepherd Maid," the "Star of Bethlehem," and many another beauteous flower were laid thereon, as types and emblems of the multiple mysteries of that great festival. So, too, when Passiontide and the joyous feast of Easter came round, symbolical flowers were culled to adorn the house of God. What a vision of peace and piety does all this reveal!

The story of the rosemary is one of the most beautiful of the charming legends that were repeated at every Christmas fireside in the Middle Ages. Our pious ancestors believed that its beauty is owing to the fact that the swaddling clothes of the Divine Child were hung upon it; and, knowing that the hem of His garment had worked wonders whenever it had been touched, they firmly held to the belief that, since the first Christmas night, the rosemary has remained ever fresh and fragrant.

They, moreover, beheld in its tiny flowerets a memorial of His Passion; for, as they fondly believed, it budded forth new blossoms on each Good Friday in order to embalm the body of the Lord. This aromatic shrub was interwoven with all the joys and sorrows of their lives. It was ever present at their festive scenes, and was always strewn on the coffin of the dead by sorrowing friends as a token of loving farewell.

The rosemary, or "Tree of the Blessed Virgin," also symbolized to devout souls the affectionate union between the Mother and her Divine Son; and on the anniversary of the night when Mary laid her Divine Child in the lowly manger, every house of the faithful in Christian lands was made fragrant by incense from its burning wood.

It is told in an ancient legend that a holy hermit, when walking through the forest glades, was wont to strike with his staff the wild flowers that bordered the woodland pathway, saying as he did so: "Oh, be silent! You call me an ungrateful wretch. You tell me that God has made you from love

for me, and yet I do not love Him. But now I understand you, so be silent. Do not upbraid me any more."

The knowledge of the Christian language of those fair flowers, which God in His loving bounty has strewn so plentifully far and wide over this gloomy earth, was never before so needful as in these darksome days, when the world seems to be reverting once more to purely pagan ideals and beliefs.

Some Modern Knights of Mary.

THE escutcheon was originally a shield or buckler. The cavaliers of old fought with their visors lowered; but it irked the frankness of the knightly soul to receive the strokes of an anonymous lance, and their shields soon became marked by emblematic signs that disclosed their identity. After carrying it in the combat in order that he might be known to his friends, and especially to his enemies, the warrior brought back with him to his home this buckler, thenceforward the symbol of his race. And the coat-of-arms into which the shield thus developed, was placed everywhere as a trophy and an incentive,— on the portico of the manor, on the waxen seal of maps and parchments, on the gemmed intaglio, and even on the stone pavements of the mortuary chapel.

So, too, with the miraculous medal of the Blessed Virgin. A defensive weapon, it also figures in the combat as the sole buckler of thousands of heroes who, thank God, blush for it no more than did the oldtime knight for his emblazoned coat-of-arms.

Cardinal Lavigerie used to tell of one such hero. It was at Périgueux, in 1841. Bugeaud, the brilliant soldier who for thirty-five years had been winning renown on all the battlefields of Europe, was going to Algeria, where he was to secure both the marshal's baton and the title of duke. At a dinner given in his honor—a function participated in by the whole official set, scarcely more clerical then than in our own day,—the Bishop of Périgueux expressed to the General the hope that God would bless his arms.

"Ah, Monseigneur," replied Bugeaud, "I am no unbeliever! I, too, have confidence in God; and, to give you a proof thereof, here is one of the weapons that I am taking with me. It is a medal of the Blessed Virgin. I have promised my daughter to wear it constantly."

The General kept his promise. One day, during an expedition against the Kabyles, he noticed that he had forgotten his medal, which he had left hanging in his tent. He was two leagues from camp, but Arab horses are swift. Bugeaud stopped the column and ordered a Spahi to ride back and bring him his precious shield. An hour later he kissed Our Lady's medal in presence of his whole regimental staff, placed it about his neck, and cried out: "Now, gentlemen, forward to engage the Kabyles!"

"It is my safeguard," he declared one day to Mgr. Dupuch, in the episcopal residence at Algiers, when he was surrounded by a group of officers. "I have never gone into battle without having it upon me."

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In 1854 General Bosquet, whom the storming of Sebastopol was to make Marshal of France, wrote from the Crimea to his mother: "This command, conferred upon me, the youngest, while so many others coveted it, honors us, my dear mother. . . . God will protect me, and your blessing and your prayers will work other miracles for me. My heart is joyous; my twelve thousand men are almost all old soldiers of Africa, and most of the officers are my friends. Canrobert is a very brother to me. The Empress gave us medals of the Blessed Virgin; and Madam Thayer,

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crosses after the model of the one worn by Charlemagne. Thus armed, I am confident and happy."

On September 20, 1854, Canrobert's division carried the plateau of Alma, which had been held by the Russians, and decided the fate of the day. Several days later there appeared in the *Army Monitor* this item: "The bullet that struck the General was flattened upon a blessed medal that he wore." "We think we may add," said the *Univers* upon this subject, "that it is from a letter of Canrobert himself, addressed to the Empress, that this detail is known. The General wrote to thank her Majesty, who, as he was taking leave of her, gave him a medal of the Immaculate Conception, saying: 'Wear it with faith; it will protect you.'"

***

On June 7, 1855, General de Vergé, in the ravine of Karabelneia, was awaiting, about six o'clock in the evening, the moment for beginning an assault, when a courier brought him a letter from his wife. "Will you," she wrote, "make a vow to Our Lady, that she may continue to protect you?" The General immediately promised to make a public act of faith in the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, defined by Pius IX. six months previously, if he came safely out of the impending combat. That same instant, says Colonel de Ponchalon, from whom we borrow this narrative, he received the order to march. He led his brigade at the double-quick, repulsed the Russians, occupied their position, and during thirty-six hours remained unscathed in the enemy's redoubt, under a hail of bombs and shells that decimated officers and men.

On June 30 Vergé acquitted himself nobly of his debt to Our Lady. From the camp at Traktir, on the Tchernaïa, he wrote to Louis Veuillot, whom he had known in Algeria:

"You will be much surprised at receiving a letter from me, especially when you learn its contents. In sending you the accompanying sonnet on the Immaculate Conception, I am fulfilling a promise made to the Blessed Virgin...."

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In the last council of war that preceded the taking of Sebastopol, Marshal Pelissier had fixed the assault for September 8. One of his generals, drawing him aside, addressed to him some discreet observations on his choice of date. "Perhaps the English will see in the selection of that day, the feast of Our Lady's Nativity, a premeditated coincidence smacking of devotion.... In view of their hostility to the Papacy, perhaps it might be better to avoid exposing the army to the reproach of bigotry."—"Nonsense!" brusquely replied Pelissier. "If the English don't love the Blessed Virgin, the more fools they. Louis XIII. consecrated France to Mary; I, on my part, wish to make over to her the French army. My pious date has been chosen deliberately; the assault will take place on the birthday of Our Lady." And Sebastopol was taken September 8, 1855.

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Passato il pericolo, gabbato il santo,—"The danger passed, the saint is mocked," says a proverb too true in Italy as elsewhere. In the army, however, this adage does not hold good. We have seen Bugeaud, Canrobert, Vergé, and Pelissier display their gratitude, as knights of old displayed their escutcheons; and they were not the only ones to do so. On the return of the French army from the Crimean campaign, one of the "circles" of Marseilles offered to the Etat-Major, who had just landed, an academic reception, in which poetry vied with eloquence in eulogizing the victors. In an "Ode to the Knights of Mary," one poet, calling on the officers present as witnesses, said that many of the soldiers

of France, rushing to the assault, carried on their breasts an Immaculate Conception medal.

Immediately twenty generals and colonels rose to their feet, and, in presence of the distinguished audience assembled to greet them, declared that they, too, had carried the medal under fire, and that they would never cease wearing it. In the single division of Chasseloup, says Colonel de Ponchalon, five thousand medals had been distributed at the beginning of the campaign.

To-day, as well as in the Middle Ages, devotion to Our Lady is congruous to soldiers not less than to all other children of men. Her protection will be granted to all her clients as surely in this twentieth century as in any of those that have preceded it; and, in war or peace, no nobler appellation can be merited by any of us than the glorious title, Knight of Mary.

The Lessons of the Ascension.

OF all Christian beliefs, the Resurrection of Christ is far and away the most necessary and important. Our Saviour Himself appealed to it as the test of His truth, saying, "A sign shall not be given it but the sign of Jonas the prophet," etc. "Destroy this temple [meaning the temple of His own body], and in three days I will raise it up." This doctrine He desired to impress on the Apostles beyond all men; for they were to convert the world by faith. Therefore He appeared to them more often, more personally, and more fully than to any others. Suarez says: "Christ delayed His ascension in order to manifest the truth of His resurrection, to instruct His disciples about the kingdom of God, and to establish His Church firmly,—which He did, as we see from the writings of the Evangelists."

During the octave of this great feast of the Ascension the Church calls upon St. Augustine to explain the lessons to be learned from it. His homily is a good example of the preaching of the time—direct, unctuous, practical. We quote some passages:

"Our Saviour ascends into heaven; but let us not, therefore, be disturbed on earth. Let our mind be there, and peace will be here. In the meantime let us ascend in heart with Christ; and when His promised day shall come [i. e., the Day of Judgment], we shall follow Him then with our body also. We must understand, however, that pride does not ascend with Him, or avarice or luxury; our diseases ascend not with our healer. If, therefore, we desire to ascend with our physician, we must cast away from us our vices and our sins. For we all are bound in chains, as it were; and everyone is exposed to be caught in the meshes of sin; and therefore, assisted by God, let us, according to what the Psalmist says, burst their bonds; that so we may say to the Lord securely: 'Thou hast burst my bonds, therefore will I offer to Thee a Sacrifice of praise.'

"The Resurrection of Our Lord is our hope; His Ascension, our glory. To-day we celebrate the solemnities of His Ascension. If, therefore, we would celebrate this feast rightly, properly, faithfully, piously, devoutly, let us ascend with Him and set our hearts on high. Ascending, however, let us not be puffed up, nor let us presume on ourselves, as if it were by our own merits we ascended. We must have our hearts raised to the Lord. But to have our hearts raised to the Lord is not called pride. To have our hearts raised to the Lord is rather called refuge.

"Behold the wonderful miracle! God is high. You puff yourself up, and He flies from you. You humble yourself, and He bends down to you. Why is this? Because He is most high, and

hath regard for the humble; and the lofty things He recognizeth from afar. The humble things He recognizeth from anear, that He may raise up; the proud things from afar, that He may cast them down.

"Christ arose to give us hope; for who arises but he who has died? He has, then, made us secure; for in seeing death we might despair, and think that our end had come. We were anxious about the immortality of the soul; but He, in rising from the dead, has given us a certainty of the resurrection of the flesh also. Believe, therefore, in order that you be made clean. For you must first believe in order that you may afterward see God. Hear Himself: 'Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God.' First, then, reflect upon the cleaning of the heart; and anything that you find there displeasing to God pluck it out.... Know you well that the wrestling which you have undertaken is a strife with an enemy who is subtle and old and patient. Now that you have once renounced him, let him never again find in you his works; never again give him the right to bring you into bondage. O Christian! thou wilt be caught and exposed, if thou dost one thing and professest another...."

Simple preaching this by the greatest of the Doctors of the Church. Not less sublime, however, is his adaptation of the Psalms to the great mystery of the day. Oh, the pity of it that the taste for such reading is not more general! But let us present at least a bit of what is all beautiful. Commenting on Psalm xxiii, the holy Doctor says: "All the heavenly citizens saw the Lord Christ, beautiful in His wounds, bearing with Him the spoils of the enemy's camp; and in their admiration of His glowing standard of superhuman power, they burst out into hymns, and from joyful rank to rank was heard the cry, 'Who is this King of glory?'"

Calendar Thoughts from French Writers.

Virtue vanishes when one wishes to parade it.—*E. Cornilhé.*

We prefer speaking ill of ourselves to not speaking at all.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

In order to rise, how far will we not descend!—*C. Delavigne.*

The happiness that comes from renown is a bronze statue hollow within.
—*Ph. Gerfaut.*

Every war ends where it should begin—in peace.—*Abbé Barthélmy.*

Man orders his life; woman undergoes hers.—*P. Korrigan.*

One must never have more sense than one's leaders.—*A. Assolant.*

People who recreate too much bore themselves.—*Christine de Suède.*

Egoists always leave, in improved health, the chambers of the sick.
—*P. Bourget.*

It is precisely on the eve of its accomplishment that a revolution is deemed impossible.—*J. Simon.*

To digest knowledge, one must have swallowed it with an appetite.
—*A. France.*

In all lands, all good hearts are brothers.—*Florian.*

I read, not to instruct, but to elevate myself.—*Eugénie de Guérin.*

To be economical is in reality to be miserly as to one's superfluity.
—*A. Houssaye.*

Our friends—a family whose members we have chosen.—*A. Karr.*

Experience is a fruit plucked only when rotten.—*A. Dumas.*

Only those who think of nothing have need of distraction.—*Papillon.*

The timid are flowers who hide their calices.—*Ph. Gerfaut.*

One has already done good when one has wished to do it.—*C. d'Harleville.*

It requires a good many shovelfuls of earth to bury truth.—*Anon.*

Notes and Remarks.

The Holy Father's Encyclical on the teaching of catechism seems to have roused general interest. The need of elementary instruction is felt to be imperative, and all are agreed that the spread of irreligion and immorality among Christian nations is to be attributed to its neglect. The necessity of elementary instruction is hardly greater, however, than the difficulty of imparting it by means of the catechetical literature now so much in vogue,—for the most part, books that exasperate the teacher and discourage and disgust the pupil by their unintelligible words and stilted phrases. "If it is easier," says a writer in the *Tablet*, "to find an eloquent and learned preacher than a good catechist, it may be as truly said that it is easier to write a theological treatise than a good catechism." No wonder that there should be general ignorance of Christian doctrine, with incompetent teachers and inadequate text-books. The nearest approach to the ideal catechism in English that we know of is the manual prepared by Bishop Bellord. Besides being complete, clear, and well arranged, it is altogether free from words not in daily use. Perhaps the highest praise that could be given to this catechism is that nothing could induce pastors who have adopted it to discontinue its use.

We have been rather favorably impressed with the manner in which a Newfoundland teacher treated the difficulty of mixed worship at an educational convention attended by Catholics and Protestants. He simply made a perfectly courteous yet frank statement of the Catholic position on the subject of joining, or refraining from joining, in Protestant prayers. "I am only stating," he said in conclusion, "our position. There is no question of bigotry or of ill-will on either side. We differ in principle, and must agree to differ. But we all agree in respecting the man who acts up to what he holds to be his duty; and I am quite sure that no one here expects us to do anything against conscience, even when one thinks our conscience ill-informed. I leave it to the good sense of the teachers to say whether we should have any religious exercises in which all can not join. The simplest solution of the difficulty is for each one to attend to his or her own devotions before coming to the meeting. We can all take up the duties of the hour in a prayerful spirit without any formal act of prayer in common."

It is gratifying to learn that the non-Catholic members of the convention thoroughly appreciated the candor and good sense of the speaker, and that no ill-feeling resulted. Understanding another's viewpoint is very often the only requisite for mutual forbearance and respect.

A curious fact is the survival of the Samaritans, of whom an interesting account was given by Pietro Stoppani in a recent number of the *Rassegna Nazionale*, of Milan. They are a small and dwindling sect, living at Nablus, the ancient Sichem, at the foot of Mount Gerizim. Their creed is substantially Jewish; but they have their own synagogue, and, as in the time of the Gospel, avoid communication with the Hebrews. The Mussulmans despise the Samaritans, as they despise all that savors of Judaism. This ancient sect is noted for intensity of faith and assiduousness in prayer.

President Eliot is credited with the statement that two weeks' vacation is enough for college students. For Harvard students, possibly it is; but the Harvard president is scarcely warranted in generalizing from the case

of the average young man under his immediate supervision. For the college student who works his intellect instead of his muscles during a scholastic term of ten months, one-fifth of that period is not at all too long a time for mental rest and recuperation. The conscientious undergraduate—and the undergraduate's conscientious professor as well—emphatically needs the full two months of holidays usually given in our Catholic institutions. The young man for whom two weeks' vacation is enough must be enjoying a more or less real vacation all through term time.

The new crown for Our Lady of the Pillar, perhaps the most venerated statue of the Blessed Virgin in Spain, is said to be a masterpiece of the jeweller's art. It is a national gift, and the offerings of gold and jewels for its production were so numerous that only a portion of them could be utilized. A pilgrimage from Spain, headed by the Archbishop of Saragossa, took this precious crown to Rome, last month, in order to have it blessed by the Pope.

The foundation of the famous church of Maria del Pilar is attributed to St. James the Apostle, who, according to the Roman Breviary, went to Spain and made many converts there. The Blessed Virgin is said to have appeared to him in Saragossa and directed him to erect a church in her memory. From the apparition's standing on a pillar comes the name *del Pilar*. Although the Moors in later centuries obtained possession of the district, they left it free from toll and respected the ancient temple. Many miracles have been wrought in Spain and Spanish colonies through the intercession of Our Lady of the Pillar.

In spite of the emphatic injunction of Pope Leo XIII. in his Constitution *Officiorum ac Munerum* (Jan. 25, 1897) that "all Catholics throughout the world shall strictly obey" the general decrees appended to that document, the opinion is still expressed that the Index is not in force in English-speaking countries. Owing to the special circumstances of our own country, it is easy for any one whose position demands it to obtain permission to read prohibited books; but there can be no doubt that the law was intended for the universal Church. Concluding a series of articles on this subject, the *Catholic Herald of India* says:

> No Catholic, if he regards his faith and his morals as the most precious treasure committed to his care, and as a treasure upon the preservation of which depends his eternal salvation—in other words, no true Catholic—can reasonably complain that the Church, by issuing these regulations, guides him by the hand. Commissioned by Christ Himself to feed His lambs and His sheep, she only helps him to preserve that treasure of treasures. Nor can any Catholic reasonably complain that by her regulations the Church places him in a position inferior to non-Catholics. If his circumstances at any time, or for any length of time, are such that the reading of prohibited books becomes necessary or useful, he has only to address the ecclesiastical authorities and they will grant him, or obtain for him, the required permission. Submission to the authority of the Church ought never to be a hardship to a Catholic. Let him remember that when the Church rejects unbridled freedom of thinking, saying, reading, doing what we like, she only insists on what is essentially Christian—self denial, without which, Christ Himself declares, we *can not* be His disciples.

In its issue of May 12, our Lyonese contemporary *Les Missions Catholiques*, whose Roman news the experience of years has taught us to look upon as authoritative, announces the appointment of the Very Rev. A. F. Schinner as Bishop of Superior, the new diocese in the ecclesiastical province of Milwaukee. Father Schinner is just forty-two years old, and, since his ordination in 1886, has served as parish priest, secretary to the late Archbishop Katzer, Chancellor, and Vicar-General of the archdiocese. Those who know

him well speak of him as possessed of a charming personality, and pronounce his promotion a recognition of the best type of priestly virtues. The new See begins its history under the most favorable auspices; and its ordinary, in taking upon himself the responsibility of the episcopate, will be cheered by the conviction that the choice of Rome is vindicated by the judgment of the priests and people subject to his jurisdiction.

We see that Dr. Dyke Ackland, a prominent physician of England, has been giving some attention to a subject which, a few years ago, was pretty thoroughly investigated by the medical fraternity of Sweden, — the amount of sleep necessary for the young. Dr. Ackland asserts that the hours of sleep allowed to the boys in the great schools of England are far too short. Eight hours of slumber he declares to be the minimum for adults, and from nine and a half to ten hours should be granted to boys. An interesting point in connection with this doctor's discussion of the question is his suggestion that shortage of sleep is the true explanation of the disappearance in after-life of so many of the most brilliant schoolboys, — an explanation afforded, he states, by a careful study of such boys when they have arrived at maturity. As to the minimum of sleep required by growing children, Dr. Ackland is quite in accord with the Swedish physicians to whose published statements on the subject we referred some time ago.

Commenting on the extravagant claims sometimes put forward by physiognomists, alienists, and other experts who profess to read character from the features, a recent writer gives this instance of a practical test of such powers:

A few years ago a police reporter, wishing to test the ability of the Chicago police as readers of character, took a photograph of William Dean Howells to a number of police officers and detectives who had been dealing with criminals for years. Every one of them pronounced the distinguished novelist to be a most dangerous criminal! Several related in what cities his picture adorned the Rogues' Gallery. Many claimed to have seen him in Chicago in connection with various famous cases. Not one of them pronounced him an honest man.

As a matter of fact, any one who has attentively observed the features of a band of convicts will be apt to conclude that considerable exaggeration is indulged in as to the "criminal type," the "low-browed villain," and similar phrases. A prison chaplain of our acquaintance once assured us that the chief difference between the appearance of his congregation and any ordinary crowd of men was the costume. Dress the convicts in business suits, and they would appear not more disreputable or degenerate than the average assembly of electors at a political meeting. Neither honesty nor villainy is openly stamped upon the countenance, unless it be in extreme cases; and reading a man's character from his face is pretty nearly as inconclusive as reading his destiny from the lines on the palms of his hands.

Wednesday and Thursday of last week were red-letter days for the diocese of Rochester, marking as they did respectively the consecration of the new coadjutor-bishop and the first conferring of the doctor's degree at St. Bernard's Seminary. A large gathering was present at each function, to express gratification over the choice of so worthy a successor for the venerable Bishop McQuaid, and to show appreciation of the high standard of excellence attained by the diocesan seminary, — an institution of which any diocese in the world might be proud, on account of both its studies and its discipline. It is a blessed thing, by the way, that the superior advantages of St.

Bernard's Seminary are not confined to the diocese in which it is situated. Its influence is being spread all over the United States; and we rejoice to think that our future seminaries will be formed on its model,—the more closely the better.

Of Bishop Hickey it may be said that no prelate ever began his career under more favorable auspices. The veteran head of the diocese planned so wisely, and built so broadly and substantially, that Bishop Hickey has only to extend and perfect the work. The one aim of the founder of the diocese has been to provide schools for the children of the masses, and teachers for these children; churches for the people, and priests for those churches. The success which has attended his efforts is a natural and supernatural result of the energy with which they have been prosecuted, and the spirit of faith in which they were planned. Let us hope that it may be a long time before this veteran in the Lord's vineyard is called to his rest. His reward is adumbrated in the blessings which rest upon his diocese. Not the least of them is the provision of a future ruler like Bishop Hickey.

Although the Cowley Order has given one of its founders and several of its members to the Church, its spirit would seem to be decidedly anti-Roman, if we may judge from Bishop Grafton's recent book, the purpose of which, as he states, is to "bring men into the Church, and to instruct them in its Catholic but anti-Roman position." The author is now a bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church—at Fond du Lac, Wisconsin,—but he was formerly a Cowley Father; and we are told that at heart he is still a monk—of the Father Ignatius variety.

By "the Church" Dr. Grafton understands the Establishment, called by Newman the City of Confusion and now worse confounded than ever. The Rev. George Angus, who in his Anglican days was invited to join the Cowley Fathers—and was willing, he facetiously remarks, provided he should be elected superior for life,—in an article contributed to the London *Tablet* thus comments on this juggling with words:

> No one else in the world means by "Catholic" what Bishop Grafton means. When we read about an Irish Catholic University, does any sane man imagine that such an institution is to be anti-Roman? When we speak of "Isabella the Catholic," do we, does any one, think that she was not in communion with Rome? If we hear that the "European Catholic powers" are about to do this or that, does any one imagine that England or Russia or Germany is included? Of course not, and why? Because England, Russia and Germany are not in communion with the Apostolic See. *Securus judicat orbis terrarum*—in this as in other matters.

The chapter on secession and seceders in Bishop Grafton's book was probably written with converts like Fathers Rivington, Maturin and Angus in mind. It is not characterized by the reticence befitting a bishop. "Having the faith and sacraments, and free from schism," he says to his persevering—or wavering—associates, "we must stay where we are placed." "Must we indeed?" answers Father Angus.

> Surely here is a begging of the question. Secessionists (I am one myself) believe that the Church of England has no faith, but merely conflicting and contradictory opinions; that she has but two sacraments—baptism and marriage,—in neither of which is a priest required; and that, not being in communion with Rome, she is rent with schism, and as a consequence riddled by heresy. But even if she had orders and sacraments, it would be none the less the duty of seceders to secede in order to get out of a schismatic position and to be in Catholic communion; which is, apart from the Apostolic See, impossible. As to the lives of converts being "on the whole not satisfactory," well, that is entirely beside the question. There may be bad and good converts to Rome; but the point before us is not *what* they are, but *where* they are. Regarding this, Bishop Grafton seems to be a little confused and in a muddle. He fails to distinguish.

The Madonna-Flower.

BY GERTRUDE B. HEATH.

WHEN Blessed Mary walked the fields,
The little flowerets sweet
All breathed their fragrance out to her,
And gently kissed her feet.

And one she loved above the rest;
And alway, from that hour,
This little blossom has been called
The fair Madonna-Flower.

How sweet to think the Holy Two
Have held the flowerets sweet!
Ah, to have been a blossom then
To kiss those holy feet!

The Little Hungarians.

BY MRS. MARY E. MANNIX.

V.—The Absent Brother.

"YOU do not remember Florian at all, Rose?" asked her brother.

"Maybe I do—a little, little bit,—not very much. But why was papa so angry with him, Louis?"

"Because he did not want to be a musician."

"And why did he not?"

"He liked music for its own sake, and played very nicely on several instruments. He could sing beautifully, too. But he did not want to make it the work of his life. Rose, we are not all made the same way, you know."

"I should think not," laughed Rose. "You are nothing like Dan, and I am not like Mrs. Mullen, am I?"

"No: you are a very silly creature,—that is what you are!" answered Louis, whose heart was quite full of his absent brother, and who resented the childish digression of his little sister.

"Now, Louis, you are going to be angry, and that is not right. I only answered what you said, and I *do* want to hear about dear Florian."

"I was cross, Rosie," replied the boy. "Just listen, and don't giggle; for I want you to know all about Florian, especially as papa will not forbid us to talk of him any more."

"Yes, Louis,—yes, I will be good."

"When mamma died, for a long time papa did not care for anything; then Florian took everything in his own hands. He was much older than we were, Rose; still, nothing but a boy,—about the same age that I am now. He was so good to us, just like a mother. But, somehow, it was always the same: he could not please papa because he would not practise, but only play pretty little things that he learned by ear. And, he was so tall and handsome, Rose! And his beautiful hair was silken and curly. I used to love to run my hands through it. Sometimes he would get very stubborn, and then papa would punish him by locking him up in the music-room and making him practise for hours and hours. Oh, how I would cry then! But Florian never cried!"

"What did he want to be instead of a musician, Louis?"

"A soldier,—always a soldier."

"Well, I think that was better. You see, papa has always been so poor."

"Yes. Florian may have thought of that, too; though I really don't believe it ever came into his mind to bother about riches. We are not like that, any of us."

"Neither are the Mullens," said Rose, shaking her head thoughtfully. "Young

Dan would just as soon give me ten cents' worth of peppermint candy as the Queen (the Empress of Austria that papa talks about so much,—the one that was killed) would think of giving me a gold—a gold—doll. And ten cents is more to young Dan than a million gold dolls would be to her. Isn't it, Louis?"

"Yes," said Louis, once more thrown off his base by the irrelevancy of his sister's remarks.

"Only she would never dream of giving me the gold doll, because she never heard of me. I wish she had heard of me, and had sent the doll before she was killed, because I could sell it and get a lot of money for it. But go on about Florian, Louis."

"Well—but where was I? Do you remember?"

"Oh, yes!" replied Rose, with great complacency. "I have a very good memory. You said Florian did not care about riches, you thought."

"Yes, that was it. Florian went to school. He liked to go. He was fond of studying arithmetic, and he could draw plans of houses and bridges, and such things. Sometimes he used to say that maybe he would like to be an engineer instead of a soldier."

"An engineer!" cried Rose, scornfully. "Like that funny Tom Hynes that runs the locomotive, and comes home as black as a Negro from head to foot! There is a great difference between a soldier all in gold, with a big sword and plumes, and Tom Hynes."

"But, Rose, not that kind of an engineer: a civil engineer. They make a great deal of money."

"A civil engineer? Well, Tom Hynes is as kind and civil as any one could be. But all the same, Louis, I think you must be mistaken about Florian's wanting to be *that*."

"O Rose, you don't understand!" exclaimed Louis, impatiently. "But it does not make any difference."

Rose sighed. She thought it made a great deal of difference; but concluded that, in Louis' present state of mind, it would be better not to say any more on the subject.

"Well, tell me the rest," she said.

"One day," continued Louis, "Florian came home and told papa that a Congressman was going to appoint a boy from the school to West Point, if any could pass."

"What is West Point?"

"The place where boys go to learn to be soldiers. It is the military school of the United States."

"To learn to be soldiers? I thought men went to war for that."

"They do sometimes. Those who go to West Point learn to be officers, to lead the others."

"Did Florian want to go there?"

"Very much. But papa would not hear of it. He was so angry that he made Florian go back and get his books and leave the school. Then he shut him up in the music-room every day for ever so long. But Florian would not practise. Oh, how I cried that time, and begged papa to let him out, but he would not! Then one evening Florian climbed up to the high window and broke it, and came into the house and told papa he *would* not, *would* not be a musician; and then—"

"And then what?"

"Papa whipped him," continued Louis in a low, shamed voice. "It was dreadful. Mrs. Mullen came, but papa would not let her in."

"And then did Florian go away, Louis?"

"The next morning. He told papa he was going, and—he went. Papa said he should never come back, and he never has. And he forbade him to write. That is why we know nothing about Florian."

"Poor papa!" sighed Rose. "He is the one to be pitied, for he was most in the wrong. I suppose Florian is a

great general by this time, and has forgotten all about us."

"He could not have become a great general in six years, Rose. He was so young when he went away. Men are not generals until they are forty, I suppose. But one thing I know: he has never forgotten us, he will never forget us."

"Do you think he went to West Point?"

"He could not have gone there. And he was too young when he left here to be taken as a common soldier."

"Who told you so?"

"Father Garyo."

"How old was he?"

"Only sixteen."

"And how old is he now?"

"He is about twenty-two."

"That is old, isn't it?"

"No: he is hardly a man."

"How old is papa?"

"A little past fifty."

"That seems very, very old. I think Florian is dead, Louis."

"No, Rose,—I am sure he is not dead."

"Well, perhaps not. I wish he were here now. Papa would be glad to see him."

"Indeed he would!"

"Some one is calling," said Rose.

"It is papa. I will go in."

Louis hurried to the house. As he left the bench, a large tree whose sweeping foliage overhung the house seemed to be agitated. Thinking a cat might have climbed into the branches, as was often the case, the boy did not glance upward. Rose still sat where he had left her. More than half an hour had elapsed before he returned. He had been crying.

"What is the matter?" inquired Rose. "Is papa worse?"

"I do not believe he is," the boy answered. "But he was afraid he might grow very ill again. He wanted to tell me something. He had not the courage to do it before when we talked of Florian, he said. And then, as he thought it over, he was afraid to put it off. Rose, papa once got a letter from Florian."

"He did! When? Did he read it to you?"

"No: he tore it up without reading it at all. It was from a camp."

"How did papa know it was from such a place, if he did not read it?"

"He saw by the postmark, and he knew by the writing that the letter was from Florian."

"What was the name of the camp, Louis?"

"Chickamauga."

"Do you think he is there still?"

"No, I am sure he is not. But he may be somewhere else, where they have an army post."

"Unless he was killed in the war."

"Do not think of such dreadful things, Rose. I tell you my brother is *not* dead."

"How can you find him now?"

"I do not know. I will ask Father Garyo. It will cost money, and we have so little money. Come, let us go in."

After the children had entered the house, a tall, dark man slipped lithely down from the thick branches where he had been concealed. This same man had interviewed young Dan earlier in the day, and had learned from him that the father of the family in the little grey house was very ill, not likely to live many days. He had seen the boy go into Mrs. Mullen's house, and had observed the kindly bearing of that good Irishwoman as she opened the door for her son. Now he betook himself to the cottage to obtain some further information about the children whom he had seen in the Square the night before, and followed almost to the door of their home, and concerning whose future he had already formulated a plan.

(To be continued.)

Dick Whittington.

Most English-speaking boys and girls have heard, in song or story, play or pantomime, of the famous Dick Whittington, thrice London's Lord Mayor, and of his equally famous cat. The most commonly known version of his story is that he came to London friendless and alone, save for a cat, to which he was very much attached. He sought vainly for employment for a considerable time, but at length found work as a scullion in the household of one of the merchant-lords that were so common in London during the reigns of the Lancastrian Kings.

It seems that his master was in the habit of trading with the natives of Africa; and it was customary for each person in his employment to send, with the skippers of his vessels, some article which might be exchanged for gold dust, ivory, or the like. Poor Dick was urged by some of his fellow-servants to send his cat; but, getting up early one morning, he escaped from the house with the intention of shaking the dust of the capital from his feet.

In Cheapside he sat down to rest; and as he sat the bells of the church of Saint Mary-le-Bow rang out. To Dick they seemed to say:

> Turn round, Whittington,—turn around,
> Thrice Lord Mayor of London town.

Dick returned to his work, and consigned his cat to the skipper of the next vessel of his master that sailed for Africa. In the port to which the vessel came there was a plague of rats and mice. Cats there were none, so that the skipper netted a considerable amount of valuables by hiring out the cat of the scullion. Some accounts say the cat was sold for commodities so valuable that Dick was shortly taken into partnership by his master, and later married his daughter.

Such is the legendary story of Whittington. Sober history tells us that such a personage really existed; that he was thrice chosen chief magistrate of London; that during his third mayoralty he entertained with great magnificence King Henry V. and his consort, Catherine of France. He also established several charitable foundations, one of which was a "God's House" for thirteen poor men.

In the manuscript constitutions of the Mercers' Company of London, it is laid down that all the inmates of this almshouse "shall say each morning a *Pater Noster* and an *Ave Maria* to God and Maiden Mary." Such prayers were to be offered to God for the happy repose of the souls of Sir Richard Whittington and his wife Alice; and the orisons were to conclude with the words: "God have mercy on our founders' souls and on all Christians!"

The "cat" that popular legends connect with Whittington is thought really to have been a ship which bore that name, and by trading with which he acquired an immense fortune. He was knighted by Henry V., and died in 1423.

The Prose of It.

While poetry admits of more diffuseness, and even repetition, than does prose, young readers will find it an excellent practice occasionally to translate verse into ordinary unrhymed and uncadenced prose, for the sake of discovering what is the proportion of thought to words in the given lines. A critic in Dr. Johnson's day applied this test to a couplet from one of the Doctor's imitations of a Latin author:

> Let observation with extensive view,
> Survey mankind from China to Peru.

"This," said the critic, "is simply saying: 'Let observation, with extensive observation, observe mankind extensively.'"

With Authors and Publishers.

—We are glad to see that a second volume of the "Lives of the English Martyrs Beatified by Pope Leo XIII.," edited by Dom Bede Camm, has been issued by Messrs. Burns & Oates. This work needs no praise for readers of the first volume.

—"'Bob' Ingersoll's Egosophy, and Other Poems," is a volume of verse by the Rev. James McKernan, published by F. Pustet & Co. While several of the pieces which it contains compare fairly well with the average of magazine verses, it must be said that others display an utter disregard of technique. Father McKernan is the author of a book of sermons, and we are sure that he is a much better sermonizer than versifier.

—The Notre Dame University Press publishes "The Knowableness of God, its Relation to the Theory of Knowledge in St. Thomas," the dissertation submitted to the faculty of Philosophy of the Catholic University of Washington in part fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of Ph. D., by the Rev. Matthew Schumacher, C. S. C. It is to be hoped that this learned thesis may play its part in luring our young clerics to the study of the Angelic Doctor. The work is well printed and neatly bound, and is singularly free from typographical errors.

—We learn from the *True Witness* of Montreal, that a map of the geographical discoveries made by Father Morice, O. M. I., has just been published by the Neufchatel Geographical Society of Switzerland. It shows many details that appear on no previous map. Lake Morice, for example, which is not found on the latest atlas sheets of British Columbia, is 50 miles long and 777 feet deep. Père Morice, whose mission is on the shores of Lake Stuart, nearly in the centre of British Columbia, has travelled many hundreds of miles in a canoe, mapping all the streams, lakes, mountains and valleys in the upper basin of the Netchakkoh River.

—A straightforward and intelligible presentment of the argument and evidence in defence of the doctrine of the Resurrection, is the London *Tablet*'s description of a pamphlet entitled "The Resurrection of Christ. Is it a Fact?" By Gideon W. B. Marsh, B. A. (Lon.), F. R. Hist. Soc. (Sands & Co.) "It is always a satisfaction to find Catholic laymen taking their part in the defence of the faith," remarks the *Tablet*. "And in this particular controversy there are several points on which a member of the medical profession can speak with special authority." Among the older writers whose erroneous theories on the Resurrection are combated by Dr. Marsh is the great German scholar, Gfrörer, whose happy conversion in later life proved a practical refutation of his own arguments against the historical truth of the Gospels.

—It is to be hoped that Messrs. McClurg & Co. have found a competent translator for the Abbé Klein's book. Certain persons who figure in it will especially wish that the gift of freedom from pernicious literalness may be in evidence.

—Some good advice—good in spite of being tinctured with sarcasm—for young authors is proffered by the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, for instance:—

> Do not forget to write far apart; in the case of stories, say sixteen or seventeen years apart. Write only on one side of the paper. The other side will come in handy some day.
>
> If your first stories are rejected do not be dejected. There are other professions still open to you.
>
> Study the workmanship of "up-to-date" writers most carefully. You will find much to avoid.

—A clerical scholar whose passing away has elicited less than merited notice was the late Father James McSwiney, S. J., whom the London *Catholic Times* pronounces to have been "in certain departments of knowledge one of the most learned men in Great Britain." While Father McSwiney was not himself a voluminous writer, he often gave valuable aid to literary friends; among others, to the last Marquis of Bute. He was a recognized authority on Moral Theology, Canon Law, Rubrics, Eastern languages, and Irish lore. *R. I. P.*

—"The Race for Copper Island," by Henry J. Spalding, S. J., published by Benziger Brothers, is a story of incident and adventure in the days when Frontenac was governor of New France and Father Marquette was still doing active missionary work among the aboriginal Red Men, that is, about 1670. Paul Guibeau, the hero, is a manly boy of sixteen with an Indian dummy, Red Bear, for his staunch companion and heart-brother. The stirring adventures of the pair, with the incidental exploits of Joliet and Pierre and Louis Pieot and Lataupine, will interest the average boy more intently, perhaps, than did the doings of the noted "Sheriff of Beech Fork."

—We can not help thinking that the space which some of our contemporaries devote to criticism of historical works like "The Historians' History of the World," and Guy Carlton Lee's "History of North America," could be utilized to better advantage by making known important books by Catholic and non-partisan Protestant authors of which a great many people do not even know the existence. Such books are often altogether

ignored or very briefly noticed by Catholic editors, who, on the other hand, will give any amount of space to the refutation of books containing misstatements of Catholic doctrines and calumnies against the Church. The importance of such publications, it seems to us, is thus exaggerated. It was well worth while, especially in the case of Mr. Guy Carlton Lee's work, to show that, besides being anti-Catholic, the publishers of it were guilty of misrepresentation in giving out that it was recommended by prominent Catholics and that a number of Catholic writers were among Mr. Lee's collaborators. Evidently no book bearing the imprint of Messrs. George Barrie & Sons of Philadelphia deserves place in a Catholic library; however, though this is something our people should know, lengthy reviews are not required to impart the information. Again, it is enough to say of Senator Lodge's "The War with Spain" that it is partisan, which is precisely what would be supposed. A Catholic who purchases a copy of "The Following of Christ" not bearing the name of a reputable Catholic translator or the imprint of a Catholic publishing house deserves to get a mutilated version. A list of books unfair to Catholics, or containing misrepresentations of the Church! there would be no end to it. Why not make known the books that are *not* unfair to Catholics, in which the doctrines of the Church are *not* misrepresented?

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"The Catechist in the Infant School and in the Nursery." Rev. L. Nolle, O. S. B. 60 cts., net.

"The Dark Side of the Beef Trust." Herman Hirschauer. 75 cts.

"The Chronicle of Jocelyn." 90 cts., net.

"The Luck of Linden Chase." S. M. Lyne. 35 cts.

"The Light of Faith." Frank McGloin. $1, net.

"Juvenile Round Table." 2d Series. $1.

"The Love of Books" (Philobiblon). Richard De Bury. 40 cts., net.

"Views of Dante." E. L. Rivard, C. S. V. $1.25.

"Reflections from the Mirror of a Mystic." John Rüsbröck. 75 cts., net.

"Apologetica: Elementary Apologetics for Pulpit and Pew." Rev. P. A. Halpin. 85 cts.

"Religion and Art, and Other Essays." Rev. J. L. Spalding. $1.

"Studies in Religion and Literature." William Samuel Lilly. $3.25.

"A Manual of Mystical Theology. Rev. Arthur Devine, C. P. $2.50, net

"Julia." Katharine Tynan. $1.50.

"Religion and the Higher Life." William Rainey Harper. $1.10.

"California and Its Missions." Two volumes. Bryan J. Clinch. $5, net.

"A Spoiled Priest and Other Stories." Rev. P. A. Sheehan, D. D. $1.25, net.

"The Strategy of Great Railroads." Frank H. Spearman. $1.50, net.

"The First Days of Jesus." 15 cts.

"St. Peter Fourier." L. Pingaud. $1, net.

"In the Morning of Life." Herbert Lucas, S. J. $1, net.

"Last Letters of Aubrey Beardsley." Rev. John Gray. $1.60.

"Principles of Sacred Eloquence." Rev. John Conway, O. P. 50 cts.

"The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass." Rev. Dr. Nicholas Gihr. $4.

"Ceremonial for Altar Boys." Rev. Matthew Britt, O. S. B. 35 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Louis Métayer, of the archdiocese of Oregon; and Rev. John Nock, diocese of Birmingham, England.

Mr. William Burman, of Akron, Ohio; Mr. George Lacombe, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. William Cramer, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mr. Michael McDonnell, Carbondale, Pa.; Mr. Charles McAulay, Albany, N. Y.; Wilhelmina Junkerfield, Champaign, Ill.; Mrs. M. H. Sullivan and Mr. Michael Weishaar, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Oscar Hoffman, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Miss Grace Golden, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. B. M. Wall, Portland, Oregon; Mr. Patrick Bench, Everett, Mass.; Mr. Joseph Shields, Charlestown, Mass.; Mrs. M. F. Sheridan, Salem, Mass.; Mr. Henry Reeks, Dartmouth Park, England; Miss Mary Eyston, Hereford, England; Mr. P. Ward, Carrickmacross, Ireland; Mr. Frank Bouchard, Pleasant Valley, R. I.; and Mr. Richard White, Philadelphia, Pa.

Requiescant in pace!

ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA.
(D. Puech.)

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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The Shepherd's Return.

BY A. M. M.

Now when it was late that same day, being the first day of the week, and the doors were shut, where the disciples were gathered together, for fear of the Jews, Jesus came, and stood in the midst, and said to them: Peace be to you. And when He had said this, He showed them His hands and His side (St. John, xx, 19, 20) and His feet (St. Luke, xxiv, 40). And ... He breathed on them, and said to them: Receive ye the Holy Ghost. (St. John, xx, 22.)

THERE was grief in the fold on the first of the week,
The last of three mornings of pain;
Not brother to brother of comfort could speak,
Because the Good Shepherd was slain;
Though scattered in fear from Gethsemane's glade,
That eve they were gathered as one;
And while, with closed doors, to the Father they prayed,
There came to that sorrow the Son.
O night-wind, the olive-bough stirring!
O flight from the fold, in the gloom!
O Presence, the Promise conferring!
O Breath of the Life from the tomb!

He said, ere with lanterns and torches men came
To look for the Light from on high:
"Wherever My servants are met in My name,
O there, in the midmost, am I!"
And these were the first of the loyal and true
To wait for the Word and the Breath
Of Him, who the gate of the grave has passed through,
And comes, with dyed garments, from death.
O night-wind, the olive-bough stirring!
O flight from the fold, in the gloom!
O Presence, the Promise conferring!
O Breath of the Life from the tomb!

Say, brother, what gain, on the first of the week,
Now Satan from heaven is hurled,
In holy last prayer, of sweet promise to speak,
With heart all unclosed to the world?
Lord, teach us Thy gracious approaches to know,
Wherever in Jesus we meet;
Lord, grant that each life from that River may flow
Whose springs are Thy hands and Thy feet!
O night-wind, the olive-bough stirring!
O flight from the fold, in the gloom!
O Presence, the Promise conferring!
O Breath of the Life from the tomb!

In Honor of Christ's Mother.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

WHILST taking a brief survey of sanctuaries and places of pilgrimage dedicated to the Virgin Mother of God, it must not be forgotten that "in every nation of Europe," as a modern historian truly says, "there are many cities which are placed under the special protection of our Blessed Lady"; and other localities—like Notre Dame, Indiana,—which bear her name. Siena was consecrated to her in thanksgiving after the battle of Arbia. The name Evesham, or Eovesham, records the vision of Our Lady to Eoves, the swain, represented on the seal of the abbey. Aberdeen was under the patronage of the Immaculate Virgin; and Florence, for a similar reason, bears a lily.

Ottery St. Mary, in Devonshire, is one of the very old English towns called by Our Lady's name. The seal represents her Coronation, with the inscription: *S. Collegii Beate Marie de Oteri.* We find from a patent of the fourth year of the reign of King Richard II.,

that St. Edward the Confessor granted the *vil*, or manor of Otregia, to the Church of St. Mary of Rouen in 1061; whilst a glance into Domesday Book makes it abundantly clear that the chapter of St. Mary at Rouen, in Normandy, held the manor of Oteri of William the Norman.

The College of St. Mary at Ottery was founded by Bishop Grandison, who also built the Lady chapel; and by his will, dated September 8, 1368, bequeathed to the college, amongst other legacies, an image in silver gilt of the Blessed Mother of God. In the constitutions, he made several dispositions which are especially interesting, seeing that they have reference to the "Marye Masse," the Office of the Blessed Virgin, the lights burning before her altar, etc. By Statute XVII. he ordained that the bell which was rung for the Mary Mass should also peal for the "Ignitegium," or evening *Ave*.

We may mention, in passing, that the Angelus did not assume its present form until nearly the close of the sixteenth century. Prior to that date, it was the custom in England to recite one "Our Father" and five "Hail Marys," as is evident from the mandate of Thomas Arundel, Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1399, issued at the special desire of the King (Richard II.) "for the promotion of the greater veneration of the Mother of God." A pardon of forty days, *toties quoties*, was attached to these prayers.

It must also be observed that the prayers said at the ringing of the Ave Bell, seem to have varied in different countries. The Thirteenth Canon of the Council of Paris, in 1346, requires that *three* "Hail Marys" be said. Some old manuals give a form of prayers to be recited at the morning, noon, and evening bell; those in the morning, in memory of Our Lord's Resurrection; at noon, in memory of His death (for instance, in the "Horæ" of Sarum we find, after a versicle and response, together with one *Pater* and *Ave*, the following words: "Say thys prayer devoutly at the tollinge of the Ave Bell at None for a memory and remembrance of the passion and deth of Cryste"); and at the sound of the evening bell, in memory of the Incarnation.

Another fact must also be borne in mind—namely, that many churches had a pair of organs, which seem to have been used exclusively for the Mary Mass, and to have been called by Our Lady's name. "Formerly," says a reliable authority, "organs were invariably described as *a pair* of organs." A curious and interesting entry is to be found in the churchwarden's accounts of Ludlow,* dated 1543; it runs thus: "Payed for a corde to Our Ladye organs, 1d."

Some of the Lady altars were also provided with what were described as "chymes of bells," which were rung at the Consecration. This was an Anglo-Saxon custom, and the chimes consisted of a number of small bells fixed on a wheel, which was attached to the wall, and whirled round at the proper times. We learn that at St. Edmundsbury the wheel was set in motion by a "plomme of led"; and John Baret, of that town, left to the "bearer of the pax brede longyng to Seynt Marie Awter 8d. yerely, so that he take hede... to wynde up the plomme of led as oft as nedith, and to do the chymes goo at ye sacry of the Messe of I. H. V., at the sacry of Seynt Marie Messe on the Sunday."

To return, however, to Ottery St. Mary, and Bishop Grandison's constitutions. After his instructions regarding the bell to be rung for the Mary Mass and the evening *Ave*, he goes on to say (Statute XIX.): "We ordain that every day, at least one canon, who desires to have the blessing of the Blessed Virgin Mary, shall assist at

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* Published by the Camden Society.

her Mass, that he may always see if it be celebrated with decorum and devotion." Statute LIII. is to this effect: "We also ordain that each year, on the festival of the Assumption of the Glorious Virgin, . . . the whole college shall eat together; and, in token of the spotless virginity of the dear Dove of Paradise, they shall all wear surplices during dinner, without which absolutely no one, unless he be a religious man, shall be permitted to eat."

He insists strenuously that the lights "ordained in honour of God and the Mother of Eternal Light" should not be withdrawn under any pretext whatsoever; and he adds: "But if some, inspired by God and prevented by His grace, may augment the lights, may God grant them light here and for eternity, and may perpetual light shine upon them. But may those who shall withdraw them incur exterior darkness, where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth, unless they specially repent."*

Lincoln, which, as we remarked in a previous article, continued to be a favorite place of pilgrimage during the Ages of Faith, was dedicated in a special manner to Our Lady after the victory of the citizens over the Earl of Chester, in 1147,—a victory which they ascribed to her intercession.† An evidence of this dedication is still in existence. One of the oldest and most beautiful city gates to be found throughout England is that called the Stanbow, or Stonebow, which crosses Lincoln High Street. In a niche, on the left side of this gate as you enter the city, is a large statue of Our Lady, which, strange to say, has neither been destroyed nor mutilated. The Virgin Mother is crowned, and a serpent is under her feet. At the other side of the gate is a large statue of St. Gabriel, who holds a palm branch in his right hand, and in his left a scroll with the words, *Ave, gratia plena, Dominus tecum.* The image of the Archangel, like that of Our Lady, is happily intact.

Looking back to those far-off days, all the past seems rising round us,—"all the lost returns again." We can picture the many pilgrims, the devout and humble wayfarers, the prosperous burghers, the mailed warriors, the cowled friars, and noble gentlewomen, who passed beneath this venerable gateway, and doubtless paused to murmur an *Ave* ere they bent their steps to the cathedral,—that glorious sanctuary, dedicated to Our Lady's Annunciation, which was the end and object of their journey.

The long procession has disappeared into the mist of ages; the countless individuals who composed it have gone away, with their songs and sorrow. Only the minster still stands on; desolate and bare, it is true, with its fair shrines despoiled, its rich altars overthrown; but stately enough and solemn enough, expressing in voiceless language the beautiful idea of the poet, who tells us that:

> No mere skill of subtle tracery,
> No mere practice of a dexterous hand,
> Will suffice without a hidden spirit,
> That we may or may not understand.

Lincoln cathedral was begun by Bishop Remigius, who came over with William the Conqueror; but "it was rebuilt," we are told, by St. Hugh of Burgundy" (1186–1200), who, from his great and tender devotion toward Our Lady, was called by his biographer (Adam) "her most devout servant and vicar." This great man "endowed the treasury of Lincoln," in order that "the lustre of the tapers, with which the immense area of its huge cathedral was illuminated during the offices of the night, might vie with that of the rays of the sun, with which it was lit up by day."*

* These constitutions are dated Exeter, September 29, 1339.

† See Rog de Hoveden, "Annales," vol. i, p. 209.

* Magna Vita S. Hugonis, Lincoln epis., p. 366. Rolls Ed.

The great central tower was begun by the famous Bishop Grosstête, another singularly devout client of Our Lady; and completed by Bishop d'Alberly (1300–1320). The latter made an especial appeal to his people to finish this work out of love and reverence for Christ's ever Immaculate Mother.

"In this tower," observes Father Bridgett, "were hung six bells, called the Lady Bells, which formed a distinct peal from those of St. Hugh in the west tower. They have since been melted down to cast the "Great Tom." It is difficult to understand what purpose such "melting down" could have served, even in the opinion of the most bigoted; but the fact remains, and speaks for itself.

The easternmost portion of Lincoln cathedral is usually called the Choir of Angels, from the remarkable elegance of the winged figures, in high relief, which adorn the spandrils of the triforium arches. In the inventory of the treasures of the cathedral, which was made in the twenty-eighth year of the reign of King Henry VIII. (1536), there is a most interesting description of the image of Our Lady: "Item. A great image of Our Lady sitting in a chair, silver and gilt; with four poles, two of them having arms on the top thereof; having upon her head a crown, silver and gilt, set with stones and pearls, and one bee; with stones and pearls about her nek, . . . and having in her hand a scepter with one flower set with stones and pearls, and one bird on the top thereof; and her Child sitting upon her knee, with one crown on His head, with a diadem set with pearls and stones; having a ball with a cross silver and gilt in His left hand, and at either of his feet a scutcheon of arms."*

In respect of ivory images of the Blessed Virgin, we may mention one "of precious workmanship," among the treasures of the shrine of St. Edward at Westminster. This statue was given by St. Thomas of Canterbury, who had zealously promoted the Confessor's canonization; whilst in the churchwarden's accounts of St. Mary Hill, London, we find reference to an image of Our Lady, of mother-of-pearl. Other statues, again, were made of alabaster or marble; but for the most part, *inside* the churches, they were of stone or wood, richly painted and gilt, as we have already said elsewhere.

It is worthy of note that a council of Exeter, dated A. D. 1287, ordains that "in every parish church" shall stand an image of the Blessed Virgin, besides the statue of the patron saint of the church; and we know from ancient documents that many churches possessed two, three, and even more. For example, in York cathedral (1510) there was a silver gilt image of Mary seated on a throne, weighing nineteen pounds; and another of silver gilt, holding the Divine Child with a sapphire in His hand. This, we are told, the hebdomadaries carried every day to Mass at the high altar. Its weight was five pounds, eleven ounces. There was a third image of Our Lady, also of gold, weighing three and a half ounces; and a fourth great image of silver gilt, in which the Blessed Virgin is represented with the Holy Child "in her right hand and lilies in her left." Besides these there were four, if not five, others at different altars.

An interesting bequest, which abundantly proves the piety of those times, is to be found in the will of one John Carr, of York, dated November 6, 1487. "I bewit," he says, "my gold ryng with the diamond to hang about the nek of the image of Oure Ladye; it standes abowne [above] Oure Ladye altar in the mynster where they sing Oure Ladye Masse. Also I bewit another ryng, with a ruby and one

* Mon. Angl., p. 1279.

turcos, to hang aboute Oure Lord's nek that is in the arms of the same image of Oure Ladye."

Speaking of the number of images in many churches during the Ages of Faith, Father Bridgett tells us that "in the Church of St. John Baptist, Perth, when Knox began his work of demolition, there were thirty-nine altars, of which *five* were dedicated to the Blessed Virgin"; and he adds: "There can be no doubt that each of these was distinguished by a statue or a picture of the mystery whence it was named."

Among the "superfluous" jewels seized by Henry VIII., who, unfortunately, paid Lincoln a visit in 1541, with his new Queen, Catherine Howard, were pearls, diamonds, sapphires, rubies, and other precious stones of great value; besides 2621 ounces of gold, 4285 ounces of silver, and two shrines,—the one of pure gold, called St. Hugh's shrine; the other of pure silver, called St. John d'Alberly's shrine, so named after that good Bishop who built Our Lady's tower, and who, though he has never been canonized, was held in singular veneration.

Three at least of the richest chalices were also taken by the commissioners of the avaricious King. One of these is described as "a great chalice silver and gilt, with the paten weighing seventy-four ounces, of the gift of Lord William Wickham, Bishop of Winchester, some time Archdeacon of Lincoln; having in the foot the Passion, the Resurrection of Our Lord, and the Salutation of Our Lady; and in the paten, the Coronation of Our Lady."

We can imagine that the costly offerings and adornments of this grand cathedral, which was also a noted place of pilgrimage, did not escape the covetous gaze of Henry; and some idea of the extent of such offerings may be gained from the fact that the enumeration of these ornaments fills sixteen columns of large folio in Dugdale.

Whilst speaking of gifts to famous sanctuaries like Lincoln we must not omit to mention a curious custom which prevailed during the Middle Ages—the custom, namely, of placing wax figures in the churches as thank-offerings. "These images," says an authority on the subject, "represented benefactors or men of position whose memories it was wished to perpetuate; they were dressed as living persons, and they remained where they were put until they perished with age." A great number of these images were offered at the famous shrine of Our Lady of Caversham. Dr. London remarks upon this fact in one of his letters, and says that when he went there "to pull down the image," and despoil the chapel, even whilst he was still busy at his sacrilegious work, "there com in nott so few as a dosyn [dozen] with images of wax."

In 1423, it is interesting to find that wax chandlers in England were ordered to sell figures and other objects in wax, made in order to be used as "oblations," only threepence in the pound dearer than plain wax.* In 1439 Isabel, Countess of Warwick, leaves her great image of wax to Our Ladye of Worcester; and in 1443 Mrs. Paston writes to her husband, who at the time was ill in London, saying: "My mother behested another image of wax, of the weight of you, to Our Ladye of Walsingham." Evidently this image was offered with the hope of obtaining the invalid's recovery.

In conclusion, we must repeat what has been said in a previous article—that Lincoln was one of the famous English sanctuaries to which deputy judicial pilgrimages were made.

* Rotuli Parliamenti, t. iv, p. 4536.

I LIKE short ejaculatory prayer: it reaches heaven before the devil can get a shot at it.—*Sir Rowland Hill.*

Young Mr. Bretherton.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXII.—Plots and Counterplots.

FORTUNATELY, the last movement upon the part of the invisible observer was accomplished without attracting the attention of the manager. He became, indeed, so engrossed by his pursuit and by the rush and tumult of his thoughts that he gave no further heed to the possibility of being observed. At the worst, he probably argued, if Mother Moulton should discover anything, it would by no means be to her interest to make the secrets of the mill-house public property. And Eben Knox never dreamed of the possible presence of any other living creature within those precincts so long devoted to solitude.

He brought forth an iron box from the corner cupboard; and, descending from his temporary eminence, sat down in the firelight to examine its contents. They were not new to him: he had fingered them lovingly in many a solitary midnight, when he was goaded by mere envy at the social prominence of the Brethertons and such personal advantages as so many of them possessed, with their unbounded popularity in Millbrook. He had rejoiced in the knowledge that here in this iron box he held the means of humbling their pride and bringing discredit upon a hitherto stainless name.

At present it seemed as if seven furies had been let loose in him. The members of the Bretherton family were, so far as he was concerned, all merged into one; and that one, a handsome, careless young man,—a species of popular idol amongst the people of Millbrook, with his confident, easy air, and his power of winning hearts almost without an effort. In a word, Eben Knox saw there, as plainly as if it had been painted upon the hearthstone, the personality of young Mr. Bretherton.

Against that personality were concentrated the bitterness and discontent of long years. This young Hercules it was who, with a blow of his outstretched hand, had smilingly shattered the whole fabric of the manager's existence. Handsome and attractive, appearing in his courtier dress the very beau ideal of a lover, he had won the only woman who seemed desirable to Eben Knox. Seeing Jim Bretherton thus in his mental vision, he hated him with a concentration of malignant rage hardly describable. He clinched his fist and brought it down with a gesture of impotent fury that terrified the silent figure upon the stairs. He stirred the embers upon the hearth viciously, as though they were the ashes of a life, and sent a lurid flame darting upward among the smoke-stained rafters and upon the dim walls.

He opened a document, time-stained and worn, and read it aloud, slowly and distinctly, with fierce satisfaction, pausing from time to time and gloating over certain words. In these intervals he strove to picture the expression which would come into the face of young Mr. Bretherton when he should read that document or be made aware of its contents. That was the only gratification the evening afforded him.

The sound of his voice in that silent room was terrible as he enunciated every syllable; and the listener upon the stairs heard every word. She did not fully understand the import of all that reached her ears, but at least it was borne in upon her that danger or trouble of some sort menaced the young gentleman at the Manor. She shut her lips tightly together in a settled determination to save him from the hazard, at any possible cost to herself. Yes, come what might, she would do her best; for she remembered the panting,

terrified horses rushing madly upon her, the death which had seemed upon the very point of overtaking her and her child, and the gallant rescue, by which the young hero had risked his own life to save hers.

Eben Knox rose now, and stretched himself as if overcome by fatigue. The very violence of his emotions had exhausted him. Closing the iron box, upon which the firelight shone with a sinister glare, he again crouched before the blaze. After a moment he turned and cast a searching glance about the apartment, more from force of habit than because of any apprehension that observers might be lurking there. Then he rose slowly, and, standing upon the bench, replaced the box in that hidden receptacle. The spring lock clicked, and the watcher upon the stairs perceived that he did not put the key in his pocket,—fearing, perhaps, to lose it; or distrustful that Mother Moulton's prying fingers might in some unguarded moment, when he had changed his garments, find it hidden there. Instead he placed it inside the case of an old clock which stood upon the mantel-shelf.

The wily manager stood and looked out of the window upon the whiteness of the moonlight, which revealed the old mill with its blankly staring windows, the brook and the alder bushes. Turning, he took up an iron candlestick and lit a candle. Then he cast a long, searching look of scrutiny about the room,—a look which for the second time caused the heart of the woman upon the stairs to grow cold within her. She remained, however, undiscovered; and Eben Knox, with pallid face and hollow eyes clearly revealed by the flickering candle, passed out of the door, evidently proceeding toward his sleeping apartment. The listener heard his tread, stern and measured, for a certain distance down the hall, and then the closing of a door.

Relaxing her strained position, the young woman silently waited and waited. When she believed everything was safe, she stole softly down the stairs. The light of the dying embers shone upon her weirdly as she crossed the floor with a swift, feline agility. She trembled in every limb; she started at the crackling of the flames upon the hearth; her dark eyes glanced fitfully over her shoulder. She dreaded every instant to see the menacing figure of the master of the house appearing upon the threshold.

The purpose within her was, however, stronger than her fears. She advanced to the mantel-shelf, and, opening the case of the clock, drew forth the tiny key from an obscure and dusty corner. She held it in her hand, and stood trembling and palpitating, facing that door by which the manager had passed. She listened intently. The deep stillness was unbroken save by the inarticulate murmur of the brook and the breeze faintly stirring the alder bushes. She mounted the bench with the same catlike lightness, and put the key into the lock of the corner cupboard. Again she paused and listened; but, hearing nothing, swiftly opened the door and withdrew the iron box from its hiding-place. She raised the lid. It contained only a bundle of papers, evidently those which Eben Knox had been reading. She seized this hastily, tremulously, closed and replaced the box, locked the door and removed the key.

So far all had gone well. She descended lightly from her perch; but as she did so her skirt caught in the bench upon which she had been standing and it fell with a crash. She had the presence of mind to raise the bench and replace it in position; then she fled. The moment which she occupied in reaching the stairs seemed interminable. The beating of her heart was surely audible in the stillness. Its reverberations sounded in her ears as the beating of drums or the marching of feet. Her

teeth chattered, a cold perspiration suffused her face. That inborn, deadly terror of Eben Knox seized her as with a physical grip, while she mounted the stairs swiftly, breathlessly.

Scarcely had she reached her former hiding-place when Eben Knox came hurrying into the room below, the candle raised above his head, throwing weird shadows about the apartment, and his cavernous eyes staring wildly, with a horror in their depths. He searched every corner of the room, but particularly that wherein the bench had fallen.

"Strange!" he muttered. "I could have sworn that something very heavy fell just about here. It must have been a dream,—a dream!"

He cast a swift glance at the cupboard. It was apparently undisturbed. He went to the foot of the stairs and sent the light upward. Happily, the young woman had taken advantage of those moments when he was occupied with the search to withdraw into the farthest corner of the loft and throw herself upon the pallet beside the sleeping child. She lay there, with wide, staring eyes, trembling lest the child should wake, shivering as if in an ague. She thrust the papers under the straw, and the key of the corner cupboard into her dress pocket.

In an almost intolerable fear and anguish of mind, she heard the manager mounting the stairs, and watched the wavering light of the candle, wan and sickly as the phosphorescent glow upon noisome marshes. Presently she could see the figure of Eben Knox enshrouded in a dressing-gown, his livid face and hollow eyes turned toward her. She could not bear the sight, and hid her face in the pillow.

The searcher, however, did not long remain there. Either he was convinced that no living being could have been secreted in the loft, or he himself was seized upon by an uncontrollable dread; for, turning suddenly, he went downward without observing the quaking form on the pallet in the corner, which Mother Moulton had, indeed, artfully screened from sight by the arrangement of the flour bags.

The woman, with indescribable relief, heard the closing of the door below, and knew that the manager had once more retired, and that she was, for the time being, safe. The key, however, seemed fairly to burn her till she was enabled next morning to replace it in the clock case. She was haunted all the long night hours by the fear that the manager might seek it in its hiding-place and so discover the theft that had been committed. She woke, too, from snatches of fitful sleep, and fearfully felt the papers underneath the pallet to be sure that they were safe.

After those strange episodes, those plots and counterplots, silence fell once more upon the mill-house, into which Mother Moulton had, in turn, entered noiselessly. The moonlight, lying in great patches upon the surface of the mill-stream and upon the alders, was suggestive only of peace.

After the charity performance, and that little drama of real life between the two young people, so singularly interrupted by the appearance of the beldame, Jim Bretherton accompanied Miss Tabitha and her niece to the Cottage. He had made a hasty change in his toilet, discarding the costume of the marquis, and had joined the ladies while they stood bidding good-night to the Governor and Mrs. Bretherton. They themselves had descended from the ballroom and stood upon the steps outside. Nearly all the spectators of the performance had departed, and the great house, with its windows still brilliantly lighted, seemed spectral in the moonshine. It rose as a palace of enchantment from the encircling trees.

When the three walked away together, Mrs. Bretherton stood watching them

in a silence which was not without bitterness. But she made no comment. It was her habit to keep some of her deepest thoughts hidden away in the recesses of her heart. The Governor, however, seemed to divine her reflections; and as he himself gazed rather wistfully after the departing figures, he smothered the sigh which rose to his lips. Perhaps he, too, had had dreams of aggrandizement for this idolized son; and though his perception in such matters was not equal to his wife's feminine perspicacity, he had drawn certain conclusions, less from the events of the evening than from Jim's demeanor.

"She is very beautiful," he remarked suddenly.

"Yes," assented his wife: "Miss Chandler, of whom I presume you are speaking, is certainly beautiful."

"And good, my love, as is evident, I think, from her appearance and from the testimony of our friends at the convent. That would be a great thing, would it not, if—if Jim were to regard her with anything like a serious attachment?"

Mrs. Bretherton did not reply at once. Ever since that memorable moment of the stage director's announcement, a struggle had been going on between the Christian mother and the woman of the world,—if that title, in a derogatory sense, could really apply to her.

"It would be a great thing," she said at last. "But, still, you do not know what such an alliance would cost me."

"Dear wife," observed the Governor, "if our boy should really think of marrying Miss Chandler, it would be a disappointment, yet in many respects the best thing, perhaps, that could happen to him. She is a staunch Catholic. You would never be willing for him to marry outside of the Church."

"There are Catholics, however, who would be more desirable," Mrs. Bretherton answered.

"Well, we can not control the boy's inclinations," the Governor said, trying to speak lightly; "and I fancy we shall have to solace ourselves with the bit of sound philosophy found in the axiom of the poet:

> Man, man for his glory to ancestry flies,
> But woman's bright story is told in her eyes."

"That is all very well in poetry," Mrs. Bretherton commented, rather dryly.

"Poetry, my love, is half the charm of life. I know there was abundance of it about that June morning long ago when the most beautiful girl in all Massachusetts became Mrs. Bretherton."

He laid his hand affectionately upon her shoulder, and looked down at her with a tenderness which had never waned in the long years the two had spent together.

Mrs. Bretherton's eyes filled with tears as he went on:

"Should I have cared that morning whether you had broad lands and red gold? I believe I should have preferred, my dear, that you had been a dowerless bride."

She smiled at him through her tears.

"The cases are far different," she remonstrated.

"But if the love in these two young hearts should be like ours, have we the right to separate them? There is a higher ground which we must take, I think. Suppose, my dear, that it were possible for us to thwart our boy in this love affair,—if love affair it be. Assuredly we could not wish him different: more calculating, less generous, and less manly. But suppose that we had it in our power to interfere, and that, in the time to come, he married some one less worthy, less religious, possibly not even of the Faith. What should our responsibility be then, my love!"

Mrs. Bretherton looked at him with a kind of terror.

"Our time here is brief," the Governor

went on, with a solemnity which he rarely assumed. "But a few more years, and other eyes than ours shall be looking on these scenes. Would we have wished then to judge this vital matter by the standard of the world and its false maxims?"

Mrs. Bretherton, whose heart had been already touched and softened by her husband's references to the past, was almost awed by the impressiveness of the appeal.

"I am sure you are right," she said, in a low voice; "and I shall try to become reconciled to the idea."

"If the boy be really in earnest, then," said the Governor, "and if the girl—a very beautiful and charming girl, dear wife,—reciprocate the attachment—"

"She is sure to do that!" cried the mother. "How could any girl help loving Jim?"

"He is a fine fellow," agreed the Governor; "and very likely, indeed, the pretty creature has found that out. But, I say, if it should be so, and if they are thinking of each other as—well, as you and I thought of each other some thirty golden years ago,—what is to be our attitude?"

"We must do what is right," said Mrs. Bretherton.

"We must do more. For the sake of Auld Lang Syne, we must take them both into our hearts, and wish for them the happiness that we have had together."

The tears were now coursing swiftly down Mrs. Bretherton's cheeks, as her husband took and held her hand.

"How short it seems, dear love!" he exclaimed,—"how short it seems! It might have been only yesterday that I saw you first, and now we are going down the slope. We are near the ending, and they are but beginning."

Involuntarily, Mrs. Bretherton looked upward to where the moon still majestically held its ethereal sway above all the hosts of the empyrean.

"Isn't it well there is a hereafter, dear?" she said,—"a long, beautiful hereafter that we may spend together? You are right, too, in all you have said. I am glad Jim is going to marry a good Catholic. Let us only remember that,—a good Catholic."

During the course of this dialogue the three were wending their way toward Rose Cottage. Miss Tabitha, silent and preoccupied, walked a little in advance. She had been greatly alarmed by the evening's proceedings; but when she saw that the elder Brethertons gave no outward sign of displeasure, she had been much relieved and considerably elated. She almost forgot Eben Knox, who had been as a hornet expelled from his nest by the coming of Jim Bretherton and the subsequent events. She was thinking of her own threadbare romance which she had had neither the courage, nor the force of character to pursue, and of events which had seemed to become connected therewith as links in a chain.

The two who walked behind were absorbed from time to time in a silence that was eloquent, though Jim Bretherton did not permit the silence to remain unbroken. He talked in that fragmentary fashion which best suited the time, the place, the circumstances; uttering those nothings which to the appreciative ear are full of meaning, recalling insignificant events, pointing a moral occasionally by the very grasses of the wayside. In fact, he found the moon quite as effectual for the making of hay as its brother luminary. Very often Leonora did not directly reply. Sometimes she smiled at him in that half-dreamy, half-elusive fashion which was so captivating; or she jested with him, and laughed at the very moonlight and at his very love-making.

The way to Rose Cottage seemed all too short. Had the lovers been once again the boy and girl who played in the garden of Rose Cottage, they could

not have been more light-heartedly happy. It was one of those rare occasions in human life, evanescent as the rainbow, fleeting as the first pale light of early dawn. Over the whole landscape was the roseate hue of their own hopes. Leonora forgot all her own misgivings, and that undefined fear of Eben Knox which had been reflected from her aunt's terrors and accentuated by the warning of Mother Moulton.

When the little party reached the gate of Rose Cottage, young Mr. Bretherton held it open for the ladies to pass through. Miss Tabitha went first, proceeding instantly up the path, while Leonora held out a slim white hand to their escort.

"Good-night, my Lord Marquis de Beauregard!" she cried.

"Good-night — mavourneen!" Jim Bretherton answered, ignoring the high mightiness of the title, as he held the white hand for just an instant.

Miss Tabitha meanwhile stood upon the steps, thinking of that time, not so long ago, when the boy from the Manor had come thither to play with her niece. She bethought herself, too, of that day, not yet three months ago, when the whole town had been in expectation of the home-coming of young Mr. Bretherton, and how he had come riding down through Millbrook High Street, and had stopped at the gate. In her simple fashion of looking at things and magnifying the world around her, she would as soon have expected Mount Holyoke yonder to topple down as young Mr. Bretherton to come wooing Leonora.

That young gentleman called out to her a cheerful greeting from the gate, and stood leaning thereupon and watching Leonora walk up the path. He thought her ethereally fair in that ancient costume, idealized as she was by the moonlight. It was only when, with a parting smile at him, she vanished within the doorway, that Bretherton turned his face homeward. As he did so he smiled to hear Jesse Craft upon his doorstep singing, in a voice which was not altogether unmelodious:

> "The days when I went sweethearting
> A long time ago!"

The young man, passing the mill-stream and the alder bushes, was sublimely unconscious, in the perfervid glow of his own happiness, of the plots and counterplots which were being woven within the prosaic walls of Eben Knox's dwelling. He whistled softly to himself the strain of "Amaryllis" as he recalled those scenes in which he and Leonora had taken part together.

Suddenly his face grew grave, however, and he sighed. The thought which had come into his mind was of Lord Aylward, who, to sustain his character of invalid, had kept to his own apartment, or perchance the smoking-room, during all that evening which had been one of enchantment for his friend. The accident to his foot had been very slight indeed,—merely a blow from a golf stick over upon the Thorneycroft links. Under other circumstances, it would have been totally disregarded; but, as Bretherton guessed from his own feelings, the wound to his heart was likely to prove more serious, and to incapacitate him, at least for a time, from anything like enjoyment.

The young nobleman, despite the constraint of the situation, and the pain which it cost him to be in the vicinity of Leonora Chandler under these trying circumstances, had, nevertheless, promised to see Jim Bretherton through the election, and had, as far as possible, minimized his own grievous disappointment. It would have been hard, indeed, to guess from his manner when he greeted Bretherton in the smoking-room what he had been enduring in the course of that solitary evening. He jested and laughed at the whole performance; he rallied Bretherton

upon having so quickly discarded the accoutrements of high life. Save that he never by any chance mentioned the name of Leonora Chandler, there was nothing to indicate that he was in any way different from what he had been. And yet he not only conjectured, he *knew*, that matters had proceeded apace with the young couple; for he had seen them walking about upon the moonlit lawn, and had thereupon, with a countenance of hopeless misery, withdrawn into the farthest depths of his own apartment.

(To be continued.)

The Story of St. Bede.

BY THE RT. REV. F. AIDAN GASQUET, O. S. B., D. D.

(CONTINUED.)

BUT if we have only slight and general records of St. Bede, we know much in detail of the life that was going on around him,—of the atmosphere which he breathed and in which he lived and worked; of that fulness of activity to be found at Wearmouth and Jarrow; of the simplicity of spirit and singleness of mind in which all the works carried on there were pursued. The great St. Benet Biscop is the type of its activity. He was the founder of these monasteries, and the true author of the work which these simple monks, who lived far away in the north by the river Tyne, have done for the world at large. Of the spirit of simplicity that pervaded the place, Bede's own account of Easterwine (even if we had not the evidence of our saint himself in their every page) is sufficient testimony.

The life was Arcadian in its picturesque simplicity; and reminds us, as Cardinal Newman says, of those times in the dayspring of the world when Adam delved, and Abel watched the flocks, and Noah tended his vines, and angels visited them. Even of the simplicity of the life there was no pretence and proclamation; there was no programme, no plan; no boasting, no consciousness of any mission. It was a simple, placid, even, uneventful life that the monks of Wearmouth and Jarrow led on the banks of the Tyne twelve centuries ago. We may catch a glimpse of the reality in St. Bede's own account of Abbot Easterwine, who undertook the rule of the monastery in the ninth year from its foundation.

"He was of noble birth," he writes, "being a kinsman of St. Benet Biscop; but this in no wise made any difference in his observance of every rule. And, though, indeed he had been a minister of King Egfrith, when he resigned secular employments, and, laying aside his arms, had entered the spiritual service, he ever showed himself so truly humble and on a par with every other of his brethren, that his chief delight was when he was employed with them in winnowing or grinding the corn, or in milking the kine and the ewes. He was ever joyous and prompt at the work of the bakehouse, of the kitchen, garden, and in all the labors of the monastery. Even after he had received the name and rank of an abbot he was still the same in all these things, remembering the admonition of the wise man: 'Have they made thee ruler? Be not therefore puffed up. Be among them as one of themselves: kindly and courteous to all.'"

And so when Abbot Easterwine, "often going hither and thither on the business of the monastery, found the brethren at work, he would join them at their labor, either guiding the plough or wielding the forge-hammer or turning the winnowing-fan, or other such work. He was useful in his great strength and kindly in his speech; he was cheerful in disposition and large-hearted in his kindnesses; honesty was written on his face. He ever used the

same food as the rest of the brethren, and after he was abbot he continued to occupy his old place in the common dormitory. Even when he was seized by his last illness, he continued for two more days to lie in the common sleeping place. He died on March 6, at night, whilst the brethren were singing their Matins."

Truly St. Bede's was the placid, even, uneventful life of the ideal student, priest and monk. Prayer and work, work and prayer, always and ever in unchanging regularity, day by day and year by year, for fifty years. St. Bede's surroundings—his environment we should, perhaps, call it in the language of to-day—seem eminently suitable to a life like his. "It was," says a modern writer, "a fulfilment in the letter of the glowing imagery of prophets about the evangelical period." As we read, in St. Bede's own language, the description of how Abbot Easterwine passed to his reward, and try to picture the life at Wearmouth, we can imagine that the same words would almost apply to himself; or that, at any rate, they picture truthfully the influences by which he himself was surrounded. His was, indeed, labor of a different kind—that of teaching and writing,—but the spirit of Easterwine we recognize in Bede.

That one glimpse we get, too, of the boy-monk keeping choir with his abbot in the deserted stalls of Jarrow is an indication of the way in which throughout life he clung to the common duties of his state. The *Opus Dei*—God's work,—as St. Benedict calls the Office, was to him refreshment and repose, giving him strength to renew his studies and furnishing food for his meditations. He would hear of no relaxation from the daily round of choral duties. "Our master and your patron, the blessed Bede," writes Alcuin to the monks of Jarrow, "is reported to have said: 'I know that angels come to the canonical hours and to the assemblies of the brethren. What if they did not find me among my brothers? Would they not have reason to say, "Where is Bede? Why does he not come with the brethren to the appointed services?"'"

It would be difficult to find, in a few words, a more fitting description of the life-work of St. Bede than that which Cardinal Newman gives of his ideal monk: "To the monk heaven was next door. He formed no plans, he had no cares. He went forth in his youth to his work and his labor until the evening of life; if he lived a day longer, he did a day's more work. He ploughed and sowed, he prayed, he meditated, he studied, he wrote, he taught, and then he died and went to heaven."

Bede's love of the monastic choir and of the church is as characteristic of his simplicity of purpose in life as are his studying and teaching,—God's appointed work for him. The supernatural world was all round about him at all times, but in a special and well-nigh visible manner to his eye of faith in the sacred precincts of God's house. "Whenever we enter the church," he says in his commentary on St. Luke,—"whenever we enter the church, and draw near to the heavenly mysteries, we ought to approach with all humility and fear, as well because of the presence of the angelic powers as of the reverence due to the sacred oblation; for as the angels are said to have stood by the Lord's body when it lay in the tomb, so we must believe that they are present at the celebration of the mysteries of His most sacred body at the time of the Consecration." In the same spirit he writes on St. Mark's Gospel: "So we, when we come to any town or village in which there is a house of prayer dedicated to God, first let us turn aside to this; and, when we have commended ourselves to God in prayer, then go about the

worldly business for which we came."

It is impossible to read what St. Bede has written without feeling that to him the present and the future life were hardly divided. The supernatural was so natural and so vivid to him that it was hardly *super*-natural at all. As he lived so he died. We all know the word-picture of his end given by Cuthbert, Bede's disciple; but, all the same, let me set it before you again in the English form of the great Cardinal Newman:

"He was exceedingly oppressed with shortness of breathing, though without pain, before Easterday for about a fortnight," writes Cuthbert, the monk, of St. Bede. "But he rallied and was full of joy and gladness, and gave thanks to Almighty God day and night and every hour up to Ascension Day. And he gave us, his scholars, daily lectures, and passed the rest of the day in singing the Psalms, and the night, too, in joy and thanksgiving,—except the scanty time which he gave to sleep. And as soon as he woke he was busy in his customary way, and he never ceased with uplifted hands giving thanks to God. I solemnly protest, never have I seen or heard of any one who was so diligent in thanksgiving.

"He sang that sentence of the blessed Apostle Paul, 'It is a dreadful thing to fall into the hands of the living God'; and many other passages of Scripture, in which he warned us to shake off the slumber of soul, by anticipating our last hour. And he sang some verses of his own in English also, to the effect that no one could be too well prepared for his end—viz., in calling to mind, before he departs hence, what good or evil he has done and how his judgment will lie. And he sang, too, the antiphons, of which one is: 'O King of glory, Lord of Angels, who this day hast ascended in triumph above all the heavens, leave us not orphans, but send the promise of the Father upon us, the Spirit of Truth!' And when he came to the words, 'leave us not orphans,' he burst into tears and wept much. He said, too, 'God scourgeth every son whom He receiveth'; and, with St. Ambrose, 'I have not so lived as to be ashamed to have been among you; nor do I fear to die, for we have a good Lord.'

"In those days, besides our lectures and the psalmody, he was engaged in two works: he was translating into English the Gospel of St. John, as far as the words, 'But what are these among so many?' and some extracts from the *Notæ* of Isidore. On the Tuesday before Ascension Day he began to suffer still more in his breathing, and his feet were slightly swollen. However, he went through the day dictating cheerfully; and he kept saying from time to time: 'Take down what I say quickly; for I know not how long I am to last, or whether my Maker will not take me soon.' He seemed to us to be quite aware of the time of his going, and he passed that night in giving thanks, without sleeping. As soon as morning broke—that is, on the Wednesday—he urged us to make haste with the writing which we had begun. We did so till nine o'clock, when we walked in procession with the relics of the saints, according to the usage of that day. But one of our party said to him: 'Dearest master, one chapter is still wanting; can you bear our asking you about it? He answered: 'I can bear it; take your pen and be ready to write quickly.'

"At three o'clock he said to me: 'Run fast and call your priests, that I may divide among them some little gifts that I have in my box.' When I had done this in much agitation, he spoke to each, urging and entreating them all to make a point of saying Masses and prayers for him. Thus he passed the day in joy until evening, when the above-named youth said to him: 'Dear master, there is yet one sentence not written.' He answered: 'Write quickly.'

acknowledged the rule of Pedro the Eagle. He it was whom they now awaited, in perfect silence. A sentry stood at the narrow cleft which gave exit to the path without, leading up to the pass above.

Suddenly he saluted; a quick step was heard, and the figure of the chief darkened the rude doorway. A tall man, handsome and very dark, dressed in the close-fitting garments of Northern Spain, which showed the sinewy proportions of his nether limbs, while his body was wrapped in a picturesque cloak; on his head he carried a graceful sombrero. His mouth was thin and rather cruel, his nose very hooked, his eyes the darkest in Spain. An eagle's eyes and an eagle's beak, the villagers said; and an eagle's claws, Ricardo added. He was a man capable of the noblest deeds of self-sacrifice and bravery, but in his heart there lurked, too, an element of cunning and treachery; and he was not the one to shy at the means when the end was the fulfilment of his wishes. His men feared him greatly; he was their superior in bodily strength and daring, and he would have killed any who dared to disobey him; yet they loved him, too, for his often generous deeds, and for his fatherly care for their interests. He would sooner have died than leave any of them in peril, unassisted.

Such was the man who ruled the outlaws of the Pyrenees, whom force after force of determined police had failed to capture, and who feared no one on earth, save his rival in all things, Ricardo. Fear it could hardly be called; but Pedro knew his opponent was his equal in cunning and daring, and he knew also that Ricardo had but one object in life—to bring him to earth, and end his reign in the mountains. And Pedro was wise enough to recognize what a dangerous opponent he had in this man, who had been his rival even when they lived as boys in the little village at the foot of the pass. Both had striven for the favor of pretty Juanita, the village belle; and when the one had taken her to his little home high up near the summit of the pass, the other had gone away with rage at his heart to join the excisemen.

That was ten years ago. And now Ricardo had attained the rank of chief of the excisemen; and Pedro had made his abode in the mountains, living up there alone with Juanita; for their only son had been sent to the school in the township some leagues away. Most of Pedro's time, however, was spent in the caves below; and poor, gentle Juanita lived in perpetual fear of his capture,—a fear which Pedro affected to laugh at, but which he appreciated deeply; for he loved his little wife very ardently. Pedro could love and hate with all his heart.

As may be imagined, the ten years which had elapsed had not tended to diminish the hatred of the two men, and every encounter in the natural course of their respective methods of life had fanned the fire of their enmity. Both had sworn, in accordance with the romantic customs of the district, that a meeting would be attended by the grim Angel of Death; and both knew that no chance of revenge would be allowed to pass by the other.

Pedro stood then at the mouth of the cave, with the lash of the rain still on his face, and the sudden glare of the torches half blinding his eyes. Without, the lightning flashed unceasingly, glancing down the sheer precipice beyond the path, and flickering in the abysmal depths below. The thunder rolled with awful and repeated emphasis, and the echoes that lurked in the ravine drowned the roaring of the swollen torrent glinting among the distant rocks.

Even as the chief strode forward, a flash of fire filled the cave with sulphuric radiance, which showed the

men crossing themselves, with the fear of the supernatural on their faces. They recognized the voice of the Almighty in the storm, these rude mountaineers; and when that voice spoke in the roar of the thunder, and when God's anger flashed in the lightning, they were greatly afraid; for their consciences troubled them at such times, and they remembered little scenes up in the mountains with obstreperous travellers, and in the hamlet where they had spent the fiery days of their youth.

Pedro looked his men over. Then he smiled somewhat uneasily as he noted their pious gestures; for he was thinking how many of these brigands might soon be called before the throne of Him whose anger was in the storm that raged without. For Pedro and all his men were deeply religious, so far as mere faith and ceremonies went. And Pedro, who knew his men and loved them, was filled with a mysterious compassion for them; for there was dangerous work ahead that night,—goods to be smuggled first, and then a probable encounter with their old enemies, the police.

Ricardo was perfectly aware of the situation of the cave which formed the headquarters of the smugglers; he had often been there when a boy, in the company of his father, who had once been a brigand. To catch Pedro and his band, it was necessary either to come upon them actually engaged in the smuggling of dutiable goods, or in the presence of their booty; which latter could be accomplished only by raiding the cave, where Ricardo knew the spoils were stored in secret recesses. The former course—catching the men red-handed—was a difficult one. There was not a man among the smugglers who could be bribed; and without foreknowledge it was idle work waiting till chance should place the brigands in the hands of their opponents. Thus the main hope of the police lay in the prospect of some day being able to catch the smugglers unawares and storm the cave. It seemed almost impossible to make way through the labyrinth which intervened. The smugglers were nearly equal in strength of numbers, quite fearless, besides being thoroughly acquainted with all the windings and pitfalls of the caves which formed their abode.

"But," Ricardo's lieutenant, a promising young fellow, said to his chief one day, "is it not possible to go round, by the next pass, to the other side of the mountain, and then descend on the cave from the top of the pass? You say the cave is quite on the fringe of the rocks; thus we shall not have to fight our way, as we would from this side."

"I have thought of that, Alphonso," Ricardo answered. "But you are not aware that just above the place where the stone belt ends, the path takes a sudden turn. It is the place where ambushes are laid for travellers, and it can be rounded by only one man at a time. The beggars would be warned of our coming by the sentinel at the top of the pass; and when they saw us approaching in force, they would pick us off one by one as we came round the corner."

"But surely they wouldn't dare to destroy a whole police force? What about the government?"

"The government? Why, they would just say that we were a pack of fools to get shot down like that, and a new force would be sent,—a little stronger perhaps; but you know we want about three times the number of men we have now, in order to effect anything. If we could only get them beyond that bend!"

Strange to say, this idea had not struck them before; and they now set to work considering whether it would not be possible to trick the smugglers and get them in the open, where the chances would be more equal. A long

time they talked together, these two; and finally it was decided to make the attempt. Ricardo summoned his men, and told them the new plan he had thought out for the capture of Pedro and his band. He little dreamed that one of his own squad noted everything most carefully and sent in his report to Pedro the same day.

A little higher up than the place where the pathway swung round the projecting shoulder, was a small plateau, formed by the broadening of the track. It was strewn with rocks and boulders, which afforded facility for hiding a considerable body of men. Here Ricardo meant to leave his force, ambushed among the rocks, and grouped as near as possible to the entrance and exit of the plateau. Then he himself, taking with him three or four men, would proceed down to the bend in the pathway, where he knew that a body of smugglers, warned by the signal shot of the man at the summit, would be waiting for the traveller whom they would deem to be walking into their trap. This sentinel would have to be disposed of, but that was a work of minor detail. Disguised as a traveller, and fully on his guard, he would round the corner, leaving his companions a few yards higher up. At first sight of the men in waiting he would turn and flee, pursued by the smugglers, who would not let a victim get thus away. Beyond the bend, Ricardo and his four comrades would meet the brigands, whom they would easily overcome, they hoped, considering that Pedro's men would be taken by surprise.

Ricardo relied on the noise of this scuffle, coupled with a little shooting, to bring the smugglers storming from the cave. Then Ricardo and his men, taking the risk of being shot, would flee for their lives up the path,—pursued, they trusted, by the whole force, whom they would lead on to the little terrace. Here they would hide themselves among the rocks; and when all the smugglers had come to a standstill and were seeking them, Ricardo's force would rush from their hiding-places, block the two entrances of the plateau, and Pedro and his men would be taken red-handed or shot down. Of course they would show fight; but again Ricardo relied on the surprise to assist him, and he hoped that a panic would break out among the brigands. On the whole, it was a risky plot, and much depended on chance; yet Ricardo was willing to stake his life and reputation on its success.

Now, as I have told you, this plan was carefully explained to Pedro and his men by their faithful spy. Pedro was very angry indeed, and he listened willingly to the counterplot which his smooth-tongued and cunning lieutenant smilingly whispered in his ear.

"How honored we must consider ourselves to receive a visit from the great Ricardo in person, Pedro! Surely, since he is so mighty a personage, and you are his particular friend, it will be right that you receive him in person. Very probably he is coming to inquire how things go with the señorita, your wife. He formerly deigned to be very interested in her; and when you die he will undoubtedly renew his interest in the poor widow."

Pedro, stung by many recollections, winced a little and looked black. The lieutenant smiled approvingly, and continued:

"The best welcome for such a lordly guest will be with the butt end of your gun, for shooting is a very noisy business; and I have a little plan to follow this reception, which requires things to be conducted as noiselessly and decorously as possible."

He paused a moment. Pedro sat looking straight at him. Suddenly he smiled.

"What a cruel brute you are! But you have a head, Rodriguez my friend,"

he remarked. "Well, go on! What more have you to propose? I don't think, by the bye, that I need bother my head much whether I shall have a capable successor, if I should be taken from you."

"Heaven forbid!" cried Rodriguez. "Well, when you have thus quietly disposed of the daring traveller, you just take up his rôle and rush with the whole force upon the men who will be waiting round the shoulder. Let them get away, of course—let them get onto the terrace,—but follow them closely; rush with half the force to the farther entrance, whilst the other half take up their post at this end of the place. Cover the men as they rise from behind the rocks; and I think that, if we act promptly, they will be too dazed to show very much fight. We can shoot the first few who resist, and take the rest prisoners. The people of the village will be delighted when they see the policemen coming back from their bold raid disarmed and humbled. And Ricardo will be exploring the problem of the hereafter."

The counterplot had been proposed in the council cave, and the men had eagerly hailed it, laughing uproariously at the imagined spectacle of the guards returning to the village disarmed; and charmed at the prospect of the fat ransom they would get from the men they kept back for that purpose.

And now the night of the venture was at hand; and whilst the rain and storm were raging without, the band sat and waited for the appointed time. Pedro had taken the only seat the cavern boasted; the men sat on the ground and waited for their chief to speak. In a few clear words he told each man what his part was to be, and exhorted them sharply not to shirk responsibility.

Of a sudden he himself started up, and, seizing the long carbine that stood by the entrance, he left the cave without a word, and strode into the darkness of the storm. The sentry at the cave-mouth heard him swear softly to himself as the rain lashed his face. Firmly he strode up the steep path, keeping close to the face of the rock-wall, which sheltered him somewhat from the storm. Now and then his figure stood out sharply against the rocks as the lightning flickered. The air was full of contending sounds, the roar of the thunder at times suddenly drowning the whine of the wind and the rush of the torrent below. Then slowly, as the thunder subsided and the wind rested a moment, the noise of the dashing waters in the depths rose strongly, and covered all else with its threatening murmurs and hissing splash, and remained the victor of the striving elements.

Battling with the wind, Pedro went on his way till he reached the bend of the pathway, and took up his station, his rifle clubbed. Even as he stepped into the shelter behind the jutting boulder, he heard the far-away echo of a shot, coming, he knew, from the sentinel at the summit of the pass. Ricardo was coming!

. . . . . .

Juanita sat in her little kitchen up near the pass, spinning, and softly humming a Spanish love song. Her little house served for inn at the top of the pass, and travellers were wont to stop there for a drink of goat's milk. A little lower down, these same travellers made her husband's acquaintance.

Juanita's eyes and hair were very black, and her skin was olive and red. Very pretty she was, a creature to inspire the deepest of love. Soft and gentle as a dove herself, she had in her youth roused the fiercest passions of men, and blood had more than once been shed for her sake.

Her life up in the mountain was very lonely; for her boy was away, and Pedro spent most of his time in the caves

below. On Sundays she went to church with him, for he was a regular churchgoer; and this was the only occasion on which she saw her former acquaintances in the village at the mountain foot.

Juanita hushed her song, and her thoughts wandered to her husband, who had gone down to the cave about an hour before. She prayed in silence that he might be induced to change his mode of life before fate overtook him, and her heart beat fast as she thought of the dangers which surrounded her loved one. She crossed herself devoutly as flash followed flash in appalling succession, and the thunder drowned the swish of the rain and the howling of the wind, as the roar of the cannon drowns the rattle of musketry.

Suddenly, amid a lull of the storm, a shot rang out not very far away,—the signal, she thought, of some belated traveller using the pass on this frightful night. Then in the distance she heard the tramp of men. Astonished and troubled, she sat upright and listened. Her life with Pedro had made Juanita very cautious. She first turned out the light, which might betray her, and then went outside. Even as she slipped out of the door a vivid lightning flash showed her, far up on the mule track, a large body of men clad in the bright tunics of the civil guards. The light flashed on their helmets and glanced along their sabres.

For a moment she stood quite bewildered, and wondering what this vision meant. Was she dreaming? Then suddenly the truth dawned on her,—the truth that they were coming to surprise Pedro; and overwhelmingly it broke on her how easily they might succeed. Again she was confused and frightened, not knowing what she was to do, or how to stop these inexorable enemies of her husband. Then she flashed into action. She turned and fled with sure-footed speed down the mule track to the caves where she knew Pedro was. He must be warned. Buffeted by the wind and lashed by the rain, swaying above the lightning-lit abyss, as a fleet mountain goat she sped down the steep path, untired, thinking only of her loved one. Now she arrived on the terrace where the fray was planned to take place, and now she was speeding down to the bend in the pathway. Almost she was there. Now she was about to rush heedlessly round the turning, when a fierce imprecation sounded in her ears, and a heavy blow choked the cry on her lips and felled her to the ground.

There she lay, her poor face full of startled anguish, and her dark tresses all stained with blood.

The smugglers heard the smothered cry and sped up to the place where Pedro stood. He was leaning against the rock wall, the lightning playing about him, and his face livid, his mouth half opened, trying in vain to breathe. With his hands he clasped the wall behind him, bending slightly forward, while he stared at the face of his dear loved one, lying there at his feet, struck down by his hand in place of his most hated enemy. Then there sounded through those mountain heights a cry of anguish as of a wounded beast, re-echoing among the rocks, accompanied by the howl of the soughing wind. Then Pedro fell his length, with his hand in the blood of Juanita his wife; and the smugglers fled and left them thus, and thus Ricardo found them.

Ricardo had advanced cautiously when he neared the place where he had expected to be attacked; but before he turned the corner he saw the dimly outlined figures lying at his feet. He had heard the loud wail in which Pedro had voiced the despair of his heart, and it had increased his caution. Now he recognized the slain; and, with the love of Juanita still strong in his heart, he fell on his knees by her side

and took her sweet face between his hands. Then he mastered his emotion, and in a low voice he called his wondering men and bade them bear the bodies away.

Juanita they buried in the village churchyard; and, according to the custom, they placed a cross of stone on the place where she had fallen.

For many a day Pedro lay in the village below, the fiery finger of a raging fever on his brain. His strong frame, however, bore the shock and he recovered; but his mind was gone, and he was doomed to spend his days in the seclusion of the madhouse.

Such is the story of "Pedro the Eagle," and of that lonely cross among the Pyrenees.

An Educational Fallacy.

IN *Harper's Magazine* for June, President Hadley of Yale censures one of the educational methods of the day. "The tendency of the elective system as conducted at present," he writes, "is to confine the scientific boy to scientific subjects, the literary boy to literary subjects, the administrative boy to administrative subjects. The result of this is that our engineers or physicians go out into life with their imagination uncultivated and their sense of values (except commercial values) undeveloped; that our preachers and our barristers lack the training which should give them clear and precise apprehension of the ordinary facts of life; that our merchants have narrow ideals instead of broad ones, and care for science and literature only as they can be subordinated to mere money-making."

There will always, presumably, exist downright opposition between the advocates of a purely technical or professional training for youth and the upholders of a genuinely liberal education,—of intellectual culture as a good in itself, irrespective of the calling or profession which the student is to adopt later on. In our day there is so much insistence on the former, the technical training, that it may be worth while to quote an extract from what is perhaps the best plea ever made for the latter—in Cardinal Newman's "The Idea of a University":

> As health ought to precede labor of the body, and as a man in health can do what an unhealthy man can not do; and as of this health the properties are strength, energy, agility, graceful carriage and action, manual dexterity, and endurance of fatigue,—so in like manner general culture of mind is the best aid to professional and scientific study, and educated men can do what illiterate can not; and the man who has learned to think and to reason and to compare and to discriminate and to analyze, who has refined his taste, and formed his judgment, and sharpened his mental vision, will not indeed at once be a lawyer or a pleader or an orator or a statesman or a physician or a good landlord or a man of business or a soldier or an engineer or a chemist or a geologist or an antiquarian, but he will be placed in that state of intellect in which he can take up any one of the sciences or callings I have referred to, or any other for which he has a taste or special talent, with an ease, a grace, a versatility, and a success to which another is a stranger.

The mania for speedy returns in tangible results for the years spent in college is little less disastrous than the prevalent fondness for the "get-rich-quick" methods of commercial life. The wise young man will make his general culture—the basis of whatever superstructure he hopes to rear in later life—as broad as is permitted by his opportunities. An education that is truly liberal is an invaluable asset; but it is one that can be acquired only little by little, slowly and deliberately. The goal must be reached on foot and at a leisurely pace, not rushed at in an automobile.

THERE was never law or sect or opinion did so much magnify goodness as the Christian religion doth.—*Bacon.*

Notes and Remarks.

That the joyous festival of Pentecost, or Whit-Sunday, has ever been considered one of primary importance, ranking in grandeur and solemnity with Christmas and Easter, is evident not only from the liturgy but from the testimony of ecclesiastical writers. Eusebius, sometimes called "the Father of Church History," goes so far indeed as to declare, "I regard Pentecost as the greatest of festivals." As the anniversary of what in a certain real sense was the birthday of the Church, the feast eminently merits celebration; and as the special day of the Third Person of the Holy Trinity, the Paraclete and Comforter, to whom each of us, not less than the individual Apostles, owes all of good that is in us, it may well be observed with unwonted joy and thanksgiving. As for the seven specific Gifts of the Holy Ghost, the four that have for object the enlightenment of the understanding and the three whose purpose is to strengthen the will,—the reception of them all is practically dependent upon ourselves. By purifying our souls in the salutary waters of penance, we shall receive at least the germs of each, and our persevering prayers will infallibly bring about a beneficent development that will transform our commonplace, unlovely lives into things of beauty in the sight of God and His angels. Pentecost should live in our memories, not only as the birthday of the Church, but as the happy date of our own soul's birth into a new and fuller life of union with the Spirit of Holiness and Truth.

A crushing blow to Russia, the greatest humiliation that she has yet received, was the never-to-be-forgotten naval battle in the Corean Strait. The victory won by the Japanese was so complete, the defeat of the Russians so overwhelming, that the event must be regarded as one of the most momentous in modern history. There is no telling what may be its results. On sea and land, the power of Russia is now restricted to a degree that would have been considered impossible at the beginning of the war; and Japan takes a first rank among the nations, though it is only half a century since it was opened to the civilized world. Reasons for the humiliation of Russia are not far to seek. The tyrannous rule of the Czars seems to have had the effect not only of dampening the ardor of soldiers but of fomenting distrust and hatred among the masses of heterogeneous subjects. A spirit of revolt reigns in many parts of the Empire, and it may require a long time to restore order even when peace is declared with Japan.

Russia was warned long ago of the punishment in store for her. That meekest of men, Pius VII., as Cardinal Wiseman relates, did not neglect the opportunity of his captivity to enumerate, with fervid gentleness, to the then powerful Emperor the evils which God's Church had suffered at his hands. Again, in 1845, Pope Gregory XVI. upbraided Nicholas I. to his face for his merciless persecution of the Poles. The Pontiff's own account of that memorable conference was brief, simple, and full of conscious power: "I said to him all that the Holy Ghost dictated to me." The warning was lost: at last, it would seem, has come the retribution.

The appointment of Mr. Charles J. Bonaparte, of Baltimore, to succeed Mr. Paul Morton as Secretary of the Navy is not only good politics but recognition of worth and reward of merit. Besides being a distinguished citizen, Mr. Bonaparte is everywhere recognized as a man of ability and integrity,—the sort of man President Roosevelt likes

to have as aid. The time had come to honor the Republican party of the South; and Mr. Bonaparte is one of its leaders, and a favorite with Democrats and independent voters as well. Apart from politics, however, we happen to know that it has long been the President's intention to make Mr. Bonaparte one of the official family. His general fitness for the position to which he has been named was shown by his able advocacy of civil service reform, and his successful labors in connection with the prosecution of the postal frauds. It is gratifying to know that a representative American Catholic is to become Secretary of the Navy, and not less so to be assured that no objection from any quarter was raised to his appointment on the score of his religion. Times have changed in the United States since the romantic marriage of Mr. Bonaparte's grandparents (Prince Jerome Bonaparte and Miss Elizabeth Patterson). In those days no Catholic, no matter what his qualifications might be, could occupy any position of honor or emolument that another might fill.

In a tenderly appreciative estimate of the late Señora Doña Ysabel Varela del Valle, Charles F. Lummis, editor of *Out West*, mourns the passing of a delightful phase of oldtime California life. Medieval California, he declares, died with "Mama Ysabel." Mr. Lummis' account of the hacienda of the old days, a kingdom in itself, is so interesting that we can not forbear quoting one or two passages:

> The little patriarchy was self-centred and self-sufficing. It respected the laws of God and the State—but needed no reminder of them. The Golden Rule was in force. A stranger? Feed and clothe and content him. An orphan? Adopt him. Sickness or sorrow at the next neighbors', ten leagues away? Attend and comfort them....
>
> These serene folk sheared their own sheep, and spun and wove; their linen was their own; they made their wine of their proper grapes, and pickled the olives from their very trees. Their bread was of home-ground flour from their personal acres; their meat was from their own flocks; their cooks, their carpenters, their farmers, their candlestick-makers, were all part of the family; and even their church was at home. When the revered priest from fifty miles away could not come, that did not hamstring their religion. Some one in the house could conduct services in the little chapel,—and some one always did. Morning and night, every day of every year, the household knelt at the altar.

In a commercial age, it is perhaps natural that novel methods of raising money — even church and charitable money — should be in evidence. We read lately of a pastor who had induced some fifty or sixty of his parishioners to become individually responsible for the annual interest on one thousand dollars of his church debt,—a plan that received archiepiscopal commendation. Now we have another method, proposed for the securing of a new Leo House. The Leo House, it may be premised, is a Home of the St. Raphael Society, for the protection of travellers, at 6 State Street, New York, which for the last fifteen years has harbored and assisted upward of 43,000 German immigrants, besides extending hospitality to more than 19,000 other travellers. The present building being inadequate, and $150,000 being needed to establish a new and larger one, the managers have issued 15,000 transferable and redeemable certificates, at $10 each. To purchase a certificate is practically to loan ten dollars with the surety of receiving it back, though without interest. The plan, on the face of it, appears feasible, and savors more of business than charity,— one reason, perhaps, for anticipating its success.

Almost the last of the veteran chaplains of our Civil War, would have been the proper designation for the late Father Cooney; for there still remains the venerable Father Lambert, and possibly a few other priests who served

as regular chaplains to the Federal or Confederate troops. Father Lambert rendered yeoman service, not only in camps and hospitals, but on the field of battle, and he well deserves to be classed as a veteran. Quite a number of priests who were temporarily attached to different regiments or visited camps and attended hospitals would, if still living, doubtless be prominent members of G. A. R. posts; but, in writing of Father Cooney, we had in mind chaplains who had seen long service, sharing the hardships and dangers of those veterans whose term of enlistment was "till the close of the war." The military record of many G. A. R. heroes would hardly bear inspection; and perhaps the least said about the bravery of chaplains who were never, or hardly ever, under fire the better.

The Rev. J. L. M. Campbell, of Greencreek, Idaho Co., Idaho, issues an appeal to the general (Catholic) reader for assistance in establishing a local Catholic Truth Society. The purpose is to provide literature adapted to the special needs of the faithful in the Far West. Father Campbell incidentally gives, concerning the diocese in which he labors, some information which will probably prove as interesting to our readers as we ourselves have found it. He says:

The Boise diocese is 84,290 square miles in extent, an area of territory larger by nearly 10,000 square miles than the archdioceses of Philadelphia, New York, St. Paul, and the dioceses of Harrisburg, Cleveland, Burlington, Buffalo, Brooklyn, Albany, Newark and Syracuse combined. Twenty-eight hundred and twenty-five priests minister to the spiritual needs of the above-named archdioceses and dioceses. *Not thirty* have the charge of souls in the diocese of Boise. It is true that Catholics are far less numerous on our missions, but therein lies the very cause of our misery. The writer has jurisdiction over a territory larger in extent than the dioceses of New York, Syracuse, Albany and Newark combined. Some parts of this territory can be reached only by following deer or bear trails on the steep slopes of mountains bordering the frenzied waters of Salmon River. A misstep means death to the missionary, for no human agency could rescue him should horse and rider roll down to the abyss below. These dangerous journeys he has often to undertake for the sake of some poor soul, stranded somewhere in some dugout in some nook of the mountains, held there by the fascination of the get-rich-quick bubble.

Like another home missionary, Father Campbell has learned from experience that the clearest and simplest exposition of the Faith will largely lose its efficacy unless it be reinforced by good reading matter in the interval of the priest's absence. Hence his desire to establish a local Catholic Truth Society.

The recent death in Ottawa of Mrs. Scott, wife of the Hon. R. W. Scott, Secretary of State for the Dominion of Canada and a framer of the celebrated Autonomy Bill, deprives the capital of one of its most prominent women. For many years the deceased was in the front rank of every social, charitable and religious movement in the city to which she came as a young wife. She was intimately associated with whatever made for good, for the glory of God or the extension of His kingdom on earth. A parishioner of St. Joseph's Oblate church from its inception, she gave a continual example of exact fidelity to her domestic duties, and of the devout practice of her religion in the midst of multifarious calls upon her time and attention. With her, religion was always first, the law of her life, and she impressed its principles deeply upon the hearts of her children. Her genial and sympathetic manner, wit and intelligence, made her a conspicuous and admired figure in the social and official reunions of Ottawa.

A paralytic stroke, seizing upon this gifted lady some seven years ago, restricted the circle of her activity, and deprived her of those outward practices of religion in which she had delighted

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and by which she had given so much edification. She continued, however, to endear herself to an intimate circle of friends, and to edify them by her conversation, her resignation, and her faith, which was of that staunch and uncompromising character becoming, unhappily, all too rare. A fervent child of Mary, she died during the month dedicated in Mary's honor.

Hero-worshipers occasionally need to be reminded that "brave men were living before Agamemnon." While it is quite natural that the reported discovery, in Paris, of Paul Jones' remains should elicit from the press of our country enthusiastic eulogies of that gallant naval commander, historical accuracy, as well as the ethics of the case, forbids the bestowal on him of a title pre-empted by another fighting sailor. John Barry, and not Paul Jones, was "the Father of the American Navy." The United States Navy, indeed, was not founded until 1794, two years after Jones, who had abandoned the American service to enter the French and later the Russian navy, died in Paris. As for the American Colonial Navy, Barry was appointed by the Continental Congress, in 1775, commander of the first armed cruiser that the Colonies could put to sea; and he captured the tender, *Edward*, the first ship ever taken by a commissioned officer of our naval service. Jones, at this date, was serving as first lieutenant of the American frigate, the *Alfred*. In 1794, when the Colonial service was reorganized as the United States Navy, Barry was appointed first senior officer, with the rank of commodore.

"Praise undeserved is scandal in disguise"; and the gallantry of Paul Jones was notable enough to warrant the unstinted praise of his admirers, without their appropriating to him a title filched from its rightful owner. From the standpoint of Americanism, indeed, Barry has by far the stronger claim to be our country's pride. Jones, at best, was an alien who fought for the American Colonies much as the mercenaries of the Middle Ages fought for or against a given sovereign, according as it suited their humor; Barry was an adopted American citizen who fought for his country with the ardor of true patriotism. That he was Irish by birth and a Catholic in faith are facts that should not serve at this late day to forfeit his rights or abate his legitimate renown.

It is always a pleasure for us to note the increasing efficiency of the parochial schools throughout the country. When a comparison instituted by an impartial outsider between our Catholic schools and their public competitors turns out to the advantage of the former, we confess to experiencing a sense of distinct gratification. The following paragraph from the *Catholic Citizen*, of Rochester, N. Y., speaks volumes for the Catholic schools of that city, the high standard of which prevails throughout the diocese:

> Secretary Parsons has compiled an interesting comparison of the standings achieved on Regent's examinations by pupils of Rochester's public and parochial schools. Public school pupils are examined at the High School building, and parochial school pupils in Nazareth Academy. It shows that in June, 1901 and 1902, the public schools led in percentage of papers examined and allowed; the parochial school pupils, in the number of honor papers allowed (percentage 90 or over.) In January, 1903, however, under the new system, the parochial school pupils led both in percentage of papers allowed and in honors.

It is announced that the Holy Father grants, with the Apostolic Benediction, one hundred days' indulgence to all children who, during the International Eucharistic Congress in Rome, shall pray for at least five minutes before the Blessed Sacrament. The Congress opened on Ascension Day and will continue during the month.

A First Communion Hymn.

BY S. L. EMERY.

I.

ON my First Communion Day
I have come, dear Lord, to Thee;
For I heard Thee gently say:
"Come, My little child, to Me!"
Oh, I love Thee so, my Own!
Come I *must* when Thou dost call,
And before Thy altar throne
Give my heart, my life, my all.

II.

So I come,—I can not fear.
Jesus once a little child,
That same Jesus now is here,
Meek and kind and very mild.
And He knows how children feel;
And He had a Mother sweet,
And beside her I can kneel
At His sacred mercy-seat.

III.

Jesus, resting in my heart,
Thou with me, and I with Thee!
Do not, do not Thou depart;
Let me speak awhile with Thee.
Bless the friends I love alway,—
Father, mother, all my home;
And the priest who yesterday
Gave me pardon, bade me come.

IV.

So I come with joy to Thee
In Thy Sacrament of Love.
Ah, good Jesus, look on me
Always kindly from above!
How I love Thee, Lord, to-day!
I have dared to come to Thee,
For I heard Thee gently say:
"Come, My little child, to Me!"

V.

Jesus, once a child like me!
Jesus, now my heavenly food!
I embrace Thee tenderly,
Keep me innocent and good!
Let me come again, again,
Thee to see, on Thee to feed,
Till in heaven, where Thou dost reign,
I shall see Thy face indeed!

The Little Hungarians.

BY MRS. MARY B. MANNIX.

VI.—Mystery and Loss.

PETE and Dan were playing baseball on one of the vacant lots in the neighborhood. Mrs. Mullen had just returned from Vespers, and was laying away her best bonnet, when she heard a knock at the door. Promptly responding, she found herself confronted by a shabbily-dressed man, whom she at once characterized as a "furriner." To foreigners she was accustomed, however; as the population of the town, particularly that portion of it, was made up of many nationalities.

"Good-afternoon, sir! What is it?" she inquired politely, as he looked at her without speaking.

"Good-afternoon, ma'am! I would like to ask you some questions about a family around here," was the reply.

"Very well," said the good woman, expectantly.

"May I come in?" continued the man, putting one foot across the threshold.

"You may, of course," she replied, glancing out of the window in order to see whether the two boys were within call. Not long before, a woman on Cross Street had been robbed in her own front room, in open day. Mrs. Mullen did not propose to take any chances. Once more looking toward the commons, she added: "I was just taking a view of my two boys over there. Boys are so careless, they often hurt themselves with that baseball."

"Yes, that is very true," answered

the stranger, unsuspiciously, without following her gaze.

"Come in,—come in, and sit down," said Mrs. Mullen, placing a chair, and seating herself as near to the door as possible. The closer the man came, the less she liked his looks.

"What family is that living in the little house with the garden over there?" he inquired.

"A very good family,—a very good family indeed," was the reply; "none better in the town, though they may be down on their luck."

"Down on their luck? What do you mean?"

"The father has long been sick; he hasn't a great while to live. They have a hard struggle."

"Is it a large family?"

"Begging your pardon, sir, but I'd rather not answer any more questions till I know your reason for asking. You can't be a relative, I'm sure."

"But why couldn't I be?" asked the man, sharply.

"I'd rather not answer," said Mrs. Mullen, in an equally sharp tone.

"Well, are they Hungarians?"

"Yes, they are. How did you know?"

"I'm one myself,—not exactly that either; but I'm a Slav all right."

He pronounced the word "Slăv" in a peculiar manner. To the untutored ear of Mrs. Mullen it sounded like "slāve."

"You're a slave, you tell me!" she exclaimed, incredulously. "Sure there are no slaves in America nowadays. It must be from some very foreign part you've run away, if you're that. Yet you have very good English. I can't think what you mean."

The man laughed somewhat bitterly.

"I said *Slăv*, not *slāve*," he rejoined; "though we who come over here from our own beautiful land are not much better than slaves. I belong to the Slav race."

"Well, I don't know anything about that," said Mrs. Mullen, not thinking it worth while to discuss the subject further. "But, since you're not a relative, will you kindly tell me what you have to do with the Vladych family?"

"Vladych? That is a good name in Hungary."

"Do they owe you any money?" inquired Mrs. Mullen, growing impatient. "Because, if they do, there's no way of getting it, and the house is mortgaged. But I don't believe they do, for the poor man always paid his debts as he went along. 'Twas the doctor's bill that mortgaged the house last year."

"No, he does not owe me money. I never heard of the people till—Saturday night. But if they are so poor, I may be able to put something in their way."

"Ah, that is good! What might it be, if I may ask? I'm a good friend of theirs."

"Well—I'm not at liberty to tell you at this moment," rejoined the man, feeling that his scheme would suffer immediate shipwreck if the woman before him got wind of it. Therefore he contented himself with asking: "You think the father will not live very long?"

"I'm sure of it."

"Oh, well! Maybe I had better wait, then," said the man, rising. "Next Saturday night, perhaps,—or do they go out sometimes on other nights?"

"I don't know what you are talking about," answered Mrs. Mullen, greatly puzzled.

"I mean is it only on Saturday nights that the boy and girl go out to sing and play in the Square?"

"In the Square! Those children to sing and play in the Square! Are you crazy, man?"

"No, I am not crazy. I heard them myself Saturday — yesterday night,—and that is why I am here."

"Ah, be off with you! Just hear him! Those two children that were never in the Square in their lives of a night! You might just as well ask did the angels from heaven come down to do the same thing."

"I'll be off," said the man. "I'm just going. But I did see and hear that boy and girl, ma'am,—I did see them."

"'Twas some others,—'twas some vagabonds you saw."

"No, ma'am. The boy and girl who live in that house,—I saw them to-day in the garden, and Saturday night I followed them home."

"You followed them home? And a fine business you were in, if you did. 'Tis proud you ought to be to tell it, man! To follow two poor innocent children home! If they *were* in the Square 'twas to buy something that their father bade them, and in the crowd you got them mixed up with some vagabond children that maybe were grinding an organ and screeching out some of their queer songs. I'm sorry that I answered any questions for you. Whatever your idea is, you'd better not be seen around here again, or I'll have the police to you."

Young Dan and Pete were approaching. Their mother grew more brave with every word she uttered; while the man, thinking it better not to say anything further, hurried quickly away.

"That's all a lie," said Pete, when his mother had related what had passed. "That man has something else in his head, mother."

"Maybe some of their rich relatives in the old country sent him out here to find them," ventured young Dan.

"Never a one," replied Mrs. Mullen. "It is not the like of that fellow they'd be sending,—without a decent suit of clothes to his back, and he not shaved for a month. No, no! 'Tis some other plan. Maybe nothing at all but to get my back turned in my own house and steal my parlor lamp or some of the china ornaments from the mantel. He looks equal to it."

"Well, there's *something* to it, mother," said young Dan. "The fellow asked me, early in the afternoon, who lived in that house."

"It's the house itself he's after, then," said Mrs. Mullen. "He liked the looks of it, or something; or in some way he heard about the poor man being sick, and thought 'twould soon be for rent. Or maybe he belongs to the Musicians' Union. The Professor had trouble with them once because he wouldn't join them. But they needn't fear: the creature will never touch his violin again at home or abroad. Watch out well, boys; and don't tell the children, to frighten them. But watch out well; and if you see him hereabouts, speak a word to the police."

"Mother," said Pete, "there *were* two children singing and playing in the Square last night. Tom Jenkins saw them; he told me about it."

"And who is Tom Jenkins, pray?"

"He's a boy that works for Freidel the tailor. He goes to our church. I met him after Mass this morning. He said to me: 'Pete, if you'd been at the Square last night, you'd have heard some dandy music.'"

"And what was *he* doing there, instead of being in his bed?"

"He was on his bicycle, taking home some clothes. It was not late, for the shop closes at eight. Tom said to me: 'It was the dandiest music, Pete! A little boy and girl sang in a kind of lingo, and all the people clapped their hands, and poured money into the boy's cap.'"

"I guess they were a couple of Hungarians, and this here man thought Louis and Rose were they," put in Dan. "Maybe they looked like them."

"Well, well, now!" cried Mrs. Mullen, indignant. "To compare those sweet, dear children to street-strolling ballad singers and organ-grinders! I'm really

surprised at you, Dan! Sure, dear, they *couldn't* look like *them!*"

Pete and his brother exchanged glances. They remembered the time when the Vladyches had first come to "The Flats" to live, and their mother had bewailed the near neighborhood of "furriners," placing them all in the same category; how, little by little, father and children had worked their way, by no effort of their own save their attractiveness, into her kind, motherly heart, until now she would gladly have divided her last dollar and last loaf of bread between them and her own children. But the boys said nothing further on the subject of national resemblance; though during the whole of the evening meal the little family discussed the approaching orphanage of Louis and his sister.

About midnight the Mullens were hastily roused from sleep by the voice of a crying child begging some one to come and help her father. Mrs. Mullen and the boys, half dressed, ran over with little Rose to the cottage, where they found the musician gasping in the arms of Louis. In a few moments death had released the poor man from his sickness and poverty; and the two children, with their arms clasped about each other, were loudly bewailing his loss.

The next morning Father Garyo came and arranged for the funeral, volunteering to pay all expenses,—which, simple though they were, showed the greatest kindness on his part.

The day following the interment he came to the cottage, to suggest that the children rent it, and thus pay off the mortgage of one hundred dollars which remained upon it. He thought it would be advisable for Louis to take a situation, if he could get it; while he was sure that the Sisters at the academy would take Rose to board. Louis could live with the Mullens, and could go to see Rose every Sunday.

The boy, though not wishing to part from his sister, could not help thinking the arrangement a good one. But Rose cried so bitterly at the prospect that Father Garyo decided to drop the matter for the present, while the child's grief was so fresh. But as the days passed, every allusion to the plan only served to bring forth a hysterical shower of tears from the little girl; and, seeing her grief, her brother did not try to reason with her. Things were at this juncture when an unexpected circumstance changed the whole aspect of the children's future.

(To be continued.)

A Curious Expression.

In Mahon's "History of England" we are told that "the island of Sardinia, consisting chiefly of marshes and mountains, has from the earliest period to the present been cursed with a noxious air, an ill-cultivated soil, and a scanty population. The convulsions produced by its poisonous plants gave rise to the expression of sardonic smile, which is as old as Homer."

While this explanation of the phrase is the traditional one, it is not nowadays accepted as correct. There does not appear to be any evidence that Homer — or those who wrote the Homeric literature — knew anything of Sardinia; so later etymologists connect the oldtime phrase, some with a Greek verb meaning "to show the teeth," "to grin like a dog"; others with another Greek verb signifying "to laugh bitterly."

Be its derivation what it may, the sardonic smile or laugh itself is an expression altogether incongruous to the countenance of a good Christian. Bitterness of heart should have no place among the sentiment animating the followers of the merciful and forgiving Saviour of mankind.

With Authors and Publishers.

—The current issue of the *Redwood*, of Santa Clara College, contains, in a supplement of twenty-eight pages, a well-written and graphically illustrated account of Prof. Montgomery's famous aeroplane.

—A copy of the first edition of "Don Quixote de la Mancha" has lately been discovered in Valladolid. The book contains a large number of written corrections and marginal notes, which are believed to be in the handwriting of Cervantes himself.

—Mother Mary Loyola's "Credo," a simple explanation of the chief points of Catholic doctrine, will most likely receive, as it well deserves, a hearty welcome from the reading public. This booklet is an admirable compendium of the moral and dogmatic teachings of the Church. The Catholic Truth Society, London.

—What should prove an efficient corrective for the exaggerated laudation of things American occasionally indulged in by citizens of the "our-country-right-or-wrong" stamp is "Lynch Law," a volume by James Elbert Cutler, just published by Longmans, Green & Co. "Lynching," regretfully admits this writer, "is nothing else than a thoroughly American practice." A still sadder statement is that while more than 3300 persons have been lynched in the last twenty-two years, scarcely twenty-five of the lynchers have been punished.

—There is a message of joy for anxious hearts in "Holy Confidence," a little book by Father Rogacci, S. J., just published by Burns & Oates. While calmly acknowledging the existence of such a Scriptural text as "Man knoweth not whether he be worthy of love or hatred," Father Rogacci draws consoling reflections from the words of Christ, "Rejoice in this, that your names are written in heaven." Our author is an optimist in the things that pertain to salvation. Every argument that he advances—and his arguments have the authority of Scripture, the Fathers, theologians, and ascetical writers—is a conscious effort to kill the cankerworm of despair which is ever gnawing at the heart of the rose of peace.

—As remarkable an editor as has ever been engaged in American journalism died recently in Milwaukee. Mr. William E. Cramer edited the *Evening Wisconsin* for fifty-eight years, during thirty of which years he was both blind and deaf. The *Catholic Citizen* states that he uninterruptedly performed his daily work on the paper until within a month of his death. A decade ago the Chief Justice of Wisconsin publicly certified to the uniform cleanness and purity of Mr. Cramer's journal, and spoke highly of its salutary influence. It is pleasant to add that the veteran editor was received into the Church about a month prior to his decease. *R.I.P.*

—A nature book that displays sympathetic insight into the human and animal life of which it treats is "The Red Hunters and the Animal People." Its author, Dr. Charles Eastman, is an educated Sioux Indian, and is credited with being one of the comparatively few really excellent writers of stories of the wild.

—"The Christian Revolution," by W. S. Lilly, appears among the late issues of the London Catholic Truth Society. In this pamphlet the learned author reproduces, with a few alterations, the initial pages of his work entitled "Chapters in European History." Mr. Lilly has the facts on his side and he uses them to good advantage.

—"Vigils with Jesus," by the Rev. John Whelan, from the press of the Cathedral Library Association, should have a welcome from pious readers everywhere. The author has a rare facility of drawing beautiful and practical reflections from the words of Holy Writ. He is particularly happy in his development of the texts: "Jesus wept," "Only Jesus," "He is not here." The book contains forty short readings, the fourth of which, "A Child Again," offers a good thought for quotation here: "The little children played an important part in the everyday life of our Redeemer. . . . With His mild eye beaming its welcome upon them, with His hand laid in soft caress upon their heads, there was no room in their hearts for even the questioning of John, 'Art thou He that is to come?'" The book is neatly published and sells for a low price.

—Friends and admirers of the late Miss Starr have reason to be grateful to the Rev. Dr. McGovern, of Lockport, Ill., for the handsome memorial volume which he has published through the Lakeside Press—"The Life and Letters of Eliza Allen Starr." It is dedicated to her friends, of whom there was a host at home and abroad: men and women who admired the loveliness of her character even more than her rare mental gifts. The book contains an appreciation by William Stetson Merrill; biographical sketches, including an account by herself of her conversion to the Church; selections from her writings, numerous letters, and a notice of her death. For frontispiece there is an excellent likeness of Miss Starr as she appeared in middle life, besides which we have a striking picture taken at the age of twenty, views of the Starr homestead at

Deerfield, Massachusetts, and other illustrations, hardly less interesting. In a preface, altogether too brief, Dr. McGovern refers to Miss Starr as "one of the noblest womanly characters of the nineteenth century." She well deserved all the tributes that have been paid to her memory. The present one, though inadequate in certain respects, has the merit of being generous as well as sincere.

—A book fitly printed, like a word fitly spoken, is "like apples of gold in pictures of silver"; and such a book is Fox, Duffield and Co.'s edition of "Everyman." The texture and quality of paper, the typographical appearance, the style of binding, and the wood-engravings so thoroughly in harmony with the quaintness of the text, all combine to render this slender volume a thing of beauty wholly satisfactory to the æsthetic sense. As for the morality, or moral play, itself, our readers are too familiar therewith to justify any elaborate treatment on our part of its intrinsic worth and beauty. It is above all a forceful embodiment of the truth that "favor is deceitful and beauty is vain," that "all is vanity" save only the love and service of God. A distinguished Catholic churchman and historian of England remarked a few months ago, at the conclusion of a presentation of "Everyman": "A more graphic sermon on death was never preached."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"The Life and Letters of Eliza Allen Starr." Rev. James J. McGovern. $5.

"Holy Confidence." Father Rogacci, S. J. 60 cts., net.

"Vigils with Jesus." Rev. John Whelan. 40 cts.

"The Catechist in the Infant School and in the Nursery." Rev. L. Nolle, O. S. B. 60 cts., net.

"The Dark Side of the Beef Trust." Herman Hirschauer. 75 cts.

"The Chronicle of Jocelyn." 90 cts., net.

"The Luck of Linden Chase." S. M. Lyne. 35 cts.

"The Light of Faith." Frank McGloin. $1, net.

"Juvenile Round Table." 2d Series. $1.

"The Love of Books" (Philobiblon). Richard De Bury. 40 cts., net.

"Reflections from the Mirror of a Mystic." John Rüsbröck. 75 cts., net.

"Views of Dante." E. L. Rivard, C. S. V. $1.25

"Apologetica: Elementary Apologetics for Pulpit and Pew." Rev. P. A. Halpin. 85 cts.

"Religion and Art, and Other Essays." Rev. J. L. Spalding. $1.

"Studies in Religion and Literature." William Samuel Lilly. $3.25.

"A Manual of Mystical Theology." Rev. Arthur Devine, C. P. $2 50, net

"Julia." Katharine Tynan. $1.50.

"Religion and the Higher Life." William Rainey Harper. $1.10.

"California and Its Missions." Two volumes. Bryan J. Clinch. $5, net.

"A Spoiled Priest and Other Stories." Rev. P. A. Sheehan, D. D. $1.25, net.

"The Strategy of Great Railroads." Frank H. Spearman. $1.50, net.

"The First Days of Jesus." 15 cts.

"In the Morning of Life." Herbert Lucas, S. J. $1, net.

"Last Letters of Aubrey Beardsley." Rev. John Gray. $1.60.

"Principles of Sacred Eloquence." Rev. John Conway, O. P. 50 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. James Waldron, O. S. A.

Sister Alexandrine, of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart of Mary; and Sister M. Raymond, O. S. D., Port Elizabeth, S. Africa.

Mr. James Hamilton, of Waterbury, Conn.; Mr. J. M. Gandy, Benson, Ariz.; Mrs. Catherine Barry, Cambridgeport, Mass.; Mr. William Pren, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Catherine Townsend, Hartford, Conn.; Mr. Michael Lynch and Mrs. Eliza Carroll, Menlo Park, Cal.; Mrs. Margaret Baker, Carbondale, Pa.; Mr. John Buckmaster, Mr. Frank Carey and Mrs. Mary Reddy, Lowell, Mass.; Mr. W. A Smith, Austin, Ill.; Mrs. Maria Dignam, Seattle, Wash.; Mrs. Antoinette Coehrs, Toledo, Ohio; Mrs. Catherine Carroll, Dorchester, Mass.; Mr. George Twibill, Jr., Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Mary Jacobs, Allegheny, Pa.; Mrs. Rose Corcoran and Mr. Peter Doyle, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Helen Reynolds, New Haven, Conn.; Mr. James Devine, S. Boston, Mass.; and Major Henry Gray, Toronto, Canada.

Requiescant in pace!

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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A Legend.

BY S. M. R.

THROUGH all the land their fame went forth,
The Mother, fair and mild,
The carpenter of Nazareth,
And their most wondrous Child.

And courtiers told their grieving King
Of marvels by Him wrought:
Perchance his bride should be restored
If he the Christ-Child sought.

"Ah, no! she lieth dead," he cried;
"Her voice shall no more ring!"
When, lo! the cagéd birds began
In human words to sing!

His doubts then vanished as the snows,
And hopes, like flowers, grew;
He sought the Child, and, bending low,
He asked what he might do

To win to life his peerless bride
Whose lips were sealed in death.
"Restore her, and Thy name we'll praise
Unto our latest breath!"

The Infant smiled in Mary's eyes,
Her bidding there to see;
Then Mary, answering, said: "O King,
Thy bride is calling thee!"

A POPULAR Scotch preacher was once denouncing the ingratitude of man for all the benefits conferred on him by Providence. "My friends," he said, "look at the hens when they drink. There's not ane o' them but lifts its heid in thankfulness, even for the water that is sae common."

The Curato of San Cassiano.

THE LITTLE village of San Cassiano is situated in a smiling valley, amid vine-clad hills and dark pines. It is a fair spot of earth, one on which Heaven has lavished choicest blessings.

In the beginning of the last century the unpretending presbytery of San Cassiano was inhabited by an aged and venerable priest, who bore a name the sound of which filled Europe with alarm, making kings and princes, statesmen and nations, quake with fear,—the name of Bonaparte. Yet there was no name so sincerely respected and so truly beloved by the simple inhabitants of the quiet village as this very name.

Father Bonaparte had been for fifty years the shepherd and guide of his little flock. The dark-haired, athletic man had grown grey and bent whilst tending his sheep. He had baptized the greater number of the villagers; Sunday by Sunday he had catechised the young folk, and taught them to love Jesus and Mary. He had united many a couple in holy matrimony, and had been the faithful friend and counsellor of the fathers and mothers of the village, sympathizing in their cares and sorrows, rejoicing with them in their joys and pleasures. His gentle, consoling words smoothed for them the way through the dark valley of death, and his prayers accompanied

the departed when they were laid to rest beneath the churchyard sod.

Father Bonaparte was pure as the snow-white blossoms which shed their fragrance around his humble home. His countenance always wore a cheerful and kindly expression; his bearing was genial and friendly. But he knew how to look severe when necessary, though the occasion for this seldom arose: his parishioners knew their duty, and their pastor's word was law to them. The children clustered joyously around the old priest as soon as he appeared in the village street; the young girls, amid many blushes, whispered their secrets into his ear; the youths confided to him their hopes and fears for the future. Many a mother brought her unruly boys to him, in order that he might address to them a word of reproof; and the men discussed with him the prospects of the harvest, or the best method of cultivating the vineyards.

Ever and anon, reports of the events which were passing in the outside world reached San Cassiano, and these events were invariably connected with the name of Father Bonaparte's grand-nephew, Napoleon, the Corsican Conqueror. The good priest was not in the least dazzled by what he heard; his famous relative was known to him by name alone, since for many years he had held no intercourse with his family, and he took no interest in politics. San Cassiano was his kingdom, the rest of the world did not exist for him. His household consisted of three members, named respectively Carlotta, Bianca, and Pietro.

Carlotta was an orphan whom the aged priest had baptized, and whom he had taken into the presbytery on the death of her parents. Bianca was a hen with snow-white plumage, a special favorite with her master because she supplied him every day with an egg for his breakfast, and was on this account privileged to peck corn out of his hand. Old Pietro filled the offices of sexton, bell-ringer and organist, and in addition cultivated the garden and vineyard belonging to the presbytery.

One fresh spring morning, the *padre* was sitting on a bench before his house feeding Bianca. Carlotta was gathering vegetables in the garden, her scarlet apron plainly discernible through the rosebushes. Bright flowers breathed forth their fragrance upon the air; the birds sang in the trees; the blue sky smiled upon the tranquil scene. Presently Father Bonaparte began to pace leisurely up and down, saying his Breviary. Suddenly a boy rushed through the garden gate, and, hurrying up to the priest, exclaimed breathlessly:

"Father, Father, look out into the road! You will see a strange sight. Who can those horsemen be?"

Between the poplars that bordered the highway, a thick cloud of dust was to be perceived; it came nearer and nearer, and soon were descried helmets adorned with plumes, and the glint of sabres, while the tramp of a dozen or more spirited horses broke upon the ear. They were galloping in the direction of the presbytery.

Carlotta surveyed them with delight; the dashing soldiers pleased her greatly. Pietro and Bianca were much excited; the former overwhelmed the *padre* with useless questions, the latter beat a hasty retreat to the henhouse in the yard.

Father Bonaparte threw up his hands in surprise. He disliked everything out of the way. Then he glanced at his shabby, well-worn cassock.

By this time the squadron of cavalry had drawn up near the garden gate. In stentorian accents the general who was riding at their head, commanded: "Halt! Stand at attention!" At the same moment the horses stood as still as if turned to stone, the riders remaining motionless in the attitude they

had assumed. The general wheeled his charger about, and paused before the aged priest, who was turning his Breviary round and round in his fingers, and gazing through his horn-rimmed spectacles at the smart soldiers.

"You are Father Bonaparte," the general began, "the grand-uncle of his Majesty the Emperor of France, the King of Italy?"

"Yes, I think so,—I believe I am," the old priest stammered, in confusion.

"The Empress Mother—"

"Just so! You mean Letitia?" the *padre* put in gently.

The haughty officer did not heed the interruption, but proceeded:

"I mean, as I have already said, the Empress Mother, who with her son, his Imperial Majesty—"

"That is our *nepotino*, her nephew, little Napoleon," the priest interjected.

The general concluded his speech with all the dignity suitable to his errand:

"The Empress Mother has conferred with his Imperial Majesty, and considers that the Emperor owes it to his rank and to his family to deliver you from the obscurity of your present life. I present myself to your reverence in the name of his Majesty the Emperor of the French, the King of Italy. He desires that you should quit this place, and offers you the choice of a bishopric, an archbishopric, or a cardinal's hat. He is at the zenith of power and glory, and can grant your every wish. I have said my say; it rests with you to decide."

Having ended his speech, the general paused and cleared his throat. The *padre*, much bewildered, fixed his eyes on the ground, only half conscious of what he was doing. What did these fine words mean? What unheard-of greatness, what a brilliant lot was being offered to him in his old age! Bishop! archbishop!! cardinal!!! He thought of the bishop of the diocese, who was surrounded with dignities and honors; the episcopal palace being furnished, as it appeared to him, on a scale of almost princely magnificence. Was the humble pastor of San Cassiano to take the crosier in his hand, to have the mitre placed upon his head, perchance even to be clothed with the Roman purple? That would be an unheard-of thing.

He turned, and saw the boundless astonishment written on the faces of Carlotta and Pietro. Tito, the lad who first brought the news of the soldiers' approach, had disappeared: he could not bear to think of being separated from his beloved *padre*.

Gradually the old priest regained his self-possession, and begged for a few moments to consider the matter. His request was granted, though the general thought it a very strange one. Napoleon was not accustomed to be kept waiting when it was a question of dispensing honors and dignities.

The *padre* conducted the officer into the best room in the presbytery, and set refreshments before him. After giving orders to Carlotta and Pietro to regale the soldiers with whatever the kitchen and cellar could supply, he withdrew to his little study and knelt down before a picture of Our Lady of Good Counsel which hung on the wall.

"*O Mater Boni Consilii, Sedes Sapientiæ*," he prayed, "enlighten me, direct me as to the answer I am to give this man! If it be the will of God that in my old age I should be removed to a higher post, a sphere of wider duty, of greater responsibility, *non recuso laborem*. And if it be His will that I remain here to the end of my days, hidden from the world, obscure, poor and unknown, again I say: so be it! Tell me, dearest Mother, what thy servant is to do."

And while he gazed fixedly at the benign features of his Queen, all doubt was dispelled from his mind; the

thought of greatness, dignity and wealth lost its momentary attraction; he felt convinced that his right place was amongst the flock he loved so well and had watched over so long.

Meanwhile Tito, with catlike agility, had climbed over the fence that enclosed the garden, and rushed into the village street. A little group had assembled there, attracted by the unwonted sight of the soldiers; they had heard what the general said. The boy ran up to them.

"Did you hear what they want to do with our *padre?*" he cried in the greatest excitement. "They want to take him away from us and make him a bishop or a cardinal. You must prevent it. We will not let him go."

He scampered on like one demented, and in broken, breathless sentences told the distressing news to everyone whom he met. He could scarcely articulate, such was his excitement. The farther and faster he ran, the more indistinct were his words, the more unintelligible his utterances, the more wild and exaggerated his ejaculations.

"The *padre*—help! The soldiers—they will take him away! Hasten to the campanile,—ring the alarm bell, quick, quick!" His leaps and bounds became more and more grotesque.

The villagers, who rushed out of their houses and gardens, did not know what to think. Their ideas were all confused.

"Is there a fire? What is on fire? The presbytery?"

"No, no! There is not a fire anywhere; but the soldiers are at the *padre's* house!"

"Are they robbing him?"

"No: they want to rob us of him. They want to take him away. Come on,—make haste to the presbytery!"

The news spread from mouth to mouth, and soon there was a crowd hurrying on to the presbytery, amid loud lamentations and wailing. All were possessed by one and the same idea—anxiety and apprehension concerning their pastor.

Suddenly the alarm bell began to ring out in irregular, unequal strokes. It was Tito's doing; he thought by this means to accentuate his words. All was the work of a few minutes.

When the soldiers, who sat singing and merrymaking at their repast, saw the villagers thronging round them with furious looks and threatening gestures, they rose up in surprise and annoyance. Loud and angry words were exchanged; the otherwise peaceful villagers were not like the same people, now that they thought their beloved *padre* was in danger.

Then the house door opened and the general stepped out amongst them. Instantly order was restored among the soldiers; they fell into rank and file, and drove back the incensed and excited people.

Almost simultaneously the priest appeared. When the villagers saw his venerable form and snowy hair, and looked at his gentle, kindly countenance beaming upon them, they clapped their hands, and a hundred voices raised the cry: "*Evviva il Padre!*"

The situation was soon explained. The old pastor shook his finger at his parishioners, saying:

"Children, children, what is all this about? For shame, for shame! But I understand. Set your minds at rest."

Thereupon he turned to the general and communicated his decision in a calm, dignified manner.

"Return," he said, "to my nephew, the Emperor, and thank him in my name for his brilliant offer. I regret that I spent a quarter of an hour deliberating upon my answer. I shall remain what I am—a poor, simple priest, in the village that I love. I do not wish to be either bishop, archbishop or cardinal, and I shall thank Heaven if I am permitted to end my days in peace among my children. Tell the

Emperor I shall pray for him daily."

In a few minutes the troop of soldiers had left the village, and the people dispersed to their homes.

Father Bonaparte lived several years longer in tranquil, cheerful happiness amid his parishioners; and when he passed to his eternal reward, he was laid by them to rest in the shade of the church of San Cassiano, with sorrowing hearts and tears of grateful and fond affection. In life and in death he was without doubt the happiest of all the Bonapartes.

Young Mr. Bretherton.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXIII.—Wisdom in Delay.

NOW, on the day following the tableaux, Jim Bretherton had made up his mind to proceed to Rose Cottage and formally acquaint Aunt Tabitha with his intentions concerning her niece. He believed this ceremony, however, to be but a form; as it seemed natural that the good old lady would open her arms to "a Bretherton of the Manor." How delightful it would be to sit at Miss Tabitha's fireside, during the long winter evenings that were approaching, and plan out the future with Leonora! He never once remembered the brilliant alliance which he might have made with some one of his mother's choosing, or the losses, social and financial, which might accrue to him from his marriage with a girl who was both obscure and penniless. He was, indeed, abundantly provided for, and in a position to marry irrespective of assistance from his father; since he owned a property in the neighborhood, and a considerable amount of otherwise invested money which had been left him by an uncle.

Finding he would have to attend that evening a political meeting in a town close at hand, the young man went very early to the Cottage. He learned from Mary Jane that Miss Tabitha was out, so his intentions with regard to her were thwarted. The servant informed him, however, with a giggling consciousness of the state of affairs, that 'Miss Lenora, she was gone down to the Hospital.'

He immediately proceeded in that direction, hoping for an opportune meeting. He lingered outside the grounds of the institution, at a point where he could observe the main entrance; and, standing there, he listened to the songs of the birds with a new sense of pleasure, as if he had suddenly become conversant with their language. He had to wait a considerable time; but his patience was at length rewarded by the appearance of the girl, saying farewell to the Sister at the door. It was as if a sunbeam had issued thence. Jim Bretherton advanced to the gate and waited.

"Are you too going to call on Sister Mary Agnes?" Leonora inquired.

"No, indeed! I came here on information received that Miss Leonora Chandler was at the Hospital. You see, I have to go away this evening to address a political meeting at Nashua."

"You will be coming back to-morrow, though?"

"Yes, to-morrow or next day; but the time would seem very long."

"Would it?" laughed Leonora. "And yet you managed to exist for years on the other side of the Atlantic."

"Oh, that was when I was a boy and had not seen you, except—"

"Except as a quarrelsome little girl, I suppose you were going to say."

"No, I wasn't!"

"Well, even since your high mightiness returned to Millbrook, many days have elapsed without giving us the light of your countenance."

"That was different, you know."

"Was it? Since when?"

"Since yesterday evening, of course. All the obstacles are swept away, except some imaginary ones which you choose to erect."

"I am not at all sure that any obstacle has been swept away," the girl answered, seriously. "Indeed, in the sober light of day, and with the resumption of our normal characters, I am more than ever disposed to think that an engagement between us would be—impossible."

She spoke very gravely, though her eyes had a wistful expression, looking away into the distance, where the sun was making a glory over all the landscape.

"It might be better," she went on, "to consider our last night's talk as part of the masquerading,—a midsummer night's dream."

Bretherton stood aghast. Her manner and the very tone of her voice seemed, by one of those subtle evolutions of feeling to which she was prone, to remove her to so great a distance from him.

"I can't understand you at all!" he cried vehemently. "And I don't think it is quite fair to play fast and loose with me, as if I were a boy who did not know his own mind."

"I can not think of you as much more than a boy," she said, smiling at him, so that he felt more in love with her than ever, and would have forgiven her anything that she might choose to do or say.

"I have got my nomination to Congress," he said quickly.

"Which means—?"

"That I must be at least twenty-five years of age."

"So old! Well, now, shall we let matters stand as they are, since you are so very aged and wise? We can talk over things quietly, and consult our elders and betters when this political furore is over."

"Oh, I feel like saying, 'Politics be hanged!'" Bretherton retorted. "But I suppose that's not the right sort of spirit. If I go into them at all, I shall like to have some heart in the affair."

"Yes, legislating for the country *is* rather a serious business. What a lot of things you must know!"

"I have been studying up some, of course; the House of Representatives has to settle a good many important questions. They tell me I am sure of the election, though why I don't know. But if I go to Washington at all, I should like to be something more than a figurehead."

"Oh, yes! That is right," said Leonora. "And it is a splendid thing to have such a career open to you."

"Just now there is something I care very much more about, and *you* know what that is."

"*That* had better wait," Leonora decided. "Keep your mind on politics, and then we shall see."

"My mind would be so much more at rest if I knew."

"Keep it on the House of Representatives."

"I never knew any one so provoking."

"I thought you were going to say *wise*."

"I might say lovely and captivating and a lot of other things besides."

"Well, don't."

"I suppose you think it is quite superfluous, you have heard those things so often."

Leonora stooped and picked up a wayside flower.

"The value of compliments," she said carelessly, "depends upon the giver."

She smoothed and caressed the flower, which she held, after a fashion of hers, as though it had been a sentient thing.

"May I have that flower?" Bretherton asked.

"This poor little weed,"

"The value of a flower," the young man quoted, laughing, "depends upon the giver, and I want that weed."

"Take it, of course."

They walked on for some time after that in silence, intensely conscious of each other's presence, and of the joy that it was to be walking thus together in those green and pleasant places.

"Leonora," began Bretherton at last, "I wish you would give me some sort of a definite answer. I am sure you are just making these objections to hear me protest that not all the obstacles on earth can keep me from you."

"Still they exist, and there's no use ignoring them."

"But if you care for me—"

"I might be unselfish enough to sacrifice myself for your advantage."

"That is absurd!" said Bretherton. "There is not even the excuse that exists in those effete countries beyond the water, where the wife he chooses is merely an accessory to a man's career."

"There is a good deal of sense in some of their theories."

"Then I decidedly prefer nonsense!" cried Bretherton, resentfully. "I am not going to be put off with such vague abstractions. If you care for me as I do for you, there is nothing on earth can keep us apart."

"That sounds something like the rhyme on the old valentines," Leonora said, laughing; for she was in a teasing mood and would not take sentiment seriously.

> "If you love me as I love you,
> No knife can cut our love in two."

The young man made an impatient gesture.

"You are trifling!" he retorted again.

"It is precisely the same idea expressed in the vernacular," argued Leonora. "But do be a good, sensible boy—or a wise old man, if you prefer that description,—and leave all this love-making till the day after the election. I want you to have a career, you know, even in spite of yourself."

"For your sake?"

"For my sake, if you wish; but for your own first of all."

"I will do anything for your sake."

"Do you really care so very much for me?" Leonora asked. "It was not all moonlight and pretty costumes?"

"You know perfectly well how idle the question is," said Bretherton, almost sternly. "You know—you have probably known for a long time—how much I love you; and yet you torment me in this fashion. Even as a little girl you used to mock me and order me about as if I had been a—"

"Can't you think of a word? Well, never mind. Here we are at the High Street of Millbrook, and it would not do to be seen quarrelling in that thoroughfare. It would be so undignified on the eve of your election."

"Hang the election!"

"They are hanging lots of effigies of you all over the place," said Leonora, pointing to various transparencies; "and some of them look exactly as you do now, when you are in a bad temper."

"I am not in a bad temper, only you are trying to make me miserable."

"I shall try to make you serenely happy the rest of the way home. You shall talk about whatever you please, and I shall listen."

"I don't want to talk: I want to hear you say just a few words."

"A few and well chosen," Leonora laughed.

"A few and to the point."

"About politics? I can't say I know very much—"

"No: about love."

"That is a very wide subject, and we have only a short distance farther to go. Seriously, though, I have been horrid, I suppose, this morning. But I would really rather wait awhile

longer before anything is decided between us."

"As you please, of course," replied Bretherton, stiffly; "though it is just the sort of cut-and-dried proceeding that I abhor."

As they went along together, everyone they met smiled at them in a significant fashion; and Jim Bretherton remarked upon the circumstance.

"You will never be able to throw me over," he said. "The whole town has given you to me. They know all about it."

"They know only that we appeared in some tableaux together and danced the minuet."

"They pretty well guessed that those scenes upon the stage were only the rehearsal for the real drama."

"They will forget all about it in the excitement of the election."

"No, they won't. It will only remind them,— Millbrook's candidate who is shortly to lead to the altar the loveliest of her daughters, and that sort of thing," laughed Bretherton.

Leonora laughed, though she colored faintly, too,—a wild-rose flush, which mounted swiftly under her transparent skin.

"In newspaper language, that description will answer for any one."

"I am almost sure that I was always in love with you," Bretherton declared irrelevantly.

"And yet you managed to exist for a long time without me. Bring some of that philosophy to bear now. Suppose I were to tell you that I was engaged to some one else?"

He glanced at her to see if she spoke in jest or earnest; but, remaining uncertain, he said:

"Then I should wish with all my heart that I had never come back to Millbrook."

"Millbrook couldn't have done without you. And think of Aunt Tabitha's feelings!"

"I begin to think she has more feeling than you."

"No, you are quite wrong; but that is a matter of opinion. Here we are at Smith Jackson's store. I am going in there, and I don't want you to wait, or to come to the Cottage until the election is over."

She disappeared into the department store, and Bretherton returned to the Manor in an exasperated frame of mind. He fell to talking politics with his father and Lord Aylward. The latter was almost as conversant as his friends with Congressional duties and privileges, and kept most rigidly to the subject in hand; whereas Jim Bretherton found himself wondering what Leonora could have meant by this or that remark, and was indeed much more vitally interested, just then, in her attitude than in the questions of State representation, the levying of taxes, or the voting of subsidies. Once or twice in these fits of abstraction he was betrayed into a slip of the tongue, which caused his father to look at him sharply over his glasses, and which led Lord Aylward to form a correct conclusion as to his friend's state of mind.

The young Englishman, after a time, announced his intention of going over for a game of golf; and the father and son being left alone, the former said:

"My boy, I am not sorry to have the opportunity of a few moments' conversation with you, and to ask how matters stand between you and Miss Chandler."

"There is nothing very definite as yet, father," Jim answered; "or I should have told you of it immediately. I may say, however, that it is my intention to marry Leonora, if she will have me."

"She is aware of your intention?"

"Yes, but she will not come to any decision until after the election."

"That is very wise,— very wise

indeed!" cried the Governor. "She is as sensible as she is beautiful and charming. All things considered, you will be in luck, my dear lad, if she does accept you; though I will not deny that your mother and I may have had other views for you."

"I felt certain that I could count upon your consent," Jim remarked, "when you knew my feelings toward Leonora. If she will only have me, I will be the luckiest fellow in the whole of Massachusetts; and I know you and mother will appreciate her in time."

The Governor laid his hand upon his son's shoulder.

"I would not have had you different," he said,—"I would not have had you mercenary and calculating for all the money that ever was coined. And I pray God to bless you in the choice you have made."

So saying, he hurried away, as if he feared that his emotion might overcome him; and Jim Bretherton rejoiced to think that one of Leonora's obstacles had melted like a phantom.

(To be continued.)

Summer.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

IN dreamy calm the gardens fair repose,
And in the brilliance of the silent noon
The butterfly drops anchor in the rose—
The dial flower that marks the hour of June.

Caught in the Gulf Stream of the azure air,
The honeybee drifts by like galleon
Weighed down with fragrant spoil of blossoms fair,
The treasure born of wedded dew and sun.

The gipsy Wind halts in his gay career
To rest a moment in the woodland hush;
And softly from the hill draws Echo near,
The shepherd of the linnet and the thrush.

The daisies bind the world with Milky Way;
And not a pool that shines upon the sod
But mirrors in its depths the star of day,
The golden mask that veils the face of God!

The Story of St. Bede.

BY THE RT. REV. F. AIDAN GASQUET, O. S. B., D. D.

(CONCLUSION.)

LET us take the two points separately: First, what was the work that has been left by the Jarrow school, looked at as mere work? And, secondly, what was the quality and character of the men who, in the age in which they lived, could produce such work? The new historical school has taught us and enabled us to look into the reality of things,—that is, to penetrate into the very life of the past; to realize and, if we may use the expression, revivify much that to earlier inquirers into those times appeared to be dead and buried forever beneath the dust of ages. Looked at, then, in the light of all we now know, the work of St. Bede no longer appears as the product of mere individual effort: like the work of a Mabillon, it was the outcome of the labors of many fellow-workers in one great common cause—the service of God and of His Church.

Now, when we compare the work done under the inspiration of St. Bede at Wearmouth and Jarrow with the other literary efforts of the seventh and eighth centuries, one characteristic at once strikes us. The work of that northern English school is what may be called "thorough and scholarly." There is no parade of erudition nor pretence; it will bear the test of examination; it carries with it evidence of wide reading and full knowledge utilized with judgment and critical tact, and for this it became a model to subsequent generations. Whether we take the History of Bede for chronology and the careful determination of dates, or his treatise on metre (which is really philological), or his Scripture commentaries, and compare them with the efforts of a century or two before, or

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even with those of a century or two after, we can at once detect the difference.

St. Bede, moreover, knew how to utilize in God's service the labors even of those who were not always orthodox, where they could be useful and where there was no question of the Faith; like those, for example, of the Donatist Tyconius. Nothing, it is true, can be more simple than his notes on the Sacred Scriptures; but when we take his Scripture work as a whole, with his prefaces and the rest, and set this beside similar efforts of later mediæval commentators, we can hardly fail to recognize in Bede's work a mastery of all that had before been written, to see that the subject is ever handled according to the principles of, what we to-day should call, sound scholarship, and that the author was fully sensible of the importance of true textual criticism.

Or take his History. "There are scenes in it," says a modern writer, "which live in the hearts of every one of us,... which will live as long as Englishmen have any care for their country and their Church, as long as the story of saintliness and self-sacrifice can awaken an answering echo in human hearts." Yet reflect how this great record of our country was composed. Remember that its author was a man who lived his whole life within the narrow circuit of a few miles; remember also the difficulty of obtaining information in those days. Still, to acquire knowledge, and accurate knowledge, he went to work precisely as the historian would at the present day, never resting till he had got at the best sources of information attainable, at the cost of whatever time or patience or labor it might involve. It is only now, in this age of minute criticism, that we can realize the full excellency of St. Bede's historical methods.

The chief study of St. Bede and his fellow-monks of Wearmouth and Jarrow was, however, the Holy Scriptures. It was from this monastery that has come to us the best and most correct manuscript of the Vulgate,—a scientific achievement of the highest quality. Let us try to realize what this simple fact means. We know in our day, with all our modern aids and processes, the time, labor, and anxious care that are involved in investigating the Sacred Books in order to secure the purest possible text. Only those who have been engaged in such studies can fully understand, or indeed form any idea of, the difficulty and complexity of the task. Now, precisely the same problem presented itself to the monks of Wearmouth and Jarrow at the close of the seventh and the beginning of the eighth century. The old and the new, or Vulgate, version had been long enough in existence together to have permitted the production of manuscripts in which the readings of both versions were mingled in almost hopeless confusion.

The task which St. Bede and his fellow-monks put before themselves, then, was to sift and sort the one from the other, and thus to produce as pure a text as possible of our Authorized Version of the Sacred Scriptures, which we call the Vulgate. This was, indeed, an undertaking proper to task the highest scientific qualities of any age. How the monks of St. Bede's school succeeded, the still extant manuscript, known as the great Codex Amiatinus, is sufficient evidence. As may rightly be the case with men who do good work, they were themselves not unconscious of the value and importance of what they had achieved for the Church. This is evident from the fact that when the aged Abbot Ceolfrid determined to lay aside his lifelong work and retire to Rome to die, he caused a copy of this Bible to be prepared for him to take as the most fitting present to offer to the successor of St. Peter.

Now, all this is evidence that under St. Bede at Wearmouth and at Jarrow men had learned, as the first condition of sound work, that principle inculcated in Holy Writ, "Whatever thy right hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." There was no carelessness, no slovenliness, no shirking of toil and labor, no ignoring of minute details in what they did. The idea that anything but the best was good enough was impossible, where conscience reigned over and regulated every work. These were the qualities which distinguished our saint and the Northumbrian school formed under his guidance; and this is why their labors came to have, through their disciple and inheritor of their methods, Alcuin, so decisive an influence on the development of European culture.

Now, different as is the work to be done in our modern cities, and at a time like this, from what a dozen centuries ago was required at Jarrow, it seems to me that it is precisely the same qualities and the same spirit which will command success now as did then. These are days of the widest competition, and there is little doubt that we have not been sufficiently alive in the past to the qualities and conditions which alone secure success in the struggle. They may all really be summed up in one word—"thoroughness,"—thoroughness is everything; and, I would add, a determination to be content with nothing less than the best possible.

And here, again, as we read and reread the pages of St. Bede and compare them with those of his predecessors, contemporaries and immediate successors, what should strike us so much is the exquisite temper and balance of mind of which they give evidence. In every page there is a transparent simplicity, and running through everything an all-pervading spirit of simple piety. The works show us the man as a thoroughly disciplined soul; and whilst, contemplating his work as a whole, we are surprised at his activity, yet there is no evidence or sign of haste or hurry. His mind seems to have been possessed by two simple ideas, and they are what are perhaps the most needed at the present day: first, the conviction that he was ever walking in the presence of God; and, secondly, that, God being ever with him, all that he did, no matter what, was a work of religion—a part of his reasonable service of God.

Think of the calm of that death scene! The saint was fully possessed of his faculties, knowing all that was going on round about him, and working even to the very end. To him clearly there was so complete a knowledge of the habitual presence of God, which St. Paul would have us realize when he says, "In Him we live and move and have our being," that the passage of a soul from this world to the next was both easy and natural.

One more point, and one of the utmost importance: the whole life of this great English Doctor of the Church was fixed and centred upon what a great man, now dead, has called "the impregnable rock of Holy Scripture." It was from the Sacred Books that St. Bede and his followers and disciples nourished their whole lives. Remember, too, what the work was upon which St. Bede was engaged when he was on his deathbed. It was a translation of the Gospels into English,—that is, one intended for the poor in spirit, the simple and humble of heart, not for the learned. Here, too, in devotion to the Scripture and in a desire to break the Word to the poor and unlearned, we may all of us take a useful lesson from the life of St. Bede.

Finally, St. Bede shows himself to be the very antithesis of any narrow-minded or exclusive glorification of his own Order or mode of life. It is

impossible to read his "Ecclesiastical History" without seeing how he glories in the common work of the Church, and how he regards the monastic as merely one manifestation of the Christian life in the world. His letter to Archbishop Egbert is a sufficient indication of the wide character of his sympathies. To him the bishop was the appointed overseer of all the flock; and he even blames the excessive multiplication of religious houses, and the bestowal upon them of too many churches and lands, as tending to cripple the divinely appointed work of the episcopate.

Above all other characteristics necessary in a teacher and ruler of men was, our saint strongly indicates, "gentleness and tenderness of heart." Of King Ethelbert, after his conversion by St. Augustine, he says that "he had learned from the teachers and authors of his salvation that men were to be drawn heavenward, not forced"; just as Aldhelm said of the British, that "schismatics were to be convinced, not compelled." And, to take one more point, St. Bede ever insists that it was all-important for a teacher of religion to remember the truth that no man can successfully carry God's message to others who has not already in his own life mastered its meaning.

These are some among the many useful lessons St. Bede has for us to-day. As we think over his life and work we can understand the influence his spirit has exercised at all times in the centuries of change which have separated his day from ours. What a change that has been! Dynasties have risen, have ruled, and have fallen; great men in Church and State have come and gone, and given place to others; the peaceful reaches of the lower Tyne, as Bede knew them, are to-day covered with great ships carrying out to lands unknown to Bede's geography, or bringing in from those distant shores, the merchandise of the greatest commercial empire the world has ever known; the solitude and repose of Wearmouth and Jarrow, in which Bede lived his life of prayer and study, is broken to-day by the constant din of the multitudes gathered together in the busy cities which now cover the river-banks and stretch away far inland. Even in religion the England of Bede is changed beyond recognition,—a change which he would undoubtedly have regarded as the most disastrous of all things that could have happened in the land he loved so well.

Yet, amidst all the changes that time and man have wrought, is there a name in the whole of the English annals that has been, and is, so universally revered and honored as that of Bede,—our Venerable Bede, as his countrymen from the first have loved to call him? To us English-speaking peoples, he has, of course, ever been not alone the brightest ornament of the glorious Saxon Church, but our model, our master, our doctor. Now, after the lapse of the centuries, the world at large recognizes him as we have known him, and they to-day say to him with us: "Thou wast filled as a river with wisdom, and thy soul covered the earth.... Thy name went abroad to the islands far off, and thou wast beloved in thy peace."

THE trouble with us is that we look too high and too far away for our chances. We forget that the greatest things are the simplest. We are blind to the chances and blessings near us, because we are looking so far away from them. Everything depends upon the power of the mind to see opportunities.

—*Orison Swett Marden.*

AGITATION is the marshalling of the conscience of a nation to mould its laws.—*Sir Robert Peel.*

After Many Days.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

THE forester and his wife had just returned from a visit to Berlin, where their nephew had been ordained a few days before. Prosperity had crowned the labors of these worthy people. They had only one drop of bitterness in their cup of happiness: it was their misfortune never to have been blessed with a son.

"What joy to have a son a priest!" exclaimed the forester's wife for the twentieth time, as she sat with her husband in the garden on this pleasant afternoon. "We could have paid for his education; he would have been our offering to the Lord; and, who knows, perhaps in time he might even have come to serve the altar here in our own village?"

"What you say is true, Katharine," replied the forester,—"that is, if it should all come to pass. But how many are there who have bad sons who disgrace them and break their hearts! Perhaps it is better so."

"O Franz, no son of ours would have done that!" cried his wife. "How could such a thing be possible?"

"It has happened often before," the forester answered gravely. "Let us be thankful for the blessings we possess, for they are many."

With these words he lit his pipe, took his stick and went forth for a stroll, according to his daily custom.

At the same moment the pastor of the village issued from his garden, also for a little walk. Both men, from an opposite direction, entered the fringe of woods which skirted the village. Not far from the spot where the pastor was slowly walking stood a ruined cottage, which, however, had been recently occupied by a woodcutter and his little boy, a child about eight years of age. The poor man had died of a fever the week before, leaving the request that his child be sent to a brother of his wife who lived in the city. After the funeral, having satisfied himself that the brother-in-law was respectable, the priest sent the child, with his few belongings, to the home of his uncle, in care of a neighbor who was going to the city. The family were absent at the time; but a woman who lived in the house said the child might remain in her room until evening, when they would return. The villager had reported this fact, and it was supposed that everything would be right.

As the priest approached the ruined cottage, he thought he saw a face at the window. It disappeared, and when he arrived at the gate a little boy ran out to meet him.

"Why, George!" exclaimed the pastor. "What has brought you here? I thought you were with your uncle."

"The woman turned me out," said the boy, beginning to cry. "My uncle was absent, working on the river, and she said there was no room for me. So I came back here."

"Did she turn you into the street?" asked the pastor.

"Yes, Father,—the next morning."

"And how did you get here?"

"I walked, Father."

"Fifty miles?"

"Yes, Father. Good people gave me bread, and I slept sometimes under a tree, sometimes close to a hedge. Once a policeman wanted to put me in jail; but I told him I was coming to you, and he let me go."

"To me? But what shall I do with you, my boy?"

"I don't know, Father."

"When did you arrive?"

"A few minutes ago, Father. I was so tired, I thought I would rest here awhile before going to you."

The kind priest looked down at the

innocent face, with its great blue eyes upturned to his; and his heart ached for the poor orphan, who stood so trustfully regarding him, his cap in one hand, all his worldly goods, tied in a red handkerchief, in the other. Something would have to be done.

Presently the forester was seen advancing from the other side of the forest. The priest went to meet him, engaging him in conversation, while the boy stood patiently waiting at a distance. At length the two men came toward him.

"Georgie dear," said the priest, "how would you like to go and live with Mr. Busch?"

"I think it would be nice, Father," replied the boy.

"Very well. Let us try it, in God's name," said the forester. "Come along, my little fellow. We will go home."

"You will be a very good boy, George?" asked the priest.

"A very good boy, Father," echoed the child.

Half an hour later the forester entered the living room of his own comfortable home, where his wife and two daughters were seated. The mother spinning, one of the girls sewing, and the other engaged in knitting a pair of stockings,—for this, though not so very long ago, was before the days of machine work, at least in the Black Forest.

"See here what I have brought you!" exclaimed the big, burly forester, in a cheerful voice; as the child pulled the cap from his curly head and remained uncovered in the presence of the three women.

"Oh, what a pretty boy!" said the forester's wife. "Who is he?"

"An orphan who has neither friend nor home," rejoined the forester. "I have brought him to you, mother, for a son; and now, girls, you will have what you have always desired—a little brother."

With one accord these good people arose and embraced the boy. Little Georgie had found a home and hearts to love him.

He proved to be all they had thought him. He was no trouble to any one; on the contrary, he filled the house with sunshine, always willing to oblige and eager to learn. What he liked best, after the household work was done, was to sit on a stool at the feet of his adopted mother and her daughters, quite close to Lena, the younger girl, who had taken a great liking to him. He could already read well, and he delighted in taking up a children's Bible History, which Lena had won at a school contest, and reading aloud the beautiful narratives it contained. He also became quite proficient in drawing, never tiring of making pictures on his slate, and later, when he grew older, on paper.

"Georgie, you will never be a farmer or a forester. I see that already," said his adopted mother to him one day, as he sat contentedly among them, his head bent over his drawing-book.

"No, indeed," said Lena, pulling his curly hair. "For my part I believe Georgie is going to be something great,—perhaps a priest."

"A priest!" cried the boy. "I could never be good enough for that, but maybe I can learn enough to be a teacher some day."

"If George continues to be an industrious boy, I shall not mind spending something on his education," said the forester. "He may learn Latin if he wishes. I am going to speak to the priest about it."

So it came to pass that at last Georgie went to the seminary, and, after the requisite studies, was ordained priest. It seemed to the good couple who had adopted him, and to their daughters—one of whom was now married,—that the day on which they assisted at the celebration of his first Mass, in the village church, was the

happiest of their lives. Their joy was moderated, however, when they learned that the young priest had offered himself as a missionary to the Chinese,—something which would remove him from them forever. But, good Christians as they were, they made the sacrifice; and for several years they heard only at long intervals from their adopted son.

In the meantime misfortune had fallen upon this good family. Mr. Busch had grown old; he had been removed from his position as forester, and was thus obliged to give up the comfortable, pleasant house where all his married life had been spent. The husband of Martha, the elder girl, had a mania for inventions; he persuaded his father-in-law to lend him all his savings, in order that he might perfect a wheel on which he had been engaged for many years. It proved a failure, and the money was lost. The young man began to drink, and soon died. His wife did not long survive him; and a little later Lena, the younger girl, died of a fever.

The old people were left alone, their only subsistence being whatever Mr. Busch could earn by an occasional day's work. Farmers do not like to employ old men; thus their poverty became extreme. Their good friend the pastor was long dead. They had not heard from George for more than two years; and in their letters to him they carefully refrained from speaking of the change in their circumstances, as they did not wish to cause him pain, when they knew he could not assist them.

At last they realized that there was no refuge for them but the almshouse. The day came. Without saying a word of their purpose to their neighbors, they set out, hand in hand, for the town where henceforth they were to reside. Age and sorrow had dimmed their sight. With bent shoulders and feeble limbs they entered the forest which lay between the village they were leaving and the town to which they were going. Pausing beside a heap of stones, the old man said:

"Here, wife, once stood the cottage from which I led our Georgie by the hand."

"I fear he is dead. He must have been murdered by the heathens, or he would not have been so long without writing to us," replied his wife.

Just then a tall, slender man came out of the brushwood. He started when he observed the old people; but saw that they did not recognize him, as he wore a beard, after the custom of missionaries in some parts of the Orient.

"Franz, he is dressed like a priest," whispered the old woman.

"Yes, he is a priest," answered Franz, glancing at the Roman collar.

"Father, your blessing!" said the old woman, falling on her knees, followed by her husband.

The priest made the Sign of the Cross above them; and then, raising them from the ground with his own hands, he cried out in a faltering tone:

"Father, mother! Don't you know me? And why are you so far from home, so feeble, so poorly clad? Tell me what has happened."

Together they sat upon the pile of stones; and on the ruins of the poor home which once had sheltered the priest, and from which the good forester had led him by the hand to the comfort of his own home, now ruined also, they told their pitiful story.

"Thank God, that is all over now!" said the priest, when it was finished. "My health could no longer stand the Chinese climate; the bishop obliged me to return, and I have been given a very good parish in C., on the other side of the forest. There is also a school there, in which I shall help teach. My stipend is very good indeed. I was coming to tell you about it, little thinking that you had been so unfortunate. I stopped a few moments to look at the

place from which you took me, a poor orphan; and it seems to me Providential that we should meet here on this very spot. Come back now with me to the village inn, and to-morrow we will all set out again for my new home, and yours as well, dear father and mother,—the home where you shall end your lives in peace and comfort."

Weeping tears of joy, the old couple leaned upon the arms of their adopted son as they retraced their steps through the forest; happy in the thought that for the little time left them on earth they would not be forced to eat the bread of charity, but would be fed with that of gratitude returned to them "after many days."

The Maronites' Love for Our Blessed Lady.

FROM time immemorial the steep, rocky heights of the Lebanon have been inhabited by the Maronites. They are a hardy, frugal, industrious race, who have had much to endure from continuous privations and the persecutions of their evilly-disposed neighbors, the Druses. For centuries the Maronites have adhered with heroic fortitude to the Catholic Faith, in spite of the sufferings and sacrifices their fidelity has brought on them; it is only quite recently that their constancy has been tried by the seductions of Protestant missionaries, the emissaries of American and English sects.

There are numerous schools and orphan asylums in the Lebanon conducted by Jesuit Fathers, one of whom relates several edifying traits of the youthful Maronites; whence it may be gathered that the Mother of God is held in great veneration by them, and is the subject of their deep devotion.

"In general," he says, "an excellent spirit prevails amongst our children. It is often most touching to see how tranquilly, how happily they meet death. To take an instance. A boy named Tano, twelve years of age, a very model of piety and diligence, was attacked by a malignant fever. There is no doctor up here; the medicine given him consisted of a decoction of mallows boiled in water; furthermore, his feet and head were rubbed with butter. The fever increased, and it was evident that his end was approaching. The boy, addressing his mother, said: 'Mother, the time is come when I must die. You must not grieve for me. The priest told us that those who die young are more likely to go to heaven; therefore, it is better for me to die now.'

"He then asked for his books; and taking out of them the pictures which had been given to him as rewards, he gazed on them one after the other long and earnestly, kissing them devoutly, and pressing them to his forehead and breast. He selected one representing our Blessed Lady and placed it by his side. After receiving the Holy Viaticum he remained motionless for some time, at the end of which he turned to his mother and said: 'Now I am going to God in heaven.' Those were his last words. After a short agony he fell peacefully asleep, holding in his hands the picture of the Mother of God.

"To take another instance. A few years ago I was called to the deathbed of a poor workingman. Pointing to his six children—three boys and three girls,—he said to me: 'I know you are the father of the afflicted: I give my children into your safe-keeping; I commend them to your care, especially Alba. She is the good angel of the family.' Alba was the oldest daughter. She nursed her father throughout his illness with tender, self-sacrificing affection.

"I did my utmost to provide for the children, and for the mother, who was herself sick. Alba went to a spinning mill, and gave her scanty earnings for her mother's support. But the meagre

pittance did not suffice; therefore our missionaries thought it would be well to place her as school-teacher in a village. This was a post of extreme difficulty, as the inhabitants, in their ignorance, assumed an attitude of hostility toward the school. They threw stones at Alba's dwelling, and even forbade the children to fetch water for her.

"The first year of her residence among them was a veritable martyrdom; yet, by means of patient perseverance and tact, the courageous young girl succeeded in overcoming the animosity of the parents. The whole of her small salary—sixteen shillings a month—she sent to her mother, subsisting herself on what little the villagers gave her. Her piety, her quiet, unassuming demeanor, and the good behavior of the children she instructed, by degrees dispelled all the prejudice and opposition she at first encountered, and the number of scholars multiplied threefold. This happy state of affairs lasted two years. Under the protection of our Blessed Lady, to whom Alba entertained a filial devotion, she won the affection of all the people; and so great was the influence she exercised that many fierce disputes were adjusted by her mediation.

"The hardships she had endured, however, her anxiety concerning her family, and overwork, had completely undermined her strength. A slow fever wasted her away. When she felt her end drawing near, she returned home to her mother. 'I have come back to die,' she said; 'I need no medicine, only resignation to the will of God.' I was summoned to her bedside. 'I am leaving my mother and three brothers,' she said to me; 'I implore you to provide for them when I am no more. I possess nothing but the rosary you gave me; it has been my constant companion; put it on my breast when I am laid in the coffin.' She then pressed the rosary to her lips, closed her eyes and lay back, remaining for a considerable time engaged in silent prayer.

"I never saw her again; but the venerable priest who administered the last Sacraments to her asserted that in the twenty years during which he had fulfilled the office of a priest, he had never witnessed so edifying a death. The esteem felt for the modest, simple teacher was manifested after her demise. All the work-people employed in the spinning mill, as well as the whole population of the village where she labored, followed her to her last resting-place with tears and prayers. As a matter of fact, they prayed more *to* her than *for* her."

Exaltata sum in Libano.

The Prospects of the Church in Russia and Japan.

At the very inception of the Russo-Japanese war, we expressed in these columns the opinion that, from the viewpoint of Catholicism, there would be mingled satisfaction and regret no matter which power eventually proved the victor. Writing in the June *Dolphin*, Mr. H. P. Russell, whose paper was, of course, prepared before the annihilation of the Russian navy, inclines to the view that the prospects of the Church in the land of the Czar are likely to be furthered in a chastised and chastened Russia rather than in Russia flushed by victory and confirmed in her bureaucratic despotism; "since, as history shows, the vanquished nation, rather than the nation that is victorious, is usually benefited by the moral lesson of defeat." Briefly reviewing the history of religion in the dominions of the Czar, Mr. Russell draws therefrom the conclusion that "Russian policy has all along been, and is to this day, opposed to liberty of conscience in matters religious, and to that independence of ecclesiastical jurisdiction which is the inherent prerogative and the

first essential of Christ's kingdom on earth; in a word, to the growth—nay, to the very existence—of the Catholic Church in Russia."

These words must have been written before the publication of the Czar's decree regarding the Poles and Lithuanians. It is understood that the privileges extended to them are to be made general. So it can no longer be truthfully said that the policy of Russia is opposed to liberty of conscience in matters of religion. It may be quite true that recent reforms have been forced upon the Czar, and that, should the fortunes of war suddenly change, he would be disposed to annul his decrees; but, on the other hand, the pacification of the Empire is to be considered, and nothing would be more likely to retard it than the withdrawal of privileges so solemnly granted. The day has passed when tyrants could play fast and loose with the masses. The Grand Ducal coterie has shown a wholesome dread of revolts, and must know how easily they can be excited and spread. There is little danger, we think, that Russia will take a backward step.

As for Catholic prospects in Japan, the *Dolphin* writer takes a hopeful view, and notes that Japan now extends her protection to Catholic missions. We have more than once commented on the testimony furnished by our foreign missionaries relative to the promising outlook for the extension of the Faith in the Mikado's Empire; and we confess to but little fear of the "Yellow Peril" which has been so industriously exploited by nations considerably more concerned about their own commercial standing than about the relative supremacy of Christianity or paganism. We are optimistic enough to believe that the culminating victory of Togo was an excellent thing for Catholics in both Russia and Japan, and that the results of the war will prove beneficial to the religion of Christ.

A Prevalent Sin.

A SIN that is very prevalent, yet rarely confessed, is the waste of time. True, servants, day-laborers, artisans, clerks, and such like employees who deliberately squander a portion of the time for the presumed proper use of which they receive wages or salary, may take account, when preparing to go to the tribunal of penance, of their injustice toward their employers; but how many others are there not who, because they are subject to no specific taskmaster, because their time is their own, falsely imagine that its waste injures no one, or at least no one but themselves! This is clearly a fallacy.

The self-culture, the increase in wisdom and virtue, the expansion of powers for good, the additional skill and efficiency in their respective callings or professions, their progressive development into citizens of notable worth and eminence,—all this, which is largely dependent on the genuine improvement of the time which they waste, is not merely a personal affair of the clergymen, jurists, teachers, merchants, journalists, physicians, or gentlemen at large who are guilty of the waste. They all owe duties to their families, to their clients, to the community of which they form a part, to their country as a whole; and in just that measure in which their waste of time prevents their giving to these various creditors the best of which they are, or could be, capable, they can not but be considered as delinquent debtors. There is food for thought in the poet's declaration:

> 'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
> And ask them what report they bore to heaven.

GOD never put one man or woman into the world without giving each something to do in it or for it,—some visible, tangible work, to be left behind them when they die.—*Anon.*

Notes and Remarks.

One of the essays read at the Marian Congress in Rome, in December last, had to do with a question which a good many of our readers are possibly unaware has ever been raised—the authorship of the *Magnificat*. On the strength of a footnote found in a certain edition of St. Luke, and what would seem a decided predisposition to pick holes in the garment of traditional scholarship, the Abbé Loisy had somewhat oracularly declared that the beautiful canticle beginning "My soul doth magnify the Lord" must now be definitely attributed, not to the Blessed Virgin, but to St. Elizabeth. At the Marian Congress Father Jubaru, S. J., triumphantly refuted the Abbé's contention, showing conclusively that the codices on which alone it could be founded are, as to this point, rejected by the very critics whom M. Loisy is usually so fond of quoting. The scholarly Jesuit's refutation has been approved by the Holy Father, who, through his Cardinal Secretary of State, commends its usefulness to all who are engaged in combating "the thoughtless modern criticism of the precious treasure of Scriptural truth." With all due respect to the erudition and conscientiousness of many of the higher critics, we venture the assertion that quite a large number of them assume toward Holy Writ the attitude of a "devil's advocate" rather than an impartial judge.

Quite in line with what we said last week of broad mental culture as contrasted with restricted professional training, is the lesson which Dr. Osler has been teaching for years past in his addresses to medical students. In a recently published volume of these addresses, there are to be found many appreciative words for the widest general culture, and many bits of pungent criticism of the narrow specialism that glories in ignoring everything outside of one particular branch. From the frequency with which Dr. Osler quotes Cardinal Newman on educational topics, it is easy to see that "The Idea of a University" has been one of his favorite books, and it is allowable to suppose that the Cardinal's inimitable lectures have had considerable to do with broadening the medical professor's own culture. Of timely interest, at this Commencement season in the medical colleges, is this extract from a recently delivered address to a body of medical students:

> Always seek your own interests, make of a high and sacred calling a sordid business, regard your fellow-creatures as so many tools of trade, and, if your heart's desire is for riches, they may be yours; but you have bartered away the birthright of a noble heritage, traduced the physician's well-deserved title of the Friend of man, and falsified the best traditions of an ancient and honorable Guild.

The general tenor of Dr. Osler's discourses emphasizes the point that his betaking himself to Oxford deprives Johns Hopkins University, and, incidentally, the United States, of a well-rounded scholar and an inspiriting teacher of young men.

While it is doubtful whether all parish priests will find it practicable to give their congregations an hour's catechetical instruction in addition to their regular Sunday sermon, as would appear to be the desire of the Holy Father, there is one obvious corollary of the Pope's recent encyclical which no pastor should fail to impress upon his people in season and, if necessary, out of season as well. That corollary is the necessity of additional religious reading in the family circle, and, incidentally, of stricter supervision, on the part of parents, over the reading of their children. The average Catholic family nowadays should have a collection of

the tracts, booklets, or even bound volumes issued by the various Catholic Truth Societies, and should *read* them. The same may be said of such doctrinal and apologetic works as "Catholic Belief," The Faith of Our Fathers," and "Plain Facts for Fair Minds." Of equal utility, and very possibly of greater need, is the perusal and study of books of sermons, and volumes such as Spirago and Clarke's "Catechism Explained" and Father Stapleton's "Moral Briefs." The man on the street, and his wife at home, are credited as a rule with knowing much more about their religion and their moral obligations than they can justly claim to know; and, when personal catechising on the part of the pastor is impracticable, his scattered sheep should at least be exhorted to supplement their imperfect knowledge by the perusal of instructive books.

As for the duty incumbent upon parents to supervise the reading of their children, the current denunciation of the bigoted "Elsie Books" suggests the probability that our Catholic children have long been allowed to devour story-books fully as baneful to their religious life as the yellowest of yellow journals,—which abominations, be it repeated, are found in far too many Catholic homes.

Some time ago a writer in these pages adverted to the curious fact that the signs of many public-houses in England were formerly religious symbols. The Angel, for instance, which still survives in London and elsewhere, symbolized the Annunciation. The more enigmatic title of "The Goat and Compasses," according to the *Tablet*, is believed to be a corruption of the motto "God encompasses us." Of "The Pig and Whistle"—a similarly incongruous "derangement of epitaphs,"—a new interpretation is supplied by a correspondent of the *Globe* in Hong Kong. "There is, or was (for it is many years since I was at home), an expression in Ireland, 'Please the pigs.' Well, *piga* is Anglo-Saxon and old Danish for 'maiden'; so 'Please the pig' means 'Please the Virgin.' Also *Waeshail* was 'hail,' so *Piga Waeshail* meant 'Hail Mary'; and was no doubt considered a good religious sign to have on a house, much as the Chinese write on the front of their houses inscriptions containing all sorts of fine sentiments and compliments. It is easy to see how *Piga Waeshail* became 'Pig and Whistle.' It is at least a curious suggestion that the familiar phrase should have been so long preserved, while its meaning was utterly lost."

Venerable Gabriel, of the Congregation of the Passion, whose virtue has been by solemn decree declared heroical, is a coming saint of the type of Saints Louis of Gonzaga, John Berchmans, and Stanislaus Kostka. Born of a well-to-do family of Assisi in 1838, Gabriel Possenti was educated at Spoleto, first by the Brothers, and later by the Jesuits. At the age of nineteen he entered the Passionist novitiate, and died at Monte Fiscelli, in Apulia, when only twenty-nine. A new example for Christian youth, the lesson of his life is that polite deportment, handsome dress, genial disposition, and vivacious temperament are quite compatible with obedience to the divine law, innocence of life, true piety,—in fact, with the whole round of the virtues. Such, at least, is the lesson drawn from his career by our Holy Father Pius X.

The new Commissioner on Indian Affairs is a man of good judgment, for one thing. The general policy which he intends to pursue in regard to the Indians is proof of this. He believes that the Indian should work for his living, and that his education and training should fit and qualify him for

his work. Hitherto these "wards of the Government" have been treated as beggars—when they were not treated as brutes,—and they behaved as such; becoming every year, the greater number of them, more lazy, vicious and improvident. Mr. Leupp insists that "it is foolish to force upon Indian children those studies which have no relation to their environment"; and beyond a fair instruction in the rudiments, the "Three R's," he would not go, except in the cases of those who showed desire and special aptitude for a higher intellectual training. He would teach the boy to "repair a broken harness, to straighten a sprung tire on a wagon wheel, and to fasten a loose horseshoe without breaking the hoof." He would have the Indian girl taught "to make and mend her clothing, to wash and iron, and to cook her husband's dinner."

Mr. Leupp's policy, though sound, is not new: it has been advocated a thousand times, but has always been opposed by bigots, faddists, and sentimentalists,—more especially by bigots, who were unwilling that anything should be done for the Indians by Catholics,—at least anything of which our Government was to bear the expense. It is to be hoped that the policy of the new Commissioner will have a fair trial. In carrying it out, Mr. Leupp will find his best aid in the mission schools.

Speaking of the artistic side of worship, André Hallays complained a few years ago that bad taste was invading our churches and impairing the refinement congruous to religious art. He was right. For a long time it seemed to be taken for granted that pictures and statues, in order to be inexpensive, must be inelegant, coarse, and in many cases vulgar. Fortunately, a reaction has set in, and good taste has less reason than formerly to groan over certain so-called "artistic" productions that are positive examples of the violation of all canons of true art. As a help in this reaction, so far as France is concerned, a Marian Exposition has just been held at Tours. The priest who organized it did wonders in gathering together the fairest types of Virgins and Madonnas ever dreamed of by the greatest masters of ancient and modern times. As a means of educating popular taste to the realization of what is truly beautiful and the reverse in the pictorial and plastic arts, the Exposition was an excellent undertaking, and we are glad to learn that it attracted throngs of visitors from all parts of Europe.

Taking to task a Southern paper that had been berating Secretary Taft, the New York *Sun* lately said: "If it [the paper in question] does not know what the Secretary's previous position has been regarding the responsibility and power of Congress, it has no business to be writing about him and the question." Applying this principle to another question and the oracular publicists who so frequently discuss it, there are in this country not a few journals that have no business to be writing about the Pope and the Concordat.

If the Catholics of France do not bear themselves manfully in their present difficulties and in others that are within sight, it will assuredly not be for want of advice and exhortation on the part of their ecclesiastical superiors. Addressing his clergy and laity in a recent allocution, the Archbishop of Albi commented on the necessity of defending the great causes made sacred by faith, and added:

> But, above all, let us render ourselves worthy of such an enterprise. To this battlefield whereon the good fight is to be fought, whereon with the weapons of the Gospel we are to defend the cause of God, let us not bring troops unskilled and unhealthy. "Renounce the works

of darkness and clothe yourselves with the armor of light." Let us be better from to-day, in order to be stronger to-morrow. Let that worldly frivolity which persists so generally in so many Catholic circles, let that lightness of behavior which is in such cruel contrast with the severity of principles and which desolates so many Christian families, let that sensual egoism which paralyzes so much good-will, let that disdainful pride which entertains so many illusions,—let all these faults and vices, which oppose in us the action of grace, recede and give way before the gravity of the duties incumbent upon us. Let them be succeeded by the spirit of discipline, of abnegation, of charity, of devotedness, of personal purification and sanctification. Then each of us, at the call of God, can answer with the holy and spotless Virgin: "Lord, be it done unto me according to Thy will."

The old saying that example is always more efficacious than preaching is being verified in a peculiarly gratifying way in the Vicariate Apostolic of Benin (Africa). Protestant travellers in missionary districts have frequently, of recent years, drawn comparisons between the lives of Catholic and non-Catholic missionaries in foreign lands, invariably to the disadvantage of the latter; and it would appear that the native African estimates these same lives with considerable judgment and deduces his conclusions accordingly. In Benin, for example, our missionary priests are receiving into the Church not only pagans, but whole communities of non-Catholics, who place at the disposal of the mission their fully equipped churches and schools.

The reopening of "Old St. Peter's," Barclay Street, New York, after complete renovating and elaborate ornamenting, the expenses of which were borne by the sons of a deceased parishioner, recalls the history of this interesting church. It antedates Washington's inauguration, and was the mother church of the Catholics of Manhattan. The corner-stone of the original edifice was laid in 1786. Until 1809 it remained the only church in New York. It was here (on Ash-Wednesday, 1805) that Mother Seton embraced the Faith, and afterward made her First Communion. The school (established in 1800) attached to St. Peter's was the first free Catholic school in the United States. Among generous benefactors to "Old St. Peter's" in the early days was Charles III. of Spain; and the painting by Velasquez which is—or was—among its treasures was probably a gift from him. Another benefactor, no less generous, was the French Minister at that period. The old church in Barclay Street deserves to be included among the landmarks of the Metropolis.

In accepting the insignia of the Order of the Holy Sepulchre from Cardinal Kopp, the Emperor of Germany spoke of the pleasure it gave him to be able to secure a piece of consecrated ground in Jerusalem and present it to the German Benedictines, whose spirit and achievements he so greatly admired. He expressed the hope that the seed then sown might bear fruit rich in blessings for the Catholics of Germany. This fresh sign of the good relations existing between the Kaiser and his Catholic subjects is largely due to the influence of Abbot Krug and the monks of Monte Cassino.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century, according to *Le Couteulx Leader*, there were only twelve schools for the deaf in the whole civilized world; and all of them were in Europe. In 1900 the number had increased to six hundred and thirteen,—three hundred and ninety-seven in Europe and two hundred and sixteen in America. The Abbé de l'Épée and his successor, the Abbé Sicard, two noble French priests, were the first to devote their lives to the deaf and dumb.

Notable New Books.

The Imitation of Christ. New Revised Translation. By Sir Francis R. Cruise. San Francisco: The Catholic Truth Society.

Of such a work as "The Imitation" there can scarcely be too many editions, especially editions like the present one, of handy-volume size, well printed, and yet inexpensive. The Catholic Truth Society has done an excellent service in placing this inestimable book within the reach of the scantiest purse; henceforward it will be a flagrant shame for any Catholic family to be without at least one copy of the work that Fontenelle declared the most beautiful that ever came from the hand of man,—Holy Scripture having come from God.

It was a happy thought, too, to select as the text of this edition the translation recently published by Sir Francis Cruise, a lifelong student of "The Imitation," and one thoroughly saturated with the spirit in which Thomas à Kempis wrote or compiled—more probably, wrote some and compiled others of—the immortal chapters forever associated with his name. The most evident deviation which Sir Francis has made from the ordinary editions is his placing "Of Interior Consolation" as Book IV. instead of Book III. Critical readers, however, will discern many a felicitous rendering of passages which less skilful translators have done into cruder and less idiomatic English. It is interesting to compare the present text with that of the Protestant John Payne (with Dr. Chalmer's introduction),—that is, with the text of Payne's three Books; for the "Devout Exhortation to Holy Communion" is omitted in the Protestant translation.

The Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. By the Rev. H. Noldin, S. J. Benziger Brothers.

This authorized translation from the German, revised by Father W. H. Kent, O.S.C., is said to be intended especially for priests and candidates for the priesthood; but, so far as we have seen, it contains nothing that may not edify and instruct religious—Sisters and Brothers,—and indeed the laity as well. While laying no claim to either originality or erudition, the author has produced a very satisfactory work, containing in sufficiently brief compass all that one needs to know of the history of the great devotion, its object, its practice and the motives for practising it, and its spread; with a final chapter on the Apostleship of Prayer. An appendix, thirty pages in length, deals most interestingly with the canonical erection of the Confraternity of the Sacred Heart, the establishment of the Apostleship of Prayer, the Communion of Reparation, and various devotions, prayers, acts, and invocations. The book is one which will commend itself strongly to lovers of the Sacred Heart, whether sacerdotal or lay; and its attentive perusal can not but be productive of spiritual benefit.

The Blessed Virgin in the Nineteenth Century; Apparitions, Revelations, Graces. By Bernard St. John. Burns & Oates.

Were any justification needed for the appearance of this handsome volume of almost five hundred pages, it would be found in these words of Father Faber, quoted in the author's preface: "Here in England Mary is not half enough preached. Devotion to her is low, thin, and poor. It is frightened out of its wits by the sneers of heresy. It is always invoking human respect and carnal prudence, wishing to make Mary so little of a Mary that Protestants may feel at ease about her. . . ." While this reproach of the eloquent Oratorian is not at present so fully deserved, in either England or America, as it was half a century ago, it is still not without its appropriateness to a good many Catholics on both sides of the Atlantic.

To remedy the lowness, thinness, and poverty of devotion complained of, we heartily recommend the attentive perusal of this interesting volume. To those who are unfamiliar with the materials dealt with, the book will appeal with all the charm of a fascinating narrative, while even devout clients of Our Lady to whom "the Miraculous Medal," "Notre Dame des Victoires," "Lourdes," "Pontmain," etc., are as familiar as household words, will experience no tedium in reading the present forceful and artistic presentation of the astounding occurrences that caused the nineteenth to be styled "the century of Mary."

Typographically the work is all that could be desired. An excellent book for young readers and old, for the lukewarm and the fervent. We trust it will secure a large sale.

The Gospel According to St. Mark. With Introduction and Annotations. By Madame Cecilia, Religious of St. Andrew's Convent, Streatham, S. W. Benziger Brothers.

Everyone of us should be able to say with St. Paul: "I count all things to be loss, for the excellent knowledge of Jesus Christ my Lord." How are we to acquire this knowledge? A most practical way would be by an intelligent study of Our Lord's life, and Madame Cecilia's admirable work might serve as a fitting guide to this study. The present volume is the first of a series of "Catholic Scripture Manuals" which she has begun to edit. It is informing throughout, and scholarly in every detail. Madame Cecilia employs a variety of types with a view to utilizing the "memory of the eye." Her success is complete. One can read and retain the sub-

stance of her commentaries with little or no effort. The abundant explanatory notes are not mere erudition: they are eminently practical explanations of the text, and could be used with great advantage to give tone and color to an instruction. The Latin and the English texts are cited in parallel columns. Both clergy and laity will find this work highly interesting and thoroughly practical. It deserves more than words of praise or commendation: it merits an appreciative sale. The index leaves nothing to be desired.

The House of God and Other Addresses and Studies. By the Very Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, D. D. The Cathedral Library Association.

Dr. Shahan's latest publication takes its name from the initial chapter. The work consists of eighteen addresses or studies, some of which were delivered as sermons, others as lectures. All are admirable, though little more than we would expect from a man of Dr. Shahan's historical knowledge and literary ability. The table of contents reveals such attractive headings, as: The Educational Value of the Fine Arts; The Office of the Priesthood; Why We Build Beautiful Churches; St. Patrick an Apostle of Faith; Ireland and Home; The Irish Language; The Future of Ireland; Do We Need a Catholic University? Leo XIII. These are not mere wordy or abstract discourses on the subjects indicated. Dr. Shahan's book is a mine of historical information presented in very pleasing style. We can easily overlook what is rather a confusion than a historical inaccuracy at page 129, where the Greek poet Euripides is mistaken for Æschylus. The general reader will find Dr. Shahan's latest work quite as interesting as it is instructive. We heartily recommend it.

Nut-Brown Joan. By Marion Ames Taggart. Henry Holt & Co.

Joan Darrington, the heroine of this charming story for girls, is a lovable, natural, everyday girl; and one follows her with interest through the events recorded in the story, which covers about a year. Aunt Deb, Trude, Guy, and Darby—of course there couldn't be a Joan without a Darby—are live people, all of them. Mrs. Darrington and Georgie are, perhaps, slightly overdrawn. The plot is an ordinary one, but it serves to show the character of the heroine; and the reader is very glad to share in the triumphs that in the end come to the nut-brown Joan.

Beyond Chance of Change. By Sara Andrew Shafer. The Macmillan Company.

Those of our readers who are familiar with this author's "The Day Before Yesterday" need no further recommendation of the present book than the statement that it runs along the same lines and is replete with the same gentle charm as its predecessor. Others may discover the significance of the title and get an inkling of the *motif* of the work from this passage, which we find near the end of the volume: "People did not rush through life in that dear Past, which is beyond chance of change; and there was plenty of time for fathers to be real fathers, and for mothers to be real mothers, and to find, even in the busiest lives, some hours for quiet companionship with the children growing up around them."

A thoroughly pleasant book for children of all ages,—restful as the murmur of a sylvan stream, on the banks of which one drifts into musings of bygone scenes, and vanished forms, and sweet, glad dreams of days to return no more.

The Redemptorists at Annapolis. By a Redemptorist Father. Ilchester, Md. College Press.

The Golden Jubilee of the Redemptorists' settlement at Annapolis, Maryland, was celebrated with congruous solemnity in 1903. It was a happy thought, growing out of that memorable event, to compile a history of the Annapolis Fathers during the preceding half century; and the present substantial volume of two hundred and eighty pages, enriched with a goodly number of excellent half-tone portraits, is that thought's felicitous and enduring expression.

The notable development of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer in America has been both a contributory cause and an admirable effect of the general progress of the Church in this country; and the extensive missionary labors of the zealous sons of St. Alphonsus throughout our own republic and the neighboring Dominion of Canada have assuredly made them known and beloved by a very wide public, to whom this record of a half century will prove a welcome and an eminently interesting work.

The Lodestar. By Sidney R. Kennedy. The Macmillan Company.

A novel to afford a few hours of pleasant reading in hammock or steamer-chair, or on the grassy sward by a purling summer brook. It is not an ambitious story. There are no involved psychological problems, an attempt at whose solution implies mental effort and concentrated attention. Nor is the plot so tangled that the reader's ingenuity is put to any severe test in foreseeing the outcome. Mr. John S. Brinton, a *nouveau riche* of exceptionally strenuous habits and quite enjoyable unaffectedness, is the most striking character introduced; although Eleanor Hyde, a satisfactory New England girl, is the justification—partial rather than complete—of the title. The movement is straightforward, and sufficiently rapid to gratify even the most inveterate reader of ephemeral literature.

Catholic Heroes of Land and Sea.

BY MAY MARGARET FULLER.

IV.—Hernando Cortes.

"WHERE are the B's?" asked Frank one evening after dinner.

Bessie was always in demand at that time; for both her brothers delighted in the latest popular music, and she was generally amiable enough to play it to their hearts' content.

"They're buzzing in the library to-night," replied George; "but you're not likely to find any honey there, I tell you. They are as cross as can be, 'cramming' for the next meeting of the 'Odious Four.'"

"If Captain Morris heard you, you'd feel *odious*, I guess. By the way, who is the hero?"

"Cortes,—pretty easy for us, as the girls will have the floor. Poor things, they have been working hard, anyway."

And so they had, judging from the notebooks which they produced on the following Friday. They were determined to make the most of "their night,"—that was evident from the very moment Belle began the story of one of Spain's most valiant sons.

"When Columbus discovered America, Cortes was a little boy; and I suppose that, hearing so much about the wonderful New World, he longed to see it. His parents dreaded his love of adventure, and did everything to make him contented at home. It was of no use, however; and in the end they let him go to the strange land where he knew he would be happy. In the West Indies he helped to quiet a rebellion among the Indians, and then went to aid the Spaniards to conquer Cuba. His skill and courage made them elect him chief of the new town, Santiago."

"'Santiago' is Spanish for 'St. James,'" put in Captain Morris.

"There he lived until he was thirty-three, when the governor chose him for the greatest work of his life—the Conquest of Mexico," continued Belle. "He gathered an army, making it a rule that the name of God must not be used in vain. Over his ships he raised a banner of black bearing a red cross, and the inscription, 'Let us follow the Cross and in that sign we shall conquer.' On the morning of the departure, the Franciscan chaplain said Mass, at which Cortes and all his men received Holy Communion. The expedition was undertaken under the patronage of St. Peter. They first landed at Yucatan, where Cortes rescued a Spanish missionary who had been imprisoned by the Indians for eight years. Aztecs, who belonged to the principal tribe of Mexico, inhabited this place, and they became quite friendly with the Spaniards. They talked a great deal about their chief, Montezuma, and of course Cortes was only too glad to hear about the man he had come to dethrone.

"Montezuma soon learned of these white men and their 'towers with wings,' as he called their ships," Belle went on; "and he began to fear that they were evil gods. Well, Cortes waited for an invitation to the palace of the monarch. But none came; for, though Montezuma sent the visitors magnificent presents, his message was that they should leave the country at once. They didn't, and Cortes made up his mind that at the proper time he would force the ruler to receive him.

For the present he contented himself with founding Vera Cruz,—the city of the True Cross. Afterward he received into his ranks a number of Indians who preferred to be governed by him rather than by the tyrant Montezuma; and then he sank all his ships but one, so that he would either have to be victorious or die."

"What?" cried Frank. "In a place where everyone was against him and no way of escape?"

"Yes; just think of it! Most of his men were fond of him, but some who were jealous threatened to go back to Spain. He really needed them all; but, pointing to the small vessel which remained, he said that any who were cowards could return. No one went, so Cortes destroyed the last boat, and prayed for success. O Bessie, I haven't any breath left! Won't you go on, please?"

"I was just wondering whether you thought I had done my share of the work for fun. Where were you? Oh, yes! As Belle said, Cortes was bound to see Montezuma; so he soon began the march to the city of Mexico, which was then the greatest city in the world. I must tell you a few things about it, for it *is* interesting. It stood in the middle of a big salt lake—it was built on islands, of course,—and was connected with the mainland by three causeways of rocks. Its streets, like those in Venice, were canals. The houses were of stone, and usually about two hundred people lived in each one. Birds' feathers decorated the walls and ceilings, and palm-leaf mats were used for beds. And, oh! the men and women! They all wore long hair, painted their faces in fancy patterns, and dyed their teeth bright red. Besides, they wore rings in their ears and noses and on their fingers, and bracelets around their wrists and ankles. What funny-looking sights they must have been! Well, Montezuma received the white men very politely this time—though I suppose he felt like biting their heads off—and invited Cortes to the palace. A little while afterward an Aztec general attacked Vera Cruz and killed a large number of the inhabitants. If Cortes let that pass unnoticed, it would have led to his ruin; but what do you suppose he did?"

"I remember that since we studied about it!" cried George. "It was the most daring action that has ever been known. He took Montezuma right out of the palace, clapped him into the Spanish quarters, and made him give in to the King of Spain."

"Jinks! I'll bet he was mad!" said Frank.

"Who? Montezuma?" queried Bessie. "Well, rather. But he decided that the best thing to do was to get rid of the Spaniards peaceably; so he gave Cortes a new fleet of ships, and they agreed to go. After travelling a short distance, they met an army which had been sent by the jealous governor of Cuba to seize Cortes. Instead of that, Cortes defeated the new men, and back they all went to Mexico. Then there was a battle, in which Montezuma was killed. The Spaniards had to retreat, for there was no limit to the cruelty of the Mexicans. They returned some days later, though; and in three months Cortes conquered the city of Mexico."

"You haven't told us, Bessie, that our hero demolished the paganism of the Aztecs. That, to my mind, was the glorious part of the Conquest of Mexico. You see, in our Catholic heroes, we have to consider not so much the daring deeds their personal ambition led them to perform, as what they accomplished for the honor of God. Cortes, when he went to Mexico, found that it was the religion of the Aztecs which made them so repulsive; for they worshiped hideous idols, whom they honored by sacrificing to them thousands of human lives every year."

"I know, Captain Morris," replied Bessie. "I tell you it is grand to read of his replacing all those images with crucifixes, and establishing churches where daily Mass was said on the very spots where the temples had stood. He forbade the offering of any more human lives; and the people in the poorer settlements, or pueblos, who only for him would have been killed in this way, were made happy Christians by the missionaries in Cortes' band."

"Yes," added Captain Morris; "out of the ruins of the old idolatrous Mexico sprang a city of faith. A magnificent cathedral was built, many churches were added, and a bishop and numerous priests arrived from Spain,—all within five years after the Conquest."

"Did you know, Captain Morris, that this first bishop of Mexico brought with him the first printing-press known in America?"

"Yes, that's true; though the New Englanders generally claim the distinction of introducing printing into our country."

"To go back to Cortes," said Belle, from the depths of her notebook. "He discovered California some time after the Conquest; but the honor he had received seemed to die away."

"It is a singular thing," observed the Captain, "that Cortes was treated as Columbus had been. Calumnies were heaped upon him, and he died almost alone, in a little village near Seville. But he himself said that it was better so; for he wanted all his comfort to come from the Blessed Sacrament, which he often received with devotion during his last months on earth."

"Heroes never have faults," grumbled Bessie, with a sigh.

"Indeed they do," rejoined Captain Morris; "and Cortes had a generous share, which the histories do not let us forget. But his truest biographer was his companion in all adventures, Bernard Diaz, himself a hero and a true soldier of the Cross, who is called the 'historian of the Conquest.' He shows us the character of his friend in all its nobility and grandeur. He reminds us that the words on Cortes' banner were the guiding words of all his dazzling achievements; for he really did follow the Cross, and in it he conquered."

"Why, yes," added Belle. "He named the city he founded Vera Cruz; and I read that on every march he planted crosses to mark the way."

"Look out! Pride goeth before a fall," warned Frank, with a teasing smile at his sisters.

Truth to tell, they were doing their best to look modest, and that was not an easy task; for Bessie knew in her heart that she and Belle had won a victory over the boys.

The Little Hungarians.

BY MRS. MARY E. MANNIX.

VII.—Another Visit to the Square.

The man in the shabby clothes had carefully followed the course of events. Prowling about the neighborhood the morning after the death of the musician, he saw crape on the door, and judged from that evidence that Mr. Vladych had passed away. He also learned from various sources that the children would be penniless, and he began to chuckle over the plans he had formed concerning them. But he knew it behooved him to bide his time, and yet to be alert in order not to let them escape his vigilance.

The attitude of Rose made it easier for him to put these plans into execution; but as yet he was, of course, ignorant of this fact. He dared not show himself in the vicinity of the house, for fear of being seen by Mrs. Mullen, who, he knew, would warn the children against him if she should chance to espy him. Three or four times,

in the evening, he ventured near; but all was in darkness, and he supposed the children had gone to bed, which was true.

Their father had died on Sunday night; it was now Friday; and, while Louis had, in a measure, recovered his normal cheerfulness, Rose spent nearly all the time in tears, which were caused even more by the proposed separation from her beloved brother than by grief at the loss of her father.

"Now, Rosie," said Louis on Friday evening, when the house was closed for the night, and they sat together in the room which had been their father's, "if you will not go to the academy cheerfully, you shall not go at all. Do not fret about it any more."

"I can not — *can not* leave you, Louis!" she replied, bursting into fresh tears. "It will kill me if they take me away."

"No one shall ever take you away," said Louis, firmly. "No one wants to do it against your will. It is only a question of living; and, if we should not be found out, I know an easy way."

"What is that, Louis?"

"We could go out at night to the Square, as we did before."

The child shrank back.

"Louis," she said solemnly, "they would surely find out, and then they would take me away from you. They would *make* me go to the academy."

"Who could *make* you go, Rosie? Who has the right?"

"Father Garyo would. You know very well he would think it a dreadful thing to do as you say."

"Yes. But what *shall* we do, then? Oh, if Florian were only here!"

"Florian is dead, Louis. Now there are only you and I."

"Florian is *not* dead, Rose. If he were we should know."

"Well, he is not *here*, anyway. And Papa would never have asked me to leave you."

"You could learn everything at the academy. The Sisters are very kind. You would soon become acquainted with some nice little girls, and you would be very happy. At first perhaps not, but in a little while—"

"In a little while I should be dead, Louis; and then you would be sorry for having murdered your poor little sister."

Louis was almost in tears himself.

"Well, but what shall we do, Rose?" he said. "I can get a place, maybe, for twelve dollars a month. Could we live on that, and get clothes? And how could you stay here in the house alone all day?"

"I can go to school. We can keep chickens and have eggs, and we can plant more vegetables in the garden. Only don't send me away, Louis,—please don't!"

"Well, Rosie, we can try it. But how can we pay off the mortgage?"

"I don't know how we can do it, Louis; but I *won't* go away. After a while you can earn twenty dollars a month, and then maybe you can pay the muggage."

Poor Louis sighed drearily. The future looked dark indeed. He did not know what to do. If the mortgage were not paid, the little home would be lost to them. But this Rose could not understand: she was too young. Meanwhile their scanty stock of money was nearly gone, and as yet he had no prospect of a situation. Finally the boy said:

"Well, Rose, we will try. I won't let you go away. But just now we have hardly any money, and I think we must go to the Square again. Once or twice may be often enough; for I am sure I can get something to do soon. Pete and Dan will help me find a place. But to-morrow night we must go to the Square."

"Very well, Louis," replied the little girl, glad to know that her brother

was resolved they should not be separated. "Let us go to-morrow night. Maybe they won't find out. Do Pete and Dan ever go down town on Saturday nights?"

"I don't know. Perhaps they do,—although I hardly think so."

"Would they tell if they saw us?"

"Only their mother."

"Would she tell Father Garyo? If she did he would surely be very, very angry. And it would be right maybe, because papa would not like it, *and I don't either.*"

Since the death of their father, Mrs. Mullen had been in the habit of coming over to the cottage every evening after supper for a few moments' visit. On Saturday evening she stayed a little longer than usual, as the boys were not yet home from the shops where they were employed. Louis felt very uneasy lest she should stay too long, and thus prevent them from carrying out their plan. Therefore he began a series of yawns, which his neighbor soon observed, saying as she rose to go:

"I see you're very sleepy, Louis my boy. Go to bed, the both of you, and come over to-morrow to dinner. I have a bit of fine salt pork and a head of cabbage my sister brought me in from the country this morning; and we'll have an apple-roll. Rosie likes that; don't you, Rosie?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered the girl. "I like it better than anything."

"God bless you, children, and pleasant dreams!" exclaimed their unsuspecting neighbor, as she opened the door.

"Good-night!" replied the brother and sister, glancing at each other like two guilty conspirators.

In a few moments they were trudging down the street, carrying mandolin and guitar in hand. When they reached the Square they found quite a number of people gathered, though it was even earlier than the previous Saturday evening. They were evidently expected, for people began to crowd about them, asking them if they could play certain Hungarian dances and sing various songs, all of which they knew.

For the better part of an hour they stood in the centre of the Square, surrounded by a large number of persons, all of whom seemed to be delighted with the performance. At last Louis began to feel very tired; and, looking at his little sister, he saw that she had grown pale.

"Poor little thing!" he murmured to himself. "We must stop now."

There was still something to do—to collect the money. Blushing and shamefaced, Louis removed his cap and was about to step forward when a dark, thin-faced man, who had applauded them loudly and repeatedly, took it out of his hand.

"Stay you there," he said in the Hungarian tongue. "I will get the money. I can do better than you."

The children seated themselves on the edge of the pedestal which upheld the fountain, and in a very short time the man returned. The cap was nearly full.

"Have you a handkerchief?" asked the man, kindly.

Louis produced one.

"Let me tie the money up for you," the man continued, dexterously tying together the impromptu purse. Then he handed it to the boy; and before Louis could say "Thank you!" he had disappeared in the crowd, which now began to thin rapidly.

Louis thrust the money into his bosom, took his sister's hand and hurriedly crossed the Square. As they stepped into the street they heard the clock strike ten.

"Oh, it is very late, Louis! And it is so dark," whispered Rose. "And I am so tired. I wish we were home."

"Courage!" answered the boy. "We will soon be at home. And we can stop on the way to buy some cakes, as we did last week."

"Yes, do: I am hungry," said Rose, clinging tightly to his hand.

"I am glad I have a dime in my pocket," observed Louis. "I should not like to have to open this handkerchief in the shop. The man would not know what to think. We have made a lot to-night. I am sure there are some dollars there, Rose."

They soon reached the little shop, and bought the cakes. Louis was giving a couple to his sister when some one stepped out of the shadow of an adjacent doorway. Both children started; but Louis felt reassured when he saw that it was the dark, thin-faced man who had gone around through the crowd with the cap and brought it back so well filled.

"You need not be afraid," said the man, walking beside them. "I have been following you from a distance, on the other side of the street. It is late, and not safe for two children to walk so far with such a lot of money as you have there. I should not be surprised to hear that you found ten dollars or more in that handkerchief."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" said the boy. "You went away so quickly that we could not say a word. Do you live out this way?"

"No: I do not live in this town at all. I am merely stopping here for a few days. Who taught you to play and sing so well?"

"Our father did," answered the boy.

"He has reason to be proud of you both," said the man. "Why doesn't he come out with you?"

He knew very well that their father was dead, but it was not his plan to reveal any of this knowledge.

"He is dead," Louis replied sadly, fully realizing as he spoke how terribly grieved his father would have been had he known of their undertaking.

"And your mother?"

"She is dead also," said the boy.

"Then you live with—your aunt?"

"No: we live alone. Our father died only the other day."

"Ah, indeed! That is sad. And what are you going to do now?"

"We can not tell—yet," said Louis.

"You should make use of the great talents you possess. I would like to know more of you, to advise you."

"Thank you, sir!" answered the boy, gratefully. "You are very kind. But we have friends."

"Yet not too much money, perhaps?"

"Not too much."

"Couldn't I call—say to-morrow? I could put you in the way of making money."

Louis hesitated. He had inherited his father's dislike to strangers.

"Thank you very much for your kindness!" he said, after a moment. "But we live quite to ourselves. And now we are at home. Good-night, sir! we are much obliged."

"All right, then," said the stranger, pleasantly. "I am glad to have been able to help you."

Turning quickly, he went away through the darkness, by no means discouraged at the polite refusal, but rubbing his hands and chuckling to himself. He had not been idle during the week, and knew what card to play next.

(To be continued.)

Gabriel and Ave Bells.

The bells which, during the Middle Ages, tolled the curfew, or evening *Ave*, were named Gabriel Bells and Ave Bells. Many of these old bells are still in existence, and may be recognized by the appropriate inscriptions which they bear; such as, *Gabriel Ave, hoc in conclave nunc pange suave*,—"Hail Gabriel, sing sweetly in my room"; *Missi de celis, habeo nomen Gabrielis*,—"I am named after Gabriel, who was sent from heaven to earth"; and the like.

With Authors and Publishers.

—We are glad to see that Adelaide Anne Procter's "Legends and Lyrics," with the "Chaplet of Verses," has been added to "The Muses' Library," a series of dainty volumes issued by Messrs. Routledge.

—"Two English Martyrs," the Ven. John Body, layman, and the Ven. John Munden, by John B. Wainewright, is a concrete reminder of the significant fact that England has many a martyred son pleading at the great White Throne for her return to the old Faith. Published by the London Catholic Truth Society.

—The American Medical Association has reprinted in pamphlet form, from its *Journal*, Doctor Nicholas Senn's splendid paper, "Father Damien, the Leper Hero." It is an appreciative study of a genuinely great man written by a sympathetic admirer. A charming poem on Father Damien, by Mary Griffin, goes with it.

—The Rev. Joseph J. O'Connell, of Port Carbon, Pa., is to be congratulated on the excellence of his latest pamphlet, "On the Necessity of Religion in Education." It is a veritable treasury of pithy pronouncements upon a topic that is timely now, and is likely to continue timely until the flagrant injustice, toward Catholics, of existing educational conditions is finally rectified. The pamphlet is printed by the Chronicle Publishing Co., Pottsville, Pa.

—"How to be a Saint in a Workshop," by William J. Foran, is a pamphlet issued by the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland. It is a thoroughly practical exposition of a subject that ought to be of interest to millions of Catholics; and no reader of its pages, whether he be laborer or professional man, can fail to be benefited by its perusal. The keynote of the author is heard in his definition of a saint: "One who performs ordinary duties extraordinarily well." The pamphlet, which contains thirty-two pages, costs only a penny, and we trust it will have an exceptionally large sale.

—Apropos of the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the death of Schiller, the London *Tablet* observes that his fame as a poet has somewhat overshadowed his reputation as an historian. "Yet even his lesser efforts in this field have a high value. We may instance his brief 'Geschichte der Unruhen in Frankreich,' which throws no little light on the tangled tale of the Reformation. No writer that we know has more clearly recognized the part played by political interest in this religious revolution. Protestantism, he tells us, was helped in Germany by mistrust of the rising might of Austria; and in Holland by hatred of Spain and fear of the Inquisition. 'In Sweden, Gustavus Vasa destroyed a dangerous conspiracy along with the old religion, and on the ruin of this same Church the British Elizabeth made fast her shaking throne.'"

—Unstinted praise is bestowed upon the Irish-English dictionary, by the Rev. Patrick Dineen, published by the Irish Texts Society. Method, fulness and accuracy are characteristics of the work. One competent critic refers to it as "by far the most useful modern Irish dictionary which has been produced."

—Among recent publications of the London Catholic Truth Society we note a "Handbook of Catholic Charitable and Social Works." Its purpose is to show how the afflicted and distressed are assisted in the different dioceses of England and Scotland. The works of charity in each diocese are alphabetically classified under four sections: I. Aid in Distress; II. Aid in Sickness and Affliction; III. Aid to Reformation; IV. Aid to Development—Religious, Social, Physical.

—A handsome volume which, in material, arrangement, typography, and binding, may well serve as a model for memorial books of educational institutions, is "The Philadelphia Theological Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo: 1832-1905." As a succinct yet comprehensive historical sketch containing all desirable information about the Seminary, and quite free from padding, it is as notably pleasing to the mind as its artistic make-up and its excellent illustrations render it delightful to the eye.

—The death of the venerable Canon O'Hanlon, author of the "Lives of the Irish Saints," is mourned the world over; but it is a consolation to know that his great work was not left unfinished. The lives for the month of December were completed and made ready for the printers. Canon O'Hanlon was the Alban Butler of Ireland. The memory of both will be in benediction as long as our language is read. They share the immortality of the saints to whom they were so devoted and of whom they wrote so well.

—Judging from the verses one finds in not a few of the recently published volumes of poetry, a handbook that is lacking on the shelves of the versifiers is a good rhyming dictionary. In default of such a work, would-be poets should remember, first, that to form a perfect rhyme, two syllables should have the same vowel-sound, followed by an identical, and preceded by a different, consonant-sound; and, secondly, that, in double and triple rhymes, the accented syllables

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should conform to the foregoing rule, while the unaccented syllables should be identical in both words. "Philosophy" and "pomposity," "hottest" and "forest," "note" and "hope,"—three of some twenty-five pairs that we have noted within the past fortnight—can not, even by the widest possible stretch of license, be accounted allowable rhymes. And a bad rhyme hopelessly condemns what may otherwise be an excellent stanza.

—A recent addition to "The King's Classics" (Alexander Moring, publisher) is "The Vision of Piers the Plowman," by William Langland, done into modern English by Prof. Skeat, Litt. D. An interesting reproduction from an old MS. forms the frontispiece. Langland is considered one of the master-minds of his age, and his famous "Vision" is the great classic of social problems in England during the reign of Edward II. From the following lines it will be seen that the "Vision" has the flavor of "Everyman," of which, indeed, it is a companion volume:

So I counsel all Christians to cry for God's mercy,
Praying Mary His Mother to mediate also,
That God give us grace now, before we go hence,
Such works for to work, e'en while we are here,
That, after our death-day, then Do-well may witness
At the great day of doom, that we did as He bade.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"The Blessed Virgin in the Nineteenth Century; Apparitions, Revelations, Graces." Bernard St. John. $1.75, net.

"The Imitation of Christ." Sir Francis R. Cruise. 30 cts.

"The House of God and Other Addresses and Studies." Very Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, D. D. $1.50, net.

"The Lodestar." Sidney R. Kennedy. $1.50.

"Nut-Brown Joan." Marion Ames Taggart. $1.50.

"Beyond Chance of Change." Sara Andrew Shafer. $1.50.

"The Gospel According to St. Mark." Madame Cecilia. $1.25.

"The Redemptorists at Annapolis." $2.

"The Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Rev. H. Noldin, S. J. $1 25.

"The Life and Letters of Eliza Allen Starr." Rev. James J. McGovern. $5.

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Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Dominic Duehmig, of the diocese of Fort Wayne; Rev. John Vassalo and Rev. Hugh Murphy, diocese of Newark; Rev. Joseph Fitzgerald, diocese of Albany; and Rev. Francis Meyer, O. S. B.

Sister M. Anselma, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister Mary Jules, Daughters of Charity; and Madame White, Ladies of the Sacred Heart.

Mr. J. D. Moulder, of Aurora, Ill.; Mrs. Mary Lee and Mrs. Elizabeth Herrick, Lowell, Mass.; Mr. Nicholas Burke and Miss Louise Kathman, New Orleans, La.; Mrs. William Thompson, Webster, Mass.; Mr. Anthony Padden, Mr. Michael Langan, Mr. E. G. Fox, and Mr. Michael Fox, Carbondale, Pa.; Mr. Albert Schoeb and Mrs. M. A. Houston, Pittsburg, Pa.

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LX. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 24, 1905. NO. 25.

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Pange Lingua Gloriosi.

TRANSLATED BY CHARLES KENT.

I.

SING, my tongue, the mystic glory
Of the flesh to life-bread turning,
Of the chaliced wine-flood gory
That the world hath saved from burning,—
Royal fruit of womb whose story
Earth should fill with grateful yearning.

II.

For us given, born from heaven,
Through a virgin, life bestowing
On a world, till then unshriven,
Seeds of truth: in utterance sowing
Showed He then, in bread no leaven
Touched, His mercy's boundless flowing.

III.

In supremest night serenest,
'Mid the Twelve on their assembling,
In the garnished hall swept cleanest,
There, in food mere bread resembling,
He Himself, that bread for meanest,
Gave His awed Apostles trembling.

IV.

Word made flesh, that bread the truest,
Flesh to bread that word transforming,
Wine-cup, Christ, while Thou imbuest
With Thy Precious Blood reforming,
Thou with faith our hearts imbuing,—
Hearts no craven doubts deforming.

THIS world is but a school to train us for the life to come; and for most of us—nay, for all of us—the best preparation for eternity is the thorough and conscientious discharge of the present duties incumbent upon us.

—*Dom Gasquet.*

A Dream of an Eastern Garden.

BY BEN HURST.

RISING from the earth which had been parched during the previous day came a cool emanation at this matinal hour. The little garden lay in darkness and in silence, bathed in the healing dew that restored spent force to vegetation, renewing the vigor of the weary plants. It was not yet dawn.

From the small cottage a Woman issued and paused outside the threshold, with head uplifted and extended hands. As she stood there motionless, the birds, guided by the strange white rays that emanated from her person, flew toward her in singing rapture; a faint breeze swept through the garden, and mystical vibrations thrilled the air. The Woman advanced, putting out her hands to caress the unopened flowers that responded to her touch, and the tops of the tall plants that inclined toward her as she moved down the path. All nature rejoiced at the approach of this creature of ideal loveliness. Her dignified and graceful bearing enhanced the beauty of her face; but if the gait was regal, the brow, although overshadowed by ethereal rays, bore the same imprint of humble modesty that had often made Curiosity droop its eyes in shame.

Having reached her destination—the tiny vineyard on its steep slope,—

she bent to her self-appointed task, lifting the drooping scions and binding them afresh to the loosened prop. As she moved from row to row, a flutter of wings accompanied her every step; but she toiled on, never interrupting her work till the first beams heralding the dawn fell athwart the valley, and made visible what had hitherto been indistinct except in the spot where the Woman's halo fell.

She now stood erect in contemplation, waiting for the splendors of the coming sunrise. Over the rugged summits of the neighboring mountains silver streaks began to pour, and swiftly the shadows fled from dale and slope. A pæan of praise rushed from the watcher's lips. It filled the plains and soared even to the throne of the Eternal.

But neither the magnificent pageant of the heavens nor her song of great joy could absorb the adorer from the daily routine of her humble life. Still chaunting, she retraced her steps toward the cottage; and, advancing to the well, she loosed the chain and let fall the pail to the liquid depths. Then, arduously collecting her strength, she began to turn the wheel with its added weight, her fair body swaying to and fro with the exertion, till the vessel of shining water rose to view.

As she stayed the wheel a hurried step was heard and an eager hand grasped the brimming pail and drew it to the plank. She turned to greet the youth, who threw himself at her feet, and in whose upturned face there shone immeasurable love and reverence.

"Thou hast arisen and toiled, O Mother," he murmured, "while I was not here! I have delayed too long."

"Not so, John Beloved," she answered gently. "There is no heat at this hour, and I have had ample rest. Thou, too, must fulfil thy mission."

A shower of tears fell from his eyes. "May I not neglect the greatest charge," he said, "which He gave unto me in the hour of utter woe!"

She bowed her head, and the shadow of remembered anguish fell upon them both.

But the dark gloom of even that most dreadful hour could not long encompass the being who had been created to bring light and peace into the world. In her usual calm and even voice, the Woman asked:

"Are the brethren coming?"

"Yes," he answered. "I have but hastened before. The Head shall to-day celebrate here the Sacred Rite."

She stood for a while, her hands clasped, her eyes closed, in mute communion. Then she hastened within, and her brief preparations were completed ere the group of bronzed and bearded men passed through the little garden gate, held open by their youthful herald.

The Woman let fall the flowing gown which she had draped about her figure during her domestic avocations, and drew down the ample sleeves so as to cover closely the beautiful hands, as she advanced to meet the newcomers. No words of greeting were exchanged beyond the salutation of praise to Him in whose name they had assembled.

She led them within, where all was in readiness for the solemn celebration of the tremendous mysteries. One, the chief among them, approached the table, which she had covered with soft white linen woven by her own hands. The others fell reverentially on their knees. Meanwhile the youth had summoned the humble dwellers of the neighborhood; and, as the small space was filled to overflowing, he himself knelt, among the little children, at the open door.

A solemn silence fell as the grey-haired celebrant, bowing down, with sighs and tears, declared aloud: "I am as nothing, and worse than nothing, in Thy sight, O Lord!" But when he raised his voice to proclaim the glories

of the Giver of life, such a burst of praise rose from the fervent worshipers that it shook the rafters of that humble dwelling, and the unseen choristers who hovered round it night and day forbore to join. Folding their wings, they listened in mute rapture. Only when the culmination of the Miraculous Sacrifice was reached, and those who had thirsted for the Divine were appeased with the Fountain of Eternal Life, did the invisible choir fill the air with celestial harmony. On the ear of the human worshipers, now shrouded in the silent plenitude of perfect bliss, the notes of ethereal music fell unperceived.

The Woman was the first to rise from her knees. When the venerable celebrant joined his brethren at the table spread under the sycamore, his eyes sought her and found her at a little distance, dispensing the morning's food among the remainder of the congregation. The children clung around her lovingly. Her face shone with happiness.

"O wonder of wonders!" the old man said in a low voice to his companions. "Nor age nor sorrow can deform that fair temple. The perfection of her life is such, and such her ardent faith, that she sees Him ever as when He was a child, regardless of the veil that hides Him from our weaker sight."

His head sank upon his breast and he remained for a time absorbed in sorrowful meditation.

"Help me, Master! Show me Thy will!" he murmured.

Then, rising, he approached her. She saw him coming, and, placing in its mother's arms the crippled child she held, advanced to meet him, bowing reverently.

"My soul is torn with doubts and fears," he began sorrowfully,—"yes, even now, alas! with His Presence within me. The past weighs on my soul and will not be effaced. My sin haunts me. I can not forget it."

The massive head sank still lower on his breast and his frame shook with sobs.

Tears of loving pity moistened his companion's eyes. She led him apart to a rustic bench overlooking the valley.

"Be comforted, Peter," she said tenderly. "Has He not forgiven? What are we to feel aught, to know aught but His will?"

"So may the sinless speak," he answered, "but not the traitor."

She took his rugged hands between her holy, restful palms.

"Thou whom He has deemed worthiest to rule His Church," she said, "cease grieving, and bend all thine energies to the task appointed thee. In this alone is peace."

"I would to Rome!" he exclaimed. "Rome calls me!"

"Not yet," the Woman said earnestly. "The expiation and the crown await thee there only when the Church is firmly established on its foundations."

Solemnly they talked until the sun, now well up in the heavens, darted its fiery rays even to that sheltered spot. The Apostle rose and made a sign to his companions. Mary had modestly withdrawn; but they gathered again around her, seeking eagerly the same inspiration that had invigorated their chief. A short conclave was held, and then the Head spoke.

"I return to Cappadocia," he said. "I set out to-day, and those of you who seek me will find me there until the Law shall be established throughout that region. Cleophas will join Thomas in the Inds. Matthew will spread the Word in Egypt. Thou Philip, and thou James, continue to minister to our own; and if danger threatens, seek this haven. John," he continued, laying his hand lovingly on the shoulder of the most favored, "thou wilt watch over her as heretofore, and bear her counsel to the brethren in their difficulties. The God of Creation dwells within our hearts. We go to spread Christ's name!"

The disciples listened reverentially, with uncovered heads. They bent in mute submission. These men heard but to obey.

Mary hastened to the house, and returned with gifts of linen for the travellers, and loaves kneaded by her own blessed hands.

"God be with you!" she said.

They went forth, their hearts aglow, to found His kingdom, to suffer and to die, to change the face of the world. They were but one of the many groups who left that abode of fervor with but one cry on their lips and in their hearts:

"Lord! Lord! Thou hast not died in vain!"

The Woman returned to her lowly toil. And she was full of grace.

Young Mr. Bretherton.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXIV.—Mr. Bretherton's Speech.

NOW, in the last couple of days preceding the election, young Mr. Bretherton was compelled to devote almost all his time to the political business of the hour. There was, at no great distance from Millbrook, one important centre in which he had to deliver an address. The committee warned him that much depended upon the success of his appeal to that particular body of electors. They were influential, and, as the chairman of the county convention tersely put it, they were "pig-headed." They held strong views on a few subjects, and they were not at all swayed by traditional sentiment or by family importance, as were the voters of Millbrook. In fact, they were rather disposed to look with suspicion on anything savoring of aristocracy, and they were notoriously anti-Catholic. These points were briefly indicated to Jim Bretherton at the committee-room in that New England town, which it is undesirable to mention here lest it should be recognized.

The speech was to be in the town-hall, which at the appointed hour was packed to its fullest capacity. It was gaily decorated with the brightest colored of bunting. The platform, which was adorned with a not very flattering representation of the candidate, was capacious enough to receive, besides Jim Bretherton himself (who was supported by Lord Aylward), five members of the county convention, the editor of the chief local paper, the mayor of the town, the Unitarian, Baptist and Congregational ministers, and one or two other local celebrities.

Amongst those who filled the edifice to repletion, but who took up a position well at the end of the hall, was Eben Knox. His early arrival on the scene, antedating that of young Mr. Bretherton by twenty-four hours, had been heralded in the local papers: "Mr. Eben Knox, the widely esteemed and popular manager of the Millbrook woolen mills,...is paying a flying visit to the town on business of importance." The nature of his business was not, however, announced; and no one but himself was aware that it was closely connected with the electoral campaign of James Cortlandt Bretherton.

From the moment of his arrival, in fact, Eben Knox had not allowed the grass to grow under his feet. On one pretence or another, he had visited all who might be considered leaders of public opinion. As a sower sowing seed, he had let fall, with judicious care, here an insinuation, there an innuendo. Everything was done with the utmost caution, so that the general impression might have been that Eben Knox spoke in praise of his young fellow-townsman, and that, where he felt it necessary to condemn, he did so with a very excellent simulation of

sorrow. When, therefore, he had taken up his position in the hall, he was surrounded by a few choice spirits, who were ready to follow his lead, and to show their appreciation of the sacrifice of friendship which the manager of the Millbrook woolen mills was prepared to make for the good of his country and the support of his ultra-Protestant principles.

When the meeting had been opened by a short address from the chairman of the county convention, explanatory of its object, one after another of the clergymen upon the platform arose to make a few remarks. These were complimentary in their trend toward the representative of one of the oldest and most distinguished New England families, and the son of a man whose career in politics had been long and honorable; but they conveyed a distinct warning to the young candidate for popular favor. They were, moreover, denunciatory in a marked degree of the Roman Catholic Church and all her works and pomps.

These denunciations were finely graded. There was the more polished utterance of the first speaker, who desired to be at peace with his fellow-countrymen in general, and those of the Roman Catholic creed in particular; only he was forced to dissent from the views held by their Church on a variety of subjects, and he wished to make it perfectly clear that he could not support any candidate who was not prepared to disavow these doctrines.

The second speaker was fiery and eloquent, and his denunciations of the "Romish system" had one merit at least—they admitted of no compromise. There was a curious jumbling together of the Inquisition and Cranmer, Catherine de' Medici, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, Guy Fawkes, and the long-suffering Galileo. (Little could that unfortunate scientist have guessed to what base uses his name would be applied by posterity.) There was, of course, a scathing arraignment of the Jesuits, without which this masterpiece of religio-politico oratory would have been incomplete. Fortunately, none of that militant body were nearer than Boston, where at that hour they were probably wrapped in slumbers the most peaceful; so that the orator and the town at large were secure from the evil consequences of this spokesman's temerity and of his dark malignity.

The third speaker was bland and persuasive. He regretfully coincided with what his brother clergymen had stated. He deprecated the interference in politics of Christian ministers—when those ministers chanced to be Catholics; he rapped hard upon the confessional, the parochial school system, where children were liable to be brought up Catholic Christians; and he denounced mildly, but firmly, monastic institutions, by which individuals are led to cut themselves off from the world and its duties by an unworthy self-immolation. It seemed a matter for regret, however, that their isolation was not so complete as might be desired, as they still maintained an interest in education, philanthropy, and other matters more or less mundane.

These speeches were applauded to the echo, especially in that quarter of the hall where Eben Knox had taken up his position. There were some in the audience who, for one reason or another, did not find the oratory convincing. They could not for the life of them perceive what the handsome young gentleman upon the platform had to do with massacres or burnings at the stake. Old men who remembered ex-Governor Bretherton as "one of the straightest men" that had ever held office in the State, and believed that his son was a chip of the old block, could not see why young Mr. Bretherton should be excluded from politics, even if he did belong to a creed which had

persecuted long ago. As well keep out of office descendants of Puritans who had found a pastime in burning witches.

Still, amongst the majority of the audience there was an uneasy feeling about the Jesuits, and the conspiracies of Romanists against the Republic, and those foreign personages whose names were used to round out oratorical periods. They did not know the first thing about them; but their names sounded ominous, and the ministers seemed to be convinced that they constituted in some way or another a grave danger to the United States of America.

Meanwhile the chairman of the convention and the other members of the committee exchanged anxious glances. They had, however, heard this sort of thing before, and they trusted that the young candidate's personal appearance would go far to disarm prejudice. Besides, as they held him to be a "brainy fellow," they believed that he would grasp the situation, and, by his winning manner and his disavowal of extreme principles, would gain upon the electors. They were somewhat puzzled by the sudden ebullition of Galileo and the rest of the historical mine-exploders; for they were unaware of the labors of Eben Knox, and they fancied they had successfully muzzled what they chose to call "fanaticism."

Only those who knew Jim Bretherton intimately could have formed any idea of the sensations with which he listened to the trilogy of declamations. Those who have seen a thoroughbred hound held in leash can form a picture of his attitude. His eyes dilated, his lips closed firmly together. He bore, as Lord Aylward remarked, a striking resemblance to his father. He passed his hand from time to time over his hair,—which movement was, as Lord Aylward knew, a gesture of impatience. His friend, in fact, read Bretherton's thoughts, and wa to a great extent in sympathy with them. He murmured occasional exclamations which were the reverse of complimentary to the orators. But the young candidate said not a word. He was concentrating himself for the coming effort.

The moment at last arrived. The chairman was upon his feet, breaking forth into a laudatory and effusive reference to the prospective Congressman, and to his father, the strongest man and the most "brainy" that had ever honored the State by accepting the nomination. He concluded his flourish of trumpets by the introduction to the people of the town, and to the intelligent audience there assembled, of "young Mr. Bretherton." The name was greeted by rounds of applause, although the clapping was not very pronounced in that part of the hall where Eben Knox had ensconced himself. So far everything was satisfactory.

Bretherton, bowing his acknowledgments for the plaudits given, advanced to the front of the platform, and stood a few moments surveying the crowded hall in a silence which was impressive. His handsome face and graceful figure were in themselves an introduction. He seemed even taller than usual, and his strong and well-knit figure was the cynosure of every eye. Then he began to speak. His voice had that carrying power which is essential in an orator, and it was vibrant with suppressed emotion.

His words were at first somewhat slow and deliberate, and his distinct enunciation and fine modulation gave evidence of the careful training he had received. He briefly thanked the chairman and the other speakers for their courteous references to his father and to himself. Gradually he warmed into an eloquence which surprised even his most ardent supporters. Never had the ex-Governor, even in his palmiest days, so enchained an audience; and it was the more remarkable that many

of the son's utterances were distinctly unpopular.

He announced clearly and decidedly his own opinions concerning the rights, duties, and privileges of one chosen to represent the people in Congressional halls. He sketched out in a few telling sentences his ideal of public life, and of that patriotism which, controlled and regulated by conscience and the principles of Christianity, should seek everywhere and always the true welfare of the commonwealth. He apostrophized Liberty, symbolized by those pictured eagles above his head, which he indicated by a swift, graceful gesture. Those birds sought the sun, they dwelt mainly upon the heights, and made their eyrie in the inaccessible summits of the loftiest peaks. So Liberty should soar, cold and pure, above all petty strife and passion, above the sordid interests of earth; looking to the empyrean, dwelling in the very eye of God, its author and its inspiration.

When he entered upon his peroration, he advanced to the very edge of the platform, knowing that he was in the midst of a hostile majority, where bigotry and hatred of the Catholic Faith were indigenous to the soil. His blood was still tingling from the insults he had heard heaped upon that religion which deep in his inmost heart he loved. He cared far more at that moment to vindicate the honor of that beloved mother than to score a political victory. His strong young manhood was up in arms; the chivalrous instincts of his nature were aroused into keenest activity by the very fierceness of that opposition which he knew existed. He threw back his head as he hurled, so to say, his defiance into the arena.

"I thank God," he cried, "that I belong to a Church which has ever been, on every island and continent of the globe, the champion of Liberty. She has protected the weakness of womanhood and exalted its dignity; freed the slave and defended the oppressed, whether nations or individuals. She has defied the mighty power of empires, controlled oligarchies, and arrested the descending arm of tyrants. With her opposition to divorce, to godless education, to violence and injustice under whatever form,—with her fearless and consistent proclamation of Gospel truth which she never minimizes, and of Christian principles which she never compromises,—that Church is destined to be, in the future as in the past, the great bulwark of the American Republic, and the sure rock of safety against the evils with which it is menaced.

"I am most anxious that the free and intelligent electors of this town, who have in a large measure the option of sending me to Congress, or defeating me at the polls, should be fully aware of my sentiments. If I go to the House of Representatives, I shall strive to do my duty there as an honest citizen. I shall promote the best interests of my native State and of the country at large, according to my knowledge and belief. I shall give my adhesion to my party and to its platform, in so far as they coincide with my conscience and conviction. Further than that no honorable man may bind himself.

"But I wish it, in any event, to be clearly understood that I absolutely dissent from the sentiments enunciated by previous speakers this evening. Many of their historical allusions belong—if they will pardon the freedom of the expression—to the Limbo of out-of-date and frequently controverted misstatements. Their conclusions, however sincerely reached, I hold to be false; and their fears as regards the growth of the Catholic population, absolutely groundless. Loyalty to the State is for the Catholic a bounden duty; and Catholics have, upon the battlefields of this Republic as in her legislative halls,

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given proof of the depth and sincerity of their patriotism. Therefore, it is fitting that, before you cast a single vote in my favor, you should be informed that I am heart and soul a member of the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, and a pupil of that magnificent Society, the Jesuits, who have everywhere upheld the banner of Knowledge, and upon this American soil, in the State of Maryland, have been largely instrumental in procuring the proclamation of religious freedom."

The conclusion of the speech was received by the generality of the audience in ominous silence. This was broken by applause from the committee and those supporters of young Mr. Bretherton who, swayed by the name or by the interests of party, would have applauded him equally had he proclaimed himself a Mormon. Lord Aylward had, moreover, made a kind of diversion by arising from his place on the platform and setting up a ringing cheer,—a three times three for Millbrook's candidate.

Had a bombshell burst in the midst of the committeemen and the members of convention who had worked to secure young Mr. Bretherton's nomination, they could not have been more astonished than by that defiance hurled by their candidate into the teeth of a rabidly prejudiced majority. They were not even aware that some few present had admired the fine courage of the young man and had appreciated his honesty.

Angry murmurs and insulting epithets began to arise from that portion of the room where Eben Knox was busily at work; and a young man, with unkempt hair and a voice loud and piercing, made his way to the platform to denounce the last speaker and to warn the electors present against giving him their votes. He was, the man declared, a Jesuit in disguise, whom they must never permit to represent them in Congress; a reactionary Romanist, of that class which constituted a real peril to the Republic. His words were greeted with loud and prolonged cheering, begun by the manager of the Millbrook woolen mills.

"Politically, my dear fellow," whispered Lord Aylward, "you're dead as a doornail, in so far as this infernal little hole can kill you. But didn't you give it to them in fine style! I'd like to have had a hand in it myself, by Jove!"

"I'm afraid I shall have to waste my eloquence on the desert air after this," said Jim Bretherton, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Oh, the chairman was in such a funk!" cried Lord Aylward, gleefully. "I was afraid he might have an apoplectic attack when you talked about the Jesuits."

"I think the chairman would like to hang me in effigy to one of those eagles," whispered Jim. "He's been beating a devil's tattoo on the arm of his chair ever since my complimentary friend began to stigmatize me. He has evil designs on him, too, I feel sure from the glare in his eye."

At the conclusion of the meeting, as young Mr. Bretherton with his friend followed the crestfallen members of committee out of the hall, many were the admiring glances cast, especially by the feminine portion of the audience, upon the fine proportions and handsome, animated countenance of the candidate for Congressional honors. Some went so far as to declare that they did not believe he was a Jesuit,—in which they showed, though they knew it not, a wonderful perspicacity. The chairman and his co-workers fell tooth and nail upon their candidate, who was greeted, moreover, at the door by a storm of hisses and the throwing of a few missiles, which served to point the moral and adorn the tale.

Young Mr. Bretherton stoutly held his ground on the floor of the committee-

room as on the platform of the town-hall. He declared that he would not permit himself to be elected upon false pretences, and that no power upon earth nor all the prospective honors of the Republic would have induced him to keep silence when his religion was attacked.

The chairman looked round in despair, as if they had been dumb witnesses, upon the bundles of papers and tickets which adorned the walls, upon the voters' lists, the pamphlets, the reference boxes, and the whole machinery with which they had been working for weeks past. He regarded the typewriters and the telegraph with a fierce and agitated air, as though they, too, had been in the conspiracy.

Lord Aylward persisted in treating the matter as a huge joke. He declared that, through the influence of Millbrook and the other towns where his friend was well known, he would still be elected. The consternation of the chairman and other members of convention, at Jim Bretherton's honest statement of his convictions, filled him with amusement.

"Jimmy, old fellow," he cried, "you'll never make a politician! You've got that cursed habit of telling the truth."

When the friends were seated in the train on their homeward way, Lord Aylward remarked more gravely:

"Do you know, Jimmy, there was a fellow from Millbrook that I think had a hand in working up the opposition against you?"

"From Millbrook?" echoed Jim, in surprise. "I thought Millbrook was with me to a man."

"This chap wasn't. He stayed at the back of the hall, but I had an eye on his manœuvres."

"Did you know the man?"

Lord Aylward nodded.

"It's that hangdog-looking manager of the mill."

Bretherton started. The warning of Mother Moulton recurred to him with curious force.

"Eben Knox?"

"Oh, that's his name, is it? An ill-conditioned looking fellow. Has he got any grudge against you?"

"I believe he has," Jim Bretherton said; "though I am not quite clear what it is about."

"Is he a religious fanatic?"

"Quite the reverse, I should judge."

"Singular!" commented Aylward.

And the subject was then dropped; for if Bretherton had as yet any suspicion that the manager's enmity was connected with Leonora, he would not have put that suspicion into words. The very idea of Eben Knox as an aspirant for the favor of Miss Chandler would have been intolerable.

It was near morning when the late train deposited them at Millbrook station, where Nort Jenkins sleepily awaited them.

"There was no need of staying up, Nort," said Bretherton, kindly. "We could have walked over, or got Joe to take us in the bus."

"I ain't sleepy," Nort answered, in his usual gruffly sententious manner; "and there's nothin' as I know of to hinder me comin' to the station."

When the travellers were seated in the trap, and Nort had handed the reins to his young master, he asked suddenly and anxiously, from the back seat where he had taken up his perch:

"Be you elected to Congress, Master Jim?"

At which query Lord Aylward roared out laughing, and Bretherton replied:

"We can't tell yet, Nort; but, from appearances to-night, I should think not."

Nort's face fell; and Lord Aylward cried, jovially:

"They stumped Master Jim to cry 'To h—— with the Pope!' and then he opened fire on them. By Jove, I'd rather be defeated like that than elected by the biggest majority!"

Nort could not, however, take so gleeful a view of the affair. He had persuaded himself not only that his young master, whom he dearly loved, was certain of election, but that the matter had been, in some mysterious fashion, decided during the interval of absence, and that he would have the joy of circulating the good news in Millbrook.

When the ex-Governor heard what had occurred he knew at once that the election was lost; but, like Lord Aylward, he warmly declared that he would far rather have had his son defeated in such a manner than elected by any compromise of principle or truckling to prejudice.

And it may as well be stated here that the election *was* lost, despite the loyal support of Millbrook and other towns in its immediate vicinity; though perhaps it may be surmised that in another month of November, two years later, when representatives were once more being sent to Congress from the Bay State, Jim Bretherton scored an immense majority at the polls, in another and more favorable locality, precisely because of his utterances on the platform of that unfriendly town-hall. He became thus a living illustration of the old axiom that honesty is the best policy.

As the ills of this life frequently bring compensation in their train, so Jim Bretherton felt a certain consolation for his defeat in the thought that he would not have to absent himself from Millbrook at that particular juncture. The Congressional halls at Washington did not offer so strong an attraction as a certain simple dwelling which was now stripped of its roses, and a garden where only the ghostlike stalks of the sunflowers still lingered, and the pinks and even the late autumn blooms lay dead.

The young man turned his thoughts more eagerly than ever toward the prosecution of his suit with that fair and capricious goddess who ruled at Rose Cottage, and who accorded him a more than usually gracious reception because of his defeat. Though she would not, as yet, give a definite answer to his renewed question, she, nevertheless, sent him away hopeful and confident.

They had walked together up and down the garden paths, and had recalled their youth, the battle of the sunflowers, the tea-party, and the subsequent conversation. Leonora had laughingly declared that for many years she would have thought it a wonderful thing to marry "a Bretherton of the Manor." She admitted that the thought of that boy, her playmate, had remained with her during all the intervening time, and had prevented her from ever fixing her heart upon another.

The two spent more than an hour of that November afternoon in all the pretty phrasings and devices with which a lover at that stage of the courtship urges his suit, and the fair one denies and admits alternately, with fencings which are but thin disguises of her real sentiments, and which yet serve to stimulate ardor, to interest and to captivate.

Leonora had promised to give the young man another hearing and a definite answer in a week from that date; and they had parted, little knowing of the grave events which were to intervene and to overcloud the sunshine of their mutual affection. Miss Tabitha's niece, sitting in the place upon the porch which the spinster had vacated, sent some jesting words after the young suitor. He turned back at the gate to raise his hat and to give one more look of devotion at the smiling girl, who very well knew that her heart had gone with him, and that no power on earth could make her take it back again.

(To be continued.)

To the Blessed Sacrament.

The author of the following quaintly phrased sixteenth-century sonnet, was graduated from St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1580; and, becoming a Catholic, found it best to live thereafter mostly on the Continent. He wrote a number of pretty pastorals, some of them contributed to *England's Helicon* (1600); but his best work is found in his "Spiritual Sonnets."

WHEN Thee, O holy Sacrificéd Lambe,
In severed sygnes I whyte and liquid see,
As in Thy body slayne I thynke on Thee,
Which pale by sheddyng of Thy bloode became;
And when agayne I doe behold the same
Vayléd in whyte to be receaved of mee,
Thou seemest in Thy syndon wrapt to bee
Like to a corse, whose monument I am:
Buryed in mee, unto my soule appeare,
Pryson'd in earth and bannisht from Thy syght,
Like our forefathers who in lymbo were,
Cleere Thou my thoughtes, as Thou didst give them light;
And as Thou others freed from purgyng fyre,
Quenche in my hart the flames of badd desyre.

—*Henry Constable.*

"Old Doody's" Investment.

BY ROSEMARY HOAR.

"AN' ye say ye ain't got a cint o' the rint these three years back?" asked "old Doody," after he had somewhat recovered from the shock that news gave him.

"Oh, yes! A few odd dollars now and then, but hardly enough to keep up repairs, to say nothing of my fees for the bother of it."

"I didn't know there was anny mention of fees. The agreement was, when I bought the house of you, that you'd take care of it while I was gone, and keep the rint to pay for the mortgage, and save what was left over for me till I come back."

Jerry Doody had the case clearly in mind, but lacked facility of expression.

"You didn't think lawyers took care of property for fun and made improvements out of their own pockets, I hope?" retorted the wily Nathan Emmons.

"An' I didn't think," replied Doody, "that anny sinsible man ud lave a tinant in a house three years runnin' 'thout gettin' a cint o' the rint."

"I told you," said Mr. Emmons, "that she paid a little from time to time, and I used it in repairing. She's a poor widow with two children, and I couldn't bring myself to put her out. She begged and promised, and gave what she could, but that wasn't much. I must look up the matter to see just how we stand. But I'll call it square if you hand me two hundred and fifty dollars for the mortgage next Saturday. I can't wait a day longer than that."

The case, in short, was this. Old Doody, contemplating a trip West to seek his fortune in the mining districts, wished to invest his carefully saved and hard earned two thousand dollars before leaving; so with it he purchased of Nathan Emmons a little cottage and bit of ground at the price of twenty-two hundred and fifty dollars. For the balance of two hundred and fifty dollars, Emmons most willingly accepted a mortgage on the house, agreeing to keep the property rented, and accept the rent in payment of the mortgage until said debt should be discharged. The old man had not a relative, that he knew of, living, and no one was aware of any change in the proprietorship of the little house. The owner returned after his three years of wandering, only to hear the news already recounted. He was not one of the successful adventurers, and came back as penniless as he went, expecting to settle down in the cottage for the remainder of his days.

Nathan Emmons was *the* eminent villager, inheriting his late father's wealth, highly respectable name, extensive real estate, and lucrative profession. There was no reason why Mr. Doody should not have had all confidence in

the integrity of this man. Had not Emmons's father really deserved the title bestowed upon him—"friend of the people"? And did not the people look to his son as they had looked to him? At least, such was the case immediately after the older Emmons's death; and it was at this time that Jerry had made his deal. So the old man felt not a tremor in regard to the matter until now.

The prospect that loomed before him was not only the loss of a few years' rent, but the loss of the cottage itself, which he must relinquish to the former owner, unless he could in some way produce two hundred and fifty dollars within a week. And no one will deny that to be a hard task for a penniless and friendless man of seventy. At the very best, it meant more hard work and careful saving to pay for a loan. Jerry knew that there was foul play somewhere, but was at a loss how to straighten matters; and the limited time only added to his bewilderment. Not a document of any description had he in hand, having left all in Emmons's safe-keeping.

Nothing was definite in the old man's mind but that he must find work to do and some place to lay his head that night. Wearily, he turned his steps toward Bently Place, where he had been gardener for many years previous to his Western expedition. Perhaps his former employer, who had always been kind to him, would find work for him to do.

Now, Mr. Bently was a city attorney, whose summer residence only was here; but he was the sole person in the village of whom Emmons felt the least jealousy or fear. They vied with each other in wealth, splendor of estate, and professional ability. This rivalry, which in years past had not been inconsiderable, though entirely unknown to the poor gardener, had not in the least diminished during his absence. Bently had been called upon to help out more than one poor, trusting individual entangled under Emmons's directions, much to the latter's chagrin.

"Well, well!" said the jovial Mr. Bently, after a cordial greeting. "Come on and look over the garden, Jerry. It's in pretty fair shape, but the roses never smelled so sweet after you left." There was a merry twinkle in the kind blue eyes.

"Faith, thin, I niver smelled roses anny sweeter," was the answer.

"Blarney! blarney!" exclaimed Mr. Bently, laughing.

"'Tis true for me, sir," protested Doody; "and glad I am to be back amongst 'em."

"No doubt you've returned laden with the riches of the West?" said Mr. Bently, jokingly; but a mist that gathered over the old man's eyes made him change his bantering remarks to solicitous questions, which elicited from Jerry the tale of his present troublesome condition.

The lawyer listened with great interest to old Doody's recital, smiling knowingly, but not speaking until its finish, when he said:

"Never fear, Jerry, it will all be right. I'll take care of the matter. You would be green indeed to believe that silly story. I know the tenant well. She's a poor widow, but works hard at washing and ironing, and pays her bills too. She came here about three months after you left, and has done Mrs. Bently's laundry work every summer since. I'll see her to-morrow. In the meanwhile don't worry the least about it. You shall have your own, I promise. And we're as glad to have you back as you are to come. I have not had a good gardener since you left. Go to your old room, Jerry. You'll find everything as you left it. You are still the ruler in Bently gardens."

The poor man could hardly speak to express his gratitude; but he raised

two pathetic and tearful eyes to his benefactor, saying softly:

"God bless ye, sir!"

Mr. Bently watched the stooped figure as the gardener walked toward the servants' quarters, pausing now and then over a shrub or favorite flower-bed; and was less pleased at the contemplated victory over Emmons—though he did not deny looking forward to that triumph—than at having taken the burden from this simply good and faithful creature's shoulders.

But the case was of too much interest to Doody not to allow worry. Besides, he was anxious to inspect his property, and thought that a conversation with the widow herself would set him more at ease. In spite of Bently's assurance, he did not believe Mr. Emmons would dare make such statements if the woman really did possess the receipts. So he resolved to settle that point as soon as possible.

After the evening meal Jerry set out for the cottage. A short cut led through the little cemetery; and this path he took, desiring first of all to visit the graves of his dear ones. He found the little square, that he used so lovingly to tend and care for, overgrown with long grass, weeds, and mosses. The five simple granite slabs were hardly discernible; but he carefully brushed away the growth, tenderly caressing each stone, and murmuring softly the name carved thereon. His wife and four girls lay here; two sons had died of the fever coming to America, and thus found watery graves. And the little one left "to home" with an aunt—Margaret,—upon whom the old man had placed his last hope, was lost about ten years ago, the steamer that was bearing her to him having been wrecked. Some of the passengers were saved, but his daughter was never heard of.

When he had lingered in loving prayer at each grave, and sighed in remembrance of his two stalwart boys, he sat upon the green to live again in memory the days when he and little Maggie used to romp together in the "dear old land." She was only seven when he saw her last, and that was thirty years ago; but time did not efface the picture of his blue-eyed angel with black, black curls.

The last rays of the dying sun were fading and still the old man remained, with his white head uncovered and bent in meditation. A slight sound startled him,—it was the pitapat of tiny feet on the gravel walk. Turning, he faced a little miss, who, when she saw him, stood still, nervously twitching her apron string. He stared wildly. Could it possibly be that the object of his dream had come to him? He moved his hand across his eyes as if to brush away a mist. No, this was no phantom born of his reverie, but a real, live little girl.

"Ah! well, it ain't my Maggie!" sighed Jerry, now fully aroused. "What is your name, little one?" he asked.

"Margaret," said the child.

"Marget," he murmured dreamily,—"my little Maggie. Well, well, that was thirty years ago!"

"It's Mar-*gret!*" corrected the tiny damsel, with much accent on the last syllable.

Jerry smiled.

"Where do ye live?" he went on.

"Over there, sir," she said, pointing to the cottage which he himself was seeking.

"We'll go along together, thin," said Doody; and hand in hand they sauntered off, Jerry dreaming of his own little Maggie of thirty years ago. Each time he addressed her as such, however, he was prompted by the emphatic little maid to call her "Mar-*gret*." Prattling merrily, she led him to the cottage door.

The child was not unlike her mother; their eyes had the difference of mirth

and mature sadness. The woman's hair, streaked slightly with gray, was no doubt once as black as her little daughter's. Her face, still beautiful, retained only a faint flush of the roses that had once blossomed there.

"I'm Mr. Doody," the visitor explained; "an' I'm afther buyin' this place from Mr. Emmons, so I come to look it over a bit. Is it Mr. Emmons himself that comes for the rint?"

"Yes," answered the woman.

"It must be hard for ye sometimes to have the price uv it, bein' a lone widow," commented the old man, as a way of getting at the information he sought.

"It is indeed, many a time," she said wearily, glancing at the children's ragged clothes. "But the thought of Mr. Emmons's coming makes me keep it off the children's backs and my own to have it for him."

"But he's a kind man," probed Jerry wisely; "he wouldn't mind waitin' a month wanst in a while."

"He waited two weeks once and one week another time, but not a minute more or I'm afraid we'd be out in the street," replied the widow, with some bitterness.

"If that's the kind he is ye'd better save the receipts," advised Jerry.

"I have every one of them," she said.

"Would ye mind lavin' me see 'em?" queried Mr. Doody, so anxiously that the woman eyed him with distrust, evidently concluding that he must be an emissary from Emmons. But she looked into his face keenly, and no one ever searched Jerry Doody's eyes and doubted him; so the receipts were placed in his hands.

"Thank God!" said the old man, scanning the papers. "Marget again, Marget—Maggie—how the name do come afore me this day! Ye are Marget too?"

"Yes," she said. "Maggie I was always called."

"An' that's what I called her, my little one, my Maggie. She was the like o' yer girl there," he said, falling into another reverie; "an' she was comin' to me acrost the ocean, an' she was lost, my little Maggie!"

And the poor old man, completely unnerved by all the happenings of the day, bowed his head low, while pitiful sobs shook the feeble frame.

The widow had suddenly blanched. Was it only a coincidence? She stood motionless, trying to reconcile a host of disconnected ideas that struggled through her brain.

"Doody!" she said at last. "Yes that was my name,—Maggie Doody. And I was lost on the ocean and picked up and brought to another country, and I came here to find my father,—and—yes, you must be my dear father!"

With childlike impetuosity, she flung her arms around the old man's neck, and both wept in joy and sorrow. Many were the explanations, loving queries, and horrid doubts lest it should not be true. The dead mother's last message to "Maggie" must be told and wept over again and again; but the poor old man's heart and mind were at peace at last.

"My Maggie!" he repeated many, many times, as his tears fell upon the soft hair he stroked. "My Maggie! my Maggie! An' niver agin will she have to fear for payin' the rint!"

WHILE a great many persons probably take themselves too seriously, entertaining an altogether exaggerated opinion of their ability and worth, not many nowadays go to the extreme length of the German whom the English poet Coleridge met at Frankfort. He always took off his hat when he ventured to speak of himself. Were this practice to become general, what a number of people would be permanently bareheaded!

Mistaken.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

"WHY on earth don't you ask the girl to marry you?" Stephen Burke demanded impatiently; and his companion groaned:

"I can't."

"Can't! You say you are fond of her, and you are wealthy enough to marry. You—aren't married already!"

Ted Norreys laughed perforce at Stephen's troubled countenance.

"Oh, no! I wasn't thinking of committing bigamy; but, all the same, Mary Desmond may not be my wife."

"Then maybe you'll explain," Burke said gruffly. "Mary Desmond is a girl worthy the love of any man."

"Yes, yes! I know that."

"Then for goodness' sake, explain!"

"You knew Gerald, my half-brother?"

"Yes."

"Well, he murdered Miss Desmond's brother."

Stephen Burke gazed at the speaker in bewilderment.

"Murdered her brother!" he repeated. "Nonsense, man! Pat Desmond was drowned accidentally."

Ted shook his head.

"I know that is the common impression; but it was poor Gerald who pushed Desmond over the cliff. He told me at the time. The two had been a good deal together at Inchmore, where Desmond was Lord Inchmore's agent. I'm afraid, too, that there was some card-playing and drinking going on. Gerald's regiment was stationed at Tubbermore. According to Gerald's account, he met Desmond one night on the cliff path. They quarrelled, and Gerald's hand sent Desmond over the side of the rock."

"It can not be! There was never any suspicion of foul play. I was at Inchmore at the time."

"I am stating facts. Gerald came to Dublin, and kept silent on our mother's account. She was ill then."

"Well?"

"I urged him to speak, but he would not. As my mother grew worse, I ceased to talk, thinking that after her death Gerald would speak. When that event took place, poor Gerald was a doomed man. He had always a tendency to consumption, and died suddenly some months after my mother. I did not see any good that would ensue from speaking of the miserable affair."

"No," Stephen agreed. "It would only have pained the Desmonds. The poor fellow's body was not recovered for some time, and was almost unrecognizable. Did you not know that Mary Desmond was his sister?"

"No. Desmond is not an uncommon name; and I understood Miss Desmond had been brought up in the north of Ireland."

"With her mother's people?"

"Yes. It was only to-day I learned she was *his* sister. She spoke of her brother's death, and seemed to have been much attached to him."

"What are you going to do?"

"Get away from this as soon as possible," Ted Norreys replied.

He was the chief engineer of a line of railway that was being made through Donegal; and was the guest of his old college friend, Stephen Burke, who owned a small estate in the southwest of the county.

"Don't be a fool! Why should you chuck up your job?"

"I can't go on meeting Mary."

"Tell her all."

"And see her shrink from me with horror? No."

Stephen beat a tattoo on the dining-room table.

"I don't see what's to be done."

"Nothing, except for me to leave."

"If you had married her without finding this out, you'd both have been

happy enough," Stephen said meditatively. "Why not marry her now?"

"No." Ted's tone was resolute. "I can get an appointment in Argentina. I shall accept it to-morrow."

And then the two men sat silent till Ted rose. He nodded toward the drawing-room.

"I won't go in to-night," he said. "Say good-night for me to your wife and Miss Desmond, Steve."

Stephen accompanied his guest to the hall door. An angry wind met them as it opened.

"We are in for a storm," Stephen said, as he glanced to the pale blue sky, over which banks of broken clouds were fast flying. "Good-night, Ted!"

In the chill grey dawn of the autumn morning the two men met again, and took their places in the lifeboat that was about to attempt to reach a steamer that had struck on a rock just a little to the west of the fishing village of Carmbeg. Twice the brave little boat was driven back, but the third time its crew managed to reach the sinking steamer, and returned to the shore with a portion of its crew. As the boat touched the shore, a cry of horror rose from the crowd gathered on the beach. The steamer had sunk.

"Look! look! There is one man holding on to a spar!" Stephen Burke cried, throwing off his coat. "Perhaps he can't swim. I may be able to save him."

Ted Norreys pushed him back.

"Not you, old fellow!" he said. "You have your wife and child to think of. For me it doesn't matter so much. Of course there's danger, but I'll be careful."

The last remark was addressed to some women who endeavored to restrain him from attempting to rescue the man.

There was a few minutes of anxious waiting. Then Norreys was seen beside the man. Another few minutes passed, and the two were thrown upon the shore. Many hands went out to their assistance, and Stephen gave a cry as Ted was dragged inland.

"See!—he has got a cut just above the temple. We will take him to my house. It is nearest. Bring the other man, too."

Ted Norreys' wound was serious enough to render him unconscious for some time. Toward noon on the next day he woke from a long sleep. Stephen was sitting by his bed.

"Well, old fellow, how are you?" the latter inquired.

Ted raised his hand to his head.

"I got a knock, didn't I?" he asked. "How is the man? Is he alive?"

"Yes, he is alive, but not much more. The doctor gives him only a day or two," Stephen answered awkwardly. "He—how do you feel, Ted?"

"All right. I am pretty stiff and my head's a bit queer. But what's amiss with you?"

"I have got to tell you. Do you know whose life you saved?"

"Of course I don't."

"Pat Desmond's."

"Impossible!"

"No, indeed. His sister is with him now. It was all a mistake, thank God! Some other poor devil was mistaken for Desmond."

"But Gerald *did* fling Desmond over the cliff," Ted said.

"He did; but, by some strange chance Desmond was uninjured, and was picked up a couple of hours later by a sailing-vessel outward bound. He had got into money difficulties, and, so far as I can make out, he was not sorry for the chance of getting out of Ireland. He steadied down, and made a fortune in Brazil somewhere. The small steamer that was wrecked last night was his. She was on her way to Derry," Stephen explained.

An hour or two later Stephen looked into the room where Ted lay.

"Desmond is dead," he said gravely.

"Oh!"

"Yes; but, Ted, you haven't yet accepted that Argentina offer?"

"No. I don't think I will."

Six months later Mary Desmond and Ted Norreys were quietly married. Only when Mary was his wife did Ted tell her that Gerald had died believing himself a murderer.

The Burial-Place of the Three Patrons of Ireland.

BY E. BECK.

NO lofty cathedral marks the spot on an Irish hillside where the remains of Ireland's three great saints await the sound of the last trumpet; no storied monument tells the passer-by that Patrick, Brigit, and Columkille lie beneath the daisies and shamrocks. Over Saint Patrick's first grave, indeed, a church was built, to be despoiled and demolished in after years by the barbarous Danes; and to rise again, phœnix-like, from its own ruins. Many times this church attracted the savage Northmen; many times it was rebuilt by those to whom Saint Patrick had given the faith of Christ. During the ninth and tenth centuries it was often levelled to the ground, and as often re-erected. But a worse enemy came, as Aubrey de Vere tells:

> Last came the Saxon, first the Dane,—
> The latest pirate the worst of the twain.

During the evil days that followed England's rupture with Rome, the Cathedral of Downpatrick was entirely destroyed by Lord Leonard de Gray; and all traces of the shrine of the three saints were swept away.

Tradition—verified, indeed, by recently written history and the researches of learned men—tells us how Ireland's Apostle came to be buried in Down rather than in Armagh. It is stated that Saint Patrick received heavenly warning of his approaching death, and gave specific instructions regarding his burial. "Let the untamed oxen be allowed to proceed where they will, and where they rest let a church there be founded," was the dying Apostle's orders.

His death took place at Saul, in the year 493; and, when twelve days had come and gone, the untamed oxen were yoked to a sort of funeral car on which the holy remains were placed. The men of Armagh and the men of Down, however, were both desirous of providing a place of burial for their saint, and a quarrel seemed imminent; but, as the legend runs, a phantom bier drawn by phantom oxen lured the men of Armagh to their own city. Once there, it disappeared from their view. The real oxen had in the meantime journeyed to the hill of Down, where they paused; and the spot they halted on was taken to be the proper place of interment. When upward of half a century had gone by, Saint Patrick's relics were enshrined by Columba. The bell found in his grave was given by Saint Columba to Armagh; it is now to be seen in the National Museum in Dublin.

Saint Brigit, or Bride, was born in Ulster, and received the religious habit from Saint Mel, the nephew of Saint Patrick. She was the foundress of many convents throughout the country, and even a brief account of the miracles attributed to her prayers would make a bulky volume. She died at Kildare, in the house she had founded for her first community of nuns. The date of her death is commonly given as 523; and she is named both in the Martyrology of Bede and in that of Saint Jerome. In every county of Ireland churches are dedicated to her. She was venerated also in most districts of England and Scotland; and a church in Fleet Street, London, still bears her name.

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Saint Brigit's body was first interred in Kildare; but in 850, owing to the desecration of Kildare by the Danes, the Bishop of the place had the remains translated to Downpatrick. No feminine name, Mary excepted, is so common among the Irish people as Brigit; and her feast, on the day previous to that of the Purification, is kept as a day of devotion. Aubrey de Vere sings:

> "O saint, the favorite of the poor,
> The afflicted, weak, and weary!
> Like Mary's was the face she bore:
> Men called her 'Ireland's Mary.'"

The third saint in the grave of Downpatrick is Columba, better known in Ireland as Columkille. The saint was born at Gartan in Donegal, and was of royal blood. Some writers say that Columba was driven from the land he loved so dearly by King Dermot; others assert that he quitted Ireland in self-penance. In 565 he sailed toward Scotland with twelve companions, and founded the Monastery of Iona,—a monastery destined to become one of the most renowned seats of learning in Europe. In the school established by the Irish refugee were educated the three great Bishops, Aidan, Finian, and Colman,—the missionaries who were later to convert the Anglo-Saxons of the North.

Thirty years after his arrival in Iona, Columba died, and was laid to rest in his isle of exile; and in the succeeding centuries Iona was the chosen burial-ground, not only of saints and scholars, but of princes and kings. In 830 the Northmen ravaged the coast of Scotland; and, as in the case of Saint Brigit, Columba's remains were transferred from Iona to Ireland, and placed in one tomb with those of Patrick and Brigit.

It was owing, no doubt, to the terror inspired by the warlike Vikings of the North that the burial-place of the "Three Patrons" was kept secret; and, by and by, all outward and visible signs of the place of sepulture were obliterated, so that up to the year 1185 the exact spot where the saints rested was unknown.

It is told that Malachy III., Bishop of Down, kneeling one night in his cathedral, besought God to reveal the triple tomb; and even as he prayed a ray of light fell on a certain spot. There the holy relics were found; and some months later they were removed, in presence of the Papal Legate, and with the approval of the reigning Pontiff, to another part of the building. The church became a place of constant pilgrimage till its final desecration under the so-termed "reformers."

Toward the close of the eighteenth century, the old church—it had passed, of course, into Protestant hands—was being repaired; and three coffins were discovered close to the spot once occupied by the high altar. They were removed to the place they now rest; and thus—

> Three saints in Down one grave do fill:
> Patrick and Brigid and Columbkill.

The Commonest Cowardice.

IT is much to be regretted that, in the estimation of the world at large, moral cowardice is not rated as low as is its physical counterpart. In strict reality, mere physical courage is an indifferent attribute, quite as likely to characterize a villainous scoundrel as a noble hero; whereas moral courage of necessity commands a certain measure of respect and esteem, and the lack of it is a deficiency for which no other quality provides adequate compensation.

Perhaps the basest form of moral cowardice, at least in a Christian, is human respect—the sentiment that impels a man to act against the dictates of his conscience purely from a dastardly fear of what "the world

will say." "Religion," remarks a contemporary, "ought to have the effect of making us fear the eyes of God more than the tongues of men"; but it is lamentably true that very often religion fails to have this effect. More people are dominated by human respect than are willing to acknowledge its dominion. Many a man of undoubted physical courage refrains from acting in accordance with his convictions simply through fear of being laughed at. Many another compromises or minimizes his religious beliefs through a craven apprehension of incurring ridicule. Some there are who omit a practice of piety lest its performance expose them to scoff or jeer. Others refrain from giving a necessary rebuke for fear of being thought ultra-pious, prudish, or "goody-goody."

What impels the Catholic who at home blesses himself (as all pious Catholics do) before and after meals, to omit the Sign of the Cross when dining abroad? What prevents the Catholic matron from checking the flow of calumny and detraction indulged in by younger people whom it is her right and her duty to admonish? What keeps the respectable father of a family from denouncing instead of applauding, or at least condoning, the profane jest and obscene story recounted in his presence? What leads the Catholic youth or maiden to accompany non-Catholic friends or acquaintances to sectarian religious services? What urges the Catholic of any age and either sex to eat meat on a Friday, or miss Mass on a Sunday for the sake of an outing? What closes the mouth of the Catholic citizen of repute when his religion or one of its practices is attacked? What stays him from qualifying the pet assertion of the indifferentists, "One religion's as good as another," as a patent absurdity, implying that all religions are equally useless? What but human respect, moral cowardice, a miserable shame of proving one's loyalty to the Church and her divine Founder?

In the foregoing and a hundred other various ways, professing Christians daily show themselves the slaves of human respect,—contemptible trucklers to that "world" which their Divine Master has repeatedly reprobated. "Parading" one's religion is, of course, a mistake; but it is a far less common and less grievous evil than is the constructive denial of Christ to which human respect impels the multitude.

A Notable Jubilee.

A NOTABLE event celebrated last week was the Golden Jubilee of the founding in the United States of the Congregation of the Sisters of the Holy Cross. From the humblest beginnings, this community has grown to be one of the most flourishing of all our sisterhoods: the little grain of mustard seed sown in saintlike trust half a century ago at Bertrand, Michigan, has become a mighty tree, extending its branches far and wide over the land. The number of young girls to whom the Sisters of the Holy Cross have given a Christian education, of sick to whom they have ministered, of orphans for whom they have cared, is not to be estimated. Their labors in the cause of religion and education have been remarkable both for fruitfulness and extension.

A glorious record is that of the Holy Cross Sisters during our great Civil War. Some idea of the amount of good they effected may be gained from the fact that one among them, who passed to her reward a few years ago, baptized as many as a thousand dying men. Of soldiers who during their stay in the different hospitals served by these religious were brought back to the practice of their Chris-

tian duties, the number was legion.

Besides providing a religious education for so many young persons, the Sisters of the Holy Cross have done much to raise the standard of our convent schools. They have shown what could be done and how to do it. St. Mary's Academy at the mother-house, Notre Dame, Indiana, besides being one of the best equipped educational institutions for young women in the New World, is the centre of numerous other schools no less progressive.

It was natural that interest in the Golden Jubilee of the Sisters of the Holy Cross should have been felt all over the United States. It was testified to by the large number of bishops, priests, and layfolk who assembled at St. Mary's last week. The celebration was honored by the presence of the Apostolic Delegate, Mgr. Falconio; and, through the Bishop of Fort Wayne, the Holy Father sent a very special letter to the Mother General, congratulating the community on its fruitful labors for religion in this country, invoking blessings on all its members and establishments, and granting unusual spiritual favors, to continue until the approaching festival of the Assumption, when, in a manner more to their liking, the Sisters will observe the fiftieth anniversary of their founding in the United States.

The marvels wrought by religious communities of women are too common to excite surprise; but, considering what the Sisters of the Holy Cross had to contend with, and how great have been their achievements in so short a time, no room is left for doubt that the spirit of their founders was the spirit of the saints, and that it still animates the community. Our best wish for the Sisters of the Holy Cross is that, in proportion as the Congregation progresses and expands, the virtues of its founders and first members may be emulated.

A Friend in Need.

IN his "Recollections," Aubrey de Vere tells of a young man who was tried for murder, having accidentally killed a member of a rival crowd in a faction fight. The circumstances were all against the prisoner. Capital punishment was the dreaded sentence. The judge, reluctant to condemn the culprit to death on account of his youth, turned to him and said:

"Is there any one present in court, sir, who could speak as to your character?"

The youth looked around the court, and then answered sadly:

"There is no man here, my Lord, that I know."

At that my grandfather chanced to walk into the grand jury gallery. He saw at once how matters stood. He called out:

"You are a queer boy—a *very* queer boy—not to know a friend when you see him!"

The young fellow was quick-witted; he answered:

"Oh, then, it is myself that is proud and happy to see your honor here this day!"

"Well," said the judge, "Sir Vere, since you are acquainted with that boy, will you tell us what you know of him?"

"I will, my Lord," said my grandfather. "And what I can tell you is this—that from the very first day I ever saw him to this minute, I never knew anything of him that was not good."

By this artful though truthful statement the boy's life was saved.

WORK is not hard: it is the eyes that are afraid of it.—*Haytian Proverb.*

CONVERSION takes vows; sanctification keeps them.—*Dr. Barry.*

Notes and Remarks.

A straw which may perhaps indicate the particular direction of the Papal wind when religious matters finally come to a head in France, is noted in the *Libre Parole*. Father Riblier, the Redemptorist who, for his refusal to pay a governmental fine, was kept in jail for a few days, until a popular subscription ransomed him, has been to Rome and has seen Pius X. The Pope evidently regrets that his imprisonment did not last long enough to bring upon France the full odium which such inexcusable treatment of priests merits. "I have been six days in jail, Holy Father," said the Redemptorist; "so you see I am a great criminal."—"'Tis not six days only that you should have remained in jail," replied the Pope, "but three years,—*tre anni!* I understand very well the noble intentions of the Catholics who released you in your own despite, but they would have done better had they left you in prison." And the Holy Father, it appears, spoke with animation of the general resistance which it would have been well for the religious of both sexes and the clergy to oppose to the iniquitous vexations of their persecutors. It begins to look as if, in the spoliation of ecclesiastical property, the French government will not have the perfectly plain sailing it is pleased to anticipate.

The eagerness with which the long-looked-for Life of Cardinal Newman will be welcomed may be gauged from the interest roused in some of the great Cardinal's letters which were published last month in the London *Daily Standard*. And they were not "hitherto unpublished letters," either. To many persons they must have been altogether unfamiliar, however; for we have seen them reprinted on all sides—with informing or inconsequential comment. Newman's letters do not need editing: they speak for themselves. They are not only interesting and edifying, but are of high importance as refutations of the erroneous opinions regarding him still current among non-Catholics. It is often asserted, for instance, that he was not altogether contented in the Church. How little ground there was for this and similar assertions is shown by a letter which the great convert addressed to the unfortunate Père Hyacinthe. "It grieved me bitterly," wrote Newman, "that you should have separated yourself from the One True Fold of Christ; and it grieves me still more to find from your letter that you are still in a position of isolation."

There is no doubt that Newman felt very keenly the lack of confidence with which he was regarded in certain quarters, and that in private letters he complained of the frustration of his plans for the extension of the Church in England. But the good spirit manifested in these communications is unmistakable. It would seem that Newman never lost his self-possession; and it is not too much to say that his humility, gentleness, and charity were saintlike. No matter how great the provocation, he never showed anger or harbored resentment. St. Jerome is a great saint, but some of his letters certainly afford no evidence of uncommon virtue. We have read numerous letters by Newman in which he expressed himself freely and fully, but we found edification as well as urbanity in every one of them.

The advantage of seeing ourselves as others see us, at least as a nation, is not lacking to present-day Americans. Travellers from all parts of the world are constantly among us; and the more intelligent among them seldom fail to express their opinion of our national traits and tendencies, as well

as our institutions and enterprises. The more frank these opinions are, the more we should value them. Among recent visitors from England was Mr. H. B. M. Buchanan, B. A. (Cantab.), who is described as a landed proprietor, philanthropist, educationist, and author. Referring to our public schools, Mr. Buchanan had this to say:

> The teachers are clever and conscientious, and the discipline in the schools is fair; but there is no reverence—nothing of a lasting or uplifting sort: there is no spiritual atmosphere....I am not a religionist in the ordinary sense. I was brought up in the Church of England, but the world is now my church. I would not teach dogma in the schools; but the fact is, God is scientifically demonstrable; the fact of a future life is a scientific and philosophic truth; and to eliminate God from the schools, as is done in the United States, has this blighting effect in the later life—that you see public men callous and unscrupulous; you find great populations dominated by the vulgar politician; you see men in the highest places who are engaged in intrigue; and you find such corruption in public life as, if it were possible in England, would make me shudder for the future of my country.

Mr. Buchanan may be a very able man, but his views on education would be more impressive if they were less impracticable. He ought to know that it is as impossible to teach morality without dogma as to impart a knowledge of grammar without a system of rules. It is in order for one who talks about the world's being his church to explain his meaning.

The Lewis & Clark Exposition in Portland, Oregon, to which visitors from all parts of the United States are now flocking, commemorates a momentous event in the history of the United States—the successful issue of the expedition sent out by President Jefferson to explore the unknown wilderness, which is now among our richest and most promising national possessions. The part borne by the famous Father Gibault in the conquest of the Northwest is well known, at least to students of history; but it will be news to many that, in securing the vast territory of Oregon, the hardy explorers were greatly assisted by an Indian woman who was a convert of one of the early Catholic missionaries to her tribe. The subsequent development of the country through which Lewis & Clark travelled has been well described as "a romance of industry, perseverance and accomplishment absorbing in its interest." The fertility and immensity of the section which, one hundred years ago, many able and patriotic citizens thought it hardly worth while to acquire, will doubtless be a revelation to many American tourists, not to speak of visitors to the Exposition from other countries.

We have so often deprecated in these columns the vexatious delays to which the processes of our criminal law are subjected, and so frequently instanced the promptitude with which such processes are carried out in Canada, that we feel constrained to mention, in common fairness to our own land, a recent striking exception to the usual course of criminal trials in these United States. The Milwaukee banker who, less than two months ago, was charged with defalcation to the extent of a million and a half of dollars, has even thus early been tried, convicted, and placed in the penitentiary for a term of ten years. This is as it should be. There can be no question that the moral effect of the punishment meted out to this wealthy and influential defaulter has been greatly enhanced by the promptness with which it has come upon him.

"National Conclave" is the phrase in which the San Francisco *Monitor* discusses the recent convention, in Los Angeles, of the Knights of Columbus. On several occasions of late we have expressed our admiration for this

organization of Catholic Americans, and consequently we need at present do no more than note that the conclave, or convention, was thoroughly successful from every point of view. From the able sermon delivered to the assembled Knights by Archbishop Montgomery, we extract the following paragraph, which may congruously be addressed to all associations of Catholic laymen:

What would I have you do as a specific work? I would say in a single sentence: resolve yourselves into one great Catholic Truth Society. I would say: after being, each and all, faithful practical Catholic men, step into and occupy that place known to-day as the "lay apostolate." In your honest, pure, upright lives, represent to those outside the Church the very best that is within her. In your intercourse with all your fellowmen be just, honest, courteous, and considerate for the feelings and sentiments of those especially who differ from us in religious belief. Break down prejudice by putting Catholicity before them as it is.

The periodical announcement that some professor of something or other, somewhere or other — generally the University of Chicago,—has succeeded in generating life, never fails to create a sensation, which, of course, is the object of the announcement. But after the pronouncement of so eminent a scientist as Sir Oliver Lodge in a discussion of the old question, "What is Life?" it is probable that future announcements of a satisfactory answer to it will command less attention, at least for those who read something besides daily newspapers. All efforts to generate life have been failures, and Sir Oliver dissents from those who regard life as being generated from matter by any such processes as he describes. He regards it rather as a contact between the material frame of things and a universe higher and other than anything known to our senses.

An interesting explanation of the Christian Science phenomenon, of its rapid spread not only among those who have no fixed religious belief, but among all classes of sectarians, is afforded by Dr. Charles G. Pease, who until recently was one of Mother Eddy's most zealous disciples, having been a member of the "First Church of Christ, Scientist," New York, and of the "Mother Church" in Boston. Dr. Pease denounces Christian Science as a "fabric of deceit," and as a "grave danger to the community"; he declares that its effect is to darken the mind and to blunt the conscience. "Christian Science is nothing more or less than self-hypnotism. Its whole secret lies in the repetition of certain formulæ until the subject has brought himself into a state in which he can be affected by other minds. In Christian Science there is just enough Scriptural truth to float the deceptive, hypocritical, hypnotic, human philosophy of teaching which is a poisonous narcotic to the spiritual perceptive power of the mind. Self-complacency and self-love pass for Christianity; and dishonesty, falsehood, deception, trespass and oppression in the individual, pass as virtue."

There are not wanting, in the French press, signs that even the anti-clericals are beginning to entertain doubts as to the wisdom, or at least the expediency, of prosecuting to its logical outcome the present strenuous compaign against religion. One such sign was the comment recently excited, on the occasion of Edward VII.'s visit to Paris, by his attendance at the Anglican church, and his following the service throughout, even to taking part in the singing of the liturgical hymns. Premising that such conduct is beyond the conception of the ordinary Frenchman, one Parisian paper goes on to say:

The stupid principles of free-thought and sectarian neutrality have so brutalized us that it is a subject of astonishment, almost of scandal, that there should be throughout the world, in the full era of progress and under the reign of reason, a King of England who sings in church,

a King of Spain who kneels in the street at the passage of the Blessed Sacrament, an Emperor of Austria who follows the Fête Dieu procession on foot, an Emperor of Russia who offers up public prayers at the head of his army, an Emperor of Germany who constantly invokes God and preaches sermons to his people, a President of the United States who opens and closes the year of the State by addressing to the Most High public thanksgivings.

French Masons, indifferentists, and atheists may eulogize as they will the glory of their republic, her foremost place in the ranks of literature and science and cultured civilization; but none the less will a very considerable number of the world's sanest thinkers agree with the Catholic French publicist who writes:

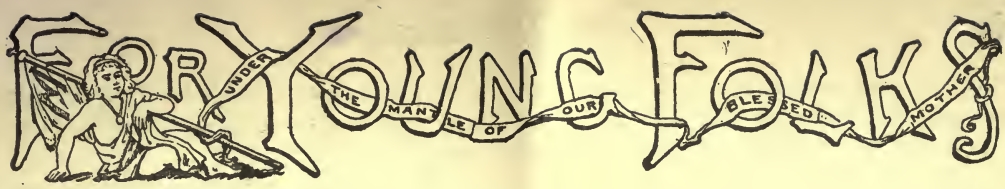
Of all the signs of our national decadence, none is more striking or more afflicting than this monstrous irreligion of the State, raised among us to a principle of law and a maxim of government. It is the contradiction of all our past. A people which forgets itself to the point of abdicating its strongest, its most essential national tradition, which makes its law and its policy consist in being entirely separated from religion, is a people deeply depraved and degenerated.

The one consoling thought in connection with the carnival of anti-religious triumph now progressing in France is that the sooner the climax is reached, the swifter will be the inevitable reaction toward a living faith and its consonant expression. To Catholics familiar with the Marian cult in the Gallic republic during the past three-quarters of a century, a permanently irreligious France is inconceivable.

As a little illustration of the universality of the Church, the *Sacred Heart Review* notes the wide separation of an Irish Catholic family, the Kennellys of North Kerry. Of two brothers, one is a missionary in China, the other a parish priest in South Australia; and two Sisters are members of the Order of Mercy in California. Of lay members of the Kennelly family nothing is told; but we venture to say that if there are any, they also would point an illustration.

At the last annual convention of the Catholic Young Men's National Union, a special committee was appointed for the threefold purpose of fostering and encouraging the establishment of night-schools throughout the country, under the auspices of the societies of the Union; investigating the condition of such schools; and reporting its findings at the approaching convention, to be held at Albany in August. It is gratifying to learn that, as a result of the movement inaugurated by the C. Y. M. N. U., a considerable number of these night-schools have been established during the past year; and we have no doubt that the resulting benefits have been such as to vindicate the wisdom of their promoters. The comprehensive report to be laid before the coming convention will be read with attention not merely by members of the societies directly interested, but by all Catholics who realize the importance of uplifting every member of the Church in this as yet only slightly Catholic land.

A contingency that can not be ignored by applicants for work on the Catholic Foreign Mission field is, of course, martyrdom at the hands of barbarous or semi-civilized natives. Apart from this contingency, however, a practical certainty is a speedy and, humanly speaking, a premature death. In Dahomey, for instance, the average term of missionary life for priests and Brothers is only three years; and for Sisters, four years. The average age of priests dying on that mission is thirty; of nuns, twenty-eight. While simple in its appointment and circumstances, life on the Foreign Missions is more than strenuous in its intensity and exhaustive power.



Vacation Time.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

WILD roses are blooming along the lane,
The south wind is chanting a soft refrain;
The wheat-fields are yellow with rip'ning grain,
The rain-crow is calling, "More rain, more rain!"
Away with dull books,
And solemn, staid looks,—
Hurrah, 'tis vacation time!

We'll hie to the meadow where daisies nod,
And spill white petals all over the sod;
Then away to the brook with fishing-rod,
To catch a minnow and dream it's a cod!
To splash and to wade,
To lounge in the shade,—
Hurrah for vacation time!

A Feast-Day Incident and What Came of It.

A TRUE STORY.

IT was the month of November, and the pupils of a certain convent school were busy preparing to celebrate the feast of St. Cecilia with a sacred concert. The programme was a novel one, consisting of some English hymns lately published by the Sisters of Notre Dame. There was to be no libretto; but before the singing of each hymn, the words were to be recited by a pupil chosen from the members of the choir.

The last rehearsal was in progress. A hymn in honor of the Blessed Sacrament was about to be sung when the girl chosen to recite the verses demurred for some reason, and at last refused, saying she did not wish to repeat them at the concert. The Sister in charge looked pained and disappointed, as it was rather late to appoint a substitute.

At this juncture a young Protestant stood forth from the ranks and said appealingly:

"Mother, may *I* recite the hymn? I have learned the words."

"You? My child, it is in honor of the Blessed Sacrament."

"I know, Mother; and I would love to recite it, if you will allow me."

A look of relief passed over the Sister's face, and a murmur of approbation sounded through the class.

"Well," answered the nun, "as you are kind enough to offer, you may do so; and I thank you for helping me."

On the evening of the feast the nuns and pupils assembled in the concert hall, the choral class forming themselves into an artistically arranged group in front of a large statue of our Blessed Lady. Various hymns were recited and sung, each receiving its well-merited meed of applause; and then the child of an alien faith stood and held her audience in breathless attention by her reverent and enthusiastic rendering of a hymn of thanksgiving after Holy Communion:

The Lord of glory
(O wondrous story!)
Hath made His home within my breast.
Bowed down before Him,
My soul, adore Him
Who 'neath thy roof vouchsafes to rest.
Good angels, aid me!
The God who made me,
Who died to save me, is now my guest.
Ah, softly sing Him
Sweet songs, and bring Him
Your burning love, your worship blest!
The Lord of glory
(O wondrous story!)
Now gracious dwells within my breast.
. . . . . .
My Jesus, never
Shall creatures sever
My happy heart from love of Thee.

Ah, do not let me,
My King, forget Thee!
And, O do Thou remember me!
My only Treasure,
My Rest and Pleasure,
My Rock and Fortress, forever be;
In strife defend me,
In sickness tend me,
And come in death to set me free.
Ah, do not let me,
My King, forget Thee!
And Thou, dear Lord, remember me!

. . . . . .

It was already past midnight. The inhabitants of a great city were hushed in sleep; even the suffering inmates of the hospital were comparatively at rest, when suddenly the stillness of the wards was broken by a shriek of terror. The patient night-watchers left the bedsides of their charges and hastened in the direction whence the cry proceeded. They found one of their young companions lying on the floor, her clothes on fire. In reaching for some object she had upset a night lamp and ignited her light covering. Speech and consciousness were fast failing; a few incoherent words were all the poor young girl could utter. The resident doctor was summoned, but only to find that all hope of saving her life was gone.

Gently and tenderly the nurses lifted the sufferer and carried her to an adjoining room. All that was possible to relieve her was done, and after some time consciousness returned. The Protestant chaplain was called. He came and at once repaired to the room where the dying girl lay. He spoke kindly to her, but got no reply; he waited, but there was no sign of recognition. After some moments he said to the attendants:

"I can do nothing; there is no use in my staying." And he went away.

In strife defend me,
In sickness tend me,
And come in death to set me free.

A little while after the departure of the clergyman, the young girl turned toward the nurse and said:

"If you really wish to give me pleasure, get me a Catholic priest. That is what I want."

Surprised, but glad to help her friend, the nurse made known the request, and in a short time the priest from the nearest Catholic church entered the room.

There was no lack of consciousness now. The pain was excessive, but the old strong will came to her help, and she said clearly and audibly:

"Father, I am not a Catholic, but I want to be received into the Church before I die."

"Very well, my child," said the priest. "I will give you the necessary instructions and receive you."

He asked her a few questions, and then observed:

"My child, you know more than enough already: you have no need of instruction. How is this?"

"I am a convent girl, Father,—an Ursuline pupil. I was educated partly in England, partly abroad. All that I know I heard at school."

"Thank God!" murmured the priest. "And now, not to lose time, I will hear your confession and give you conditional baptism. I did not know to whom I was called, so I brought the Blessed Sacrament with me. If you wish, you may make your First Communion."

Here the girl's face lighted up.

"O Father!—but am I worthy?"

"Worthy? No, my child," said the priest; "no one is worthy. But, fortunately, our Blessed Lord looks to our good will and is satisfied with that."

He then opened the pyx, and with deep reverence the young neophyte received Holy Communion.

In joy and gladness,
In pain and sadness,
Oh, let me, Lord, be nigh to Thee!
Good Shepherd, feed me,
And guard and lead me
To Thy bright pastures beyond the sea!

In less than twenty-four hours she had been "set free."

The Little Hungarians.

BY MRS. MARY E. MANNIX.

VIII.—THE TEMPTER.

When Louis and Rose made their appearance at Mrs. Mullen's about noon next day, they interrupted an animated conversation which had been taking place between the mother and her sons.

"Speak of the angels," exclaimed Mrs. Mullen, extending to each a hand of welcome,—"speak of the angels and you'll hear the flapping of their wings!"

"Were you speaking of us?" asked Louis. "Have we kept you waiting dinner?"

"No, no! That's not it; though it's all ready to be dished up," replied their neighbor. "But we'll just sit down and begin our dinner, and we can talk away at the same time. There is no need for us to let the victuals spoil,—whatever happened."

In a few moments they were all seated around the table, busily doing justice to the appetizing meal set before them. It was not until the pudding had disappeared that their hostess, pushing back her saucer, and looking Louis, who was opposite to her, steadily in the face, inquired:

"Tell me, child, is it true that yourself and little Rose here were down singing in the public Square last night, and the Saturday before?"

Rose hung her head, and clasped her small fingers together under the table; but Louis did not flinch either in glance or tone as he answered:

"Yes, Mrs. Mullen, we were there both times."

"Well, well! I'd never have believed it unless I heard it from your own two lips," continued Mrs. Mullen; while her two boys looked at each other as if to say, "We told you so!"

"How did you know we were there?" asked Louis, seeing that something was expected of him.

"That young Jenkins told the boys a week ago, but I laughed the thing to scorn," was the reply. "But when they came to me this morning and insisted that he had seen the two of you again, I was bound I'd find out his mistake for him, Louis dear. But I see it's myself that was mistaken. Well, well, well! One never knows,—one never knows!"

"You mustn't be vexed, Mrs. Mullen," said the boy. "I thought of it first, because poor papa needed little things—and—and we hadn't any money. Rose didn't want to go, but I coaxed her, and so she came."

"Good girl, Rosie!" said Mrs. Mullen, smiling upon the child. "I'm glad to hear you didn't want to go. I wish—"

"But I did want to—afterward!" exclaimed Rose, above all things loyal to her brother. "I liked it when I was there. It was nice."

"Glory be to God!" cried the widow. "Nice, Rosie,—nice?"

"No, Mrs. Mullen," continued Louis, unabashed. "Rosie just wants to stand by me now. It wasn't nice at all, but what were we to do?"

"Poor creatures,—poor creatures!" murmured the widow, moved by their pathetic faces. "And sure you're only children. The intention was the best. But to think of the like of you there, in the midst of that crowd, of a Saturday night! And did you get anything?"

"Yes, we did," replied Louis. "Let me tell you about it, Mrs. Mullen."

He was just finishing the recital, to which he had a most attentive group of listeners, when a step was heard outside, and Father Garyo appeared on the threshold of the sitting-room.

"I am a little early, Mrs. Mullen," said the priest; "but I have an engagement at three, and wanted to see the

children. I thought I should find them here, as they were not at home."

"Sit down,—sit down, Father!" said Mrs. Mullen, divining, from what she had heard in the morning, the motive of this visit. "Go back there, boys dear, and clear the table. And you come in here, Louis and Rose. Excuse me, Father! I'll be with you in a minute."

Then she left the room, closing the door between it and the kitchen; and the culprits were left with the priest.

"What is this I have heard about you to-day, Louis?" inquired Father Garyo, rather sternly.

"The same thing Mrs. Mullen heard, I suppose, Father," answered the boy, respectfully. "And it is true. I have just been telling them about it."

"Tell *me* now, will you, Louis?" rejoined the priest.

Father Garyo's face softened as the boy told the story.

"I can not scold you as severely as I had intended," he said, taking Rose's hand. "You are only a child, after all, Louis. But I can no longer waver about what is best to be done. You are not capable of taking care of your sister—as yet. So now you will both prepare to do as we have planned. There is a man in the congregation who will give you a place, Louis; and Rose shall go to the convent. For the present Mrs. Mullen will find room for you, Louis; and I think that I have found a tenant for your house."

Rose burst into a fit of passionate weeping, and buried her head on her brother's shoulder. Louis bit his lips, vainly trying to keep back the tears that rose to his eyes at sight of her grief.

"Well, Louis?" questioned the priest at last.

"All right, Father," answered the boy. "I suppose it is better as you say. But I thought that in this way we could keep together—at least until we could earn money in some other way. And the people were very nice and kind to us, Father."

"Come, Rose!" said Father Garyo, gently. "Be a sensible girl now, and help your brother to do what is right. You will soon be very happy with the Sisters."

For answer, the child sprang to her feet, with a fresh outburst of tears, and fled from the room, dragging Louis with her. The priest did not attempt to follow them. When they disappeared within the door of the little grey house, he turned to Mrs. Mullen, who had come in from the kitchen. Having arranged with her to get the brother and sister ready for the approaching change, he said in conclusion:

"I think it will be better to leave them to themselves for the present, Mrs. Mullen. They are very affectionate children, but my heart goes out to little Rose. Louis has been a mother and father as well as a brother to her. Still, she is sincerely fond of you, and after awhile will do as you say."

The priest took his departure, and Mrs. Mullen sat down in the rocking-chair to say her beads. The boys betook themselves to the Commons for their usual Sunday afternoon game of baseball.

In the little grey house Louis was vainly endeavoring to soothe his sister. She would not be comforted. They had led such isolated lives, their acquaintance was so limited, that they were bound up in each other. Louis felt assured that Rose would not survive the wrenching of the ties that had united them to their humble but dearly loved home. Yet he was equally certain that Father Garyo had their best interests at heart, and believed it to be his duty to obey him without further resistance.

He made Rose lie down. He wiped her face with a wet handkerchief, and told her to try to take a little nap.

The sobs of the child gradually ceased, her tight clasp of his hand relaxed, and her regular breathing showed that she had fallen asleep. Then Louis lowered the window-blinds and left the room quietly.

As he stepped into the garden he saw, with some surprise, that the door of the music-room was open. He stretched out his hand to close it, when some one called him from within.

"Who is there?" answered the boy, entering the room.

"A friend," said a voice from the long bench.

As Louis advanced, a man rose to a sitting posture. The boy recognized him at once: it was his acquaintance of the night before.

"Sit down," said the visitor, pointing to a music-stool, with the air of a courteous host. "You didn't expect to see me here, did you?"

"No," answered the boy: "I did not expect to see *anybody* here."

"Well, I *had* to come,—I couldn't help it," said the man. "I can't think that there was ever anybody in better luck than you two kids—if you want to be. Of course it rests with you altogether."

"I don't know what you mean," replied the boy. "We don't seem to have very good luck so far."

"It will be your own fault if you let it slide this time," said the stranger. "It's coming after you all right. Don't turn your back on it, my boy."

Louis looked at him inquiringly.

"I see you're in the dark. Of course you are—yet. But I'm going to turn on the light pretty soon. You two children could make your fortune if you'd only follow my advice. See here: I'm going to tell you a secret. I'm going to tell you who I am."

Louis did not manifest any curiosity. This stranger wearied him; he wished he would go away.

The man glanced at him sharply. There were traces of tears on the boy's cheeks.

"Been crying?" he asked, laying his hand on Louis' shoulder. "Been crying for your father?"

"No," answered the boy, moved by the kindly touch and sympathetic tone. "But my sister and I have to leave here. They are going to send her to school, and rent this house. I feel bad about it, of course; but *she* is nearly dead, thinking of it."

"Well, now, that's too bad,—that's too bad," said the man. "It's cruel to do that when there's only you too,—that's all, isn't it?"

"We have a brother somewhere," rejoined the boy. "He has been gone six years. "But I'll find him,—I know I'll find him."

The man's eyes sparkled. Unwittingly the boy had given him a lever with which to press his own suit.

"Look here, now," he said musingly, putting his hand once more on the boy's shoulder. "How do you expect to find your brother? Where is he?"

In five minutes Louis had told him the whole story; and the man's eyes grew brighter with every word that fell from the boy's lips.

"I've come in the very nick of time," he observed, when Louis had finished. "But how do you expect to find your brother?"

"I can't say, sir," rejoined the boy, sadly. "If I had some money I would advertise."

"Advertise?" echoed the man, scornfully. "Throw money away, you mean! There's a better way,—a much better way,—a certain way, my boy!"

Louis regarded him in amazement.

"You don't understand, I see. But you will. First of all, I'll introduce myself. Have you ever heard of the great and only travelling Hungarian troubadours,—Steffan's Troubadours?"

"No, I never heard of them."

"Well, I'm the man,—I'm Steffan.

Just now I may look a little shabby, but that's because I've been travelling about a good deal, and left my trunk in Philadelphia. I travel with only a light valise."

"I did not notice your clothes," said Louis. "I think we are all shabby in this neighborhood."

"You needn't be very long," remarked the man. "My business in this part of the country is to find new material for my troupe. Usually we have sixty-six performers. About fifty of them are waiting for me now in Philadelphia. If you'll join, and bring your sister, I'll give you a good salary, with very little work to do—just a couple of songs every night, and a little music. Fine hotels, good food, pretty clothes, and a *certainty* of finding your brother somewhere. You see, he's a Hungarian: he'll always be sure to want to hear the troupe if it comes to his town. You'll find him that way quicker and surer than any other."

Two bright pink spots began to appear on Louis' cheeks; his breath came quickly, his head swam. The prospect was delightful. No separation from Rose, travel for which he had always longed, and Florian at the end!

And then the door was flung wide open and Rose swept in, sobbing aloud.

"I dreamed you were gone—gone, Louis!" she cried, clinging to him. "And I was so afraid—in there, in the dark!"

He gathered her in his arms and hugged her tightly to his breast.

"Don't be afraid, Rosie," he answered. "Louis will never leave you. Of that you may be sure."

He glanced at Steffan. The man understood him, and grunted with satisfaction.

"Go away now, sir, please," whispered Louis; "but come back to-night, about nine. Then I will tell you."

(To be continued.)

LIBRARY

By Hook or by Crook.

One of the pleasantest things in the study of words and phrases is the discovery of the unsuspected history that lurks within them. Most people, for instance, know that to get a thing by hook or by crook means getting it by one means or another,—by fair means or foul; but knowledge of the origin of the phrase is not so common.

In the Middle Ages the proprietors of certain English manors authorized their tenants to take fire-bote, or fuel, *by hook or by crook;* that is, as much of the underwood as could be cut with a crook, or sickle; and as many of the loose or broken branches as could be collected from the boughs by means of a hook. It may be taken for granted that the crooks and hooks thereafter used by the tenants were constructed of pretty strong material, and that the amount of fuel collected was considerably greater than the proprietors had anticipated. The use of the phrase in its modern sense began as early as the fourteenth century.

Popular Heroes.

Not all popular heroes are natives of the country that rings with their fame. Boulanger, once the idol of the French army, was a Breton by birth and the son of an Englishwoman. Von Moltke, the unrivalled strategist who long commanded the legions of Germany, was by birth a Dane. Kossuth, the eloquent and well-nigh successful leader of the Hungarians, was a Slovak, and not of pure Magyar extraction. Most famous of examples, Napoleon Bonaparte, Emperor of the French, was in origin a Genoese, and by birth a Corsican, being no more a Frenchman than the Irish Duke of Wellington who defeated him at Waterloo was an Englishman.

With Authors and Publishers.

—The biggest book in the world is, perhaps, the Chinese Encyclopedia which was printed by order of Emperor Hang-He (1662–1722). The work consists of 5020 volumes.

—A contributor to the London *M. A. P.* states that the books of Silas K. Hocking "have totalled more sales than those of any other living author." It would be interesting to learn how many dozens in a million of Americans know anything about either Mr. Hocking or his books.

—In a speech delivered in the Quebec Legislative by Thomas D'Arcy McGee, in 1863, occurs this sentence: "The tendency of all the modern forces is to *laicize* Christian society—if I may coin a word. . . ." The product of Mr. McGee's mint has been duly honored; "laicize" is now an excellent English word and a comparatively common one.

—"Constance Trescot," which Dr. S. Weir Mitchell considers his high-water mark in fiction, was rewritten three times within the last three years. The page proofs of the manuscript story were bound up for the author, who worked on them for a year, and made so many changes that the whole book had to be reset before its issue. Not all novelists—more's the pity—are so careful of their style.

—The little book called "Abecedarium," consisting of eight pages on vellum, and containing the alphabet, the *Pater Noster*, *Ave Maria*, and a few other short prayers, is now considered to be the very first book printed from movable types. It was produced by Laurens Janszoon Koster, the Dutch printer, who flourished in Haarlem, and died in 1440. It is said that he used wooden types carved by himself.

—Zola's trilogy, "The Three Cities"—Lourdes, Rome, and Paris—has elicited a refutation in the form of "The Three Sanctuaries," by Augustin Lacroix. The first of the series is "Massabielle" just published by Vic & Amat, Paris. Zola's "Lourdes" has, of course, been demolished by both history and science; but M. Lacroix evidently thinks that, as a novel with a purpose, it should be met by another novel with an opposite purpose. The volume is adequate as an argument, and interesting as a story.

—"Lance and His Friends," by the Rev. D. Bearne, S. J., is an interesting transcript of child life at Ridingdale. (Our readers will recall the "Ridingdale Stories.") Though somewhat tame, the incidents are not unattractive, and the author's pleasing style holds the reader's attention to the end. Father Bearne shows a delicate appreciation of the psychology of childhood. He believes, with St. John Chrysostom, that "the soul of a little child is free from all diseases of the mind. A little child keepeth no remembrances of injuries." There is a pathetic object-lesson in the simple story of Harry Brown; it is one of the best of the lot. The Catholic Truth Society, London.

—A French volume of singular attractiveness to readers interested in foreign missionary work has just been brought out by Berger-Levrault et Cie, Paris. It is the "Life, Work, and Travels of Mgr. Hacquard, of the White Fathers, 1860–1901." Apart from its biographical charm, the book is practically a history of French civilization in Africa.

—Of incidental interest, in connection with "The Book of the Spiritual Life," is the fact that Lady Dilke, whose life story it professes to be, was the original of Dorothea Casaubon, in George Eliot's "Middlemarch." The "spiritual life" of this new book is, of course, decidedly different from the sequence of thoughts, sentiments, interior emotions, and outward acts which constitute the Catholic connotation of the phrase.

—"Missionary Ramblings in Texas" is an interesting booklet of sixty-four pages, by the Rev. J. L. M. Campbell, upon whose efforts to establish a local Catholic Truth Society in Idaho we lately commented. Father Campbell is spoken of in these pages as "Director St. Anthony's Truth Society"; so we presume that his project has already taken shape, and that "Ramblings" is the first of the new body's publications. The present work is not complete. Part II. is to appear later, and it promises to be of exceptional interest.

—That the well-known poem, "The Exile of Erin," was written by the Scotchman, Thomas Campbell, is generally admitted nowadays as a truth. Yet the Rev. Joseph Meehan, a distinguished Irish priest, states that the contention can no longer be upheld. He writes to the Dublin *Freeman:* "It can be established to the satisfaction, I believe, of any unprejudiced person that the poem named was written . . . by George Nugent Reynolds, an Irish poet of note." On *a priori* grounds, the internal evidence of the poem would certainly point to an Irish, rather than a Scotch, author.

—An interesting and gratifying piece of news reaches us through the *Illustrated Catholic Missions*. There is to be established shortly an international scientific quarterly, into whose pages will be admitted articles on ethnological, linguistic, and kindred subjects, written exclusively by Catholic missionaries, in either English, Ger-

man, French, or Latin. The Catholic Scientific Leo Society of Austria will act as publishers, and the Rev. P. W. Schmidt, S. V. D., has accepted the editorship. Commenting on the *raison d'être* of such a periodical, our contemporary says:

The sciences of Ethnology and Linguistics have been founded principally by the Catholic missionaries of the sixteenth and seventeenth Centuries. At the present day, however, they are almost entirely monopolized by rationalistic university professors, who, profiting by the laborious researches of the ministers of the true religion, misuse these sciences for propounding, on the origin and development of man and of the family, theories which are destructive of religion and true morality; and these theories, popularized and spread abroad by means of cheap literature, have done and are doing incalculable harm among the masses. The new publication will be a powerful help to our missionaries to regain, to some extent, their lost ground.

We have frequently noted in these columns the debt owed by literature, history, and general science to our priests on the foreign missions; and there is no doubt that in questions of the manners and customs, the religions and languages of heathen peoples, the rationalistic professors mentioned above are the merest tyros as compared with the missionaries whose first-hand knowledge of the subjects has been acquired during a residence, among these heathens, ranging from five or ten years to forty-five or fifty. By all means, let us have the proposed quarterly.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"The Blessed Virgin in the Nineteenth Century; Apparitions, Revelations, Graces." Bernard St. John. $1.75, net.

"The Imitation of Christ." Sir Francis R. Cruise. 30 cts.

"The House of God and Other Addresses and Studies." Very Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, D. D. $1.50, net.

"The Lodestar." Sidney R Kennedy. $1.50.

"Nut-Brown Joan." Marion Ames Taggart. $1.50.

"Beyond Chance of Change." Sara Andrew Shafer. $1.50.

"The Gospel According to St. Mark." Madame Cecilia. $1.25.

"The Redemptorists at Annapolis." $2.

"The Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Rev. H. Noldin, S. J. $1 25.

"The Life and Letters of Eliza Allen Starr." Rev. James J. McGovern. $5.

"Holy Confidence." Father Rogacci, S. J. 60 cts., net.

"Vigils with Jesus." Rev. John Whelan. 40 cts.

"The Catechist in the Infant School and in the Nursery." Rev. L. Nolle, O. S. B. 60 cts., net.

"The Dark Side of the Beef Trust." Herman Hirschauer. 75 cts.

"The Chronicle of Jocelyn." 90 cts., net.

"The Luck of Linden Chase." S. M. Lyne. 35 cts.

"The Light of Faith." Frank McGloin. $1, net.

"Juvenile Round Table." 2d Series. $1.

"The Love of Books" (Philobiblon). Richard De Bury. 40 cts., net.

"Reflections from the Mirror of a Mystic." John Rüsbröck. 75 cts., net.

"Apologetica: Elementary Apologetics for Pulpit and Pew." Rev. P. A. Halpin. 85 cts.

"Religion and Art, and Other Essays." Rev. J. L. Spalding. $1.

"Studies in Religion and Literature." William Samuel Lilly. $3.25.

"A Manual of Mystical Theology." Rev. Arthur Devine, C. P. $2.50, net.

"Religion and the Higher Life." William Rainey Harper. $1.10.

"California and Its Missions." Two volumes. Bryan J. Clinch. $5, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. William Fierle, of the diocese of Detroit; Rev. John Harty, diocese of Providence; and Rev. Joseph Feely, C. M.

Brother Aloysius, of the Xaverian Brothers.

Mother M. Cleophas, of the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth; Sister M. Irene (Keogh), Sisters of the Holy Cross; and Madam Lyons, Religious of the Cross.

Mr. Robert Stretch and Mr. J. H. Frye, of St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. Henry Detner and Alice M. Graham, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Arthur Woods, Farley, Iowa; Mrs. Mary Manning and Mrs. B. J. Slovering, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. J. G. Rielly, New Haven, Conn.; Miss Mary Cunningham, Oakland, Cal.; Mr. Josph Link, Springfield, Ohio; Mr. Patrick Mullen, Cincinnati, Ohio; Miss Katherine Campbell, San Antonio, Texas; Mr. Thomas Jordan, Scranton, Pa.; and Miss Catherine St. Legor, Malden, Mass.

Requiescant in pace!